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AUDIENCES AT MORNING AND EVENING MUSIC RECITALS

Studies of Concert Life; the Lagging Veteran; Pessimistic Observers of the Present Musical Tendencies; Concerts of the Week.

A MANAGER said the other day: "People will not come out to an evening recital." The attendance at the evening recitals given here by both Mr. de Pachmann and Mr. Kreisler was as evidence in this manager's favor.

Take the case of Mr. Kreisler, who is surely well known and an established favorite in Boston. His recitals during his last sojourn here were crowded, and they were of a fashionable character. Young women said to each other: I'll see you at Kreisler's," and if any one answered, "But I'm not going to Kreisler's," there were raised eyebrows. Women became addicted to afternoon Bach, coquettishly familiar with old Italian and French writers for the fiddle. The amusement was profitable to them and to Mr. Kreisler. Their taste was improved, their knowledge broadened, their emotions quickened; he was pecuniarily the gainer.

When Mr. Kreisler returned about a fortnight ago he gave his first recital at night. In spite of his popularity and prestige, the audience was a small one; his performance was unusually fine and inspiring. Later in the week the audience at the afternoon recital was large, in every way worthy of the violinist; but Mr. Kreisler's performance, excellent as it was in many ways, was neither so constantly noble nor impassioned as that of the first and night recital.

It is, of course, absurd to expect performances of unvarying and supreme excellence from any truly artistic singer, violinist, pianist, especially when the performer is of a deeply emotional nature. Emotional performers have alternate days of mental depression and exaltation. Furthermore, there is the physical strain not merely of performance, but also of travel. The virtuoso no longer wanders at leisure, at his own sweet will. He is more or less the slave of a manager, who sells him here and sells him there with the closest railway connections between the expectant or indifferent towns. The virtuoso plays, say in Philadelphia, on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday morning he is in Boston; he rehearses with an accompanist whom he meets for the first time; the afternoon recital is arranged so that he can take a train; the next day he plays in New York, and leaves that night for some western town. There is a constant change of air, food, water—for virtuosos occasionally drink water; there are foul nights in sleeping cars; there is the irritating roar of the train, the chronic feeling of unrest and hurry. Rooms are overheated; railway cars are stifling or cold, or there are sudden and microbe-inviting changes in the rude attempts at ventilation. What wonder if the sturdiest virtuoso often feels physically unfit when he comes before the audience, even when he interprets with fingers and not with voice.

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By Night or Day?

There are performers who can play at any hour, 5 A. M., high noon or at 11 P. M. Pull them from bed and they [illegible] not hesitate to play any one of [illegible]ven's sonatas or Schumann's [illegible]aval." They are routine persons [illegible] marked muscular strength, no nerves [illegible]sser; that one a toll-gate keeper; this one should have been a cannon ball tosser; that one a toll-gate keeper. This woman a restaurant cashier. But we are speaking of finely organized men and women.

It is not extravagant to say that nine-tenths of the engrossing singers, violinists, pianists play with much more gusto at night than in the morning or the afternoon. How in the world does a singer contrive to sing at all in a morning church service? In this catarrhal region the human pipe is seldom clear before the second meal. The nerves are not strung to the proper pitch. The interpreter does not really begin to live before the sun goes down. There is need of artificial light. There should be leisurely morning hours, with unhurried practice, a second meal enjoyed, and without disturbing thought of a performance immediately after the cheese; then rest and meditation on the work to be done.

In the afternoon the recital is given

> With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize.

It is not ungallant to say that such audiences seldom call forth the full power of a great interpreter. That such a one is always the artist, whether he play at a camp meeting or before the court of St. Petersburg, at a private concert or in Symphony Hall with the orchestra on Saturday night, is true only in a measure. He will never do anything that is common or mean, but as he is necessarily keenly sensitive he is influenced more or less by his surroundings. There are few who in the presence of a swarm of palpitating women, young, middle-aged and old, will not give way a little toward sentimentalism, and play, though perhaps unconsciously, "for the ladies." They know the sympathetic nature of such an audience; they are intoxicated by the feminine perfume, and they may be pardoned for relaxing vigilance somewhat and for yielding to the temptation of giving pleasure to their hearers with comparatively little expenditure of vital force on their own part. There are virtuosos, and of indisputable power, who could not be persuaded to give a concert for men only. If you wish to hear any interpreter at his best, hear him at night, and not in the afternoon.

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Admission Prices.

It may be said of recitals given here by local singers and pianists that the price of admission charged by them is too high; hence tickets given away and little or nothing coming to the performer, after the expense of hall, ushers, advertising. Miss Seraphina Ferguson Portamento is still taking lessons. She has a pretty voice, and she has some vocal proficiency. She sings in French with a New England accent and without the slightest acquaintance with the mysteries of the mute "e"; she sings archly in German, and yet she knows not the meaning of the words she sings; and when she sings for political reasons songs in English by local composers, who may therefore be interested in her future, her English is as a foreign language to the American hearer. She charges a dollar and a half for her entertainment. Some pay this sum, for there are always charitable souls, more wait for complimentary tickets or for the opportunity of hearing her at a friend's house, where they will also be provided with lukewarm tea, sandwiches and cake; many, who might go out of curiosity, or students who wish to know what others are doing, stay away, and are willing to have their suspicions confirmed by hearsay. How much better it would be if Miss Portamento were to charge, say, 50 or 75 cents. There would

[illegible] throu[illegible] ulus one [illegible] possibly [illegible] more [illegible] rectly [illegible] tioned: and [illegible] heavier.

"[illegible]" [illegible] (London) discussed the [illegible] in an article [illegible] optimistic at the beginning of the year, he wrote:

"[illegible] the [illegible] factory [illegible] the last to [illegible] daily [illegible] of music. The [illegible] inflicted on artists generally by the multiplicity of cheaply [illegible] concerts last year have been realized by leading agents, who, seeing that their own business is placed in jeopardy, may be [illegible] upon to diminish the number of appeals on the time and talent [illegible] directly on the purses of struggling artists. It is also drawing [illegible] concert [illegible] that [illegible] possible to [illegible] too much for admission to their [illegible]. As a matter of fact, the majority of [illegible] concert tickets are 50 per cent. too [illegible]. Obviously, it is to the executant's advantage to increase the number of music lovers, and this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] small [illegible] being emply [illegible] the former and overcrowding [illegible] latter [illegible] great [illegible] one, and [illegible] great [illegible] [illegible] experience and [illegible] to [illegible] successfull[illegible] [illegible] view of the [illegible] change in concert prices, I believe the [illegible] of the problem is to provide for the comfort, not, as now, of deadheads, but for those who are willing to pay a moderate sum. Above all, I should like to see better accommodation made for those who tender the King's shilling."

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Lagging Veterans.

A singer of great and long continued fame shows at last unmistakable signs of vocal decay. Her stanch admirers [illegible] careless public grieve. The question is at once asked: "Why does she not leave the stage? She has a glorious name; she does not need the money, for she is well-to-do, rich in her own country." It is not with her merely a question of money, although there are few singers who will retire as long as they have the slightest box office drought. Singers, as a class, are not so wasteful as they were in the years of long ago, and even in the heroic days there were men and women of a frugal disposition. The great singers of today often invest shrewdly. We heartily recommend any young soprano of operatic voice and instinct to number at least one banker among her friends. He will advise her to her financial advantage, and keep her from buying shares in some far off Peruvian mine.

No, it is not always greed that keeps the singer before the public when each performance aids in frittering away a hal[illegible] established reputation. These [illegible] would miss the excitement, the applause, the roaring and the wreaths. If you should suggest to one that it is time for her to quit the stage, she would answer with the young man who was reluctant to marry his six-year betrothed: "But where shall I spend my evenings?" The consciousness that others were thrilling audiences, that other names were on the lips of the public, that they themselves were already a memory though alive in the flesh, would be intolerable. The narrow life of the singer too often prevents any enjoyment outside of the opera house. When there is leisure, the time is spent in preparing for a new triumph, in receiving flattering friends, in discussing the erroneous interpretations of colleagues. "To think that others will queen it in my parts, after I have retired to private life!" is in the mind of many. "What will become of art? I have the traditions, and who is my successor?" And so bored and angered Job said at last in olting irony to his comforters: "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." There are exceptions. Annie Louise Cary stopped before the great public found any flaw in her performance. Milka Ternina said in Boston last season: "My voice no longer pleases me, and it is time for me to give way to others." It is, indeed, pleasant for a man or a woman to know that the name alone will still crowd the opera house, and add some thousands of dollars to the purse with each performance. Avarice is the vice of old age, according to deep thinkers, and many singers are prematurely old; but the love of applause is more powerful than avarice—when the singer is rich. The laurels of the younger singer will not let the older singer sleep.

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Musical Pessimists.

There are musicians in American cities who scarcely refrain from tears when they ponder the present condition of their art. The Russians were terrible fellows, with their dismal folk songs and their vodka-excited rhythms, but they are orthodox in these days of Claude Debussy. Richard Strauss had horns and a tail: he is now a pillar of the church and state of music when he stands near Vincent d'Indy. The worst of it is that not only are audiences beginning to be curious about ultra-modern music and impatient of all mediocrity that has long been stamped as classic, but certain American composers also show immoral and dangerous tendencies; F. Converse, for instance, from whom a son of New England, one of a God-fearing community and an instructor in [illegible] [illegible] diversity, [illegible] things [illegible] might justly be expected.

These perplexed and despondent persons should have attended the recent congress of musicians held in England. The Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 6 tells them what they missed:

"If confession be good for the soul, we do not know a body of men in better case than the congress of musicians. They meet once a year to lament their sins with engaging candor, and in what was said yesterday there is quite a crescendo of contrite woe. Dr. Carroll referred to the deplorable songs now generally written. That may be said to have been piano. Mr. W. A. C. Cruickshank affirmed that the art of real melody was fast disappearing; and, as for harmony, trombones and drums were used as a sort of screen for the filling of indifferent workmanship. A forte passage of some significance. Gentle Prof. Prout then began to say that he wished young composers would write more naturally; and, applying the loud pedal, declared that the stuff they produced was horrible, and enough to make dead masters turn in their graves. How acceptable a congress of literary men—and women—might be, in which remarks like these were taken well to heart! But, seriously, musicians are too modest. Their art is advancing always. However great may be the great master of one generation, a greater comes in the next; for it is an art not to be practised without culture, and the schools preserve its best and pass that on. The true concern of the congress is with ourselves, the public, who find it a little hard sometimes to keep upsides."

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Mme. Belle Cole.

The news of the death of Mme. Belle Cole—she died in London, Jan. 5—was read indifferently by the younger generation of Boston concert-goers, yet this American contralto had once a name in her own country, and she was for years popular in England. The English are a sentimental and a loyal folk.

Mme. Cole was never an accomplished singer, so far as technique was concerned. Her vocal faults were many and grievous. The Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 5 referred gracefully to this fact: "She was born 60 years ago at Chautauqua, in New York state. She received her earliest musical education from her father, and seems to have been independent of the usual academic course in Italy and the conservatoires. This, perhaps, left her lacking in the perfection of technique demanded of a great concert artist nowadays, but this defect served, if anything, to bind her the more closely to more popular audiences, and few singers of her time have been so heartily received on either side of the Atlantic."

Queen Victoria had a "genuine admiration for her unaffected style," and the singer's name will always be "associated in England with songs like 'Genevieve' (her most frequent encore) and Dr. Cowen's 'The Promise of Life.' It was no uncommon thing, especially among old-fashioned country audiences, or the more impressionable gatherings in town, to find them exhibiting those traces of 'handkerchief sentiment' which meet with the good-natured contempt of the musical critics, but which, at any rate, prove the reality of the expressional gift of the artist who evokes them."

Six or seven years ago, Mme. Cole made "a festival tour" through the English colonies; "and Australia, New Zealand and the Cape indorsed home opinion, in spite of the fact that her voice was showing inevitable signs of wear and tear." She sang not long ago in London music halls, and a few weeks before her death she was making a suburban tour. The Pall Mall Gazette pays her this final tribute: "No eyewitness could fail to appreciate the part which her commanding stage presence played in her claims upon public appreciation, but her generous proportions were the index of a large heart and a genuine, womanly good nature. She had many friends in private life, and was never known to resist the claims of charity when her help was requisitioned."

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A Gramophone Voice.

Mr. J. B. Bowsle of Glasgow, an engineer, has leisure moments, and he then appears professionally on concert platforms under the name of J. B. Oswald. He brought suit lately against a manufacturing company in Glasgow for a fee which he alleged was due him for assistance in his capacity of professional singer in connection with master records for the firm's gramophones. We now quote from a London exchange:

"Mr. Bowsle, a man of herculean frame, gave his evidence with profuse energy in a robust baritone. 'It was the hardest job I ever had,' he declared. 'Bells on both sides o' me, and a piano rattlin' the whole time, an' me singin' intae trumpets till the sweat wis lashin' down my back.' At this picture of conscientious toil the court roared, and the sheriff himself departed from his gravity. 'An' they said the records was splendit,' the pursuer went on. 'For a first time,' interpolated the agent for the defence. 'Splendit,' repeated Mr. Bowsle, glaring at the interrupter. 'They were delighted wi' them, my lord,' he added, 'an' they told me the money was all right.'

"'It's like this,' he resumed; 'yer voice has to be focussed like a telescope to suit the diaphragm. First he said the diaphragm was wrong, an' he got another from Switzerland, an' then he said the wax was wrong, an''—Mr. Bowsle's wrath overcame him at this point, and he did not finish his sentence.

"Miss Ramage, the pianist on the occasion, was the next witness. She had been laughing immoderately at the plaintiff's evidence, and she could barely retain her gravity sufficiently long to assure the sheriff that Mr. Bowsle worked hard at the seances, and sang every song he was asked to sing as often as he was asked to sing it.

"The defence was to the effect that the plaintiff was to give the firm 12 perfect records, and that it was a custom of trade that no payment was given to a vocalist until he supplied a perfect record—one which began without a preliminary cough, was clearly enunciated, and did not stop short three-quarters of the way through, or end with a snarl. Mr. Bowsle had not yet done this."

The plaintiff won his case, and received the fee of three guineas which he had asked. The exchange, in the course of editorial comment, remarked: "Part of the terror inspired by gramophones—not by all gramophones whatsoever, of course—is probably due to the distress of vocalists who sing for them."

LOCAL.

A musicale will be given on Tuesday night in aid of the Parental Home Association, 64 Mt. Vernon street. Mrs. Winifred Powell, soprano, will sing songs by Haydn, Bemberg and Clough-Leighter. Mrs. Isabelle Prior, contralto, will sing groups of French and English songs. Mr. Cumnock, baritone, will sing a group of English songs. There will be duets by Mozart, Saint-Saens, Goetze, a piano solo by Mrs. Edgar Cottle and a violin solo by Miss Ruth Dudgeon.

Miss Marie L. Sundborg, soprano, and Miss Louise M. Corbett, contralto, will give a song recital at Potter Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2. Miss Sundborg will sing songs by Hallstroem, Bengzon, Peterson-Berger, Dannstroem, Hugo Wolf, Kjerulf and Grnendahl; Miss Corbett songs by Leoncavallo, Richard Strauss, Cowen, Eppinger, Chadwick, Slater, and two old English songs; and there will be duets by Brahms, M. W. Daniels and Delibes.

Master Raymond Havens, a boy pupil of Mr. Carl Baermann, will give an invitation recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when he will play pieces by Beethoven, Bach, Hummel, Haydn, Czerny, Alabieff-Liszt.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert will be the pianist at the fourth Boston Symphony Quartet concert in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 6. Tickets for this concert may be had at Symphony Hall.

Arrangements have been made by Manager L. H. Mudgett for the return of Mr. Ysaye, the violinist, for a single concert at Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, when he will have the support of a large orchestra of picked musicians under the direction of Mr. Hess, the accomplished concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Subscriptions for seats for this concert, accompanied by check, may be sent to Manager L. H. Mudgett, at Symphony Hall, during this week and the sale to the public of seats not subscribed for will begin at Symphony Hall box office on Monday morning, Jan. 30.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler will give violin recitals in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Jan. 30, and Thursday afternoon, Feb. 2. A number of requests have been received by Manager Mudgett asking that Mr. Kreisler shall play the favorite compositions of those making these requests, and as far as possible these requests will be complied with. The sale of seats continues at Symphony Hall.

The programme of the mid-season concert of the People's Choral Union, Monday evening, Jan. 30, at Jordan Hall, will include a short choral work by Gounod, a motet by Mozart, a piece by Wagner, "To Thee, O Country," by Eichberg;" "The Lost Cord," by Arthur Sullivan, for unison chorus with organ and piano. Solo selections will also be given.

Miss Frances Rock, the pianist, is spending the winter in Boston at her home. She is resting for a while after three years of marked success in the West, to which she repaired shortly after her return from Vienna. A pupil of Leschetitzky for four years, she purposes to give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Feb. 9.

The visit of Felix Weingartner to Boston early next month, when he will be the pianist at the fourth of the Kneisel concerts in Potter Hall (Friday evening, Feb. 3), is pleasantly anticipated by those who are acquainted with the eminent position held by him in Europe. He will play the piano part in his own sextet in E minor op. 33. Tickets for this concert may be had at Potter Hall on and after Monday, the 30th inst.

Tickets for Mrs. Lichfield's operatic rehearsal in the Hollis Street Theatre next Tuesday afternoon may be obtained by addressing Mr. L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

A concert will be given by the city of Boston at the South Boston high school on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Orchestral pieces by Massenet, Volpatti, Herbert, Wagner, Chaminade, Meyerbeer. Mr. M. J. Dwyer, tenor, will sing songs by Bizet and Bischoff, and Mr. Rudolph Toll will play a clarinet solo by Wiedemann. Mr. Kanrich will conduct.

A concert will be given by the city of Boston at Knights of Honor Hall, Roslindale, on Tuesday evening a 8 o'clock. Orchestral pieces by Weber, Langey, Chaminade, Leoncavallo, Herbert, Meyerbeer. Mr. John J. Turner will sing songs by Gounod and Slater. Mr. Kanrich, the conductor, will play Vieuxtemps' ballad and polonaise.

Messrs. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of the Baltimore Conservatory will give a concert for two pianos in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, the 30th. The programme will include works by Mozart, Rudorff, Duvernoy, Saint-Saens and an arrangement of Liszt's "Preludes."

The date which Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter announced for Miss Eldridge's piano recital in Steinert Hall has been changed to Friday evening, Feb. 10. Miss Eldridge will be assisted by McGregor Woods, contralto; Mr. Fred L. Mahn, violinist; Mr. Edward A. Osgood, basso, and Mrs. Porter, accompanist.

Mr. Felix Fox will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 21.

Mr. Anton Hekking will give a 'cello recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 13.

Mr. Albert Taylor, 'cellist, a pupil of Anton Hekking, will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 2. Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, will assist.

Mr. Wesley Wyman of New York will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today pictures of Mr. Frederick S. Converse, whose poems, "Night" and "Day," for pianoforte and orchestra, were produced last night at the Symphony concert; of Mr. Rudolph Friml, the pianist, who will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon; of Miss Charlotta Grosvenor and Miss Helen Philba, sopranos, who will sing at Mrs. Lichfield's operatic rehearsal in the Hollis Street Theatre Wednesday afternoon, and of Miss Florence Amy Nickerson, harpist, reciter and composer. Mr. Converse, born in Newton in 1871, studied music at Harvard University, with Mr. Chadwick in Boston, and in Munich. His works have been played here by the Symphony orchestra and by the Kneisel and Adamowski quartets. One of his orchestral works was played in London last year. This season there are performances of his compositions by orchestras of Warsaw, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and Pittsburg. Mr. Friml first visited Boston with Jan Kubelik, the violinist, during the season of 1901-2. Miss Grosvenor and Miss Philba sang at the Hollis Street Theatre last April. Miss Nickerson was born in this commonwealth. Her first instructor in music was her mother. She afterward studied the harp and elocution. She recites poems written by her with harp music of her own composition, and has thus revived the classic practice in many cities of this country. Her last appearance in Boston was in "Beyond."

Thanks to the liberality of Mr. Carnegie, the Right Worshipful Company of Musicians has established two music scholarships in the Guildhall School of Music for British-born subjects of either sex under 18 years of age. The successful candidates will be able to choose their principal study, but they must go through a complete course of training at the school extending over three years. The examination is fixed for the 14th inst., and all particulars can be obtained from Mr. F. C. Fenwick, 16 Berners street, W. It is well to mention, however, that it is the avowed purpose of the musicians' company to encourage reading music at sight, and candidates who do not show distinct ability in this particular will have small chance of passing the preliminary examination. Of the importance of being able to read quickly there can be no question, but I am not sure that the musicians' company is wise in laying such special stress upon natural aptitude in this particular, as it is largely a mechanical faculty, and does not in itself denote the musician's brain. Moreover, as the candidates are to be under 18 years of age, I fancy males will be unfairly handicapped, owing to the more complete mental development of girls at that age. At any rate, I feel inclined to believe that more girls than boys will pass this primary test.—The Referee, Jan. 1.

"It is reported that the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Betty Balfour are engaged in writing a comedy on the subject of the physical culture craze." Important, if true.

Mme. Emma Eames appeared as Tosca at the Metropolitan Jan. 16. It was her first appearance in Puccini's opera this season. It will be remembered that her former attempt resulted in her withdrawal from the stage for a time. The New York Sun said last Tuesday: "Mme. Eames has long cherished an honorable ambition to be a dramatic soprano. She now sings Aida and Tosca with equal passion. The same beauty of tone, perfect smoothness of emission, elegance of style and general polish are found in her treatments of the vocal parts of the two operas. It was difficult to believe in the despair of her Aida; it is equally hard to believe that the Tosca of her imagination would be so rude as to assault an unprotected male with a carving knife snatched from his own table. We are filled with painful astonishment when we observe her in what looks like an outburst of mere temper, and ask ourselves with Virgil: 'Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?'"

Albert Chevalier appeared again in New York Jan. 16 at the Circle Music Hall. He brought new songs with him, but the audience insisted on hearing "Mrs. 'Awkins," "My Old Dutch" and "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road." Road."

FRANZ VON VESCEY, VIOLINIST.

The announcement by Manager Mudgett of two violin recitals at Symphony Hall on the evening of Feb. 14 and the afternoon of Feb. 18 by Franz von Vescey, makes it desirable to recall some of the facts in the boy's career. Franz is now in his 12th year and many first-class judges of musical gifts declare him to be the greatest musical wonder of the modern world. He began studying the violin under his father's tuition when $6\frac{1}{2}$ years old, and three years later he completed with distinction in 12 months at the Budapest Academy a course for which eight years is allotted. His first prominent appearance was before the Empress at Potsdam and soon afterward he gave 10 successful concerts in the large hall of the Philharmonie in Berlin within five weeks. He then went to Russia and played before the Czar at St. Petersburg, he afterward gave concerts in Moscow, Warsaw and Frankfort-on-the-Main. He has given a farewell tour in Germany during which he played Beethoven's concerto in Berlin with Joachim as orchestral conductor. Von Vescey came to America for a series of concerts under the direction of Mr. Daniel Frohman.

UNFAMILIAR WAGNER.

Three overtures by Wagner that are little known were performed at the Queen's Hall, London, Jan. 2. The Pall Mall Gazette said of them:

"People used to say of Schubert that, although he had been long dead, every year saw a new batch of composition appear from his pen. This is the kind of thing with which we are confronted in first London performances of works by Wagner. Moreover, it is the same Schubert story that accounts for the situation, namely, manuscripts turning up in outlandish places, in England even, for example, or in some continental town, and always with many a romantic other touch attached to their discovery. The overtures are, respectively, 'Polonia,' 'Christopher Columbus' and 'Rule Britannia.' Now, judging by the whole career and by the character of the output of Wagner's lifetime, it will be readily supposed that these early works do not attain to any high quality of sublime greatness; but they do show, at all events, how young and ardent were the enthusiasms which led the young Wagner into his ultimate place of glory, and how all those enthusiasms in some way or another found an outlet in music, wide though the catalogue is of his prose works. At any time in those early days a fruitless cause, a brave stand against any form of tyranny, any public shaking to the depths of civilized society, brought him forward, even impelling him, when he was least equipped for the purpose, to write literature and music of fire and fury. It will be gathered, of course, that 'Polonia' represents the influence over Wagner of the great Polish uprising in 1831. Certainly though the score is full of crudeness and repetitions, this work is by no means a mere exercise; it is the passionate expression of a strong and articulate man uttering himself in the language which he is subsequently to mould so much to his personal and individual way of utterance that his manner of speech at its highest in the art of music brought him probably more enemies than even his freaks of revolutionary ardor. Ever adventurous, never halting for a moment in his Gargantuan career, even (as we have said) when his means of expression were by no means equal to the power and the heat of his thought, a second overture, 'Christopher Columbus,' seems to have passed through the usual fate, and was regarded as hopelessly lost until, as the analysts tell us, 'it was subsequently discovered in Paris.' The subject naturally attracted him who was at the time girding on the armor with which he was destined to storm the future. A great deal of the 'Columbus' is very strong, very noisy and very theatrical; but there is one passage of extremely great beauty, in which a peculiar sense of a very softly moving sea is realized, the kind of thing, for example, which Mr. Kipling attempted to sing in words like this:

"'Where the sea-egg flames on the coral, and the long-backed breakers croon
Their ancient ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon.'

with a true sense of the endless seas in the south. The third of the overtures, 'Rule Britannia,' went through the customary adventures. It was first performed at a concert conducted by Wagner in 1837. After 1840 it disappeared, until it was unearthed at Leicester last year. It is a work of no particular merit, a happy-go-lucky setting of the sea-song of England, with a tendency to evince rather a tiresome ingenuity, and always teasing one into thinking that it is over, when it is only just setting out into a new thought. Anyway, here were the new works of the great German master, as he wrote with the blood rioting in his veins, between 60 and 70 years ago."

SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

Obviously, the tastes of amateur singers vary as much as their capabilities; but it is perhaps not sufficiently realized that capability in great measure is the cause of their likes and dislikes. Even professional vocalists prefer the songs that best suit their respective voices and styles, and that show their abilities to the greatest advantage, and the success of a song is far more dependent on its being effectively written vocally than on its sentiment or melody. If composers perceived the force of this we should not have so many ineffective and unvocal songs. The ordinary amateur singer is short-winded, is uneven in scale production, has little idea of tone-color, and is indistinct in articulation, and it will be found that the large majority of unsuccessful songs make exceptional demands on steadiness of breathing, requires voices of even quality, changes of tone-colors, and have words which are so set as to be difficult to pronounce. It is not enough to write good tunes, they must be such as are easy and grateful to sing, and the provision of this requirement is a much neglected art. It is a mistake to think that the commonplace song has more chance of success than one of high class. The songs which enjoy the most popularity, outside the comic and coon songs, are those found in musical comedies, and the best of these songs are written with taste, melodic lilt and with special regard to enabling the singers to make the most of their voices and means—in the majority of cases the reverse of great. On the other hand, finished and cultured singers can make little or no effect with the large majority of songs written for the concert room and the home. * * * "Forgetfulness," by Frances Allitsen, with words by Fred Vignay, is what I term a problem song—that is, it is one of those songs in which some one seems to have fallen in love with somebody else, who belongs to another party. In this instance the singer personates some one who says to another:

"Forget, 'tis better so, at least, for thee,
Forgetfulness I know is not for me."

Now this, no doubt, appears very generous to the speaker, but although a brilliant schoolboy, as the result doubtless of personal experience, defined memory as the thing you forget with, to bid another person to forget is the surest way to make them remember; consequently, the pathos of the lines does not ring true, but a pretty conceit and a good harmonic scheme redeem the song from the commonplace.—The Referee (London).

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

We learn on good authority that the great firm of Ricordi & Co. are about to take an important step to the practical encouragement of English opera and its composers. The full details of their scheme are not yet settled, and cannot, therefore, be indicated at the present moment, but we may state, without much risk, that the firm will offer a prize of £500 for the best opera in English by an English composer. We understand, further, that the successful work will be produced at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, an arrangement to that effect having been made, or, at least, being now in the making. Messrs. Ricordi are at present concerned with the engagement of adjudicators, and have already secured the services of Mr. Massenet in that important capacity.—London Telegraph.

New works for the Norwich (Eng.) festival next fall: a cantata by Mancinelli, two choral ballads by Coleridge-Taylor; and Sir Hubert Parry has promised a new work if he can find a subject to inspire him. We were under the impression that Sir Hubert seldom waited for inspiration. Lillian Blauvelt is one of the singers engaged.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fourth Sunday chamber concert: Hoffman string quartet and Miss Anita Rio, soprano, Haydn's quartet in D major, op. 64 No. 5; Schubert's variations from the quartet in D minor. Grieg's Romanza, op. 27, and Kaesmayer's Bohemian Dance. Miss Rio will sing Mozart's "Voi che Sapete," R. Strauss' Serenade, Wagner's Slumber Song, Grieg's "Ein Traum."

MONDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last Eaton-Hadley Trio concert: Arensky's Trio in D minor, op 32, and Vincent d' Indy's piano quartet in A minor, op. 7 (Mr. Max Zach, viola). Miss Edith Castle, contralto, will sing a group of songs.

WEDNESDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 2:30 P. M. Pupils of Mme. Avonia Bonney Lichfield, Miss Charlotte Grosvenor, soprano; Miss Helen Philba, soprano; Miss Sarah Eaton, contralto, will appear in scenes. The operas from which excepts are thus made are Gomez's "Il Guarany," "The Pearl of Brazil," "Lakme," "Dinorah," "I Promessi Sposi," "Othello." The programme will practically be that of last April.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Richard Platt: Schubert's impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; first movement of Brahms' sonata, op. 5; Schumann's "Kreisleriana," Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; Strauss' "Traeumerie," Poldini's etude, Barcarolle by Rubinstein, Chopin's valse in E minor and Berceuse, Liszt's Tarantelle.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert given by Miss Elvira Levroni, mezzo soprano, assisted by Miss Elena Kirmes, soprano; Miss Lena Trowbridge, violinist, and Mr. Alfred de Voto, pianist.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Piano recital by Mr. Rudolf Friml: Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, Rachmaninoff's prelude, op. 5, improvisation by Friml, Smetana's "Am Meeresufer," Chopin's impromptu in F sharp major, etudes in C minor and C sharp, polonaise in A flat major, and waltz in D flat, arranged by Friml; Suk's menuetto; Friml's etude, op. 4, and an extemporaneous improvisation, and Liszt's arrangement of the "Tannhaeuser," overture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 13th public rehearsal of Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor: Overture to "The Barber of Bagdad," Cornelius; Volkmann's 'cello concerto in A minor (Mr. Krasselt); symphonic prelude, Caetani (first time); Berlioz's fantastic symphony.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 13th Symphony concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

SYMPHONY PLAYS TWO NEW 'POEMS'

Works of Converse, with Mottoes from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" on "Night" and "Day" Performed for First Time.

MOTTO STANDS IN WAY, ONE EXPECTS TOO MUCH

Music Does Not Rivet Attention—Thought of Hearer Is on How Pianist Is Playing—Haydn Symphony Is Well Played.

The programme of the 12th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "Oxford".....Haydn
Violin concerto in D minor, No. 2..Wieniawski
Two poems, "Night" and "Day," for piano and orchestra, op. 11.....F. S. Converse
(First time.)
Centennial March.....Wagner

The two poems by Mr. Converse were performed for the first time. Lines from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" serve as mottoes. Thus, "This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless" expresses, Mr. Converse says, the mood which he has tried to create in his music. The motto for "Day" is "Day full blown and splendid—day of the immense sun, action, ambition, laughter." Such mottoes are of value in acquainting the hearer with the mood of a composer, for night and day are terms that do not suggest inevitably the same thing to the men and the women in an audience or at large in the town. To Whitman himself the night meant various things: he apostrophized it as "huge and thoughtful," and again, in one of his most famous passages, he imagined night as the great amorist: "I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night. * * * Night of the large few stars! Mad, naked summer night!" So day is a term of individual application. To many its symbol is a factory whistle; but Whitman's line sums the matter up.

Mr. Converse, to express his musical thought, added a piano to his orchestra. "The piano," he says, "is treated as an integral although very important part of the orchestral scheme, and whatever technically important moments it may have grow naturally out of the emotional contents, and not from any desire of virtuosity." Such was the honorable intention. There is this risk in the use of the piano with orchestra when a tone-poem is performed: the pianist sits in the accustomed seat of the virtuoso, and however the composer may intend and however closely the pianist may follow the composer's intention, the chief thought of the audience is concerning the performance of the pianist. "How did he play? Did you like him?" are questions asked before there is any inquiry concerning the piece itself. It may here be said that Mr. Gebhard played extremely well and his part was by no means an easy one either technically or aesthetically; but there seemed to be no more question concerning the pianist's performance than about that of Mr. Hess, of Mr. Maquarre, of Mr. Longy, or of Mr. Rettberg. They are all players in ensemble.

And it seems to us that Mr. Converse himself is responsible in a large measure for this undue interest in the piano part. When Mr. Bauer played the piano part in d'Indy's "Symphony on a Mountain Folk Song," there was little or no thought of Mr. Bauer, for the piano part, while it was important, was so constructed that even the most careless listener was aware that the instrument was for the time being only orchestral.

Put together the explanation given by the mottoes concerning the aesthetic contents of the music and the dominating thought of the pianist, and the result is this, the pieces seem as though they were any prelude and allegro, or nocturne and allegro designed as a concert piece for piano and orchestra, and what should have been the controlling thought, the transliteration into tones of characterization of night and its symbolical reminders, was in the background. Perhaps it would have been better, then, if the mottoes that served as arguments had been omitted. "Night" and "Day" would have been enough, for after all, to go back to Walt Whitman, music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments.

You cannot find in music anything definite that is not already in your mind. That which is inarticulate may be suggested by the music, provided you yourself have imagination equal or superior to that of the composer. Mr. Converse probably realized this when he chose the motto "thy free flight into the wordless." And so a seesaw is easily established between the expediency or the inexpediency of any sort of a programme.

The first of the poems is musically poetic. There is the nocturne character, and there is the suggestion of the night that leads to contemplation. As a musical illustration of a phase of night it is successful; but this night of Mr. Converse is not so huge as it is thoughtful. There is no suggestion of the elemental shudder that oppresses when the winds are still and the stars are nearest; the shudder recalling the saying of the old philosopher that the earth itself is an animal; the stillness that hints at mysterious voices threatening to speak; nor is there the suggestion in this music of the infinite space peopled as in Mr. Wells' fantastical tale of the stolen body; nor is there soaring flight, though the flight be "free." But to express, or rather to suggest, "the psychological meaning" of night in music would require a composer of Whitman's sweep and thought.

As an Allegro, the second poem is often interesting; but again the motto stands in the way and invites one to expect too much. The opening measures are particularly effective. The world is awakening to activity, but after these measures the programme fades away, and there is the thought of a concert piece for piano and orchestra, a piece very episodic, without any central and controlling idea, such as dominates an entitled symphonic poem. There are pleasant pages; there are pages that are more than pleasant, but the music does not rivet the attention of the hearer. This is not the allegro of the world, the terrible allegro of daily life, with its ambitions, failures, successes, laughter that is too often ironical or maniacal. As an allegro for piano and orchestra it is episodically effective.

The Haydn symphony was played in admirable fashion, and the reappearance of the Centennial march reminded some of the year when many Americans—and all American composers—groaned at the thought of Wagner receiving $5000 for such trash.

Mr. Adamowski was most successful in the Romance of the concerto, for his song was often appealing. His performance as a whole was not one that added to his reputation, for it lacked distinction and it was at times technically faulty. Mr Adamowski has true virtuoso blood, he has many natural gifts. He at times plays with inspiration. His performance is often engrossing. It is a pity that a violinist of such natural parts does not devote himself wholly and rigidly to self-improvement.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Ysaye will play at his concert in Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8, Saint-Saens concerto in B minor, No. 3, Mozart's concerto in E flat and Bruch's "Fantasia on Scottish Airs." The orchestra, led by Mr. Hess, will play Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and Mendelssohn's scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

Mr. George Proctor, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall, Wednesday evening, at 8:15 o'clock. He will play Schuett's "Carnival Mignon" and pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Brahms, Liadoff, Schumann and Moszkowski.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" will be performed late in March by the Radcliffe Alumnae Association, assisted in the principal male characters and chorus by Harvard graduates. Mr. Arthur Hyde will be the musical director and Mr. James Gilbert will have the entire charge of the coaching and stage production. The opera will be given for the benefit of the Radcliffe library fund.

A complimentary concert will be given to Mr. William H. Stedman in Association Hall on Thursday evening. Mrs. W. H. Stedman, soprano, Mrs. L. G. Childs, alto, Mrs. George P. Chatterley, pianist, Mrs. John F. Wood, elocutionist, Mr. G. P. Chatterley, violinist, and Mr. William Chambers, cornetist, will take part.

A memorial service in honor of Theodore Thomas will be held in King's Chapel this afternoon at 3:30. The burial service will be read, there will be a short address and there will be choral music.

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

The Hoffman Quartet and Miss Anita Rio, Soprano, Please Another Great Audience.

The fourth Sunday chamber concert occurred yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. In spite of the weather there was again a large audience, whose enthusiasm proved anew the popularity and success of this series of concerts. The Hoffman quartet and Miss Anita Rio, soprano, were the musicians. The programme consisted of Haydn's Quartet in D major, the andante with variations from Schubert's Quartet in D minor, a Romance by Grieg and a Bohemian Dance by Kaesmayer; and four songs—an aria from Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," Strauss' Serenade, Wagner's Slumber Song and Grieg's "A Dream." It was well that Haydn's quartet came first, for it is a sleepy piece—beautiful and beautifully played; but the better the performance the more soporific is the effect. Lovers of variations are of two classes—those who play them and those who are not addicted to the habit of concert-going. Schubert's beautiful andante, however, makes its own effect; it gave the utmost pleasure to everybody. Miss Rio sings exceedingly well. She has a voice of lovely quality and considerable dramatic effect. She was applauded with fervor; Strauss' song was repeated, and at the end of her second group the singer added a French piece.

The Kneisel quartet will play at the fifth concert.

ABUSED ANIMALS.

The French, fond of truffles, which are thought to be aphrodisiacs, have for years called in the aid of animals in the procuring of the delicacy. In the sixteenth century they established the practice of muzzling pigs, who, smelling the truffles, pointed them out to superior man: "inventum novitium est," said Champier in that century. Dogs were also trained to discover the truffle and not to taste them. There were even peasants who were deemed sufficiently intelligent to find them in their hiding places, during an autumnal rain or after storms, especially thunder storms. Dogs have also been trained as turnspits; they smell the madding savor of the roasting meat which they know is not for them.

And now an orchardist in California is importing 500 trained monkeys from Panama to help him in picking his prune crop. He declares that he will have no trouble in teaching them to pick, and he announces his intention of muzzling them so that they will not be able to eat the sanitary fruit.

We do not for a moment underestimate the value of the prune; on the contrary, we think nobly of it when it is in its full glory. The prune in the boarding house is withered and wan, without the rich juice, without the glory of the French variety. A prudent boarding house keeper cannot afford the fruit of France; but she might serve the Californian more generously. We fear that, so far as boarding houses are concerned, the most agile monkeys

will be slow pickers. The prune has suffered through association. The Elizabethan dramatists mention it frequently, but in a way to deter stern moralists from enjoying it, even when prunes are served with a cold rice ball and with thick cream. When Prince Hal was a rover and Dame Quickly's tavern was frequented by roaring boys, prunes passed the lips of those whom no one could accuse of mincing words or of pursing the mouth to say, "prunes and prisms." No, the prune is today regarded too often as merely a cheap, medicinal food. We do not think instinctively of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne thoughtfully eating prunes at night or at breakfast in his rapt poetic meditation. Yet Mr. Bayes, in "The Rehearsal," told the admiring Johnson and Smith, when he was explaining his preparations for writing immortal works: "If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood." There would be more irresistibly logical arguments in court, freer drawing and more gorgeous coloring in painting, bolder and more imaginative flights in music, more generous dealing in strictly commercial transactions, a freer style in literature, more hopeful views expressed from the pulpit if prunes were to be eaten at least once a day in large quantity.

But what has an "orchardist" to do with the growing of prunes, and is it fair to monkeys to use them in the proposed tantalizing way? There is such a word as "orchardist," as there is "orchidist." Mr. Bucknall said as long ago as 1794: "I have long wished to introduce the name of orchardist, I here desire it may take place." Thoreau did not reject the word, so we may admit that there are orchardists in California. But the monkey. When we were boys we all read about apes who, driven to anger, were induced to throw down cocoanuts in their rage, and to boys, cruel by nature, the trick seemed unfair. The nervous companion of the wandering organist picks up coins which he has no wish to eat. But the monkey has a right to fruits. Why should he be taught labor and at the same time enforced self-control? And it should be remembered that prunes are good for monkeys. Will not the stanch friends of alley cats and unblanketed dogs raise earnest voices of protestation that will be heard in California, though their protest be at the risk of abstinence from prunes?

A NOTE ON CALICO.

The Herald has already discussed the old-time associations connected with calico, its introduction into New England, and the charm of fragrant maidenly simplicity thus arrayed. We asked Mrs. Johnson why calico was no longer worn by those that once delighted in it; and she said that she thought—she is never positive, never cocksure, this fascinating woman, who, we think at times, is hardly appreciated by Mr. Johnson—she thought percale was more in fashion.

There still remains something to be said about calico, although the strike is over for the present. Certain episodes in the life of Joseph have induced the ungodly to believe that he was not a true sport, in spite of the fact that he wore a coat of many colors. There are old writers who insist that this coat was made of calico, for the cloths now called by this name were commonly used centuries ago by the orientals. The etymology of the word is interesting. As many know, pieces of "callicut-cloth" were imported from the city of Calicut on the coast of Malabar, but the wise are not agreed as to whether our word "calico" is a corruption of Calicut or whether the French word "calicot" was the intermediary. There were queer stories about the city. One traveller said it had no walls, because there was no ground for a foundation, and that water appeared as soon as one dug; but the Portuguese built a strong fort near the town without any trouble, and palisades were found to be as effectual as walls in several oriental towns.

Calico has not always been used exclusively for pacific purposes. A sturdy master-gunner of England, one Edward Webbe, travelled in the 16th century; he saw the burning of Moscow by the Tartars and he had many strange and perilous adventures. In Rome he was accused of being an English spy, and after sixteen days in a dark dungeon he underwent what was probably called in those days a rigid examination. "Thrice had I the strappado hoisted up backward with my hands bound behind me, which stroke all the joints in my arms out of joint, and then constrained to drink salt water and quick lime, and then fine lawn or calico thrust down my throat and pluckt up again, ready to pluck my heart out of my belly, all to make me to confess that I was an English spy." Perhaps the killing of a man in this way was an Italian trick of the period. Webbe's book was published in 1590, and in Marlowe's play, "Edward the Second," published in 1594, the professional murderer, Lightborn, boasting of his skill, said that he had learned in Naples "to strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat."

Nor was calico looked on pleasantly at first by patriotic Englishmen. Witness this sour allusion by one Roberts: "A Tawdry, pie-spotted, flabby, ragged, low-priced thing, called 'callicoe,' made by a parcel of Heathens and Pagans that worship the Devil and work for a half-penny a day." What crystallization of English insular arrogance and ignorance!

Calico has usually been regarded as the dress of the simple and modest, and a calico ball was originally supposed to be the honest recreation of the hard-working and unpretentious. But in English slang "calico-bally," applied to a man, is synonymous with "fast" or it means that the one thus characterized is always on the outlook for reckless amusement. Street songs throw a strong light on the manners and customs of a people and in "The Flipperty-Flop Young Man" are these lines:

"I once was a cabby and hack young man,
And a little bit calico-bally;
A picture card out of the pack, young man,
And frequently music-hally."

Calico trousers might be worn in summer to advantage, but the men of Boston and the neighborhood grow more and more conventional in dress. John Evelyn mentions in his diary men wearing large yellow-colored calico mantles, and Macaulay describes a person "flaunting in a calico shirt and a pair of silk stockings from Moorshedabad;" but men were braver in those days, and there was true affection for the picturesque. The last time we saw a pair of calico trousers they were worn by a "song and dance artist" in a wandering minstrel show. They made a deep impression on us; in fact, we have never forgotten them, though the dancer's name and the precise display of his art are now as though they never were.

Herald 24.1905

EATON-HADLEY TRIO'S CONCERT

Large and Warmly Appreciative Audience Enjoys Chamber Music by Arensky and d'Indy and the Singing of Miss Edith Castle.

THE ARENSKI TRIO BRILLIANTLY RENDERED

Miss Castle Has Voice of Rich Quality and Liberal Compass; Her Tones Well Placed and Used with Much Technical Skill.

The Eaton-Hadley trio, assisted by Miss Edith Castle, contralto, and Mr. Max Zach, viola, gave the third and last concert of its sixth season last night in Huntington Chambers Hall. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience. The instrumental numbers were Arensky's piano trio in D minor and d'Indy's piano quartet in A minor, op. 7.

The features of the concert were the performance of Arensky's trio and the singing of Miss Castle. The trio was written in memory of Tchaikovsky, who, as his correspondence shows, was much interested in the younger composer and criticized his work with the frankness of the intelligent as well as true friend. The trio is by no means new it has been played here three or four times at least, once with Mr. Sitotl as pianist—but only a month or so ago it was awarded the Glinka prize of 500 roubles. The publisher Belaieff, who died recently, established this prize and gave a sum of money to be divided in certain shares of 500 or 1000 roubles each among authors of compositions deemed worthy by a committee of the older Russians. The trio is interesting throughout, and although occasionally its elegance is too like mere salon polish, it is well worth playing and hearing. The Elegy is appealing and the expression of grief is not overdone, so that there is no suspicion of workmanship at the expense of sincerity. The scherzo is charming in its piquancy, and its originality is so striking that the reminiscence of the trio theme, piano accompaniment, rhythm, and all from Saint-Saëns' scherzo in his piano concerto in G minor is the more surprising. The players played from memory, which excited the wonder of Uncle Amos, who sat near us. The players were thus tested more than ordinarily, but whether the practice is to be commended might be a subject for discussion. We have seen Von Bülow lead without a score his orchestra playing without notes, and the tour de force set German audiences agape. But did the orchestra do better by reason of this strain on the memory? Mrs. Eaton played brilliantly, and the ensemble performance was elastic, sensitive and effective.

Miss Castle, accompanied by Mr. William L. Whitney, sang Arensky's "The Day Departs," Brogi's "Venetian Vision," Tessarini's "Nina-Ninna" and Henschel's "Spinning Wheel." Her voice is one of rich quality and liberal compass. Her tones are uncommonly well placed, and she uses them with much technical skill. There is more in Arensky's song than she brought out; it admits of a more passionate climax; but she interpreted the other songs with a fine differentiation in sentiment. The subdued emotional quality of Brogi's pathetic song, the changing moods of the mother in Tessarini's lullaby, and the simplicity of Henschel's maiden were all expressed without a suspicion of exaggeration and without the too evident attention to tonal production that hampers the efforts of many young singers. Interpretation is admirable and necessary, but the interpreter must first know how to sing. Miss Castle should come frequently before the public, if only for her own sake. Familiarity with the work would inspire her with the self-confidence that is righteous and leads to greater abandon and more vivid temperamental display.

The d'Indy quartet has been played here before. Mr. Ysaye introduced it in Boston, if we are not mistaken, at one of his memorable chamber concerts in Music Hall. It is a work that demands the serious attention of consummate artists.

ADDRESSES.

"Among the many phrases in use 'sincerely yours' for an acquaintance, 'cordially yours' for a friend, and 'affectionately yours' for a relative or one with whom you are very intimate, are the best." The same counsellor advises women to write "yours truly" when the note is on business, as in putting off the payment of a dressmaker.

With the decay of letter writing as a fine art came a looseness in terms of address and final assurance. The grandfathers of the younger generation often were expected to address their fathers "Respected sir," and they signed themselves "Your obedient son," for the father had in those sterner days true patriarchal authority. We are told that many sons today, even in the request for money, are irreverential in their familiarity. There was once in this country greater formality in the correspondence of distinguished men, who addressed each other as "Sir" and wound up "I have the honor to be, etc." If a man should be as formal today, he would run the risk of being called old Turveydrop.

"Yours truly" will do for almost any occasion. "Yours" is shorter, but it is more definite, more binding. It might well be signed by a lover. "Yours truly" means nothing; it is simply a conventional phrase. They say that Abraham Lincoln used it almost always in his correspondence. "Yours sincerely" is supposed to denote warmer appreciation, but how often it is used without sincerity, and when a man writes "Yours most sincerely," look out for him; the smiler may have a knife up his sleeve. "Yours cordially" is a phrase much affected by women, and young men finding themselves thus addressed feel a slight flutter at the heart; but the man that employs the phrase too often has an axe to grind. A delicate distinction is made by the would-be-genteel, who address a "tradesman" as "Mr." and end "Yours truly," while to the name of one supposed to be a "gentleman" they add "Esq." and assure him that they are his "sincerely."

This "Esq." is applied to hundreds who are not esquires and who have no land, no beeves.

A purist once censured a doting husband for addressing his wife as "dearest." "This implies that you are polygamous by nature; that you have dears, that others are dearer, and that there is a dearest, a reigning sultana, a light of the harem." The objection is, perhaps, far-fetched, but a woman is not to be blamed for being vexed if a male friend in whom she is not especially interested addresses her as "My dear Miss," and she may be more excusably angry if the heading be "My dear Mrs." "I am not his dear," she answers. A letter is still a formality in foreign countries, and the Frenchman or the German assures his correspondent that he has the honor to be this or that, or he prays him to accept the assurance of his most distinguished consideration. This is in reality no more insincere than the expression "Yours sincerely"; it is a traditional courtesy and it costs nothing save a trifle of ink and labor. But formal courtesy in correspondence is passing away in America; the postal card, the typewriting machine and dictation have shortened letters and reduced compliments to business queries or answers.

We are told that love letters are much more businesslike in tone than in the years just after the civil war. Letters read in court might be cited as evidence against this statement, but they are possibly the exceptions. It is pleasant to believe that young lovers still call their sweethearts "darling," bold with paper and ink; that sweethearts still gush, underscore protestations of affection, and sign themselves "Yours till death," even though in the violence of their passion they spell the limit and sunderer of all loves without the vowel "a."

A WOMAN'S NAME.

Out of 415 names sent in to some competition the most popular one was Helen. "Next stood Mary or its variations, Marie, May, etc. The old-fashioned and sprightly Susan was not found once, nor was Deborah."

Names, whether they be of a family, or Christian or pagan, are of singular interest to the thoughtful, who can well appreciate the consolation and joy that the mere sound of Mesopotamia brought to the old woman listening devoutly to every word of the preacher. There is no science to them more fascinating than that of onomatology. The ear of one is charmed by Rossetti's lines:

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys."

He appreciates the exquisite art with which Claude Debussy found music for this verse from "The Blessed Damozel"; he also remembers the poem made up almost wholly of women's names by the gracelessly graceful Catulle Mendes; and he hears the dying Meleager apostrophizing "Atalanta, the pure among women, whose name is as blessing to speak." Another is delighted with the quaintness of the fact that daughters of a farmer on a New England hillside are called Jemima, Kezia and Keren-happuch. We know a family in which the daughters are named Vasbti, Abigail and Clarissa. Another, a lover of the paradoxical, is

pleased at the sight of the dark-skinned and beetle-browed Blanche, a painfully clumsy Grace, a reckless Prudence, a coquettish Mercy and a giggling Victoria. It would be wiser not to give a daughter a name before her figure and character are fully developed.

The whimsical Dr. Dove never called any woman Mary, though he thought Mare, the sea, in too many respects emblematical of the sex; he preferred Molly as being soft. Nor would he change Sarah into Sally, for the latter woman reminded him of rovers. Susan was always Sue, because women are to be sued. But the doctor, we fear, was a punster, and a pun is the abomination of desolation. A woman of dignified character or stately carriage should never bear a name that may easily be made flippant by the abbreviating irreverent. Hannah is spoiled forever by the coarse inquiry as to what's the matter with her. Priscilla is still romantic, chiefly through association with the courtship of Miles Standish. No mother acquainted with the classics would name her daughter Sappho, Lais, Thais, Phryne, Messalina—yet they are pretty names, and no doubt they were given to pure and radiant women of old before certain bearers of them became too famous.

The New England parents went for years to the Bible or they followed old English precedent. Look over the genealogy of any New England family of long line—say nine generations—and there are names that now, unfortunately, are uncommon: Eunice, Bathsheba, Roxana, Esther, Thomasine—though we prefer the name without the final "e"—Susanna. We would not name a girl Judith, for there is the recollection of a bloody and deceitful woman; nor do Apphia, Drusilla, Roccina, Callia, Retire, Lucinda commend themselves.

To name a daughter is an act of great importance, to be undertaken only after fasting and prayer. The daughter will probably change her family name, but the Christian name sticks unless the girl goes on the stage and seeks apt alliteration's artful aid to make herself more conspicuous and fascinating. Yet Sarah is the first name of Mme. Bernhardt, and the handsome Mme. Hading is plain Jane. There are women who say deliberately: "If I ever have a daughter I shall name her Sibyl." In some instances they look forward to calling her "Gwendolen." The father is seldom thus romantically inclined. With the pleasing egoism of the male, he wishes his mother's or his sister's name perpetuated in the family. Sometimes he pays his wife the compliment. We prefer a girl without a middle name. When she grows up she will insist on spreading it in full on her card and she will subject her correspondents to the nuisance of writing the name in full. One would suppose that Miss Eleanor Spriggs Heavystone would prefer to be addressed Miss Eleanor Heavystone or Miss Eleanor S. Heavystone. Eleanor goes with Heavystone, and the hearer fancies a woman on the order of Gilbert's Lady Jane. Such a woman he would respect—at a distance. But Spriggs spoils it all. It suggests ponderous coquetry, elephantine affection. We again insist that a name should not be given a woman until she is somewhat matured and able to have an intelligent voice in the matter.

Jan 25.1905

RICHARD PLATT'S PIANO RECITAL

He Shows Gain in Freedom of Technic and Interpretation—Mme. Lichfield's Pupils in Operatic Scenes—Miss Leveroni's Concert

Mr. Richard Platt gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He played Schubert's Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; the first movement of Brahms' sonata op. 5; Schumann's "Kreisleriana" (Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5); R. Strauss' "Traeumerei," an etude by Poldini, a barcarolle by Rubinstein, Chopin's waltz in E minor and berceuse, and the tarantelle from Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli." There was an applausive audience of fair size.

Mr. Platt, it will be remembered, gave a recital here early in December, 1903, shortly after his arrival in this country, after serious study in Berlin and after concert appearances in that city and in London. Since that recital he has made Boston his home and devoted himself to his art.

When he first played here he was under the influence of pedagogic instruction to such a degree that his interpretation did not seem free and spontaneous. Anxiety about technical proficiency and consciousness of technical difficulties present before the eyes of a public prevented any marked individual expression of thought or emotion. This was natural and to be expected. Unless a young pianist be of uncommon native force, unless he be a born poet seeking instinctively music as the medium of his expression, he will listen so reverentially to the voice of pedagogic authority that it will be some time before he will dare to think for himself.

Mr. Platt showed yesterday that he has begun to thing for himself, and his comparative emancipation was shown in the pieces by Richard Strauss, Poldini and Rubinstein—little pieces some might call them—rather than in the movement from Brahms' sonata or in the "Kreisleriana." The sonata by Brahms is austere music, granitic is the word, and it must be confessed that Mr. Platt made the music still more forbidding. He did not proclaim authoritatively the gospel according to Brahms. There was the suspicion at times that his mental appreciation and his technical resources did not work sympathetically together. The "Kreisleriana" is extremely intimate music, and the expediency of playing it before a miscellaneous or holiday audience may well be questioned. It is music for a few friends, and they must be in the mood.

Mr. Platt is serious in his art and he should be taken seriously. During his performance of the pieces by Brahms and Schumann he perhaps took his task too seriously, for he gave the impression of anxious labor and not of serene confidence. There were pleasant moments in his performance of the impromptu, but the decided gain of the pianist in both technical ease and individuality of expression was shown chiefly in the pieces after the "Kreisleriana." There were times when in stormier passages his touch was stiffly hard, but on the whole his improvement in quality of touch is marked, and his playing is more colored and elastic; his rhythm is more incisive, and he has more elegance and grace.

THE LICHFIELD REHEARSAL.

Operatic Scenes Presented by Pupils at Hollis Street Theatre Before Audience of Friends.

There was a public rehearsal by pupils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lichfield yesterday afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre. Miss Charlotte Grosvenor sang in scenes from Gomez's "Il Guarany," Verdi's "Othello," Delibes' "Lakme"; solo pieces by Gounod, Granier, Lehmann, and a duet, with Miss Helen Philba, from Bellini's "Norma." Miss Philba sang in excerpts from "Lakme" and Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," and a song by David. Miss Sarah Eaton sang a romanza from Petrella's "I Promessi Spozi" and in the scene from "Othello."

The programme was a repetition of a concert given last season, when the same students appeared; the purpose of yesterday's concert was to show the improvement made by the singers during the interval. It is Mrs. Lichfield's custom to give these performances from time to time, partly to satisfy the interest of friends who take pleasure in following the progress of the various pupils; chiefly, that the students may gain a little experience in public appearance; that they may test their powers on a real stage, with the advantage of costume and makeup to help out the training they have received in gesture and dramatic action.

The task of appearing in opera scenes, always a trying one, is doubly difficult without the stimulus of orchestral accompaniment and the preparation furnished by preceding scenes. The technical skill required for the singing is here only one of many qualifications; there are necessary likewise physical poise, the power to cover up self-consciousness, and keen imagination, to plunge at once, without the gradual working up from the scenes, into the heart of a dramatic situation. Thus these performances should be of value to pupils who have such experience yet to gain.

The occasion, although a public one as actually as any performance in a theatre to which the public may buy admission, is yet not of a nature to admit detailed criticism. Much of it, yesterday, was very creditable; the students showed technical improvement, and for the most part, more confidence in action. Miss Eaton, whose voice and singing both gave pleasure, acted with quiet effect in the scene from "Othello." Miss Grosvenor has a beautiful voice, a voice of marked distinction, which she used with good judgment and moderation. Miss Philba's voice sounded best in the middle register; the singer was attractive to look upon.

There was an audience of good size, friendly, interested and applausive.

MISS LEVERONI'S CONCERT.

Miss Elvira Leveroni, mezzo-soprano, assisted by Miss Elena Kirmes, dramatic soprano; Miss Lena Trowbridge, violinist; Mr. Alfred de Voto, pianist, gave an operatic and song recital last night in Jordan Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme was as follows: "Spanish Dance," Sarasate (Miss Trowbridge); Verdi's "O Don Fatale," Gaynor's "Slumber Boat," Neidlinger's "My Laddie," Arne's "Lass with the Delicate Air" (Miss Leveroni); romance from Wieniawski's concerto in D minor (Miss Trowbridge); Aria from Verdi's "Forza del Destino" (Miss Kirmes); romance from "Mignon" and Kucken's "Heaven Hath Shed a Tear," with violin (Miss Leveroni); duet from "Aida" (Miss Kirmes and Miss Leveroni).

Miss Leveroni returned not long ago after study in Italy and after appearances in public at Naples. She was warmly greeted last evening, and hearty applause followed every selection. The others were also fully appreciated.

A MACAULAY OF TODAY.

We read lately a lamentation over "the dearth of high-class writers." There are now no Macaulays, De Quinceys, Lowells, writing for the magazines. The reader is often repelled by "the ignorance of the best forms of English style." There was, of course, a looking back at Macaulay: "One such article as Macaulay wrote for his first contribution to the Edinburgh Review would make the fortune of any periodical that might have the good fortune to print it." Would it?

There is a great difference between the public of 1825, when Macaulay's essay on Milton appeared in the Edinburgh Review and made him famous, and the public of today. The wailer perhaps forgot that Macaulay himself declared the essay contained scarcely a paragraph approved by his matured judgment. The magazine readers of today do not care for a learned disquisition on Plato or an inquiry into the Eleusinean mysteries. They are interested in what is described as "the literature of the subject." They would read Marconi describing his invention; they would read the experiences of the sole survivor of a horrible railway accident; they would read an article by Mr. "Cy" Young on the theory and practice of pitching. They would not be disturbed if the style were crude; on the contrary, they would welcome it as an evidence of the writer's good faith.

Macaulay's merits and faults have been much discussed. Perhaps he has been overrated; perhaps his style was vicious, Corinthian. This matters little at the present moment. He was a man of his period, and he wrote for readers of that period. Suppose he were to write today in his old manner an article for the Atlantic on the East Boston tunnel. The essay would include a glance at the engineering of the early Egyptians; the theories of Frontinus would be criticised; Napoleon would be portrayed as a road builder; a gorgeous panorama would be unrolled; and the peroration would be a glowing picture of the future prosperity or decay of East Boston. The reader would prefer a report of the chief engineer, with illustrations, or an anecdotical article by a descriptive reporter, headed "How they built the tunnel."

Would any publisher now dare to send forth the ponderous reviews that once excited admiration? Did our ancestors find true delight in the early Blackwood? The wit now seems labored or scurrilous; the display of classical learning tiresome.

A magazine, like a looking glass, reflects the public taste. The publishers are, after all, men who wish a bank account. Suppose Macaulay were to call on one of them with his "Milton" under his arm. "We don't care for an article on Milton as a poet, but have you anything new about his domestic troubles?" If the distinguished essayist and historian were to walk into any editor's office, there would be the natural surprise at an unexpected apparition. "Delighted to see you. I have often heard of you, and I have read some of your things. We already have an excellent literary critic; in fact, there is no vacancy on our editorial staff—but we would be glad to publish your first impressions of America."

HIS OWN EXPERT.

The ancients believed that a professional man should be liberally educated; that he should be well versed in sciences which would seem at first without special advantage to him in the pursuit of his lifework. We spoke not long ago of the various knowledge expected of an accomplished dancer. Take architecture for instance: Vitruvius at the beginning of his admired treatise enumerates the qualities of a successful architect: he must have an intimate acquaintance with geometry, arithmetic, optics, history, philosophy, music, medicine, law, astrology and astronomy; and Vitruvius discusses the reasonableness of his statement; thus if the architect is not able as a physician to judge of the air and the water of the proposed building lot, he has no right to offer any advice concerning the location of the building.

It is a pleasure to find a survival of the classic belief carried into practice in New York state. The case in point is of peculiar interest to all women. Mrs. Johnson goes to a dressmaker. The dress is finally sent home; Mrs. Johnson cannot wear it, for it does not fit her. There is a feeble attempt on the part of the dressmaker to make it fit her. There is delay, there is vexation, there is at last bitter disappointment. Mrs. Johnson's friends agree that the dress is ruined: "You never can wear that thing; don't you take it." The bill arrives, and it is much larger than was expected. The item for trimmings alone is enough to strike terror to the stoutest soul. Mrs. Johnson has what is vulgarly known as a conniption fit. She consults her husband. Mr. Johnson looks fourteen volumes, shakes his head and says: "When I go to a tailor, I make him fit me." Mrs. Johnson in italicized tones answers: "How about those awful trousers which I wouldn't let you wear and gave to the janitor, a year ago Christmas?" She consults a legal house-friend, who advises her to settle: "It would be disagreeable for you to go into court, and the jury would side with the dressmaker." And Mr. Johnson has the final sagacious word: "If I were you, I should not go to her again."

In a New York town a woman employed a dressmaker to make her a silk gown. The dress was finished, and, naturally, there was a demand for payment. A counter claim was entered; the dressmaker had spoiled the gown and she should pay $12 damages. The ordinary judge, though he had summered and wintered with Parsons and Addison and had slept with the New York reports, volume by volume, under his pillow, would depend on expert testimony, unless, after the manner of Judge Bridlegoose, he should decide by the fall of dice. Expert testimony is generally unsatisfactory and open to suspicion. The friends of the "client" would swear vigorously in her behalf; some rival dressmaker would support her, others from esprit de corps would side with their colleague. Technical terms of the trade would darken intelligence.

But this judge did not hang his head when the dress was put in evidence; nor did he offer fatuous compliments to either one of the parties in the suit. He told the "client" to go to his private room and don the dress. When she came out he looked at her critically, calmly, judicially. He was not moved by melting glance; he did not dread shrill feminine wrath. He lifted up his voice and said: "The dress is too high in the neck and it does not fit easily around the waist." The hearing was then adjourned a week, that the dressmaker might, if possible, make the necessary alterations.

It might be impertinent to ask this judge where he gained his knowledge of dressmaking; to inquire into his experience in necks and waists. It is enough to know that he was his own expert. Would that all judges were like him. Perhaps there are more than we think. Some years ago a judge in this commonwealth showed praise-

worthy though unexpected knowledge as to the precise nature of the characteristics of comic opera, and from time to time judges let the world know that their learning is not confined to laws and precedents. Yet it is a good thing for a broadly educated judge to know something about law, as it is for a Vitruvian architect to have at least a smattering of the science of architecture.

LOST PICTURESQUENESS.

Mr. Adolphus, in his interesting memories of Paris, published in Blackwood's Magazine ten years or so ago, mourned the changes in the streets of that city as he remembered them in the fifties. The Parisian woman of society had a great influence on the aspect of the out-of-door life, and in the fifties the tendency of her costume had extreme simplicity as the basis of extreme refinement. Her individuality was pronounced, but it was not supplied by a tailor. This was true of the lady, the woman comme il faut. Then there was the grisette, immortalized by Henry Murger, cheapened by Paul de Kock and sung even by our own Dr. Holmes. She was dying out at the beginning of the Second Empire, but her fresh, crisp cotton or muslin dress, silk apron, muslin fichu, white lace cap, neat shoes and stockings—the grisette abhorred button boots, then just invented—and on Sundays her straw kid gloves, enlivened the street. When Paris was Haussmannised the grisette disappeared forever, and the streets have not been the same since this charming workgirl vanished.

There are still workgirls in Paris, but they are of a different type. Their dress is simple, and it is neat, and they have a springy motion in their gait, but they are neither picturesque nor romantic. The best time to observe them is in their early going to the shops—the descent of Montmartre—and at the hour of their release from the ateliers of the rue de la Paix. But their life is to be made still more secure and drab through a benevolent society which has been formed for their improvement. The pay of the workgirl is usually about forty cents a day, and if she is not living with her family, an honorable life is a constant struggle. The grisette lived a life that, to her and to the Parisian world at large, was natural and honorable. Like Thekla, she could say, "I have lived and loved." Her love was honest, often pathetic, and no merchant trafficked in her heart.

This benevolent society is opening women's restaurants where the workgirl may obtain "cheap and nourishing" food, far from the "promiscuous encounters" of her present life. It has established a home on a slope of Champrosay for the anaemic, and a hospital at Epinal for those attacked by tuberculosis. Cynical Figaro, moved, holds out its hand for alms, and there is general praise for the "scientifically benevolent" work. All this will not enliven the streets. There may be an attempt to compel the girls to wear a uniform, as lately in London telephone girls were subjected to sumptuary laws. If a telephone girl came to work in the morning with a colored comb in her hair she was fined; if she dressed in a colored shirt waist she was compelled to don a black overall; if she wore beads her name was added to the list of suspects. Why should work be made so hideous for the employed and for all employers who rejoice at the sight of beauty and color? There was the inevitable revolt. For six months the telephone girls are to dress as they please, but there is this condition: If they abuse the privilege, there will be a return to all that makes for ugliness.

It would be interesting to know what influence the American colony exerts on the life and color of the streets. There are 30,000 American dwellers in Paris, it is said. Have they encouraged or chastened splurge in dress? They certainly have had no marked influence on Parisian thought as expressed in journal or theatre. It is true that Mr. Barrett Wendell's lectures at the Sorbonne have been a social event. Carriages are in waiting for half a mile while he discourses on the literature of a new people, "through which he endeavors to show the growth of the national spirit," and on the permanent aristocracy that has existed, as he insists, for many years in Cambridge, Boston and Salem. But we fear that Mr. Wendell is hardly the man to restore the picturesqueness to the streets that is now sadly missed by the men and women of the oldest generation of visitors and dwellers.

PROMOTED DISTINCTION.

There are agencies in England, we are informed, whose object it is, for a consideration, to insure distinction to a man or a woman. They issue pamphlets and circulars which show how easily distinction may be obtained.

Suppose one wishes at first for only a moderate degree. He makes out a check for five guineas and sends it to the promoters and distributers of fame. He then writes in a clear, legible hand the reasons why he should be distinguished; the list of his accomplishments, what he has done, the names of the "best and finest families" at whose houses he is entitled to call. Then it is up to the agency. The editor and subeditors put the mass of copy into crisp, pungent paragraphs, give headlines and sub-headings, and see to it that this copy in its revised form is retailed to the newspapers and periodicals with which they are in league. The subscriber awakes and finds that he is famous.

One agency announces that it will do much for four guineas, but the subscriber must keep it "supplied with plenty of good, up-to-date material," and his name will in a very few months "be in everybody's mouth who moves." Another is still more reasonable: "If you want social distinction, we can give you that quite easily; the fee, payable in advance, will be £3 3s." Another explains that press work is an art and "has to be understood," and it gives a practical illustration of how it understands its business: "The authoress who is invited to Scotland on a visit to the Countess of —— may like to see a paragraph in the papers to this effect, as social distinction goes for much nowadays; but she will not be pleased if it appears in some such style as this: 'Miss M—— informs us that she is on a visit to the Countess of —— in Scotland. We hope she is enjoying herself, but we fail to see why she should think it of interest to any one to know where she is or whom she is visiting.'" To quote further from this circular: "Society personages will also find that many items of interest to themselves and their guests can be communicated by us to the press which could not, for considerations of good taste, be communicated directly by themselves. Indeed, this impossibility of direct communication of personal matters by those concerned is so obvious in connection with persons in all walks of life that it was the determining factor with us in deciding to form this concern."

Are there such agencies quietly at work in this country, or are Americans less shy in advertising their accomplishments than our English cousins, male and female? The passionate press agent has long made a lucrative living here, as abroad, and his clients are not only theatre folk and musicians; they are men in supposedly soberer professions. There are authors who are their own press agents. Newspapers have been sympathetic and charitable toward all afflicted with the itch for notoriety. Perhaps there is no need of any such agencies here, although there may be some unappreciated souls who would gladly pay even more than £4 for judiciously distributed and inserted paragraphs calling attention to their rare worth.

Jan 27. 1905

RUDOLF FRIML'S FIRST RECITAL

Bohemian Pianist Has Indisputable Natural Gifts and His Technique Has Been Highly Developed—Symphony Programme.

Mr. Rudolf Friml, pianist, gave his first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The programme included Beethoven's sonata op. 27, No. 2; Rachmaninoff's prelude op. 5; Friml's "From the Old Time" (improvisation); Smetana's "Am Meeresufer"; Chopin's impromptu in F-sharp major; etudes in C minor and C sharp; Friml's arrangement of Chopin's waltz in D flat, Chopin's polonaise in A-flat major, Suk's menuetto op. 27; Friml's etude op. 4, an improvisation by the pianist and Liszt's transcription of the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mr. Friml first came to Boston with young Mr. Kubelik, the violinist, but he then had little opportunity to show his own individuality as a pianist. His home is Prague, but we are told that he has lived for some time in New York, where he has prepared himself for the concerts of this season.

He is a pianist of indisputable natural gifts. He has sentiment, he has deeper emotions. He has a certain technical proficiency which enables him to make a brave showing in bravura. With his Czech blood he has a liking for rhythmical contrasts and extravagancies, for his rhythmic liberties at least seem extravagant to hearers of a cooler disposition. He is now in his storm-and-stress period; he has in him the making of a virtuoso of more than ordinary reputation; but whether he will finally emerge from this period is for the future to determine.

There are two ways of playing the so-called "Moonlight Sonata"—one academic, the other romantic. The work itself does not easily admit the purely academic treatment; it is inherently romantic; but the deliberate and mannered romanticism of Mr. Friml in the first movement was in a way academic. There was no mystery of suggestion, and the voices that should whisper talked frankly in commonplaces. The last movement was well played, with the requisite passion and spirit of wild regret. Distortions of rhythm, which had disfigured the adagio of the first movement of the sonata, also marred the effect of Rachmaninoff's prelude.

Mr. Friml was at his best in the unfamiliar composition by Smetana, an excellent example of truly imaginative and effective programme music, and in the second etude of Chopin. Here he displayed truly poetic qualities. His own "From the Old Time" is a pretty fancy, while the menuetto by Suk is simply a harmless trifle. Mr. Friml too often forced tone, or he did not appreciate the excellent acoustic properties of the small hall. His tone was often so beautiful and so individual that the contrast was the more disagreeable.

This may be said in conclusion: The performance was interesting even when the pianist's views of rhythm and of the composers' intentions might be warmly disputed. A pianist that has such marked ability should surely work out his way to clearer and purer interpretation, nor should he be content with the applause that follows his disarrangement of Chopin's waltz. There was a rather small audience.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The orchestral pieces to be played this afternoon at the 13th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, are the sparkling overture to Cornelius' opera, "The Barber of Bagdad," a symphonic prelude by Roffredo Caetani, and Berlioz' fantastic symphony, which is familiar to all concertgoers. The prelude is played here for the first time, and probably for the first time in America. The composer is the second son of an Italian nobleman. He has studied with Sgambati at Rome and in Germany and in Paris. The prelude is richly scored and is in the modern German spirit. Mr. Rudolf Krasselt will play Volkmann's 'cello concerto which at previous concerts has been played by Messrs. Giese and Schroeder.

MISPLACED HISTRIONISM.

The stately homes of England appeal to the imagination of the American who seldom dies in the house in which he was born, and the manners and customs of the titled aristocracy are ever a matter of curiosity to the untitled democrat of rigid Jeffersonian principles. A scene of contemporaneous human interest enacted in London should therefore engross the attention of even the hardened readers of London society notes.

Lady Robinson, wife of Gen. Sir George Robinson, was charged in open court with having damaged oil cloth, the property of a court dressmaker. That a lady of distinction should be found in court will not surprise any one familiar with high social life in London. There had been bad blood between the women for some time, and the landlord had been obliged to remonstrate with Lady Robinson, who, it seems, went out of her way to enliven the routine of dressmaking, for she threatened to knock the dazzling eyes of the French dressmaker into one, to tear the nose from her head, to smash her face generally and impartially. She made these threats in a highly appropriate place—the show room. Rhetoric at last failed her, and she tore up the floorcloth in the passage on the landing—the high-spirited, thoroughbred lady. A summons was served on her, and she thereupon visited the complainant and remarked that she would give her "a jolly good hiding," and in other more or less ingenious ways "make it hot for her." The dressmaker testified that Lady Robinson was in the habit of throwing ashes down the stairs; that she had called her "a fat cat"; that her language was habitually painful and free; that she pulled down the gaspipe. Incidentally, she referred to Sir George as the "poor old general." Lady Robinson replied that the dressmaker had broken open her letter box and made offensive insinuations; that the oilcloth was a flimsy old thing, and that as she herself had formerly been an actress and singer of renown, she naturally received many visitors, and thus excited the dressmaker's jealousy.

The magistrate is evidently a humorous person of wide and penetrating observation. He first laid down this broad proposition: "Everybody knows that the ingenuity of the woman who wants to annoy other women is inexhaustible, mysterious and unfathomable." The philosopher is also a bit of a dramatic critic, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree's stage horse. "The only explanation there seemed to be why Lady Robinson should tear this oilcloth was supplied by the defence, wherein she was described as a distinguished ornament of the stage. He could only suppose that at the time Lady Robinson must have forgotten she was at Prince's street and thought she was on the stage at Drury Lane, in an imaginary rage, pulling up carpets." Thus he classed her in the dramatic role as a scene hiter and a soap chewer, otherwise known as an actress of Vesuvian temperament. Lady Robinson was ordered to pay a fine of five shillings, to pay five shillings for the damage, and to pay two shillings for costs. The gallant general, brave warrior as he is, was undoubtedly somewhere in hiding at his club. There are more terrible foes than reckless Africans and intrepid Boers. "Poor old general!"

A NOTE ON CHESTNUTS.

The Lancet (London) is known at home and abroad as an indefatigable instigator of microbic fear. When you take your walks abroad keep your mouth and nostrils and ears shut. Do not cling to a street car strap with an ungloved hand. Have your writing apparatus at the office sterilized. Do not kiss your wife, even when she is pretty. Beware of uncooked food. There is death in the pot. Shun filters. Beware of toothbrushes. Discharge a cook who washes glasses and cups and cooking vessels with cistern water. But, at last, at last! Hot chestnuts sold at street corners may be eaten without dread of the microscopic invaders, and the chestnut is more nutritious than the potato; it contains water, proteid, mineral matter, fat, starch, sugar, gum, fibre, and everything that nice little girls are made of. But does it? We opened Dr. Charles Harrington's invaluable work on "Hygiene," and learned that it contains but little fat and proteids, about 15 per cent. of sugar, about 25 per cent. of starch, and about 50 per cent. of moisture. The worst was yet to come: "It is very indigestible in the raw state, and even when cooked is very trying to the digestion of those with weak stomachs."

That day we read no more, as Francesca remarked to Dante.

The thought of the ancients revived us, for they knew everything. What did they think about the chestnut? Paulus Aegineta says that they are in every respect superior to acorns. "That helps some." Galen agrees with Paulus. Our old friend Simeon Seth shakes his head; they are very nutritious, but flatulent, astringent, hard to digest. Holy Abbas is our man. He smiles and says they are a proper article of food; whereas Mnisitheus is the type of the see-sawer—they are sufficiently nutritious if digested. Mnisitheus reminds us of the conies referred to in Holy Writ as a feeble folk, just the man to serve on a prudential committee. And how about the omniscient Pliny? He thinks it a wonderful matter that we set so little store by "this fruit which nature is so careful to hide and defend." He recommends them roasted as a better and more pleasant meat than otherwise, although poor women for hunger will eat them ground and made into a kind of bread. The Tarentine are the gentlest, and the Corellian are specially to be commended, as also the Meterane. There are some varieties good for nothing but to feed swine. He speaks of their medicinal use as an astringent, "also for them who reach up blood, they be passing wholesome and withal nutritive and breeding good fast flesh." Diphilus is a born contradictor; he insists that roast chestnuts are less nourishing, although they are thus better digested.

Let us come a little nearer our own period. Dr. Arbuthnot, in his "Rules of Diet," remarks that the nuts afford a very good nourishment. Langham, nearly two centuries before him, gave it as his opinion that chestnuts of all wild fruits are the best and meetest to be eaten. Venner, who advises that peacocks should be eaten in the winter, favors chestnuts roasted under the hot embers or boiled, "and so eaten with salt and sugar." The folk of his century believed that a nut tempered with a little honey heals a dog's bite. "Also the rinds and leaves burned and made to powder, tempered with vinegar and laid to a young man's head in a plaster wise, maketh hair increase and keepeth hair from falling."

And the poets? Are they silent? The first witch in "Macbeth" saw a sailor's wife with chestnuts in her lap and munching at her ease. There are other allusions to the nuts in the Elizabethan plays, and Heywood wrote these impassioned lines:

"Maids, if you look to roast your chestnuts well,
Observe first with a knife to wound the shell;
If with unbroken skin it touch the fire,
'Twill break in pieces, and with noise retire."

Slang ennobles the chestnut in French as in English. For a man to be a chestnut in France is to be the dupe of some one; to "chestnut" any one is to make one wait longer than is courteous, and to "chestnut an affair" is to blunder in thievery; in typographical slang, a chestnut is a book published clandestinely.

The Lancet may not be wholly right in this matter of chestnuts, but it has authorities behind it, and it is for once optimistic. A chestnut puree may at least be served as an experiment.

Jan 28 1905

MR. PREVOST'S SCHOOL.

Mr. Marcel Prevost, an ingenious Frenchman, who has written amusing books that are improper and improving books that are dull, purposes to start "a school of sangfroid." His theory is that most men and women are too timid. "In a sudden emergency they have not the courage of the man who said that when a revolver is pointed at you it is less likely to be fired if you rush upon it than if you turn your back." He believes sangfroid should be taught by regular professors of nerves, and they should have regular exercises for their pupils. The pupil receives a letter. He recognizes the handwriting, although he is not a court expert. He has been anxiously awaiting the letter. Should he at once tear open the envelope? Oh, no; he should first smoke a long cigar slowly, or walk a mile or two, or read an exhaustive article on marine insurance.

No doubt we all need sangfroid in the routine of our "too daily" life. Think of the thousands with shattered nerves. One might reasonably suppose that a woman of wealth, contented with her social station and her husband—after she has carefully looked over the husbands of her intimate friends—might lead a nerve-soothing life. If she sits up late, she can sleep out. She is not worried about household affairs; her housekeeper worries for her. But if she has no cares she will seek them out. Consider the case of Mrs. Chatfield Taylor of Chicago, who wished to take charge of a bindery. After two weeks she was obliged to go to a rest cure. And why? This working schedule will explain: "11:30 A. M., arrived at shop; 11:30 to 12, opened mail; 12 to 12:30, issued orders to assistants, granted interviews on the mission of women in business and posed for newspaper photographers; 12:30 to 2, luncheon; 2 to 3, work and more interviews; 3 P. M., home." She put too much intensity into her work. Her vibrations were probably at the rate of 26,000, dangerously near madness, with straw in the hair and hysterical laughter, with wild and rolling eyes, with clutching at the inhabitants of the air.

The intense bear the burdens of the phlegmatic. There is a pleasing obituary poem in which the incidents attending the death of a sheriff's daughter are told with homely pathos—

"When her death it was reported
Her aunt got up and snorted."

There is too much snorting over more trivial matters.

To lower this intensity some take to drugs prescribed by physicians or friends. There are nerve specialists who say: "Go into the country, stay out in the open air, get to bed early, eat simply, abstain from tobacco and alcohol." This advice brings no relief to overstretched nerves. The patient is alone with his thoughts, and this or that thought obsesses him. He changes his sky, but black care is on his shoulders, as behind the classic horseman. His vibrations are a-whizzing day and night. Perhaps Mr. Prevost's school would bring relief. Practical lessons are needed, especially in Boston, where the climate itself is irritating. Could not Mr. Prevost be persuaded to come here to start the school? There are French societies here, all the young singers sing in French, there is an orchestral society devoted to French music—the language would not be an obstacle to success. It is pleasant to think of a Bostonian after sixteen lessons in sangfroid, instead of being wildly excited on the receipt of startling news, putting his hand leisurely to his ear and saying in a voice of icy composure: "How?" after the manner of his ancestors.

PRIVATE "CLOWNING."

Miss Lillian Russell announced that "under no circumstances" would she appear at Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's party with the "Lady Teazle" company. "I should refuse in any one's home as a paid performer—a clown—to amuse guests after dinner. It would place me in a menial position." The news was carried to Mrs. Fish, who remarked: "I was not aware that Miss Russell was asked to sing for my guests." It seems that Mrs. Fish agreed to pay $2500 for a performance of "Lady Teazle" at her home, and Miss Russell has an understudy. It's a high-bred dispute; there is no shouting, no wild gesturing, no unpleasant redness of face, no strained chord. Perhaps it is settled amicably while we are drawing a moral from this episode in fashionable life.

Why should a play-actress discriminate between clowning—we prefer the Shakespearian expression "fooling"—before an audience that has dined and is in a public theatre and fooling before an audience that has dined and is in a room turned for the occasion into a stage hall? Is it because she is in a way brought into closer proximity with the spectators? Is it because she wishes to preserve the illusions? But few play-actresses today—and Miss Russell is not one of them—lead shy and secluded lives outside or inside the playhouse.

There was an old and well grounded theory that the actor, when he was off the stage, should almost affect obscurity; that the great crowd should know him only as Shylock, Benedick, Bobadil, Mr. Horner, Lord Foppington, Hamlet, Sir Andrew; that the spectators should not become acquainted with the petty thoughts and prejudices, the habits, the routine private life of the doomed hero or dashing blade. The actor was supposed to court this seclusion. As Hazlitt puts it: "He cannot avoid attracting disproportionate attention: why should he wish to fix it on himself in a perfectly flat and insignificant part, viz., his own character?" Only thirty or forty years ago stage people were distinctively stage people; they did not mix so freely with the outsiders as they do today. There was still some mystery about their life. After the play two or three comedians might meet in a chop house for a rabbit and ale or kidneys and hot Scotch. They sat at their accustomed table and talked quietly among themselves. Perhaps they recognized acquaintances now and then in a pleasant, but dignified, manner; but they were not the "jolly dogs" of the play just performed, nor did every one that entered slap one or the other on the back with a loud "Bill, old boy, drink up and have another," or "Hello, Jack, heard the latest?" In those days the play-actor was first of all a play-actor—he was not conspicuous as a clubman, a professional sport, a bibliophile; he had tastes, he no doubt had vices—some had opinions—but they were not trumpeted in the daily and weekly journals; his views on all things knowable and on some other things were not eagerly published and read. He had his few faithful friends, and they met as quietly as though they were conspirators; but the great world knew him only as a dweller beyond the footlights. This seclusion was advantageous to his art. Perhaps Miss Russell, reminded lately of this old-time advantage, has determined, late in her career, to become an object of true conjecture and wonder.

A word about the clowning. Miss Russell never clowned it; she is not naturally sprightly, vivacious, mirth-making. She has queened it with face, figure, costumes, and thus she has played her part, which is always Miss Russell. We assume, then, that "clowning," in this instance, means entertaining, and she cannot brook the idea of entertaining guests after dinner. She does not appreciate the fact that this "clowning" is an element indispensable to social life, of whatever rank the society may be. The average man and woman are gregariously inclined. They are bored, in some cases frightened, when they are alone. The problems of life disturb some; a lack of natural resources makes others restless. They are like sheep in a thunder storm; they must have their heads together. When these mortals meet they try to entertain each other, and for fear of failure entertainers are provided. The dinner guest, the scientific lion, the traveller with his extravagant tales, the young novelist who writes a dozen masterpieces in a year, the confirmed frequenter of afternoon teas, the conscious beauty—all these are guests, and each, in his or her way, is expected to assist in the general entertainment, the "clowning." The woman who in a private house is separated by footlights from the restless crowd is an entertainer of a higher order, and, furthermore, she is paid handsomely for her contribution. It seems to us that Miss Russell is in this respect unreasonable. Mme. Rejane will not hesitate to play for Mr. Hyde's guests next Tuesday, and when she learns that the stage curtain will cost $2000, she will no doubt charge in due proportion for her own services.

CAETANI'S WORK

The programme of the 13th concert of the Symphony orchestra, given in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Barber of Bagdad".... Cornelius
Concerto for violoncello..... Volkmann
Symphonic Prelude op. 11, No 1..... Caetani (First time.)
Fantastic Symphony..... Berlioz

It would be interesting to know how much Liszt had to do with this overture, which was composed long after the production of the opera; for the original overture was a very different affair in structure, spirit and tonality, and Liszt frankly told his friends that it was not in keeping with the opera itself. Cornelius died before he had scored this second overture, and the task was performed lovingly by Liszt, who said in a letter to his Princess Carolyn that he had also made alterations.

The overture as it stands is delightful music, melodious, piquant, now animated and now sensuous, full of life and at times sparkling and brilliant. When the opera was performed last July at Weimar at the Cornelius festival, not only was the score presented in its original form and without Felix Mottl's changes and additions, but the original overture was played. It might be worth while to perform it here.

Don Roffredo Caetani is a composer little known, even by name, in this country. It is said that he is the second son of the Duke of Sermoneta, a noble Roman, head of the family of Caetani; that he studied with Sgambati at Rome, and afterward in Germany and at Paris. He is evidently a seriously-minded young man, for his first published work was a string quartet, and he has composed a set of symphonic preludes, the first of which was played in New York at a Philharmonic concert in 1902; an orchestral suite and some chamber music. This prelude in A minor was performed here for the first time. Brahms once said that one should speak well of music by a prince, for one could not tell who might have written it, but Caetani is, no doubt, his own composer. As a pupil of Sgambati, he was taught to look beyond the Alps, to study the methods and the spirit of Liszt and Wagner. Did Caetani in crossing the Alps give up his inestimable birthright of free and sensuous melody? It is a pleasure to say that this prelude shows that a young Italian can be earnest and at the same time melodious; that he can use the modern romantic dress of Germany to clothe effectively his own Italian thoughts.

Had Caetani a programme in his mind? Is the work a prelude to some play, as Pierre de Breville's "Overture to a Drama" was composed as a prelude to one of Maeterlinck's dramas, but without thought of necessary connection with an actual performance of the play? Surely the ending of Caetani's prelude hints at tragic emotions and the fall of the black curtain. The work is not of constantly sustained merit; there are moments when there is too apparent labor, when there is the thought of one experimenting; but as a whole the music shows true invention, no little command of orchestral expression, and more than once an individual and poignant stroke of imagination.

The "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz is now nearly 75 years old. It is both historically and inherently a marvellous work. To think that when it was produced Beethoven had not been dead four years, and that Wagner was still a student at Leipsic! On the other hand, now boldly imaginative the music seems today! The year 1830 that gave it birth has been called the '93 of the arts. It was a strange period of wild romanticism, the years immediately before and after, and Berlioz was not only a man of the future, he was a revolutionary of revolutionaries. His "antediluvian hair" that rose from his forehead was as much of a symbol as was the flaming waistcoat worn by Theophile on the memorable first night of "Hernani." We smile now at the eccentricities and the extravagancies of the period, but we owe the perpetrators a heavy debt of gratitude. They made the art of today possible.

It is easy to call Berlioz a poseur, but the young man was terribly in earnest. He put his own love tragedy into this symphony; he was the man; he suffered; he was there; and so the music did not pass away with the outward badges of romanticism, with much of Byron's poetry, with plays and novels of the time. The emotions he expressed are still universal and elemental. There is always a Henrietta Smithson, and there is from time to time a Berlioz, who in amorous frenzy dreams his ghastly dream march to the scaffold and would fain see the once beloved unclean at the blasphemous revel. Then he marries her and is profoundly unhappy.

Mr. Krasselt gave an admirable display of pure art by his performance of the concerto. He did not attempt to enlarge, to modernize, the music; he accepted it at its face value, and then by full and rounded and unaffected artistry he made it beautiful. And for one there was no thought of a player seesawing between sentimental and cloying melody and unm[illegible] and buzzing bravura.

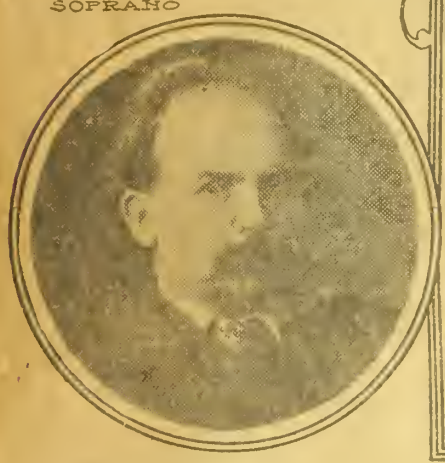
The orchestral performance for euphony and brilliance was of the highest order. The first three movements of the symphony were the most effective; the march might well have been played in still more nightmare spirit, and the bassoons that have been likened to ghostly advisers, muttering dismal

TWO DISTINGUISHED VISITORS, WEINGARTNER AND D'ALBERT

CAROLINE CUTLER
SOPRANO

MARIE L. SUNDBORG, SOPRANO

MABEL STANAWAY
CONTRALTO



EUGEN D'ALBERT
PIANIST

FELIX WEINGARTNER
CONDUCTOR

Sketches of Their Careers as Virtuosos and Composers—Weingartner's Views on Conducting—Recitals of the Week—City of Boston Concerts—The Adamowski Trio—Ysaye's Second Concert—Praise of Franz von Vecsey—Notes.

things in the ears of the victim as he [illegible] the scaffold were too far away from him and their whispers were almost reassuring.

MUSIC NOTES.

Gounod's "Messe des Orphonistes" for mixed voices will be sung this evening at the fourth choral vesper service of the Piano Course, Columbus avenue and West Newton street, at 7.30 o'clock, the singing conducted by Mr. William [illegible] Bates, organist of the church, will [illegible] the Cecilia Society and the Apollo Club.

Mr. Newman announces that his first [illegible] concert, postponed on account of the storm Jan. 25, will take place at Mr. Sharpe's Studio, 70 Commonwealth avenue, Chestnut Hill, Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 3 o'clock.

The programme of the Boston Symphony quartet concert on Monday evening will include Mozart's quartet in F major (K. No. 590); Beethoven's trio in B flat, op. 97; Brahms' quintet in F minor, op. 34. Mr. D'Albert will be the pianist.

The Cecilia will sing Dvorak's "Requiem" on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7. The solo singers will be Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Aloth Hussey, Messrs. Van Yorx and Martin.

Mr. George E. Whiting, organist, will play at the concert of the People's Choral Union, tomorrow evening. Liszt's Prelude and Fugue on B. A. C. H., and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

TWO distinguished musicians will visit Boston this week: Mr. Felix Weingartner and Mr. Eugen d'Albert.

Felix Weingartner, the distinguished conductor and composer, will visit Boston for the first time. He will make his first public appearance here at the Kneisel Quartet concert on Friday evening, when he will play the piano part of his own sextet in E minor, op. 33, for piano, two violins, viola, 'cello and double-bass.

Paul Felix Weingartner, Edler von Muenzberg, was born on June 2, 1863, at Zara, Dalmatia. He was reared in Graz, where he studied composition with W. Remy—whose real name was Wilhelm Mayer (1831-1898). In 1881 he went to Leipsic where he stayed two or three years as a pupil of the conservatory, and he afterward went to Weimar for further study. Liszt quickly recognized his talent, and Weingartner's first opera, "Sakuntala," was produced at Weimar in 1884. This and his second opera, "Malawika" (Munich, 1886), showed strongly the Wagner-Liszt influence. For a time Weingartner busied himself as a pianist, but he soon turned his attention to conducting. He was 21 years old when he entered, as operatic conductor at Koenigsberg, on the career that led quickly to his resounding fame. There was little opportunity at first for him to display his talent, nor did his successive positions at Lootzie and Hamburg allow him full play for his peculiar talent which was first clearly perceived by his conducting the "Ring" at Frankfort-on-the-Main. His reputation was increased by his work as court conductor at Mannheim. In 1891 he married Marie Juillerat and the same year he was called to Berlin as court conductor and director of the Royal Orchestra Symphony concerts. He made his debut there as the conductor of "Lohengrin," and his success for seven years was brilliant in the extreme. In 1898 he withdrew from the Opera House and made Munich his home, but he retained until a short time ago his leadership of the symphony concerts at Berlin. At Munich he conducted the concerts of the Kaim orchestra, and for a time the Philharmonic concerts at Bremen. But his fame as a virtuoso conductor is not confined to German cities, it is recognized throughout Europe and in New York.

The list of his compositions includes, besides the two operas already mentioned, the operas "Genesius" and "Orestes," two symphonies, "King Lear," a symphonic poem; "The Elysian Fields," symphonic poem; a serenade for strings, an orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," two string quartets and a sextet, between 30 and 40 piano pieces, "The Pilgrimage to Kevelaar" for a low voice, with orchestral accompaniment, and many songs.

His arrangement of Weber's familiar piece was produced here in a symphony concert March 13, 1897, and performed again on Oct. 30 of the same year. His symphony in G major No. 1 was produced here at a Symphony concert April 13, 1901, and his symphonic poem, "The Elysian Fields," at a Symphony concert March 7, 1903. A few of his songs have been sung here. The first that we remember were the "Song of the Weaver," op. 18, No. 7 and "The Post Horn in the Forest," op. 19, No. 2, sung in Steinert Hall by Mr. Sydney Biden, Jan. 30, 1902.

Pen Portrait.

The three most distinguished conductors in Germany today are Messrs. Nikisch, Strauss and Weingartner, and it may be truly said that the two most distinguished conductors in all Europe are Messrs. Nikisch and Weingartner. The two are as famous and at home in Paris and in London as in Berlin, and a pen portrait of Weingartner by Edouard Schure of Paris may be of interest.

"As soon as he takes the stand, one feels the presence of a master. His personality is both gentle and strong, serious and full of inspiration. His body is thin; his face, with dominating forehead, has the intellectual leanness of a Botticelli. His sober gestures are of an incisive precision, and it would be hard to paint the flowing grace of this left hand, which now orders a pianissimo with an elemental gesture, now seems to float as a palm on the dying wave of melody, and now shoots a magnetic current toward the brass to awaken its sonorousness. Tis the eye, rather than the hand, that guides the violins. In great moments the eye flashes, and it always is on his dear strings, which murmer as the singing soul of humanity in the grand orchestra of nature. Even when the lids are lowered, the oblique rays glance toward the violas and 'cellos. Always characteristic, never exaggerated, the movements of Weingartner are graphic signs which paint the identification of his sensitiveness with all the instrumental timbres and all the orchestral voices. In awakening the demon double basses and the sylphs of the flutes, he has the nimbleness and the ubiquity of an Ariel. Like the familiar spirit of Prospero, he has the appearance of saying to each composer:

"All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to live into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality."

"When it is necessary to master with firm will great ensembles, to lead the thought in a work to a puissant conclusion, he has the calm and the force of a Prospero. And there is a still more curious phenomenon: the musician is suddenly transformed each time he conducts a work; at the very moment his baton raps the call for attention, one would say that he is the incarnation of the composer whom he is about to interpret. Lo, he is von Weber, Liszt, or Beethoven!"

Mr. Schure is perhaps a little hysterical in his praise, and his French is more vivid than our English—but it is pleasant to observe enthusiasm and pleasant to record it.

The First Visit.

This is not Mr. Weingartner's first visit to America. When the Philharmonic Society of New York adopted the

plan of inviting foreign conductors to lead its orchestral concerts. Mr. Weingartner was one of the first to be called. His first appearance in this country as an orchestral leader was at Carnegie Hall, New York, at the Philharmonic concerts of Feb. 12, 13, 1904. He then conducted Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," his own "Elysian Fields," Liszt's "Tasso" and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7.

His success was instantaneous and overwhelming. The Philharmonic Society arranged an extra concert, which was given on Feb. 16, when he conducted the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," his own "King Lear," the Prelude to "Lohengrin" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser"; also a performance of Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat.

He also gave a chamber concert on Feb. 15, when he was assisted by Miss Susan Metcalfe, Mr. Bispham, Mr. Jacques Thibaud and Mr. Paul Kefer.

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Views on Conducting.

When he was in London in the spring of 1904, he talked with a reporter of the Daily News and his remarks were published in the News of April 11. The reporter described him as having the "easy, grave and refined manner of a man of distinction and capacity." The reporter first asked how different conductors can make the same orchestra "so different in quality of tone."

"The difference in the use of dynamics is of great importance," he replied. "One conductor loves striking contrasts which another dislikes; one conducts with an ear to rhythmical incisiveness; another dwells on the melodic aspect of a composition. That changes the tone-color. But it is the mental conception which causes the physical differences to spring into life. The spiritual has a predominant and absolutely determining effect on the material element. I endeavor—and I wish to lay great stress on this—I endeavor to grasp the style of each composer and each work in their particular character. It is the individuality of each master I try to realize. Thus, Beethoven has to be attacked in a manner entirely different from Mozart and Wagner, and so on. The orchestral working out of the idea—the orchestral dress—shapes itself accordingly."

About rehearsals: "Of course the first thing is to set the matter technically right and correct at rehearsal; then the personal interest is infused, and the immediate and momentary transmission of volition takes place at the performance. Thereby the work assumes its characteristic physiognomy. Without rehearsal you can but achieve rough and unsteady work." But Weingartner thinks that there can be too much rehearsal.

Asked how will-power is transmitted to the orchestra, he answered: "I cannot give you any more explanation than the hypnotiser can give as to how he bends his subject to his will. The conductor's movements should vary with different composers. Thus the graceful Haydn prompts gestures of another character than those one feels induced to use in conducting Wagner. Fancy the 'Walkuere' conducted in the Haydn manner!"

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An Emotional Problem.

The reporter asked if Mr. Weingartner abandoned himself to the emotion of the moment: "No! I do not abandon myself. I never for a moment cease to be a free agent, master of myself and of the situation. * * * I carry out my definite view right through, subjugating every detail to it. For instance, at one place I know and feel that the strongest climax is not yet reached. I have to drive the force along to its uttermost fulfilment, and I do so, taking in the details at the same time." It was interesting to learn that the conductor derives supreme pleasure from the performances he directs. He enjoys them most keenly when he has studied a work with the orchestra to such an extent that he can be conductor and listener at the same time.

"Do you alter your idea of a composition at subsequent performances?"

"Yes; with closer study I grow fonder of some works; others deteriorate in my estimation. I naturally take it as a sign of value if a composition pleases me more when I become the more intimately acquainted with it. As to those works which do not stand that test, I do my best for them from a sense of duty. But I lay them aside as soon as I can do so. On the other hand, should a work be greatly to my liking and not to the taste of the public I perform it over and over again until the public arrives at a just appreciation of it. I have done so with works of Liszt and others."

"Do you ever alter your fundamental estimate of a composer or of a particular composition?"

"No; the fundamental conception does not alter. Yet," the composer-conductor impulsively added, "in my young days my inclinations ran counter to Brahms. Now I am his enthusiastic admirer. The markings of the composer should be the normal mould under any circumstances. Certainly it makes a difference whether I conduct a work by a master or by a young composer feeling his way. The latter I would not hesitate to advise. Interpretative experiments tried on the classical masters I positively abhor. They must be treated with the utmost devotion and as faithfully as possible. The less is added and the truer and the chaster is the spirit in which they are approached the grander they arise in all their original greatness.

"The more I busy myself with the new the more gladly I return to the old masters; the higher they seem to soar aloft."

It should be added to this sketch that Mr. Weingartner is also esteemed for his critical and literary work. He has on several occasions replied shrewdly and forcibly to his critics; he has written biting articles about Bayreuth; his "Concerning Directing" is well worth reading, as is his "The Symphony Since Beethoven," which was published lately in this city in an English version.

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Eugen d'Albert.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert will play his second piano concerto at the Symphony concerts this week, and he will be the pianist at the concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet in Jordan Hall on Monday evening, Feb. 6. This is by no means his first visit to this city.

Mr. d'Albert was baptized Eugene Francois Charles d'Albert, and he was born on April 10, 1864, at Glasgow, the temporary dwelling place of his parents. His father, Charles d'Albert (1809-1866), was a German by birth, and he was known widely as a writer of dance music and a dancing master. (There were few music pupils in the New England of the sixties who did not play Charles d'Albert's Sultan's Polka.)

He married an Englishwoman at Newcastle, and Eugen, the eldest child, was born when his father was in his 56th year. Self-taught at first, he was chosen Queen Victoria Scholar at the National Training School for Music, when he was 12 years old, and his teachers there were Ernst Pauer, Prout, Stainer and Sullivan. He played at a public concert of the students in London June 23, 1879, and an overture in C major by him was then performed. He made other public appearances in London in 1880 and in 1881; his performance of Schuman's concerto at the Crystal Palace and at a philharmonic concert excited the greatest enthusiasm. He played his own first piano concerto at a Richter concert (Oct. 24, 1881), and a month later was elected Mendelssohn Scholar. For some reason or other, in spite of this appreciation, d'Albert during the first years of his continental life was bitterly prejudiced against England, and he expressed this prejudice openly and at times childishly. In the fall of last year he "authorized" the publication of this statement in London: "The former prejudice which I had against England, which several incidents aroused, has completely vanished since many years."

Richter took the young d'Albert to Vienna, where he studied, and in 1882 he played his own concerto at a Philharmonic concert. He visited England and played, but he decided to make Germany his home, in which decision he was much influenced by Liszt, who became his teacher. In 1882 the 18-year-old youth was made Court pianist to the Grand Duke of Weimar. He gave his first concert in Berlin early in 1883—we had the pleasure of being present—and then began an illustrious career as a virtuoso in Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Spain and America. He reappeared in London only after an absence of 14 years. In 1895 he was appointed first conductor at Weimar, but he resigned soon after the appointment. He was married to Teresa Carreno in 1892; after the divorce in 1895, he married Henriette Fink, a singer.

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His Compositions.

Did he grow tired of the laurels of the virtuoso? For some years it seemed as though he purposed to devote himself wholly to composition. Nor was he discouraged by the fact that when his opera, "The Ruby," was produced at Carlsruhe, he was obliged to pay in advance about $1250 for the cost of production.

The list of his works includes these operas: "The Ruby" (1892), "Ghismonda" (1895), "Gernot" (1897), "Die Abreise" (1899), "Cain" (1900), "The Improvisatore" (1901), "Tiefland" (1903) and "Flauto Solo," which has not yet been performed; a symphony in F major (1886); overture to "Esther" (1888); piano concertos—No. 1 in B minor (1884), No. 2 in E; a 'cello concerto, a piano sonata, two string quartets, scenes for solo voices and orchestra, "Man and Life," for chorus and orchestra (1893); piano pieces—the most celebrated of which is his first work, the Suite in D minor, and songs. An overture to "Hyperion" (played in London in 1885) has been apparently thrown overboard like the boy Xury.

These pieces have been played here at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra: Symphony in F major (first time in America, Dec. 3, 1892), overture to "Esther" (Feb. 3, 1894); Prelude to "The Ruby" (Nov. 30, 1895, Nov. 29, 1902), 'cello concerto (Mr. Schroeder, March 9, 1901), overture to "The Improvisatore" (Feb. 27, 1904).

Mr. d'Albert first visited Boston in company with Pablo de Sarasate. His first appearance was at Music Hall, Nov. 27, 1889, when he played with orchestra Chopin's concerto in E minor, and solo pieces by Grieg, Rubinstein and Strauss-Tausig. At the second of these concerts, Nov. 30, he played Liszt's concerto in E flat major and solo pieces by Grieg and Liszt—the latter's "Don Juan" fantasia. At the third, Dec. 10, he played Beethoven's concerto in G major, and pieces by Chopin, Grieg, Liszt. He gave a series of recitals in Music Hall on Dec. 16, 18, 21, in the course of which he played his own transcription of Bach's Passacaglia. He returned to Boston in May, 1890, with Sarasate, and on May 1 played pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, Liszt, Rubinstein, and on May 3 the programme included several pieces by Chopin.

His second visit was in 1892. He played Beethoven's concerto in E flat major at a Symphony concert March 12 of that year. On April 18 he gave a Beethoven programme in Music Hall; on April 20 he played his transcription of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D major; his last recital was on April 23. On April 19 he played at a Kneisel quartet concert in Cambridge.

Mr. d'Albert played and conducted in New York last Tuesday night at a concert given by him and Mr. Ysaye. He played Beethoven's concerto in E flat major and with Mr. Ysaye the Kreutzer sonata. Mr. Henderson said of him in the Sun: "Mr. d'Albert is still a great pianist. There can be no question about that. But he does not loom quite so large as he did 13 years ago, for the reason that there have been others. Yet he easily maintains his place in the front rank. The place is not his alone, but he is not yet passed. At any rate, this seems a safe pronouncement after hearing his splendid performance of the first and second movements of the 'Emperor' concerto last night. Mannerisms he undoubtedly has, and he can smash out false notes at times with the worst of them. But, on the whole, his technic is clean. His touch is powerful and commands a wonderful range of dynamic effects, a beautiful variety of color. In independence of finger he is unsurpassed, and this, together with his exquisite sense of proportion and his delicate appreciation of line and curve, enables him to phrase and accentuate even the ornamental passages so that he makes their individual symmetry and their relation to the general structure perfectly clear. His interpretation of the first two movements had all the conviction of an analysis combined with the splendor of a technical achievement and the fervor of a fiery appreciation. The second movement, that noble poetic prayer of Beethoven, was read most admirably."

LOCAL.

The People's Choral Union gives its midwinter concert tomorrow night. The union was formed for the purpose of providing an opportunity for all who wish to learn to read music by sight, and to practice chorus singing. The services of all members, including the directors, teachers and officers are gratuitous. During its five years' course it has performed in public Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Gounod's "St. Cecilia" mass, Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Haydn's "Creation," Paine's "Nativity," Costa's "Naaman," and other works.

The programme of the Scandinavian concert in Steinert Hall, for the benefit of the Danish church, will consist of selections from Greig, Gade, Helse, Sjoegren, Hartman and others. Mrs. Mathilde Ward, soprano; Mrs. Crawford Folsom, contralto; Mrs. Christine Mackie, pianist, and Mr. Hakon Schmedes, violinist, will take part.

Miss Florence Dingley, soprano, assisted by Mr. Daniel Kuntz, violinist, will give a concert in the Tuileries on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 9, at 3 o'clock.

Tickets for the Boston Symphony quartet concert, at which Mr. d'Albert, the eminent pianist, will assist, will go on sale tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall. The concert is on Monday evening, Feb. 6.

Franz von Vecsey, the boy violinist, who has excited wonder in European cities, will give two concerts in Symphony Hall on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 14, and on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 18. The New York Times said of his playing in New York, Jan. 10: "His musical gifts are truly astonishing. His technical powers are certainly of the highest kind, especially those of his left hand. Of the secrets of violin technic there is little that he has not mastered or is not in the way of mastering."

Tickets for Mr. Kreisler's violin recitals this week may be had at Symphony Hall. Mr. de Voto will be the accompanist. The programmes, published in "Music of the Week," are unusually interesting.

The ensemble playing of Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson, who will give a recital for two pianos tomorrow afternoon in Steinert Hall, was highly praised lately in New York.

Mr. Albert Taylor, who will give a 'cello recital in Steinert Hall next Thursday night, is a native of Massachusetts, and a pupil of Anton Hekking. He will play Saint-Saens' concerto in A minor, an andante from Sitt's concerto in A minor, and Servais' "O Cara Memoria." Mr. Felix Fox will play piano pieces by Blumenfeld, Liszt, MacDowell, Philipp and Schumann. Mr. Ernest Douglass will be the accompanist.

Miss Frances Rock, pianist, will play pieces by Lechetitzki, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Paderewski, Rubinstein, Schumann, Weber, at her recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, the 9th.

Mr. Anton Hekking, 'cellist, will play concertos by d'Albert and Saint-Saens, and pieces by Servais, Bach, Massenet and Paganini, at his recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 13.

A concert will be given by the city of Boston at the Dorchester high school, Wednesday evening, Feb. 1. The orchestral pieces will be by Massenet, Ruff, Gillet, Wagner, Weber, Mozart. Mrs. Annie Estelle Hollis, soprano, will sing songs by Goring, Thomas and Gounod, and Mr. Frank Porter, 'cellist, will play pieces by Van Goens and Goltermann. Mr. Kanrich will conduct.

The city of Boston will give a concert at the Lowell school, on Friday evening, Feb. 3. Mr. Kanrich will conduct. Orchestral pieces by Mozart, Tellam, Thome, Chaminade, Doppler, Wagner. Mr. B. W. Hobbs, tenor, will sing an aria from "Der Freischuetz," and songs by Huhn. Mr. Tafley Mauch, cornetist, will play a fantasia by Millars.

Barnby's "Rebekah" will be sung by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

The Faelten pianoforte school recital, announced for last Wednesday night, was postponed on account of the storm till Feb. 1.

The Century for February contains an article by Richard Aldrich, the music critic of the New York Times, on the Boston Symphony orchestra. The article is illustrated with portraits of Mr. H. L. Higginson, the leaders of the orchestra, and with characteristic sketches.

The Adamowski trio will play at the sixth Sunday chamber concert, Feb. 5, in Chickering Hall. The success of the concerts has been so marked that they will be continued under Mr. H. G. Tucker's direction and given Sunday afternoons, Jan. 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 19, 26. The Adamowski trio, the Boston Symphony quartet, the Kneisel quartet, the Longy Club and the Ondricek quintet will assist, and Mr. Gilbert, baritone; Mr. de Gogorza, baritone; Mr. Ondricek, violin; Mr. Louis Eaton, violin; Mr. C. L. Staats, clarinet; Mr. Perabo, pianist, and other soloists will be heard. Subscribers to the first series of concerts may secure their present seats by applying to Miss Ethel L. Whall, manager of Chickering Hall, until Feb. 5. Season tickets for the first series must be shown.

YSAYE'S CONCERT.

It will be remembered that Mr. Ysaye's second concert, at which an orchestra would have assisted, was necessarily postponed. The concert will be given in Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8. Mr. Willy Hess, the concert master of the Symphony orchestra, will then make his first appearance here as a conductor, and the large orchestra will be composed of picked men. Mr. Ysaye will play Saint-Saens' concerto No. 3, Mozart's concerto in E flat, and Max Bruch's fantasia on Scottish folk-tunes. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "Egmont" and the scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Tickets will go on sale tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mrs. Caroline Cutler, Miss Marie L. Sundborg, Miss Mabel Stanaway and Messrs. d'Albert and Weingartner. Mrs. Cutler and Miss Stanaway will sing at the midwinter concert of the People's Choral Union on Monday night. They live in Boston, and are known as church and concert singers. Miss Sundborg came to this country when a child, and she has studied only in Boston. She is engaged for concerts in Sweden and Norway next summer, but she will return in the fall.

The late Mme. Belle Cole used to say: "People do not wish to listen to a statue, but to a woman with a heart."

Mr. Henderson of the New York Sun said of the d'Albert-Ysaye concert in New York on Jan. 24: "These are strenuous times in the world of musical sensationalism. It is a pity that contemporaneous German methods are being imported into this country, for we are hardly old enough in art experience to stand them. Such a concert as that given at Carnegie Hall last night, when Eugene Ysaye and Eugen d'Albert, who gets along without an 'e' at the end of his first name, appeared together, do more to retard the growth of genuine musical taste than a generation of Kneisel quartets, Boston Symphony orchestras and impersonally conducted piano recitals can overcome. 'Ysaye conducts, d'Albert plays! D'Albert conducts, Ysaye plays!' That was the disingenuous announcement of the advertisement. It is quite true that Ysaye did conduct when d'Albert played, but when d'Albert conducted Ysaye did not play. He played in the concert, however, and so the statement was literally, if not inferentially, true. But what of it? Is it a circus feat for a man to be able to conduct as well as to play an instrument? Von Buelow was equally great as pianist and conductor, yet no sensationalism resulted therefrom. When he laid bare the secrets of Wagner's 'Die Meistersinger' to a staring world, nothing was said about his performance of Beethoven's 'Emperor' concerto, which was also something in its way and its day. Yet Mr. d'Albert, who has not been in this country in 13 years, must needs return in a concert which makes it impossible for any humble music lover to concentrate his attention entirely upon the artist's interpretation of a noble piano concerto. We must be distracted with a two-ringed performance. Mr. Ysaye conducting while Mr. d'Albert plays. And after that Mr. d'Albert must mount the podium and pose as the wielder of the little sceptre by which orchestras are governed."

The Bach Society of Germany has acquired the house at Eisenach where the composer was born.

Neither Mme. Ackte nor Heinrich Knote, the leading German tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House, will visit Boston this season. The former will begin at Berlin, the middle of March, a tour in Germany, and she will create in Paris next fall the leading part in a new opera by Bruneau, with libretto by Zola, which was finished shortly before his death. Mr. Knote ended his engagement last Wednesday. The New York critics speak of him as the best singer among German tenors.

Mr. Arbos is the conductor of the Concert Club, London, an orchestra of 45 players, formed to give concerts on Sunday afternoons. At the first concert, on Jan. 22, his "Arabian Nights" intermezzo was performed.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Sousa is in England, and the Pall Mall Gazette was moved to say: "There is always a sort of excitement in the musical atmosphere when Sousa is about, not, indeed, because his art and the art of the men under him are of a particularly high and unattainable kind, but it is a sort of atmosphere of thunderstorm and electricity. When you go into the hall where Sousa's band is about to play, it is with the certain expectation that you are going to hear something very special in the way of the big drum, and in the clash of brassy sound. Once this impression is turned into a conviction, it is possible to listen to Sousa for quite a long time. But try and consider the feelings of a delicate musician who might wander into a room where a Sousa concert was being given, imagining that he was about to hear works of the type of Grieg, or let us say Chopin, and we venture to think that 10 minutes of Sousa would deprive

him of his self-possession for a month."

The New York Sun said of d'Indy's Symphony No. 2, produced there by the Boston Symphony orchestra: "Just how it came to make its impress on the mind of the suave and gentle Mr. Gericke would be hard to imagine, for it is neither suave nor gentle itself. It is one of the works of the altogether utter modern school which hates all harmonies not afflicted with strabismus. It revels in fractured sevenths, dislocated ninths and unlucky thirteenths. When it cannot think of anything else to do to make the blood curdle and the spine waggle it snatches two minor seconds in different keys and incites them to murderous combat with one another. Proceedings of this sort administer galvanic shocks to the nerves and make people squirm in their seats so that at least they cannot go to sleep." The Sun speaks of the "splendid workmanship" and adds: "Its acrid style militates against its chances of popularity."

Last Sunday we quoted Leoncavallo as saying that Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica" was a dismal failure in Berlin. "S. F. H.," writing to the Pall Mall Gazette, denies the truth of the Italian's statement: "I was present at the performance, and can state that the performance was a triumph: the hall was crowded and many unable to gain admittance; and that, while doubtless many in the hall did not understand the intention of Strauss, the fault lay, perhaps, with the listeners, and not with the composer." Mr. Nikisch declares that the symphony is by far Strauss' greatest and most beautiful work. But Strauss was not the first to write a "domestic" work. Chelard composed a "Joyous Fantasia: The First Harmonies of Life," and it was performed in 1815 at Jena (March 9). Its programme was as follows: "Birth, Baptism, Cradle Song; Nurse's Song, the Mother, the Child and its Play; the First Lesson, the Epoch of Youth, Choral."

A concerto by Joseph Wieniawski was played lately at Dresden, and the composer was accused of thematic plagiarism from "Die Meistersinger." He replied that he wrote the concerto in 1858: that it was then performed in Berlin, before there was any question of "Die Meistersinger."

That our nation is not generally musical is best proved by the attitude of theatre audiences toward the art whenever it has been employed to heighten the effect of drama. Ambitious work is always lost in the chatter of the entr'actes, and when such poetic music as Gabriel Faure has written for Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande" is drowned by the audience one cannot but think our theatregoers are strangely apathetic to the art. The same thing happened to Mr. Donald Tovey's music to "Selysette et Aglavaine" quite recently. This is not very encouraging to the manager who is willing to commission well known composers to write special music for his productions. As a rule, however, the producers of plays do not think it worth while to have decent music. The ordinary conductor of a theatre is considered quite competent to supply it. If he would take a leaf out of Mr. James Glover's book and make use of the music of the masters in a skilful way, nothing could be said against this plan. But the theatre conductor generally has ambitions as an original composer, and so we find inferior music joined to a great play.—Daily News, London.

SINGING WITH BRAINS.

Victor Maurel will give two more recitals in London, one in February and one in March. At the latter he will probably be assisted by "two of his pupils from the Maurel Academy in Paris." It is also announced that he will take "a limited number of pupils" during his visit. Before this announcement was made the Pall Mall Gazette remarked (Jan. 7):

"It would appear as though M. Maurel was forever going to give his final recital in London (a matter which in the case of so great an artist would be very deplorable): and that Mr. Landon Ronald was forever persuading M. Maurel to change his hard, unbending mind. In any case, though we read that it has not yet been possible to fix the date, Maurel will give very shortly some vocal recitals in London. That is good news, for one cannot hear too much of this great French artist, who is one of the few who have attempted, and have succeeded in the endeavor, to show the people that it is perhaps even of greater importance to sing with your brain than it is to sing, without any particular aim, for the sheer sake of showing off a pretty voice. Of course, as in every general law, there are exceptions; we very often like to hear a beautiful voice where clearly there is not much intellect to decide this or that knotty point in various musical passages. Singers such as these invariably assert that the other school simply pretend to have brains in order to cloak up the fact that they have no voices; and doubtless this has been, and will sometimes be, the case. It does not detract in the least from Maurel's own high accomplishments, and from the teaching which he gives to others that there should be some humbug about; the point is to find out as far as possible the best school for the greatest number of people. It is true that there are certain German singers who, with an infatuated sort of enthusiasm, have torn their voices into shreds, simply because they enthusiastically understood that they were singing with their brains. That splendid young singer, Max Alvary, whose performance of Siegfried, in England, no one who saw it will ever forget, simply destroyed his voice in an excess of enthusiasm; similarly, as one understands, the part of Brunnhilde is not for Melba. So the rival camps may fight it out. But Maurel's theory and teaching are based upon firmer stuff than that of a purely natural gift of singing, which, however, may at times soar to far finer heights, in great exceptions, than those trained according to the rules and encouragement of the great French singer."

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY. Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Fifth Sunday Chamber Concert. Kneisel Quartet. [illegible] quartet in F major, op. 96, "Music of the Spheres," from Rubinstein's quartet in C major; Chopin's "Lento" for 'cello solo and strings; [illegible] Hugo Wolf's [illegible] Serenade"; Haydn's quartet in D minor, [illegible] 76, No. [illegible]

MONDAY. Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Third violin recital [illegible] by Mr. Fritz Kreisler. Bach's concerto [illegible]. Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor [illegible]. [illegible]'s siciliano and [illegible] fugue in D major; [illegible] perpetuum mobile [illegible]

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Recital for two pianos by Messrs. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson [illegible]. Mozart's [illegible] D major, Rudorff's variations in E [illegible]. Duvernoy's etude, "Feu Roulant," Saint-Saens' variations on a theme by Beethoven, Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Midwinter concert of People's Choral Union. Mr. S. W. Cole conductor. Gounod's "De Profundis," Psalm CXXX; Mozart's "Gloria"; Loomis' "Praise and Power"; Sullivan's "Lost Chord" for chorus in unison with organ, [illegible] march and chorus from "Tannhaeuser"; [illegible]'s National Hymn, "To Thee, O Country." Mrs. Caroline Cutler, soprano, Miss Mabel Stanaway, contralto, Mr. Louis Black, tenor, Mr. Charles Delmont, bass, and Mr. George E. Whiting, organist, will assist.

WEDNESDAY. Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Second piano recital by Mr. Wesley Weyman of New York. Mendelssohn's variations, op. 82; Mozart's Sonata in D; Chopin's Preludes op. 28 Nos. 13, 19, op. 45, Mazurkas op. 33 No. 1, op. 63 No. 2, op. 67 No. 2, op. 24 No. 2, Nocturne op. 9 No. 1, Etudes op. 10 Nos. 7, 11, Ballade op. 52; Liszt's transcription of the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

THURSDAY. Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourth violin recital of Mr. Fritz Kreisler: Bach's Sonata in E major (Schumann's accompaniment); Melody, Gluck; Pugnani's Prelude and Allegro, Corelli's Sarabande and Allegro; Tartini's Variations on a theme by Corelli, Bach's Fugue in A minor, Dvorak's Slav dances in E minor and A major, Tschaikowsky's Scherzo in C minor, Wieniawski's Polonaise in D major.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Miss Marie L. Sundborg, soprano, and Miss Louise M. Corbett, contralto: Duets, Brahms's "Gypsies," M. W. Daniel's "Love the Fair Day" and "Love, How Green the World," and a duet from "Lakme." Miss Sundborg will sing Hugo Wolf's "Weyla's Song," "[illegible]," "On the Lofty Balcony" and songs by Hallstroem, Bengzon, Petterson-Berger, Dannstroem, Kjerulf and Groendahl. Miss Corbett will sing songs by Leoncavallo, R. Strauss, Cowen, Eppinger, Chadwick, Slater, and two old English songs.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Violoncello recital by Mr. Albert Taylor, assisted by Mr. Felix Fox, pianist.

FRIDAY. Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fourteenth Public Rehearsal of Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gericke conductor: Goldmark's overture, "In Italy" (first time); D'Albert's Piano Concerto No. 2 (Mr. Eugen d'Albert, pianist), Invitation to the Dance, Weber-Berlioz; Rimsky Korsakoff's "Scheherazade."

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth Kneisel Quartet Concert: Brahms's quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2, two movements from Debussy's quartet in G minor; Weingartner's sextet in E minor, op. 33, for piano, two violins, viola, 'cello and double bass (Mr. Felix Weingartner, pianist, first appearance in Boston).

SATURDAY. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fourteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday.

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

Fifth in Series at Chickering Hall Was by the Kneisel Quartet, and Was Notable.

The fifth in the series of Sunday Chamber concerts under the direction of H. G. Tucker took place yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Schroeder, Theodorwicz, Svecenski) played the following programme: Dvorak's quartet in F major, a movement ("Music of the Spheres"), from Rubinstein's quartet in C minor, Chopin's "Lento" for 'cello and strings, Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and Haydn's quartet in D minor.

A truly delightful concert from first to last. The programme was admirably chosen and grouped; nothing in the entire series has given greater pleasure. Dvorak's work is emotional, romantic, full of melody; in the second movement (lento) are beautiful passages for the 'cello—this movement seemed perhaps the most popular; parts of the last allegro were entrancingly pretty. The hymnlike character of Rubinstein's music made its appeal; it was exquisitely played.

The "Lento" is an arrangement of Chopin's study in C sharp minor for the piano, called the "'cello study." Probably no music ever lent itself better to adaptation; the arrangement read as if it had been written for the strings. Mr. Schroeder played it nobly, and was recalled with the utmost warmth. Altogether the performance was notable. The hall was packed, and many stood.

The sixth and last concert of this series will be given by the Adamowski trio. On account of the popularity and success of these concerts, a second series will be given, consisting of seven concerts, beginning the first Sunday after the close of this series. Many notable artists are announced to take part.

A FATAL TASTE.

Mr. Henry Moore of Waverly, O., inherited a lucrative farm, but, weary of crops and stock, he sold his inheritance and proposed to himself for his remaining years the serious business of enjoying life. He did not smoke, chew, gamble; and to him women were only so many disturbers of the mental landscape. He was not a collector, he did not run for office. He spent his money in good eatables and counted not the cost. At the age of 64, and penniless, he was committed on Jan. 26 to the state asylum for the insane.

He was not the first who thus gratified his one taste and lost his fortune and his reason. We hasten to add that he is by no means to be classed with famously gross eaters; with Mr. Marriot, the lawyer of Gray's Inn, who, to use the chaste language of his biographer, piqued himself upon his brutal qualifications of a voracious appetite and a powerful digestive faculty, and deserves to be placed no higher in the scale of beings than a cormorant or an ostrich; nor with Matthew Daking, the wondrous boy, who at the age of 12 years swallowed in six successive days 384 pounds and 2 ounces of bread, meat, beer, milk, water, butter, cheese, sugar, treacle, pudding, rye, fruit, broth, potatoes, etc., without satisfaction of his craving; nor with Mr. Nicholas Wood, yeoman, who at Lord Wotton's, in Kent, ate at one meal fourscore and four rabbits, which number would have sufficed an hundred threescore and eight men, allowing to each half a rabbit, and on another occasion he made an end of a whole hog at once, and after it (for fruit) swallowed three pecks of damsons, after he had broken his fast, having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter and cheese.

No. Mr. Moore reminds us rather of Apicius, who wrote a famous treatise on cookery. This treatise is in ten books, and the first considers only soups and pickles. Passionately fond of lobsters, he hired a vessel to sail to the African coast, where, as he heard, they were the finest. He lived his life, and after spending on toothsome dishes a sum equivalent to about $4,075,833, he regulated his accounts, and finding that he had only $407,583 left, he poisoned himself, for he feared lest he should die of hunger. Mr. Moore would have found an appreciative friend in Heliogabalus, a young man sadly misunderstood in his own period, who was the first to make sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, prawns and lobsters. But Mr. Moore is still closer by his melancholy fate to Mr. Rogerson, an Englishman, who esteemed the ortolan above all other dishes. In this he agreed with Mr. Alexander Pope, who once wrote to a woman: "I love no meat but ortolans and no women but you." Mr. Rogerson was satisfied only by an ortolan; perhaps he never tested the truth of Lord Rosebery's remark: "The choicest morsel that you can put before an epicure is an ortolan inside a quail," which seems to us a superfluity of epicureanism. With or without quails, he contrived to spend his whole fortune of £150,000 in nine months on his table. Some one pitied him in his distress and gave him a guinea. He bought an ortolan with it, had it cooked to a nicety, ate it, and then blew out his brains.

Unfortunately we know nothing about Mr. Moore's favorite dishes. Did he insist, like the King of England, on having strawberries served on each day of the year? There is a substitute, for Mr. Anthony Filz, a 'cellist at the court of Mannheim, died from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which tasted, according to his report, extremely like strawberries, and Mr. de Lalande, the astronomer, hunted spiders, caught them carefully, and then, in spite of their natural agitation, ate them alive, slowly and with an amazing relish. Did Mr. Moore eat heartily of Astrachan caviare three times a day, or did he prefer terrapin? Did he demand fruits out of season and strange indelicacies of the season? Perhaps he secured Montreal melons the year round, forgetting that melons brought Frederick, the thirty-ninth Emperor of Germany, to the tomb. Perhaps, like Nicoio, he stuffed maccaroni by the aid of a little syringe with beef marrow, geese livers, shreds of game and truffles. How happy Mr. Moore's life if he had been content with thin slices of salt pork cooked in cream, with fried apples on the side or with the favorite Albany dish of little sausages and buckwheat cakes, served with syrup, on one plate! Or if, like the great epicure Lucullus, he had ordered his servant to govern his diet, although the thought made Pliny exclaim: "For was it not, think you, an opprobrious and shameful sight to see a slave and no better to put his lord's hands from a dish of meat, being an aged gentleman as he was; to gauge him thus, and keep him short, though he were set amongst great states at a royal feast within the capitol of Rome?"

EXTRANEOUS INTEREST.

The publishers of "Olive Latham" are using the disorders in Russia as an advertisement of Mrs. Voynich's novel, and a new lyric tragedy was most seasonably produced at the Paris Opera on Friday night. Neither librettists nor composer dreamed of the fortunate conjunction, for the date of the performance was, of course, ordained days before the outbreak in St. Petersburg. But see how timely the production, for the operatic story is one of Russian horrors. Boris, a nobleman, wrongs Daria and then gives her as wife to his moujik, Ivan. The latter loves his wife, and when Boris returns and fancies her again, he strangles the nobleman, burns his corpse and, with his wife, makes toward liberty. Mr. Pierre Weber in the New York Herald says that Mr. Marty's music is Siberian, whatever that may mean, and that Mr. Vidal, who conducted the orchestra, "seemed to be regretfully ordering the volley firing." Will the representatives of Russia at Paris protest against the performances, or will the opera soon die the natural death of so many lyric works at the Opera?

This is not the first time in the history of the stage that there have been such coincidences. Auber's "Muette de Portici," the story of a popular uprising at Naples, and with music of a tumultuous character by a confirmed boulevardier who had never seen Naples, whose passions seldom strayed beyond the greenroom, was more than once prohibited in time of insurrection. Certain operas by the Verdi of the middle period were prohibited or changed in plot when the people were threatening tyranny in Italian cities. In the present instance we have the revolt of the humble against the arrogant oppressor, and Mr. Delmas, who impersonates the moujik, gives the part "an unexpected apostolic character." Mr. Delmas is a singing actor of imagination and finesse. No doubt the news from Russia suddenly gave him ideas for the accentuation of the part as it was originally composed by him. Will the feeling in Paris against the Russian outrages keep the opera on the stage? The opera itself, they say, is not a strong one; but weak works have often been bolstered up by some political event, or even by some popular wish or intention, when the piece itself was only a pretext for enthusiasm. As for Mrs. Voynich's novel, there is this to be said: It is not so much a grim romance as a series of chapters from the life of Mrs. Voynich in Russia, and from that of her husband, once a political prisoner, then refugee, and now a prosperous bookseller in London.

Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore Play on Two Pianos with Wonderful Unanimity of Expression.

Messrs. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore, who are well known in this city as solo pianists, gave a recital for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a highly appreciative audience. The programme included Mozart's sonata in D major (K. 448), Rudorff's Variations in E major, J. B. Duvernoy's etude, "Feu Roulant," Saint-Saens' Variations on a theme by Beethoven, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes."

Recitals of this nature have not been common here of late years. Messrs. Doerner and Andres visited Boston in

1890 and 1891, and about two years ago the Misses Ottyle and Julietta Sondheim gave a recital for two pianos in Steinert Hall.

Some are prejudiced against such recitals. When the players succeed only in keeping fairly well together and the hearer's attention is confined to a display of laborious accuracy, the performance may be classed with any exhibition of a nervous juggler. When music written for two pianos is played with unostentatious technical ease, with an insight into the musical contents, with every appearance of unanimity in expression and agreeing spontaneity in interpretation, the concert may be a rare delight, as was the one of yesterday.

Mozart wrote two sonatas in D major for two pianos. The later one, performed with exquisite taste by the pianists from Baltimore, was played by Mozart and his pupil, Miss Barbara Ployer, at a concert arranged chiefly to display the proficiency of the rich man's daughter. It is a charming work—the music of the only Athenian that wrote music, to use a felicitous phrase of Cherbuliez. Rudoroff's variations have little distinction, but the etude by Duverney is a brilliant trifle for virtuoso display, and Saint-Saens' variations on a theme from the minuet of Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 3, reconcile one to the variation form when it is chosen by a master of fancy and of technical ingenuity. Liszt made his own transcription of "The Prelude." The pianists added to the programme an etudo by Chopin—one in A minor, if we are not mistaken—which they played in unison.

It is a curious fact that these pianists in ensemble revealed certain emotional qualities which have not been conspicuous or have been missed when they have played here as individual performers. The technical display, as we have already said, was of a high order, but still more worthy of praise was the evident unanimity in musical thought that led to true interpretation. There was no incongruous emotion in the sonata, but there was the classic serenity of the composer of the perfect line; there was what may be called the sentiment of the bas relief. The pianists did not surpass later ~~in~~ this performance, for it was an exhibition of true artistry in conception and in accomplishment. Throughout the concert there was a happy union of mechanical and musical agreement, whether the music demanded thoughtfulness or polished brilliance.

It is to be hoped that Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson will give another concert here this season. Few recitals have given such unalloyed pleasure.

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

He Possesses Cardinal Virtues of Violin Playing—Beautiful Tone a Feature.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his third violin recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme consisted of Bach's concerto in E major, Mendelssohn's concerto in E minor, a group of pieces by Bach, Francoeur and Tartini, and Paganini's "Non piu mesta." Mr. de Voto played the accompaniments. There is little but praise to be said of the performance. Mr. Kreisler possesses all the cardinal virtues of violin playing, of which perhaps the greatest is his beautiful tone. Pure beauty of tone has been called (speaking technically) also the great characteristic of Mr. de Pachmann's piano playing, yet there could scarcely be a greater difference than exists between the qualities of tone produced by these two artists, aside from the matter of instrumental difference. De Pachmann's tone has almost the quality of a mediaeval lyric—it is virginal; Kreisler's is full, impassioned, gorgeous. There is nothing to remind one of the technical side of the performance; always beautifully finished, it is triumphantly emotional playing; the imagination of the hearer is under a spell. The effect, especially in emotional passages, is big, wide, sweeping, an effect of long lines. All is a joy to hear. The simple, self-unconscious attitude of the player accounts for much of the charm

After Mendelssohn's concerto, being loudly recalled, Mr. Kreisler played Dvorak's humoreske, and at the end of the programme an encore was added. Mr. Kreisler will give another recital on Thursday afternoon, his last recital in Boston this season

PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION.

Second Midseason Concert Given in Jordan Hall with Well Deserved Success.

The People's Choral Union, Mr. Samuel W. Cole conductor, gave its "Second Midseason Concert" last evening in Jordan Hall. The organization was assisted by Mr. George E. Whiting, organist; Miss Mabel Stanaway, contralto; Mr. Charles Delmont, bass, and at short notice, Miss Mabel Dadmun, soprano, and Mr. Clarence Shirley, tenor, who took the places of Mrs. Caroline Cutler and Mr. Louis Black, unable to appear. Miss Edith Snow, Messrs. Herman Shedd and William Strong accompanied, and there were trumpeters and drummers from the Boston Symphony and New England Conservatory orchestras. The programme was a long one, including Wagner's march from "Tannhaeuser," Eichberg's "To Thee, O Country," an arrangement of Sullivan's, "The Lost Chord," for chorus; Gounod's "Out of Darkness" (Psalm 130) for chorus and soloists; Mozart's "Glory, Honor, Praise and Power," for chorus and quartet; organ solos by Liszt and Whiting, and solo numbers by the assisting singers. Miss Stanaway sang the familiar air from Saint-Saens' "Sameon and Delilah," "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice"; Mr. Delmont sang Handel's "Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves"; Miss Dadmun and Mr. Shirley sang groups of songs.

The People's Choral Union is an organization composed of people who are not professional singers, who are interested in learning to read and to become familiar with good music, many of them persons who would perhaps find little incentive or even time to sing under other circumstances. By means of this society they receive capable training and give concerts which are a beneficial experience for the singers and a pleasure to their friends. The concerts are always largely attended. Last night's audience filled the hall, and displayed the utmost enthusiasm throughout the concert. The chorus, under Mr. Cole, sang with animation, with usually good intonation, fresh voices and intelligent obedience to signals. The solo numbers were encored, Mr. Whiting being warmly recalled after each of his appearances. The occasion was altogether a pleasant one, and Mr. Cole may well feel gratified at the interest and enthusiasm that have been manifested in the works of the chorus.

The People's Choral Union will give its annual concert in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, April 16.

LUNCHEON AND LUNCH.

Mr. "O. Henry" said in his amusing story published in The Herald of last Sunday: "Hinkle egged and toasted and griddle caked and coffeed a good many customers; and he lunched (as good a word as 'dined') many more."

To lunch a person or a crowd is no doubt as good a phrase as to dine them, but it is not so old, and for an excellent reason; the noun "lunch" is comparatively new, while "luncheon," which appeared in English literature about the middle of the seventeenth century, has not suggested the transitive verb, "to luncheon." Men dined others in English literature as early as 1399, for, as George Meredith says in one of his novels, the way to manage your Englishman is to dine him; and we find even in a highly respectable London journal of today the hideous sentence: "The saloon is capable of dining 118 passengers." To breakfast one is not so old a phrase. Thomas Jefferson used it in 1793, and Dr. Murray's readers found no previous use in literature.

The history of the word "lunch" is a curious one. It meant originally a piece, a thick piece, a hunch, or hunk. Its derivation is unknown; perhaps the word came from "lump." Its first appearance in printed English was in 1591 as a rendering of the Spanish "Lonja de tocino," a lunch of bacon, and the likeness between lonja and lunch is singular. The word in this sense was used by Burns in his "Holy Fair."

Luncheon in the same sense was by a few years the older word, and in the sense of hunk or thick piece it was used by Sir Walter Scott in "Redgauntlet": "Little Benjie was cramming a huge luncheon of pie crust into his mouth."

Let us consider for a moment the two words as they are understood today; perhaps it is better to say, as they are misunderstood. What do the words really mean, and which is the better term? At first, luncheon was a slight meal taken between two of the ordinary meal times, especially between breakfast and mid-day dinner. "The word," says the Oxford dictionary, "retains this original application with those who use dinner as the name of the mid-day meal; with those who 'dine' in the evening, luncheon denotes a meal (understood to be less substantial and less ceremonious than dinner) taken usually in the early afternoon." As a matter of fact, in New England towns at least, and even in Boston itself, the term luncheon, or lunch, generally the latter, is applied to a meal taken at any time between breakfast and going to bed. Not long ago, when there was discussion here of 11 P. M. as the hour for closing bar or restaurant, theatre managers stated that after the play many persons liked to have a lunch before they went home. More than once in country towns we have been asked to have lunch anywhere from 8 P. M. till 11 P. M.

There are anxiously refined persons who would no more say "lunch" than they would say "pants." They ask you with an irritating stress on the word if you would like to take luncheon with them. But this despised "lunch" was adopted by ultra-genteel Londoners, who for some reason thought luncheon a vulgar word. In the memoirs of H. Best (1829) is this statement: "The word 'lunch' is adopted in that 'glass of fashion,' Almacks, and 'luncheon' is avoided as unsuitable to the polished society there exhibited." The elder D'Israeli mentioned, a few years before, a woman who "is now old enough, she said, to have lived to hear the vulgarisms of her youth adopted in drawing room circles. To lunch, now so familiar from the fairest lips, in her youth was only known in the servants' hall." English writers use the two terms indiscriminately. A clergyman speaks of Ruth's lunch as only parched corn. Trollope uses lunch, and Gilbert, in "The Princess Ida," sings "merrily rings the luncheon bell." There is an intransitive verb, to luncheon. There is luncher, but not luncheoner. The English railway timetables refer to luncheon baskets at the stations. And Mr. "O. Henry" may rest easy: English periodicals allow the appearance of his verb "to lunch" one or many.

A word more as to the proper time for luncheon. De Quincey, investigating the casuistry of Roman meals, describes the East Indian uncle. "Call upon him at any hour from 2 to 5, he insists on your taking 'tiffin,' and such a tiffin! The English corresponding term is luncheon; but how meagre a shadow is the European meal to its glowing Asiatic cousin!" Again: "The 2 o'clock meal used to be called dinner, whereas at present it is called luncheon." We recognize no lunch before high noon or after 2:30 P. M. Yet in more than one street the night lunch cart stares us in the face, and there are scores of night lunchers, otherwise the carts would not exist; nor are these night lunchers conscious of committing any solecism. There is also "lunch-dinner," which leads to mental and bodily inactivity. Let us rather remember the sound words of Dr. Andrew Combe in his "Physiology of Digestion": "We do not experience the same dislike to exertion after a light forenoon lunch."

OLD AND NEW.

There are curious allusions to the Japanese in two great prose epics for children of all ages—"Robinson Crusoe" and "Captain Lemuel Gulliver's Travels"—and, although they bear directly on eastern questions of today, we have seen no reference to them.

When Robinson was at the port he called Quinchang, and considering what he should do, he asked a Japanese merchant if he would not take him and the others to the Philippine islands and discharge them there. The merchant could not do this, but he offered to discharge them in Japan. This proposition suited Robinson; "but my partner, wiser than myself, persuaded me from it, representing the dangers, as well of the seas as of the Japanese, who are a false, cruel and treacherous people; likewise those of the Spaniards at the Philippines, more false, cruel and treacherous than they." But the steward of the vessel went in charge of it to Japan. "The Japan merchant proved a very punctual, honest man to him"; he protected him at Japan, "and got him a license to come on shore, which the Europeans in general have not lately obtained"; and in all ways this Japanese befriended the steward personally and in business. Robinson, returning to England and going through China, stopped at Janezay, a Russian city, and there he observed the conditions of life, and remarked to Russian governors: "'The poor pagans are not much wiser or nearer Christianity for being under the Muscovite government,' which they acknowledged was true enough; but that, as they said, was none of their business; that if the Tsar expected to convert his Siberian, Tonguese or Tartar subjects, it should be done by sending clergymen among them, not soldiers; and they added, with more sincerity than I expected, that they found it was not so much the concern of their monarch to make the people Christians as it was to make them subjects."

Such were the views of travellers to whom Defoe had undoubtedly listened before "Robinson Crusoe" was published in 1719. And the immortal romance was written without thought of satire.

After Captain Lemuel Gulliver left Tonquin in 1707 he sailed with pretty fair weather until the tenth day, when his sloop was overtaken by two pirate ships. The larger of the two was commanded by a Japanese. A Dutch subordinate, yet a man of some authority, insisted that the Englishmen should be tied back to back and thrown into the sea, but the Japanese, after questioning Gulliver, said they should not die. "I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian." Gulliver regretted this speech, for the furious Dutchman finally persuaded his captain, after the English crew had been put on the pirate ships, to set Gulliver adrift in a canoe with paddles and a sail and four days' provisions, "which last the Japanese captain was so kind to double out of his own stores and would permit no man to search me."

Two years later Captain Gulliver left Luggnagg with 444 large pieces of gold, a red diamond, which he sold in England for £1100, and a letter of recommendation to the Emperor of Japan. Gulliver was taken into the presence of the Emperor, and, passing himself off for a Dutchman, begged safe passage to Nangasac, and, as a special favor, that his majesty would condescend to excuse his performing the ceremony imposed on his countrymen of trampling upon the crucifix. The Emperor was surprised; "he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple on this point, and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or no; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the King of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favor, he would comply with the singularity of my humor," and he assured him that, if the secret should be discovered by the Dutch, they would cut Gulliver's throat on the voyage.

Here the Japanese are preferred to the Dutch, not perhaps that Swift loved the former more. In this masterpiece of terrible satire he naturally praised the heathen to shame the Christian. But Swift and Defoe, both realists by nature, founded satire in the one case and mere plausible narration in the other on impressions of the Japanese then current in England.

KETCHUP.

Apropos of the misuse of a ketchup bottle in the Yale dining hall, when a student applied the contents, and in a somewhat violent manner, to a fellow-student's head, instead of his own meat or fish, a correspondent writes: "I see the newspapers spell the word 'ketchup.' Are 'catchup' and 'catsup' no longer used?"

"Ketchup" is the right form, according to deep thinkers whose opinions have weight. Yet we find Mrs. Lincoln of the Boston Cook Book preferring "Tomato Catchup," and she is a woman of authority, a name not to be taken lightly. The recipe for this "catchup" comes from a Mrs. Campbell. Perhaps the latter is responsible for the spelling. When the sauce was first mentioned by name in an English book—a slang dictionary published in 1690—the form of spelling was "catchup." Dean Swift introduced the word into his "Panegyrick on the Dean," written in 1730, and he wrote how greasy-pawed

Gluttony

> "Sent her priest in wooden shoes
> From haughty Gaul to make ragoos;
> Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
> To dress their soups and fricassees;
> And, for our home-bred british cheer,
> Botargo, catsup, and caveer."

Mrs. Glass in her "Cookery Book" (1751) wrote catchup; Eliza Acton in her "Modern Cookery" (1845) wrote catsup. A writer in Macmillan's Maga-

de (1862) spoke of some one finding yellowish globular bodies in mothery catsup. Byron in "Beppo" (published in 1818) wrote boldly: "Ketchup, Soy, Chill-vinegar and Harvey." The schoolmaster Sheridan gave only the form catsup, but he gave to this form the pronunciation of catchup. And thus, apparently, we are tossed without hope on an ever surging and laughing sea.

But the derivation of the word is of help, and it points toward ketchup; this derivation is probably from the Chinese koe-chiap, brine of pickled fish or shellfish. An ingenious person brings forward triumphantly the Japanese "kitjap," the name of "some similar condiment." There is only one objection to this—there is no such word in Japanese. A still more ingenious person, Mr. C. P. G. Scott, in his "Malayan Words in English," first published in the Journal of the American Oriental Society for 1896-97, believes that this word "kitjap" is a Dutch spelling representing a native word of some part of the Dutch East Indies, and he gives the derivation of ketchup as from the Malay kichap. The belief of any normal English child that catsup has something to do with cats—as the word catnip, for instance—is, alas, only a delusion. Cats nip catnip, but no cat, not even one lost to all sense of shame, will sup on catsup. Mr. Scott goes still farther; he traces a connection in Malay between kichap, the sauce; kechap, to smack with the lips, and kachup, a kiss. The Malay kiss, then, must be of that burning variety sung passionately by Mr. Swinburne before he fell under the chastening influence of Mr. Watts-Dunton—or is it Mr. Dunton-Watts?—not that the order of the names is of especial importance. Mr. Scott sums up the matter as follows, and it will be seen that he has his own ideas concerning the spelling of more common words: "The right form is ketchup. Catchup, tho givn by some dictionaries as the 'correct' form, is a mistake, and catsup is quite wrong." However the word may be spelled, the application of the bottle in the Yale dining hall was a curious episod. r. he life of a university of learning.

A NOTE ON JURIES.

Some think that the close confinement of jurymen during a murder trial is prejudicial to justice; that they would be in better condition to judge clearly and intelligently if they were allowed to go home nights and be free for a time from the obsessing thought and the inevitable discussion with their fellows. The confinement of the jury is a survival.

"For once the jury being box'd up,
They are denied both bread and cup;
Hence, he who can hold out the longest
Will carry his point, though not the strongest;
It may be well that this should be,
But who thinks so, who has been on jury?"

It is said that the regulation forbidding food and drink was framed for the purpose of avoiding an unsound decree consequent on intoxication; that the restriction, once rigorously maintained, arose from the excessive appetite of the older Britons. The early Germans, it will be remembered, had a law that judges should hear and determine causes, fasting and not after dinner.

Were surgeons exempted from serving on juries, because "they are too constantly in the habit of suppressing the human feelings?" The statement has been made; but in 1513 the Corporation of Surgeons—there were then twelve in London—petitioned Parliament to be exempted from bearing arms, or serving on juries and as parish officers, and the petition was granted. Butchers made no petition; but Mr. Hyde, in 1661, brought in a bill to prohibit them from serving on juries in case of life and death, and the bill passed unanimously. "Not," says Mr. McQueen, "that butchers should be considered as devoid of the common feelings of humanity, but more liable to its infirmities, from their avocations necessarily compelling them to the performance of a duty incompatible with those feelings which they hitherto had been called upon to exercise in the capacity of jurymen"—an involved excuse for what seems to us unfair discrimination. Plausible reasons might be brought forward for the exclusion of vegetarians from the jury box.

A FRIENDLY TIE.

Mr. Michael Mail in Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" remembered the time when, eating fried liver and lights in the kitchen of the Three Choughs at Casterbridge, a brass band struck up in the street, and to save his life he couldn't help "chawing" to the tune: "Band played six-eight time; six-eight chaws I, willy-nilly. Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair." And he reasoned from this beautiful and memorable experience that there's a friendly tie between music and eating.

There was a time in the social life of this country when music was played chiefly in restaurants frequented by foreigners or by those of foreign descent, and the music was furnished by Hungarians—at least the players were so advertised. These bands became fashionable, and it seemed that Hungary must be depopulated. Now there are comparatively few restaurants where there is not music of some sort during luncheon or dinner. We know of no restaurant where music is played at breakfast, and yet, if music soothes the savage breast, it surely should be played when men and women are naturally the most irritable. There are some who protest against such accompaniment to dinner, or they would have the programme arranged with a view to calm enjoyment and consequently placid digestion. They are in a very small minority, and only here and there is found one who would say amen to Ange Goudar's complaint against life in the London of 1764: "In one of these gardens they drink tea in strict time and in another they sup to the conductor's beat. But these symphonic repasts have their inconveniences. Many people here complain that they do not sleep well, because their supper has thus been hurried. Now, I am afraid of indigestion, and when I eat a chicken in the evening at Vauxhall I choose always the moment of andante." On the other hand, Dr. Véron insisted he could not digest without music.

If guests sat down and arose together, music could be easily selected with a view to digestion. A lively tune would go with the oysters, but something solemn should be played during soup, and tender and plaintive strains should then be heard until the approach of cheese and coffee, when the music might be allowed to be of gayer character and more pronounced rhythm. Mastication is three-fourths of digestion. If ragtime be heard during the attack on a formidable dish, teeth will chew according to the music and the food will not be properly prepared for the stomach. No one can chew according to the Gladstonian theory or according to the rules of Mr. Fletcher while the can-can from "Orphee" is playing, but let Handel's "Largo" be heard or Chopin's "Funeral March" and pork may be consumed without undue apprehension. Tinkling music, music picked from strings or hootled on a flute or sighed gently through a clarinet is the sanitary sort. A cornet is exciting, heating, and should be played only in the coldest weather and then with much discretion.

Music stimulates conversation at table or it supplies the lack, and for this reason it has for centuries accompanied feasting. The Hebrews at meat delighted in the harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe. There was music when Tamburlaine drank koumiss, hydromel and wine, and served golden and bejewelled crowns to his generals as a second course. There was music when Catharine I. of Russia had her oysters from Holstein and her wine from Hungary. There was music when Cortez ate with Montezuma and envied him his riches. Two kings of the island of Horn shared their meal with Van Schouter, the wandering Dutchman, and music cheered them. Horace Walpole and Mme. de Boufflers ate and flirted to the sound of horn and hautboy. If there was music at the coronation feast of Henry of Navarre, there was also music at the meal of honest Monsieur Jourdain. Did not the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid send an organ to Charlemagne for his dining hall, an organ with such exquisite softness of tone that it brought death to a young woman? The Icelanders of the 17th century had music like the behavior of the diners, without rule or art, enraged. Grace itself was sung from plates or knives in many lands, and grace is still sung in England at ceremonial and pompous feasts. Every little German prince had his private orchestra for table music; why should not the American citizen have music at his dinner, even though his natural haste in eating be accelerated by some thoughtless, unsanitary leader? And why discussion about the practice when there are these words in Ecclesiasticus?—

And hinder not music.
Pour not out words where there is a musician,
And show not forth wisdom out of time.
A concert of music in a banquet of wine
Is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold,
As a signet of an emerald set in a work of gold,
So is the melody of music with pleasant wine.

Feb 2, 1905

Mr. Wesley Weyman gave his second piano recital in Steinert Hall last evening. He played Mendelssohn's Variations, op. 82; Mozart's Sonata in D; Chopin's Preludes, op. 28, Nos. 13, 19, op. 45; Mazurkas, op. 33, No. 1; op. 63, No. 2; op. 67, No. 2; op. 59, No. 2; Nocturne, op. 9, No. 1; Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 7, 11; Ballade, op. 52, and Liszt's transcription of the overture to "Tannhaeuser." There was an audience of good size that was discriminatively applausive.

Mr. Weyman earlier in the season played here for the first time. His recital was then devoted exclusively to pieces by Liszt—a preposterous and wearisome programme—yet his performance excited the wish to hear him again with a programme better suited to poor mortals of flesh and blood; for certain features of his interpretation provoked curiosity as to his actual standing among the younger pianists born on American soil.

The young man is evidently of a musical nature; he has feelings and emotions which he is at present unable to express with the calmness of authority and with the passion that is contagious. Take his interpretation of the sonata, for instance. Mozart's music, because of its perfect line, its clearness and serenity of thought, its classic sweetness, grace and dignity, is a severe test for orchestra, string quartet, pianist, or singer.

A pianist may make a plausible showing with music by Brahms, Liszt or by an ultra-modern, and yet come quickly to grief with Mozart, whose music is not only a test of taste, of pianistic character, but also of absolute technic—the technic that has become a second nature with the performer. Each tone in such music must have beautiful quality and yet be only a syllable in a perfect phrase. This music reveals at once any inequality, any imperfection.

There were pleasant passages in Mr. Weyman's performance, but too often the phrase was not sung with one breath, nor was it ended so that the hearer recognized the close as inevitable and was conscious of reserve force. A melody by Mozart, to use Hazlitt's felicitious words, should come as from the air and return whence it came. There should be no thought of human aid or interference. The melody last night was too often labored, and, both in melody and what is known as passage-work, there was not always the perfect rhythm that casteth out fear.

Mr. Weyman was effectively emotional in passages of Chopin's "Nocturne and Ballade," but the preludes were without atmosphere, and in them, as in other pieces, there was irregular technic. The mazurkas were for once leaden-footed. When the rhythm should have been poetically capricious, it was prosaic; when it should have been fleet, it was heavy.

We speak thus in detail because Mr. Weyman seems a sincere pianist of native feeling and honorable ambition. His technic is not now adequate to the full expression of his thoughts, and the thoughts themselves are not always mature. If it be within his power, it would be well for him to abstain from public performances for a time, to develop his technic, to listen to his own playing and to that of others, to ponder in all seriousness his art. He has qualities that should be carefully trained and natured. At present he is an unripe pianist.

A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. Robert Thompson, a negro, 45 years old, yawns once a minute. Not because he lives in Chicago, for life there, though checkered, is never dull, but because he fell from a building last fall and thereby, not lighting on his head, injured himself. Since then he has been a chronic yawner, and as he is thus mistaken for a lazy man by those to whom he applies for work, he can get no employment. He therefore sues a construction company for $5000.

Yawning is often misunderstood, and it is not encouraged either in polite society or in office or workshop. The Hindus believe that sneezing and yawning are caused by evil spirits, and this is plausible. Mr. Thompson might follow the example of his swarthy brethren and drive the spirits away by snapping his thumb and forefinger as loudly as possible. Nor is yawning countenanced in Mahometan countries from Bagdad to Morocco, for the great prophet disliked it, and once said: "If one of you gape and cover not his mouth, a devil leaps into it," and a victim of demoniacal possession is hardly the man for routine and careful work either in Chicago or Elgin—and Mr. Thompson was at work on an Elgin building. The popular belief the world over is that the yawner is a poor, lazy thing, whose mouth and eyes and ears are full of gapeseed.

But science may come to Mr. Thompson's rescue, and medical experts should be summoned from Eastport to Puget sound, from Montpelier on the Onion to Galveston on the Gulf. Mr. Thompson is simply given over to a too mild form of pandiculation, which, in its fury, is an instinctive movement, consisting in the extension of the legs, the raising and stretching of the arms and the throwing back of the head and trunk, accompanied by yawning. It may occur before and after sleeping—oh, the joy of stretching and yawning in bed, or, if it be possible, at a concert during a thoughtful performance of a work by Brahms; it occurs also in certain nervous affections, as hysteria, and at the accession of a fit of ague. Or, as no doubt in Mr. Thompson's case, it is an instinctive exertion to recover a balance of power between the extensor and flexor muscles. The mild form of pandiculation from which Mr. Thompson suffers is oscitancy. Now, if his yawning were from complete pandiculation, his raising and stretching of the arms would be of advantage to him in manual labor and of increased profit to his employer. He should therefore endeavor, after this suit is decided, to throw himself into a complete and perfect state of pandiculation. Mere oscitancy may well excite suspicion in the mind of the rigidly practical employer. The unaccompanied yawn is as though the person languidly murmured, "What's the use"? or as Victor Hugo said of the battle of Waterloo: "What is all this to the Infinite"?

MR. SIMS' DOUBT.

We read yesterday an article which the late Augustin Daly would have characterized as a drama of contemporaneous human interest. It was entitled "Cooks Behind the Throne," and it described the favorite dishes of monarchs now reigning; how Edward VII. is satisfied with a thin soup, some sort of white fish, chicken, or a little bird; how the Emperor William is passionately addicted to "huge white frankfurters," made fresh every day in his kitchen; how Carlos of Portugal is a simple soul with a simple taste for roast beef, steak, oysters, Gruyere cheese, plain gravies and sauces, while King George of Greece prefers macaroni to Spartan broth or Athenian owls. But the young King of Spain, ah, the young King of Spain! He eats goat's flesh and garlic. No wonder his court is distinguished by its hauteur. He reminds us of Macamut, the once renowned Sultan described by Butler:

"The Prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
Which makes him have so strong a breath
Each night he stinks a queen to death."

For this Macamut ate poison from his cradle, and when he wished to rid himself of a nobleman he had him stripped, then he spat on him, and the nobleman curled up on the floor; no queen could live with him over twenty-four hours, and if there were flies on him they were dead.

This article shows an amazing intimacy with the private life of anointed kings. Is the writer the sworn house friend of every dweller in a palace, or is he chummy with steward and cook?

Mr. George R. Sims said the other day that he no more believed the stories about Canute, Alfred, Richard and other ancient worthies than the stories told of William and Nicholas today. "Years ago," adds Mr. Sims, "I used to know a man who lived in a neat little flat in Bloomsbury. He earned his living by making up little stories about foreign potentates, bon mots by Bismarck, and extraordinary sermons by American divines, and supplying them to the press." But in all ages there has been gossip about royal tastes in cookery. How Suetonius chuckles as he tells of what the Roman emperors ate! We spoke lately of how melons, the favorite food of Frederick the Pacific, brought him to the tomb; we did not then state that this taste ran in the family, for his son, Maximilian II., died from acute indigestion, brought on from a surfeit of melons. Henry of Navarre was also immoderately fond of melons, but he drank copiously of the wine of Arbois to correct any resulting stomachic disarrangement. Charlemagne preferred game to all other sorts of food; Frederick the Great preferred polenta; Paul I. of Russia, pies made of ducks' livers. Compare with these tastes the simplicity of Schiller, who ate ham daily because he liked it; of Kant, the great philosopher, whose dinner consisted of lentil soup, with a pudding of bacon, or of dried peas and pigs' feet; Napoleon was extravagantly fond of coffee, but he was satisfied easily with a chop or a fowl. And yet the "Roti a l'imperatrice" dates with his empire, and as this dish might give pleasure to guests expecting, or rather prepared for, a conventional Back Bay dinner, we give the recipe: Take the fattest olive to be found, remove the pit and stuff in anchovy; then put the olive in a lark; prepare the lark carefully and put it in a fat quail, stuff a partridge with this quail, and put the partridge into a pheasant; the pheasant should be put inside a turkey, and the turkey in turn should be entombed in a sucking pig; roast the pig, take it from the spit, and serve; the true epicure will care only for the olive buried in so many coffins of eatable flesh.

Mr. Sims' doubt haunts us, however. The gentle Francois Coppee saw Victor Hugo putting down huge pieces of roast meat, drinking vast quantities of undiluted wine and dipping quarters of oranges into this wine and swallowing them eagerly. There's an eye witness. But who sees the Kaiser putting down white frankfurters when he is by himself in awful majesty; and who can sit anywhere near the young King of Spain, odorous with goat's flesh and garlic? We think instinctively of Mr. Sims' man in that neat little flat in Bloomsbury.

Feb 3 1905

MR. KREISLER'S VIOLIN RECITAL

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, accompanied by Mr. Alfred de Voto, gave his fourth and last violin recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme included Bach's sonata in E major (Schumann's accompaniment), Gluck's "Melodie," prelude and allegro, by Pugnani; sarabande and allegro by Corelli, Tartini's variations on a theme by Corelli. Bach's fugue in A minor for violin alone, Dvorak's Slav dance in A major, Popper's "Elfentanz," Wienlawski's polonaise. He was obliged to repeat Tartini's variations. After the fugue by Bach, he played the delightful "Chanson of Louis XIII." and "Pavane" by Louis Couperin, and at the end of the concert he added a "Song Without Words," by Tschaikowsky, and Dvorak's "Humoresque" to the programme.

Mr. Kreisler's performance was on a high level of excellence throughout. It is not too much to say that such playing is seldom heard, if the question be only of purely virtuoso qualities, and we use the word virtuoso in its better sense. The prelude and allegro by Pugnani were broadly and nobly played; the performance of Tartini's variations was brilliant in the extreme; the violinist is always happy in his interpretation of Bach, and the modern pieces were given with the appropriate sentiment or fire. Furthermore, Mr. Kreisler played with great gusto, with thorough appreciation of the music and with love for it.

The four recitals have clearly shown his artistic growth since he last visited America. He is surely to be named among the first of violinists now living. At his first recital he was more than a great violinist; he was a rare interpreter, for there was more thought of the music as interpreted than of the man that stood before the audience. Yesterday the hearer was conscious continually of the presence of a most accomplished player. Delightful and noble as the performance was, it was not so engrossing that the hearer forgot Mr. Kreisler and his violin in the thought of music, which, through the contagious imagination of the player, expressed the hearer's own feelings and longings though hitherto only vaguely known, which raised him above the petty and the serious vexations, cares and burdens of garish or routine life.

Mr. de Voto accompanied sympathetically.

SWEDISH SONGS RENDERED.

Popular Vocal Recital in Potter Hall by Miss Marie L. Sundborg and Miss Louise M. Corbett.

Miss Marie L. Sundborg, soprano, and Miss Louise M. Corbett, contralto, accompanied by Mrs. Dudley T. Fitts, gave a song recital last night in Potter Hall. The programme included duets by Brahms, Daniels and Delibes; Miss Sundborg sang Hallstroem's "En glad visa," Bengzon's "Ung Elskov," Petterson-Berger's "Til Majdag," Dannstroem's "Polska," Hugo Wolfe's "Weylas' Song," "Secrecy" and "On the Leafy Balcony," and Kjerulf's "Mit Hjerte og min Lyre" and Groendahl's "Til mit Hjertes Dronning" and "Folkevise." Miss Corbett sang Leoncavallo's "December Night," Strauss' "Allerseelen" and "Traum durch die Daemmerung," two old English songs, Cowen's "Ask Nothing More," Eppinger's "Slumber Song," Chadwick's "Dear Love" and Slater's "May Day."

A glance at this programme will show that it was for the most part of a popular nature, for there were many Swedes present to applaud their fair countrywoman. Miss Sundborg, who has an agreeable voice, was happiest in the songs of her native tongue. Those in English and German were sung with an undeviating amiability. Both Miss Sundborg and Miss Corbett have much to learn in matters of technique, and they might also study with advantage the art of differentiation in emotion. The singers were heartily applauded.

MR. TAYLOR'S RECITAL.

Mr. Albert Taylor, 'cellist, assisted by Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, and Mr. Carl Lamson, accompanist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme consisted of Saint-Saens' concerto in A minor, the andante from Hans Sitt's concerto in A minor, Servais' fantasia, "O Cara Memoria," and piano pieces by MacDowell, Blumenfeld, Philipp, Schumann and Liszt. The programme was commendably short; although a little late in beginning, it lasted hardly more than an hour.

Mr. Taylor is a Massachusetts man. For the past two or three years he has studied with Mr. Anton Hekking in Berlin, and he has just returned to Boston, which he intends to make his home. Last evening's recital was his first public appearance here. Mr. Taylor seems to be a serious student, but he is obviously still a student. He has ideas in the matter of reading, and a natural instinct for phrasing; but his technic is not yet secure; his chief faults are in tone and intonation. However, there were good moments in his work last evening. Mr. Fox's playing is familiar to Boston concertgoers. He has a nice technic, and is a thoughtful, not an emotional, musician. He played MacDowell's prelude perhaps better than anything else, although all the pieces were warmly applauded. There was a good sized audience.

MRS. ALICE CHASE SMITH.

Mrs. Alice Chase Smith, soprano, gave a concert last night at Mr. Preston's studio and was warmly applauded. She sang songs by Lotti, Arne, Massenet, Godard, Rotoli, Barthe, Giordani, Gomez. Her voice is a pure soprano, which lends itself easily to simple sentiment, dramatic fervor or passages of bravura.

APICIUS AGAIN.

The Herald published on the evening of Jan. 30 an editorial article entitled "A Fatal Taste." A correspondent in Cambridge writes as follows with reference to it:

"Apropos of your leading editorial in last night's edition of The Herald, I beg leave to venture the opinion that, in the minds of a good many readers, accuracy of historical statement and correctness even in classical allusion are things altogether commendable in every-day journalism. The remarks in this editorial in regard to Apicius, the famous gourmand, are interesting and appropriate; the writer has chosen a happy illustration 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.' But for all that it is a mistake to represent either this epicure, or others who went by the same name, as the author of a culinary work, or, indeed, of anything else that has survived the ravages of time. For a human monstrosity having a stomach where his head ought to be, and vice versa, who was exactly antipodal to the Emersonian code of 'plain living and high thinking'—ability to have composed anything except salads and sauces seems highly improbable. As for the 'Ars culinaria,' internal evidence proves it to be a much later work, the pseudonym of 'Apicius' having been adopted probably for business reasons, or as a sort of literary trademark."

Macaulay's schoolboy knows that there were at least three Romans by the name of Apicius celebrated for their passionate and unreasonable devotion to table luxuries. He knows that one of them discovered the secret of preserving oysters in their freshness, and that to one of them, Coelius Apicius, or, as some say, Apicius Coelius, is attributed the treatise on cookery found by Albanus Torinus near Montpellier in 1529, and published by him at Basle in quarto in the year 1541. He also knows that another manuscript was found nearly a hundred years before by Enoch d'Ascoli, which bore the name "M. Coecilius Apicius," and that Vossius thought the author, Coecilius, added "Apicius" because he wrote concerning cookery. He also knows that there has been dispute about the authorship: some insist that while the manuscripts were very old, the work could not have been written by any one of the famous three; others, as the scholiast on Juvenal, Isidor of Seville, Isaac Grangaeus, Vossius, Volaterran, Robert Etienne, are firm in their belief in an Apicius as the author. Whoever wrote the book, it is known to the world at large as by Apicius, just as the delightful reminiscences of Michael Kelly, written by Theodore Hook, are always referred to as Kelly's reminiscences.

Is our correspondent accurate in his quotation of the title of the alleged Apician work? He refers to it as "Ars culinaria." The title of the manuscript found near Montpellier was as follows: "Caelii (sic) Apitii de Re Culinaria Libri X." But the title of the published work is "Caelii (sic) Apicii de opsoniis et Condimentis sive arte Coquinaria lib X." The most famous edition was annotated by Hummelbergius. The edition in Gabriel Peignot's library was edited by Bernhold and published at Lubeck in 1791.

EUSTACIA'S ANSWER.

Mr. Johnson had succeeded in consuming his black bean soup without damage to his shirt front or the tablecloth. Highly elated, he put down his spoon and said: "Eustacia, I think you and I had better wear nightcaps." His wife answered: "Whom did you see at the club?" The insinuation was more than unjust; it was cruel, for Mr. Johnson had not tarried on his homeward way from the office. Paying no attention to the interruption, he again lifted up his voice: "Now that your doctor insists on having so much fresh air in the bedrooms at night there is a risk of catching cold. I don't know how it is in your room, but in mine I might as well be sleeping outdoors. I was reading an Arabian Nights story just before I went to bed, and I read how the prince, Kamar al-Zaman, when he was ready for sleep near a well, drew off his bag-trousers and lay down in a shirt of delicate stuff, and he put on a headkerchief of azure cloth, and Burton says in a note that easterns are too sensible to sleep with bodies kept warm by bedding and heads bared to every blast. You ought to read the Arabian Nights; those orientals knew a thing or two, and it seems to me that as long as you are so influenced by your doctor you should wear a nightcap.

"I wonder if any women wear nightcaps now," Mr. Johnson continued. "I asked the typewriter at the office if they do, and she said she once knew a girl who wore a silk cap every night and put salt inside to make her hair shiny in the morning. Then she laughed, and when I asked her what she was laughing about she said the girl came to a bad end; she eloped when she was 18 years old, and was soon afterward divorced. Then she laughed again. I wonder if she was guying me; she is generally very respectful. Then she said her grandmother used to wear a nightcap and smoke a clay pipe." "At the same time?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"I don't think you would look badly, Eustacia, in a nightcap. John Leech drew girls and married women with nightcaps for Punch, and the women were mighty pretty. You know, the nightcaps at first were made of silk, gold-laced and embroidered. Gilbert Talbot caught Queen Elizabeth walking in one of these caps in the tilt yard, and she hit him on the head and told her chamberlain that the boy had caught her unready and in her nightstuff, but I think she was secretly pleased. From all I can find out about her at the Public Library she must have been a gay old woman. You know there was a time when men and women wore no night clothes, and in the days or, rather, the nights, of Catherine de Medici there were coquettish and noble dames who used only sheets of black satin." Mr. Johnson was silent while he helped himself to cranberry. His wife was thoughtful, and then she spoke: "They must have been blondes."

"I don't know," answered Mr. Johnson; "perhaps brunettes preferred yellow sheets, but I know that in old times mourners slept in black silken sheets, just as looking glasses and pictures were covered with black. But those French women were a curious lot. Think of it, the grande mademoiselle changed her shirt for sleep, but as she had very few shirts her day-shift was washed and ironed at night and her night-shift the next day. You know, perhaps, that a nightgown in our colonial days was not for sleeping, it was a dressing gown, and it was worn in counting rooms, or even in the street. What we call a nightgown they called a night-rail. Many persons slept in their day shirt, just as many men do in sleeping cars. These old nightgowns were sometimes called banians, and I remember reading"—Mrs. Johnson stifled a yawn. "Where in the world, Herkimer, did you find all this stuff? You promised me, and Uncle Chimes insisted on this promise before he would allow our marriage, that you would not read aloud any of the notes for your great work. 'Man as a Social and Political Beast.' By the way, that first volume has now been in press for two years, at least. And here you are, talking a chapter to me, which is worse." Mr. Johnson was hurt. "I didn't mean to bore you; but you said the other day I was too quiet at table, and I really think you should wear a nightcap."

"Herkimer, you can wear anything you please, though you already look funny enough in your pyjamas; but I shall not wear one." She said this quietly, but with adamantine conviction. Mr. Johnson looked at her a long time and then answered softly: "Eustacia, you would be adorable in any old thing."

Feb 4, 1905

BOSTON DEBUT OF WEINGARTNER

Famous Composer, Orchestral Conductor and Pianist, Appears with Kneisel Quartet in Performance of His Sextet.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its fourth concert last night in Potter Hall. Mr. Felix Weingartner, pianist, and Mr. K. Keller, double bass, assisted. The large audience was enthusiastic. The programme included Brahms' quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; the second and third movements from Debussy's quartet in

column, Chabrier not quite a column, Gustave Charpentier a little over half a column and Dudley Buck over a page.

Marie Brema has over a column, Clara Butt has nearly a column, Mr. Bispham has nearly a column and a half, Lillian Blauvelt has over a column, and a singer by the name of Emma Calve had a few lines over half a column; Mr. Alfred Herbert Brewer has a few lines more than Gustave Charpentier.

In this first volume French composers are treated inadequately, although Mr. Hadow makes a brave attempt to do justice to Berlioz. But what is to be said of Mr. Hadow's statement that Berlioz's "best sustained work is to be found in his vocal compositions"! This is to be put by the side of Mr. Maczewski's ingenuous remark that Max Bruch's "real field is concert music for orchestra and chorus; he is, above all, a master of melody and of the effective treatment of masses of sound. These two sides of his artistic activity, so to speak, play into each other's hands, and have brought him deserved success." As Mr. Baughan said not long ago, Bruch's violin concertos are the works by which he is famous, and yet in this dictionary there is no special reference to them. Well might a modern French musician looking over this dictionary echo the old cry: "Perfidious Albion." Even in the more elaborate article on Bruneau, there is no allusion to his "Penthesilee" (1892).

We regret to say that the first volume is not laid out on any broader plan than was the original edition. The musical world is still surveyed with an insular eye. A smug and respectable English doctor of music is more to the editor than some presumably revolutionary and dangerous Frenchman. The names of American composers are now admitted; at least, there are articles about Mrs. Beach and Messrs. Chadwick and Buck, and the fact that Mr. Walter Damrosch married Miss Blaine is thoughtfully recorded, although we may all burst in ignorance concerning the domestic bliss or woe of many other musicians whose names are here enrolled. There is no allusion to Mr. F. S. Converse, who surely as a composer stands far above certain Englishmen here among the elect.

We have pointed out a few inaccuracies and omissions that seem inexcusable. It should be said, on the other hand, that there is a great amount of useful and clearly expressed information. The student will search vainly elsewhere for certain facts contained within this volume. The general reader will find both entertainment and instruction, although he may well wonder if he has heard much music, at the of the critical views and opinions. There are 25 full-page portraits and illustrations. Why a portrait of Mme. Caradori-Allan, and not one of Angelica Catalani, who was by far the more illustrious singer? Is it because the former sang the solo soprano part at the first performance of "Elijah," at the Birmingham festival? But Mendelssohn did not like her—in fact, he wrote peevishly about her.

The American contributors are Messrs. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune and Mr. Richard Aldrich of the New York Times, men well equipped for the laborious and not together agreeable task, for on them will fall the lamentation of sensitive Americans who think themselves worthy of admittance to the company.

The book is well printed, but the binding is conventionally florid and undignified.

LOCAL.

Paul Juon, whose piano trio in A minor will be played for the first time in Boston by the Adamowski trio this afternoon at the Sunday Chamber concert, was born at Moscow Feb. 23, 1872. He studied for five years at the Conservatory of that city; his violin with Grimaly, composition with Taneieff and Arensky. In 1894 he went to Berlin, where he studied with Bargiel. In 1896 he went to Baku on the Caspian sea to be teacher of theory at the conservatory there, but he soon wearied of the life, and returned to Berlin, where he now lives. The Liszt scholarship was given to him in the fall of 1900 for two years, in recognition of his talent. He has composed a symphony, concert pieces, op. 12, "Satyrs and Nymphs," op. 18, etc. His trio was played at the 38th festival of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein at Krefeld June 6-10, 1902. Juon has translated into German Modest Tschaikowsky's life of his brother Peter.

Mr. Anton Hekking, 'cellist, will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 13. He will play d'Albert's concerto, a concerto by Saint-Saens, a fantasia by Servais, an air by Bach, a melody by Masseuet, Paganini's "Perpetual Motion."

The Longy Club will play at the seventh Sunday Chamber concert in Chickering Hall Feb. 12.

A festival concert under the auspices of the American Guild of Banjoists, Mandolinists and Guitarists will be given in Jordan Hall Wednesday evening, March 29. The Boston Herd Club, Langham Mandolin orchestra, Lansing's Boston Mandolin orchestra will take part, and an orchestra of 200 mandolins, banjos and guitars, accompanied by organ, will be led by Messrs. H. F. Odell and G. L. Lansing.

Among the attractive features of the midwinter concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, at Symphony Hall, on Sunday evening, the 19th, are "Raphael," a choral work by Fritz Volbach (first performance in America); Prof. John K. Paine's "Hymn of the West," performed at the opening of the St. Louis exposition, but which has never been heard by the eastern public nor by Prof. Paine himself; and Mascagni's "Introduction, and Hymn to the Sun," for chorus and orchestra, from "Iris." The refrain also includes Chadwick's overture to "Melnomene", vorspiel and Liebestod from "Tristam and Isolde"; Handel's aria "Let the Bright Seraphim," and Gounod's chorus, "Unfold, ye Portals." Mme. Nordica will be the chief soloist. Mr. Emil Mollenhauer will conduct. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall on Monday, Feb. 13.

Mr. Ysaye has long been celebrated for his performance of the concertos by Saint-Saens and Mozart, which he will play on Wednesday night and in addition to these works he will play Bruch's Scottish Fantasia. Mr. Willy Hess, who has had much experience as a conductor in European cities, will lead a large orchestra for the first time in this city. Not long ago he conducted a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Troy, N. Y., in the absence of Mr. Gericke, and with great success.

The second Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be on Sunday night, March 5. Mme. Gadski will be the soloist.

The programme of Mrs. Beach's recital on Wednesday night at Huntington Chambers Hall will include Bach's fantasia in C minor, Beethoven's sonata op. 81 a, Mrs. Beach's variations on Balkan themes op. 60 (MS. first time), and pieces by Bach, Brahms, Strauss, Strauss-Beach, and Chopin.

The series of 16 pupils' recitals in Huntington Chambers Hall, which have just been completed by the Faelten pianoforte school, has been very successful. The works performed covered a wide range of classic and modern piano music, while the players represented all stages of progress from first year beginners to the most advanced grades.

A song recital will be given in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 16, by Miss Jennie Faure, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Kelley Cole, tenor, of New York.

Mr. Frank O'Brien will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 15th.

Mr. Felix Fox will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 21.

A concert will be given by the city of Boston at St. Alphonsus Hall, Smith street, Roxbury, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The orchestral pieces will be by Auber, Langey, Weber, Herbert, Wagner, Gounod. Miss E. Cecilia Winter, contralto, will sing songs by Saint-Saens, Chadwick, Nevin, and Mr. Kanrich will play Vieuxtemp's ballad and polonaise.

The city of Boston will give a concert at St. Patrick's School Hall, Mt. Pleasant avenue, Roxbury, on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The orchestral pieces will be by Weber, Tellam, Thome, Verdi, Doppler, Gounod. Mr. Michael J. Dwyer will sing an aria from "Carmen" and a song by Bischoff, and Mr. Frank Eaton, flutist, will play a piece by Demerssseman.

FRANZ VON VECSEY.

The young violinist, Franz von Vecsey, will play here in Symphony Hall on the evening of the 14th inst. and the afternoon of the 18th. Wherever the lad has appeared in this country he has surprised and delighted his audiences as in the European capitals in which he has played. His concert repertory includes concertos by Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Tschaikowsky, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Spohr and Beethoven, Bach's "Chaconne," "Air," "Prelude," G minor, Adagio, D minor fugue; Vieuxtemps' Ballade and Polonaise and "Reverie," Wieniawski's valse caprice, "Faust" fantasie, "Souvenir de Moscow" and mazurka; Paganini's "Hexentanz," the A minor variations and the concert etude, Tartini's "Trille du Diable," Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" and many other effective smaller pieces. Von Vecsey will be assisted in his Boston concerts by Alfred Elsman of the Dresden Royal Opera and Mme. Zilcher, piano soloist. The sale of seats for the Von Vecsey concerts will open at Symphony Hall tomorrow morning.

THE CECILIA.

The Cecilia Society, assisted by Mrs. de Moss, Miss Hussey, Messrs. Van Yorx and Merrill, and an orchestra, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor, will give its second concert on Tuesday night in Symphony Hall, when Dvorak's "Requiem" mass will be performed. The mass was performed for the first time at the Birmingham (Eng.) festival of 1891, the same year that the composer received the honorary degree of Mus. D. at Cambridge. The first performance in the United States was by the Church Choral Society, at St. George's Church, on Feb. 25, 1892. It was in the fall of 1892 that Dvorak came to New York to be the director of the National Conservatory of Music.

The Cecilia produced the "Requiem" in Boston on Nov. 20, 1892, and Dvorak conducted the performance. Many remember with pleasure his kindly face and the modesty and naive simplicity of his bearing. The solo singers were Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith (afterward Mme. Barron), Miss Mary How, Mr. Rickeson and Mr. Peresford. The Cecilia now performs the work in memory of the composer.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mrs. Max Hissem de Moss, Miss Florence Dingley, Miss Frances Rock, Miss Alice Eldridge and Mr. Anton Hekking. Mrs. de Moss of New York will be the solo soprano at the Cecilia concert on Tuesday night. Her singing at the last Apollo concert, where she was called on suddenly, gave much pleasure. She was the solo soprano at the last Worcester festival. Miss Dingley, soprano, who will give a recital at the Tuileries on Thursday afternoon, is a daughter of Mr. Frank L. Dingley, the editor of the Lewiston Journal. She has studied in New York, in Paris (with Mme. Marchesi and with Duvernoy) and in Boston. Miss Rock of this city studied the piano with Leschetitzki, and she has been playing in western cities. Miss Eldridge is a very young pianist whose precociousness has excited attention. Mr. Hekking is known here, not only as a 'cello virtuoso of great European reputation; he was the solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra the seasons of '89-90 and '90-91.

The death of Miss Marion Bate is deeply regretted by many. Her voice was one of unusual beauty; it was rich, emotional, and at the same time brilliant. Her musical taste was fine and pure, and such was her love for music that she struggled bravely, without complaint, against the disease of which she died. She sang in public until near her premature and lamented ending.

Mr. Chadwick's overture "Euterpe" and Mr. Converse's orchestral romance "Endymion's Narrative" were performed at Chicago by the Chicago orchestra, Mr. Stock conductor, Jan. 28.

Ysaye and d'Albert served up a very pretty series of contrasts when they appeared in their two ring concert on Tuesday night. Ysaye is tall and portly of figure. He has long, oily hair, and his dark face seems to shine with something more moist than good nature. His port in conducting is upright and solid. His beat is angular, and he has a certain sharp twitch of the elbow that makes his baton appear to swish through the air much more viciously than it really does. D'Albert is very short, and by no means thick. He has a high forehead and an ample supply of shining pate, unconcealed by hair. His face is dry and pale, and he looks generally like a piece of human crust beside the juicy Ysaye. He conducts with indefinite, sweeping undulations of the baton and a continual swaying of the body, which at times conveys the impression that he is about to topple over. —New York Sun, Jan. 29.

Mme. Essipoff played lately in St. Petersburg the first piano concerto of Edward MacDowell.

TONE AND LESCHETITZKI.

The Herald has frequently called attention this season in its reviews of performances by pianists to the importance of tone, both in song passages and in bravura. We do not insist that tone is of itself everything, but it is of great importance, it is indispensable, and there has been a tendency of late years to undervalue it.

Mr. W. J. Henderson in an article published two weeks ago discussed this question in an incisive manner. It may be said by way of introduction that some call themselves pupils of Leschetitzki when their knowledge of his "method" is derived only from the instruction of certain ones in Vienna who are supposed to prepare a pupil for lessons with "the master." It is hardly fair to hold Leschetitzki responsible for all the musical offences committed in his name. But let us listen to Mr. Henderson:

"Mme. Olga Samaroff, the pianist who appeared at Carnegie Hall, is, according to the information furnished to this writer, an exponent of the teaching of Leschetitzki. Other authorities, however, say that she never studied with that distinguished master. However, that matters little. Certain features of her playing are characteristic of the performances of pupils of Leschetitzki who have just come fresh from his pianist factory.

"All of these ambitious young creatures are provided with a brittle, glassy tone, which makes the beautiful cantilena, called singing on the keyboard, almost out of the question. It is said by teachers and pianists thoroughly acquainted with many Leschetitzki pupils that they show a great variety of style in touch. This is quite true, but they probably acquire the new features after they have escaped from the guardianship of the teacher.

"Certainly the most melting and luscious piano tone of this time is that of Mr. Paderewski, who studied with Leschetitzki. But there is his own authority for the statement that he long ago threw over the doctrines of the eminent instructor. Leschetitzki himself had one of the hardest and coldest touches that ever froze the blood out of piano music, and the force of his example probably is stronger than his preachments.

"It is inconceivable that any teacher would deliberately inculcate such a hard touch as the leading exponents of the Leschetitzky method display. If, however, this excellent old man does purposely imnart the glass finger to his pupils, then he ought to be drummed out of the musical court.

"For, without doubt, the ultimate end of all technique is tone. The facility which enables a pianist to play rapidly and to execute all sorts of difficult combinations of notes is not the last and crowning achievement of his art. He must learn to carry a beautiful, singing tone with him through everything. This is the highest accomplishment of technique, and the one without which it is unfinished and unequal to the interpretation of the greatest music.

"The same law applies to all musical performances. A clarinetist who can play rapid scales and arpeggios has gone only half way toward the limits of his art if he cannot also make his instrument sing with the true dramatic soprano voice of the orchestra and swell or diminish its tones like those of a human throat.

"Even a flute player fails if he has a poor tone. To the violinist it is, all in all, as it is to the singer. Tone, tone, that is the ultimate end of all technique, and the piano teacher who does not understand that principle of his art is unfit to prepare men and women to preach the gospel of Beethoven and Schumann."

MR. BAUER IN LONDON.

Mr. Harold Bauer gave the first of three piano recitals in London on Jan. 19. The Pall Mall Gazette said of him:

"In his so doing he showed himself to be, as always, the possessor of great and significant talent with somewhat of a feminine touch. In other words, he has his intervals in which he may be said to run quite in wrong tempo, which means noting very much in his interpretation, but at the same time makes of his composer something almost unrecognizable by reason of the skeleton appreciation, in which he shows Beethoven absolutely at his highest point, making one admire the enormous musician. Mr. Harold Bauer played his Beethoven in the right and best considered manner; he was quite appreciative, even if he can scarcely be said to be a Beethoven master. Beethoven has been called, even by critics generally in the right, dreary in his later works; Mr. Bauer, we fear, inclines to permit his audience to allow such a judgment to be fulfilled. Coming to this pianist's really good work, in M. Ravel's 'Jeux d'eau' he was capital. He played with a delicious sense of lightness with which he gave an atmosphere to the pianoforte in so curious and so personal a manner that he combined his own personality in conjunction with the personality of a great master in a very extraordinary and very artistic manner. Mr. Bauer is so excellent a player that we are rather of opinion that his single and simple feeling toward art has, as a matter of fact, somewhat withdrawn him from many great achievements in the world. That he is wonderfully conscientious, that he possesses an extraordinarily fine technique, are matters which cannot be contradicted. Mr. Bauer, perhaps, requires just a final accomplishment, a more complete thoughtfulness, before he takes rank among the highest interpreters of his own profession. That he will do this is practically a matter of course. Many men, many boys, and many a child has had to pass through the same stage; but Mr. Bauer needs only a very short time before he attains the point which he desires to reach."

Nor was Mr. Baughan of the Daily News wholly pleased. He wrote in the News of Jan. 20: "Mr. Bauer is a pianist tantalizing to the critic. He opens all kinds of questions as to the precise quality that makes one artist great and another something less than great. His technique is brilliant in the extreme, and it is real technique, inasmuch as it is always subordinated to the interpretation he has in hand. He does not try to astonish you by the force of his playing, nor does he strive to amaze you by absurd rapidity of execution—a favorite device of a pianist who is not an artist. At the same time there is a natural strain of the virtuoso in his composition —natural because, after all, human beings always have delighted and always will delight in doing the impossible with ease. And we delight to hear or see them attempt it, whether it be in a conjuring trick, in playing the piano or violin, or in singing some absurd florid music of the old days. But Mr. Bauer always keeps his virtuosity within the limits of a sound and thoughtful interpretation. He has a very eclectic temperament, and can enter into the spirit of Beethoven on Schumann and at the same time show thorough understanding of Chopin or the modern French school. Perhaps his fault is that he is too diverse, and that necessarily he is obliged to keep outside the music he plays. Thus I did not care for his idea of Chopin's Polonaise in E flat minor, nor of the Ballade in G minor; they were too cut and dried, and were wanting in mystery —altogether too logical a view of Chopin. But nothing could have been more noble and dignified than his reading of Beethoven's 32 variations in C minor, and the interpretation of Schumann's great Fantasia was a fine piece of work. Perhaps he made the contrasts a trifle too marked, and his sentiment approached perilously near to sentimentality—but that may be the right reading. But Mr. Bauer is tantalizing, because with all his gifts he cannot tear down the barrier between his mind and mine. It may be my fault, but I was again conscious of the barrier at the Aeolian Hall yesterday afternoon."

AN ENGLISH BOAST.

[The Referee (London), Jan. 1.]

It is probable that as a nation we do not realize the extraordinary progress we have made of late years, or the high position we really hold in the musical world. John Bull seems to have an unlimited opinion of his ability to produce better than any other nation everything he can see or touch; but when it comes to music, its elusive nature apparently causes him to doubt whether any of his countrymen can produce it par excellence. In painting, in sculpture, he is confident, but in music he is only convinced when foreigners praise. The consequences have been most disastrous, but brighter times are coming—have indeed come—for any artist who has exceptional ability will find that being British born is now a passport to favor instead of, as in olden days, a barrier. This is so much appreciated by foreigners that many are claiming to be British by reason of their—or their parents—having long resided with us. In one particular we can claim absolute superiority—i. e., the ability to read at sight and the quick comprehension of our orchestral players. As I write, there lies before me a copy of the Glasgow Herald, containing a letter from Herr Steinbach to Dr. Cowen, written in eulogistic terms of the Glasgow orchestra, and this only echoes what has been said by Dr. Richter and leading Continental conductors. This position is not likely to be lost by the younger generation of players being trained at our big schools of music, for the present system of scholarships is sweeping up the musical talent of the country, and the results are seen in the high artistic position now held by such vocalists as

Mmes. Agnes Nicholls, Kirkby Lunn, Clara Butt, and Muriel Foster.

There is one matter, however, which British singers should seriously consider, that is their being generous to British composers. Vocalists are keenly alive to the difficulties of securing engagements, but few of them show any sympathy with the needs of recognition of compatriot writers, and in nearly every instance when they do include a few English songs in their recitals, they place them at the end of the programme, and almost invariably give the most advantageous position to foreign composers. Italian and French may be more gratoful to sing than English, but English is more vocal than German, and if it be well pronounced it will be found to lend itself to shadings of tone-color. I am inclined to believe that comparatively few young vocalists of the gentler sex ean sing English songs well, and that is the reason why so many high-class English songs are avoided, or are placed where they are least likely to be heard by the critics. In the new year I hope to be convinced that my supposition is wrong, and at any rate I trust to see the example set by Miss Adela Verne and M. Mark Hambourg, who make a point of searching for compositions by British composers, followed by vocalists.

AT RANDOM.

There are a few songs against the constant reproduction of which a humorous protest might occasionally be made. We have now and then, for example, suggested that Goring Thomas' "O Vision Entrancing" has been really overdone on the concert platform in recent times. It is true that the song has popular charms; but there are so many songs, English as well as popular, that might take its place that we confess to looking upon it as a veritable bugbear. We have already spoken about the promenade concerts; yet even that remarkably up-to-date institution has not been freed from the shackles of this famous song. If we are going to be popular, why not go back to some of the admirable tunes of the breezy humorist, and the splendid example of pluck, energy, and skill in tune of such a man, say, as the late Mr. Henry Russell? But thereby hangs a tale. Each generation likes its own popular songs, and it takes a long time to make the wheel turn full circle. Perhaps, however, the time may come—of course we speak quite apart from the really good work of today—when the hearty, sincere, free and honest work of a past generation may, either in person or disguise, turn out the sickly sentimental period which has come into the temporary possession of the singer who is not overgifted with brains.—Pall Mall Gazette.

For our own part, we are not particularly interested in national opera. It has been the bad habit in painting, in music and in all the arts, to separate everything into schools by merely appealing to one's sentiment of time. Whistler taught us this lesson so completely and so absolutely that there is no further argument possible on one side or the other. National opera is a phrase which undoubtedly appeals to one's patriotic instincts, but the essential thought of it must necessarily be that children are born into the world in England, France, Russia, Germany or Italy, who will complete the central idea of the situation; therefore, it seems to us that a clamor for national opera has no reasonable basis for its appeal. If, for example, Sir Edward Elgar were suddenly to turn his enormous genius toward the production of a great operatic work; if Sir Hubert Parry would alight upon a stirring libretto, and thereby desert his oratorio work, one might easily speak about a national opera. At the present moment there is no question about the fact that England has not produced a great writer of music-drama since the day when Henry Purcell was debarred from entering his own house in a snow storm because his wife had chosen to think that he had been too long away from his family hearth—surely the greatest crime ever perpetrated in history.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A PLEASANT ROAST.

"Musical Recollections," by Bessie Palmer, was thus pleasantly reviewed by the Pall Mall Gazette:

"It is always amusing and interesting to hear the outpourings of one who has met many people in her time, and who has from the musical world been able to cull many memories of people who linger in the mind, not only as great men and women who have passed away, but also as names with which many living people are still able to make comparisons. Unfortunately, Miss Palmer looks backward on her own career from a strangely uplifted point of view, and writes as though she were historically an important part of the great musical world which existed in the middle of the 19th century. It is true that she was constantly in association with the great men of that day, but she evidently finds it impossible to separate herself from such greatness, and she calmly writes some 300 pages of gossip, in which she centres among that generation's galaxy of talent, as on a summer night the moon is centred among the galaxy of stars that crowd around her. Miss Palmer, indeed, when we come to look through her book carefully, has not very much to say about her long life. She had a friend called 'Sadie,' who figures in her pages as a sort of heroine, and apparently died (to the extreme distress of her circle) long before her appointed time. But the real and transcendent heroine of the book is, without doubt, one Mrs. Williams, for from that excellent lady, of whose existence we have never heard before, Miss Palmer inherited a small fortune, about which she is never tired of speaking. No doubt it is quite right that Miss Palmer should be grateful to Mrs. Williams for a most visible increase in her banking account; but, to speak with all seriousness, it really does not matter to the man in the street whether Mrs. Williams did or did not influence Miss Palmer's affairs so completely as they are described in this small autobiography. In reading a book like this one is perpetually reminded of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's delightful line:

'A wandering minstrel I, a thing of shreds and patches.'

For, indeed, this book is nothing more than a conglomeration of shreds and patches, with words of little meaning to the general public. We do not wish to pass any very harsh judgment upon Miss Palmer's recollections, but at the same time it is impossible not to realize how small is the value of such reminiscences to the general, who neither know nor care, unless a point of view be presented in a fine literary style, as has been the case with some few great biographies, for the enjoyment of absolute strangers. Dinner-table talk, when men beyond one's own years recount their experience of the great men of the world is, no doubt, very amusing; but this is simply dinner-table talk, like the broken meats which have served their purposes."

GRAND OPERA.

The Conried Metropolitan Company to Be Heard in a Series of Fine Bills at the Boston Theatre.

The annual engagement of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company will begin at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, March 6. It will be restricted to a single week, of eight performances, including Thursday and Saturday matinees. Mr. Conried will present, with the casts as at the Metropolitan Opera House, with the same elaborate settings, all those operas which received indorsement this season at the hands of the New York public.

The list of artists include Mmes. Nordica, Sembrich, Alten (a newcomer), Fremstad, Homer, De Macchi, Walker, and Messrs. Caruso, Dippel, Burgstaller, Goritz, Giraldoni, Journet, Blass Muehmann, Plancon, Reiss, Rossi, Saleza, Scotti and Van Rooy.

The greatest interest naturally centres in "Parsifal," which will be presented in manner identical with that at the Metropolitan Opera House. This necessarily entails extensive alterations in the Boston Theatre stage, a fact which Mr. Conried has taken into due consideration. He will himself direct and supervise the work, and, to insure its accomplishment, intends to bring the entire force of stage hands—carpenters, electricians and property men—from the Metropolitan Opera House to Boston. This opera will have two performances here—one on Tuesday evening and the other on Thursday afternoon. There will be no Wednesday matinee.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" is announced for the opening bill for Monday evening, March 6. It introduces the world-famous tenor, Caruso, and Mme. Sembrech in the leading parts. In "Parsifal" we are to have Nordica, Burgstaller and Van Rooy, for Tuesday evening, and for Thursday afternoon Fremstad, Burgstaller and Van Rooy. Mme. De Macchi and Mr. Dippel will appear in the first half of the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Wednesday evening, and Miss Alten, with Caruso and Scotti, in "Pagliacci." "Die Fledermaus" will be the bill for Thursday evening, with Mme. Sembrich, Miss Alten and Mr. Dippel, while for Friday evening "Gioconda" is the opera with cast of Nordica, Homer, Walker, Caruso, Giraldoni and Plancon. The opera for Saturday afternoon will be "Les Huguenots," with Sembrich, De Macchi, Saleza, Scotti and Plancon, and that for Saturday evening, "Die Meistersinger," with Miss Alten and Mmes. Homer, Messrs. Dippel, Goritz and Van Rooy.

The scale of prices for season tickets, according to the circular announcement of Manager McCarty of the Boston Theatre to season ticket holders, is as follows: For the entire eight performances, orchestra and first two rows in balcony, $50; orchestra circle, $44; dress circle (last four rows in balcony), $28, and family circle, $19. For seven performances only (including either performance of "Parsifal"), the price is $40 for orchestra and first two rows in balcony, $27 for orchestra circle, $23 for dress circle and $15.50 for family circle.

Preference in location will be given to subscribers for the entire series of eight performances.

Applications for season tickets may now be sent (inclosing check to the Boston of Lawrence McCarty) to the Boston Theatre and the seats will be allotted according as the orders are received. This season subscription sale is by letter only and will close Saturday, Feb. 18. The Boston Theatre box office will be open for the public sale of season tickets from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21, 22 and 23.

The sale of tickets for single seats will be open on Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 9 A. M.

ORPHEUS CONCERT.

The announcement that the Orpheus Musical Society would give a public concert on Friday evening, Feb. 10, in Jordan Hall, in the New England Conservatory of Music, has aroused a deep interest among the lovers of German songs. Representative songs will be sung by the chorus of 50 male voices, under the leadership of Karl Kaufmann. The Orpheus, in past years, was famed for its concerts, and was the first singing society to introduce the four-part male chorus in New England. Fifty years ago, when this society was started, the fame of the Orpheus spread throughout the country, and this chorus gave concerts in various cities. Under the leadership of some of the greatest musical directors in the United States, the public concerts given by them were the finest known in Boston. After many years of public singing, the Orpheus retired from the public attention. Now this society has come again before the music-loving element and admirers of German song, and with a chorus of 50 men, an exceptionally fine concert has been arranged. The programme will include "Wach' auf, du schoene Traumerin," by W. Gericke; "Der Heini von Steier," by F. Heim; "In der Marienkirche," by C. Loewe; "Ueber's Jahr mein Schatz," by W. Handwerg; "Der Kaefer und die Blume," by W. Veit; "Das Lied vom Rheinwein," by C. Zollner; "Fruehlingsnetz," by C. Goldmark, accompanied by a horn quartet, and "Ein Sonntag auf der Alm," by Th. Koschat, a waltz idyll, with piano and church chimes. Messrs. Hackebarth, Heim, Lorbeer and Schumann, the horn quartet of the Symphony orchestra, and Mr. Heberlein, 'cellist, also of the Symphony orchestra, will assist, as will Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M. Sixth Sunday Chamber Concert. Adamowski Trio (Mme. Szumowska, Messrs. T. and J. Adamowski); Paul Juon's Trio op. 17 (first time); Romance for 'cello, Arensky (first time), Fitzenhagen's gavotte, No. 2, for 'cello; Chopin's Nocturne in C minor, impromptu in F sharp major, Polonaise in C sharp minor; Romanza for violin, Beethoven, Scene de Czardas for violin, Hubay. Andante and Scherzo from Goldmark's E minor Trio.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet. Mozart's quartet in F major (K. 590); Beethoven's trio in B flat, op. 97; Brahms' quintet in F minor, op. 34. Mr. Eugen d'Albert will be the pianist.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang, conductor. Dvorak's "Requiem." Solo singers: Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, Miss Adah Hussey, Mr. Theo Van Yorx, Mr. L. B. Merrill.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Ysaye's concert, with an orchestra of 65, led by Mr. Willy Hess (his first appearance here as a conductor). Mr. Ysaye will play Saint Saëns' concerto No. 3 in B minor, Mozart's concerto in E flat and Bruch's Scottish Fantasia. The orchestra will play Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of Scandinavian music for the benefit of the Danish Lutheran Church. Mrs. Mathilde Ward, soprano, will sing songs by J. P. E. Hartmann, Grieg, Sjoegren, Gade, Hornemann. Mrs. Crawford Folsom, contralto, will sing songs by Helse and Grieg, and there will be duets by Gade and Hornemann. Mrs. Christine Mackie, pianist, and Mr. Hakon Schmedes, violinist, will play Grieg's sonata in C minor, and Mr. Schmedes will play Neruda's "Slav Cradle Song" and his own Romance.

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach for the Faelton Pianoforte School.

THURSDAY—The Tuileries, 3 P. M. Recital by Miss Florence Dingley, lyric soprano.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Frances Rock. Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Weber's "Perpetual Motion," Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G minor and Polonaise. Melody by Paderewski, Serenade by Leschetitzki, Liszt's Etude in D flat major, Moszkowski's Waltz, op. 34, No. 1.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor. Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Bruch's Serenade for violin and orchestra (first time—Miss Marie Nichols, violinist); R. Strauss' Rondo, "Till Eulenspiegel"; Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Alice Goodall Eldridge, who will play Scarlatti's Pastorale in E and Capriccio, Brahms's Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel, R. Strauss' "Traeumerei," and Leschetitzki's Barcarolle in A flat. Mrs. Edith McGregor Woods, contralto, will sing four songs by Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter; Mr. Edward A. Osgood, bass, will sing an aria, "Matho's Appeal to Salammbo," and two songs by Mrs. Porter, and Mr. Frederick L. Mahn will play violin pieces by Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Porter will be the pianist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Feb 6, 1905

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

The Adamowski Trio Plays Juon's Trio, Op. 17, for the First Time Here, in Chickering Hall.

The sixth Sunday chamber concert occurred yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. The programme was furnished by the Adamowski Trio (Mme. Szumowski, Messrs. Timothee and Josef Adamowski), and consisted of Paul Juon's Trio, op. 17, the andante and scherzo from Goldmark's E minor Trio, and groups of solo pieces for piano, violin and 'cello.

The trio by Juon was played here for the first time. The composer, born at Moscow in 1872, now lives in Berlin. He studied five years at the Moscow Conservatory and he then went to Berlin to study with Bargiel. For a short time (1896-97) he taught composition at the Conservatory of Baku on the Caspian sea. He has written a symphony and other orchestral pieces, chamber music, piano pieces, etc. This trio was played at a festival of the German Music Societies at Krefeld in June, 1902. It is in three movements, which are rather concise. In the first, an allegro, the 'cello opens almost immediately with the chief theme, a warm and flowing melody, which is then taken up by the violin. The second theme, of a roguish nature, is announced by the violin, and it is repeated canonically. The contrapuntal facility of Juon is shown in the development. The second movement is an adagio in song form. The theme is sung by the violin, which afterward accompanies in a masterly manner the 'cello, which takes up the strain. A subsidiary theme is given to the piano. The finale is a lively rondo, based on three themes announced respectively by piano violin and 'cello.

The performance of the trio was animated; the melodious second movement appeared to give the most pleasure. Another feature of the programme was a Romance by Arensky for the 'cello, played here for the first time. The two movements from Goldmark's trio went well, with admirable smoothness and unity. The solo groups were all pleasing; Mme. Szumowski's performance of three pieces by Chopin was graceful and charming. All the musicians were applauded with enthusiasm, and there were encores.

The next concert (the first of the second series) will take place next Sunday, and will be given by the Longy Club.

ANTE-NUPTIAL CONTRACTS.

Young or old men and women contemplating matrimony should read diligently the newspapers; not that they should follow the specific advice given to the newly married, but they will have the opportunity of knowing at least by watching the tragi-comedy of married life how agreements made before the wedding day often mar domestic happiness if they are scrupulously carried out.

Take the case, for instance, of Mr. and Mrs. Germaine of Newark, N. J. Mr. Germaine, it appears, is a hatter, but without the madness that tradition ascribes to the calling. He and his wife have four rooms—two for themselves and two for canaries, which Mr. Germaine raises for sale. He argues, no doubt, that, although men may get along with old hats, women must have songbirds. Mrs. Germaine complained, a day or two ago, in court that her husband is in the habit of beating her. He answered that she does not feed the canaries, although he told her when he married her that one of her duties should be to care for the birds. She declined to answer the charge and also to receive the punishment. It seems to us that a grown man should not be expected to look after bird food—seeds and bits of apple and all that. He may water window ferns without a loss of personal dignity, but it is a woman's duty to see to the birds. A man may be expected, perhaps, to provide birds in his courting days when he lacks judgment, and also to provide the appropriate bottles, but we do not like to think of him fussing about a cage, anxious about fresh water and cuttle-bone, chirping foolishly to the prisoners. And see how reasonable Mr. Germaine is in the matter. He agrees to stop beating his wife, but his wife does not agree to tend the birds.

Across the Atlantic comes the news that Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who has for a long time had Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne in restraining charge, is now betrothed to a tall, dark, handsome woman of about 28 years, and therefore about forty years younger than her intended husband. If she marries him, she will soon be his nurse, and a prudent man engages one that is good looking, of such striking beauty that his dimmed eyes are charmed and solaced. "It is understood that as a condition of the marriage Mr. Swinburne is to continue to reside with Mr. Watts-Dunton." A fatal mistake for the young woman. Mr. Swinburne is by profession a poet, a most accomplished poet, the last of the great English line, and, as some think, the great poet of the Victorian era, although his earlier verses shocked the late Queen. Poets, as one of their own number has said, are an irritable race. The greater a poet the more irritable he must be. When Mrs. Watts-Dunton has charge of the housekeeping, there may be accidents. The tea may be weak, the toast far this side of perfection, the damson tart a failure. We hear Mr. Swinburne saying: "Theodore, things used to be different. Why did you bring that woman into our house?" And Mr. Swinburne has an incredibly rich vocabulary of abuse—witness his diatribes in prose against the unfortunates who do not share his opinions on literary matters. Or if Mr. Swinburne be amiably inclined, he may bore Mrs. Watts-Dunton by reading his manuscript poems to her in his high-pitched and elocutionary voice. Worse still—he may address her with a pointedly amorous address of seventy-five verses.

Ante-nuptial agreements are always to be carefully considered; and, if it be possible, to be avoided. The man and the woman three years after marriage are not the ones physically and mentally that made the contracts and thus gave hostages to happiness.

HER LAST APPEARANCE.

There have been strange and also picturesque hangings of women in England. Many know the ending of Mrs. Turner, who was accused of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. She had ingeniously invented, or, as some say, imported from France, yellow starch, and, therefore, Lord Coke, with a grim sense of humor, commanded that she should be hanged "in her yellow Tinny Ruff and Cuff." She dressed the part as for a holiday: "Her face was highly rouged, and she wore a cobweb lawn ruff, yellow starched." The hangman put on yellow bands and cuffs to be in harmony. She had provided herself with a black silk ribbon, and he tied her hands with it, and he put a black veil over her face. She died quietly, and yellow starch was no longer in fashion. There were blue starch women and goose green starch women, but yellow brought to the mind the thought of Mrs. Turner. About sixty years afterward, in 1677, a woman and a little dog ten inches high were hanged on Tyburn Tree, side by side, as accomplices—"a hideous prospect," as an old chronicler remarked.

There were witches hanged—as Elizabeth Clarke, to whom the devil had appeared in the shape of a proper gentleman with a laced band; Rebecca Weste, who confessed that the devil had approached her in the shape of a dog, kissed her—he was as cold as clay—and promised to marry her; one who stoutly denied that she had ridden over an arm of the sea on a cow; the poor wretches in whose case the learned Sir Thomas Browne was called as an expert for the government; and others.

But perhaps the most spectacular hanging was that of Mary Blandy, spinster and parricide. She fell passionately in love with one Cranstoun, although "his shape was in no ways genteel, his legs clumsy, and he had nothing in the least elegant in his manner"; he was stupid, dissipated, poverty-stricken, and he had a wife and child. He persuaded her to give her father arsenic, for he had heard that old Blandy was very rich. Mary gave her father such tremendous doses that his teeth dropped out, and she then called him with horrid oaths "a toothless old rogue." The father was told his daughter was trying to kill him. He remarked only this: "Poor lovesick girl! What will not a woman do for the man she loves." This mild philosopher finally died, and the daughter was tried in 1752. The trial lasted only twelve hours, for there were no experts summoned, either physicians or judges of handwriting. The prisoner was described by a contemporary as "sedate and composed, without levity or dejection." The jury consulted for five minutes in the box and returned a verdict of guilty. To the last she professed her ignorance, and there were some who believed her and denied her guilt, but the majority thought with Horace Walpole: "As if a woman who would not stick at parricide would scruple a lie." There were pamphlets for and against her. At last she was hanged. She wore a black bombazine short sack and petticoat, with a white handkerchief drawn over her face. Her hands were tied together with a black ribbon. She said to the executioner and his merry men: "Gentlemen, don't hang me high for the sake of decency," and so her feet almost touched the ground. When she mounted the ladder she exclaimed: "I am afraid I shall fall." She said for the last time that she was innocent. About 5000 saw her hanged; "many of whom, and particularly several gentlemen of the university, were observed to shed tears." This was the end of the "genteel, agreeable, sprightly, sensible" Miss Blandy. Walpole admitted and admired her courage and also moralized: "We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder; it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect, for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it."

Hanging naturally brings with it the thought of reprieves. The most extraordinary instance we remember was that of a man sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, who had a wen on his throat. The wen weighed between thirty and forty pounds, and there was a protest made by surgeons, who obtained his pardon. John Hunter removed the wen, and inasmuch as the criminal's offence had been of a minor nature—for offences that now seem light to us were then capital—he was taken into Hunter's service, and he used to exhibit his own wen in his master's museum.

The clothes of persons hanged were given to the hangman, and Alice Morse Earle tells of a poor New England girl who went to the scaffold in her shabbiest dress and twitted the executioner because he would get only a poor suit. "The last woman hanged in Massachusetts wore a white satin gown, which I expect the sheriff's daughter much revelled in the following winter at dancing parties."

Feb 7 1905

BOSTON AGAIN HEARS D'ALBERT

Symphony Quartet Gives Its Fourth Concert in Jordan Hall—Pianist Plays Selections from Beethoven and Brahms.

The Boston Symphony quartet, with the assistance of Mr. Eugen d'Albert, pianist, gave its fourth concert last evening in Jordan Hall. There was an appreciative audience of good size. The programme was as follows: Beethoven's trio in B flat major, op. 97; Haydn's quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2; Brahms' quintet in F minor, op. 34.

The impression made by Mr. d'Albert with his own concerto at the Symphony concert last Saturday evening was not unlike that made by an express train at full speed. The hearer was the village boy on the backyard fence, awaiting nervously the passing. Rush, roar and dust, and the train was out of sight. The train had indisputable technic; it got there; but the technic was not characterized by finesse or subtlety. The boy held firmly on to the fence rail and when the track was clear thought cheerfully of something else.

Last evening the audience had an opportunity of hearing Mr. d'Albert in chamber music, the first opportunity as we remember, given in this city. The stage had been boxed, apparently for the occasion, to concentrate the sonority. The result was unsatisfactory in the trio, for the sound seemed at times muffled. (It is true that the piano lid was down, but we doubt whether this had much to do with the matter.) Nevertheless, the performance was excellent and impressive in many ways.

Mr. d'Albert did not write the finale so he cannot be held responsible for the inherent conventionalism and dullness of the music. Even in the final it was a pleasure to hear him. Some years ago he played here Beethoven's concerto in G major—not with the Symphony orchestra—and his interpretation of the romantic slow movement has ever since haunted those who heard it.

When he was last in Boston he gave a memorable performance of Beethoven's fifth concerto. Last evening he showed that he was on equally intimate terms with Beethoven, the composer of chamber music. We all hear much about "the true spirit" of this composer; we are told that this pianist does not play in the spirit and that one does.

If you should ask, "Pray, what is the precise spirit of Beethoven?" the answer would not be a full explanation. We doubt whether Beethoven himself ever played one of his compositions twice exactly in the same manner. No pianist of moods and imagination can play in such an academic fashion. One associates, however, with the name Beethoven infinite tenderness, profound or lofty thought, grotesque humor, titanic longing, passion, despair. The pianist who establishes any one of these moods, who awakens in the hearer beautiful, serene or solemn thoughts without his own disturbing interposition, may be said to appreciate, feel, reproduce the sentiments or the emotions of Beethoven.

It seems to us that Mr. d'Albert is one of the few great interpreters of this composer, if he is not the greatest. When he plays this music he is neither cautiously reverent nor arrogantly bold. The music is frankly expressed with the noble simplicity that characterizes it. The song is sung with emotion, the bravura is brilliantly musical, and when Beethoven is in holiday mood and shouting from mere high spirits and joy in life there is no attempt to represent him in other guise. The salient points are not overaccentuated, the subordinate details are beautiful and in the background.

Throughout this trio Mr. d'Albert showed a fine sense of proportion; he was neither unduly assertive nor incongruously poetic. It was an admirable performance. His colleagues were well disposed, and strove successfully in friendly rivalry to set forth the charm and the strength of the music.

The quartet by Haydn was played with much spirit, and the andante and the menuetto in which Haydn and Haydned himself gave special pleasure.

It was perhaps a mistake to give two such serious and long works as the trio and the quintet in one concert. If it was really necessary to play the two, the quartet served as an excellent and contrasting intermezzo. The piano lid was raised for the quintet, the strings were well in front, there was a call for intensity, and piano and strings entered on the formidable task.

There were the players well equipped, ready to do full justice. Unfortunately, the music itself is not in Brahms' most interesting manner. The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep; but there are some who are tempted to sleep before the final allegro non troppo. That fatal "not too much" of Brahms'! It leads confirmed devotees to play any honest straightforward allegro of another composer at too slow a pace. It is a good thing, no doubt, to hear occasionally a work by Brahms—"ma non troppo."

The fifth concert of the series will be on March 6.

A DOUBTFUL BIRD.

We are glad to hear of the success of the ostrich farm in California. The farm at Nanterre, France, excited the admiration of the late Francisque Sarcey, who, on a vacation from the theatre, visited the ostriches and sang the praise of the bird in a feuilleton, the bird whose features he declared to be gold, its flesh manna, and one of its eggs enough for an omelette. What Bret Harte said of the Australian emu may be said of the ostrich:

> "Old saws and gimlets
> Its appetite whets,
> Like the world-famous bark of Peru."

Yet this diet leads to a post-mortem toothsome roast. Sarcey described the ostrich in France as living peaceably in the meadows with the ox and the horse, and laying from twenty-five to fifty eggs a year. This is contrary to the old opinion that the ostrich has a natural hatred of the horse, and is "so contrary to him that he may not see the horse without fear; and if a horse come against him, he raiseth up his wings, as it were, against his enemy and compelleth the horse to flee with beating of his wings."

Yet, in spite of the reassuring news from the West, a prudent New England farmer will hesitate before he stocks his farm with ostriches. He will first experiment with herons raised for the market. In order to assist him in his decision, we have consulted the wisdom of deep-thinking ancients. Consider first the question of raising eggs for omelettes. Berthelet thus describes the operation of laying: "And when the time is come that they shall lay eggs, they heave up their eyes and behold the stars that hight Pleiades, for they lay no eggs but when that constellation ariseth and is seen." Then they dig in gravel, lay their eggs, cover them up and go away to forget them. The farmer, therefore, will be obliged to watch the stars as well as the bird. Its diet is easily managed, for its natural food consists of pods and seeds of leguminous plants; but, as its stomach is hot, it eats horseshoes, tin cans, nails, etc. Cuvier remarks that, if it swallows everything, it does not digest everything; and in this respect the bird approaches some human beings. The ostrich has disagreeable characteristics, for the Arabians believe that it throws stones at a pursuer, even when he is friendly disposed. It is the type of pride, because its wings seem to bear it skyward while its heavy body holds it to the earth. There is symbolism in the eggs hung in Christian churches, or placed on the altar Easter day, for the ostrich egg represents the holy sepulchre. Early theologians believed, in opposition to naturalists, that the little ostrich would be imprisoned eternally in the egg if the mother did not break the shell with a mixture of honey and blood, which led Didron to exclaim: "Thus the Saviour, by his own blood, broke the stone of the tomb and mounted to heaven, where he sits on the right hand of the Father."

Furthermore, the poets, from Quarles with his "steel-digesting bird," to Cowper with his

> "The ostrich, silliest of the feathered kind,
> And formed of God without a parent's mind"

have treated the ostrich with extreme disrespect, while they have all agreed that the heron, the badge of sovereignty, is a most poetical and artistic feature of a landscape. No poet ever called a heron silly or greedy.

RULE OF THUMB.

The book of thumbs is now the latest form of autograph book in London, and not only among criminologists, who deal with the criminal classes by a discomfiting rule of thumb, but among haunters of drawing rooms. The caller is invited to contribute his thumbograph and to guarantee it with his autograph. The book is described by a sociologist as "a tastefully bound and decorated affair, interleaved with nicely tinted tissue paper, its pages divided into little squares, and every square provided with a modicum of variously colored wax or other plastic substance, like a seal." The sociologist is impressed by the individuality thus shown; he is surprised that so many friends and acquaintances have such "splotchy thumbs," for he had never noticed them when he looked at their hands casually; and when he saw his he was even more doubtful as to a genuine certification to his own individuality.

We remember the impression made by the English thumb on a French palmist some time ago. She went to London to study English hands, and when she was back in Paris she poured out her soul to a reporter: "I have found among the English women long thumbs; such thumbs are indicative of strong will, and this quality is an important factor in the success of the English people." All writers on palmistry agree as to the meaning of the thumb, however they may dispute over the characteristics, moral and mental, suggested by a spatulate or conic hand. The thumb has played an important part for centuries: in gladiatorial shows, in witchcraft, in torture. In Ceylon the bride and bridegroom eat out of one dish to make it clear that they are of the same rank; their thumbs are then tied together, and the ceremony ends with the sundering of the thumbs by the nearest relations, or by the priest. It is perhaps a significant fact that this ceremony is not intended necessarily for long continuance. For an indissoluble marriage the parties are joined together with a long cloth.

If the English women have long thumbs, always "indicative of strong will," why do they submit so meekly to the physical brutality of their husbands? If there is any truth in court records, the English are still a nation of wife beaters. Look over Truth for the last ten years and read the "pillory" prepared for so many weeks by Mr. Labouchere. Read the court reports in the London journals. The Hon. Mr. Augustus Slimky begins to "swat" and "bash" his wife before the setting of the honeymoon, and Mr. William Sykes finds supreme delight, when he is depressed by the routine of life and doubts concerning the eternal problems, in jumping on the ribs of Mrs. Sykes, the woman he had sworn to cherish. You will also find that these long-thumbed women are disposed to kiss the fist that beats them. How about their "strong will"?

The French palmist examined nearly a thousand hands in all classes of English society, "from the court to the humblest dwelling," and she found everywhere the same characteristics, "indicative of a universal belief in the Anglo-Saxon race. These hands are firm, strong, rather red, with square fingers that indicate punctuality, practical common sense, energy, activity." The Englishman, like Cassius, is famous for his itching palm. Ask Egypt, India, Africa, Thibet, sea islands, and they will answer "Yes." But the Parisian palmist made no mention of this dominating characteristic.

She found no traces of organic disease in these hands, but in the lines of

several women she found sure indications of an approaching accident of some uncomfortable, if not fatal, nature. "I found in each instance that the lady rode a bicycle, and I advised her to stop it."

The Borborites maintained that men at the beginning had the paws of a dog and lived together in peace and happy ignorance; that some demon looked unkindly on the race and turned the paws into hands, and then our remote ancestors began to provide themselves with tools, to subdue other animals, to build houses, to cut clothes, to paint pictures and to kill each other with surprising ease. And with hands came the science of palmistry. The devout chiromancer will quote Job: "He sealeth up the hand of every man: that all men may know his work," though it be plain, as Cornelius Agrippa objected, that "the Divine Author doth not there treat of vain chiromancy but of the liberty of the will." And there are many remarkable statements in books on palmistry which are often entertaining reading. We recall a leading French treatise, translated into English by Heron-Allen, in which a beautiful theory was based on the familiar fact that in Pittsburg, Pa., no workman is allowed more than ten minutes for his dinner.

Feb 8, 1905

CECILIA GAVE DVORAK'S REQUIEM

Dvorak's "Requiem" mass was performed last night by the Cecilia Society at its second concert in Symphony Hall. Mr. Lang conducted. The solo singers were Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, Miss Adah Hussey, Mr. Theodore Van Yorx and Mr. L. B. Merrill. Mr. Ondricek was concert master and Mr. Whelpley was organist. The audience was one of fair size, and it was discriminative in the matter of applause.

The "Requiem" was first performed here by the Cecilia, Nov. 30, 1892, when Dvorak conducted with a modesty that approached naivete. He wrote the work for the Birmingham festival, as he had some years before composed "The Spectre's Bride"; the request was made, there was a pecuniary inducement, and Dvorak needed money. He could not take the answer of Verdi, who, when asked by the directoire of the same festival to write a work, replied that he could not agree to furnish one at any appointed time; that he could write only when in the mood; that he could not compose to fill an order. Did Dvorak choose his subject, or was it suggested to him? Did it appeal to him? Tschaikowsky wrote to a grand duke of his country, a patron of the arts, that the thought of a requiem was distasteful to him by reason of the passages in the text which represented the Deity as an avenging and revengeful God; that he could not set music to such texts.

Any discussion of the merits or shortcomings of Dvorak's "Requiem" necessarily brings with it discussion of religious music, and the disputants will then advance individual opinions. When Verdi's "Requiem" was characterized in Germany by certain hide-bound pedants as an inherently operatic work, a few critics were sane enough to answer that an Italian reared in the Catholic faith could not possibly take the musical view of a North German setting music to the text of a mass, requiem, or such a hymn as the "Stabat Mater." The restrained emotion or the cold formalism of the northern composer would seem as a lack of faith to the glowing southerner. Gabriel Faure wrote a "Requiem," which is so tender and graceful in musical expression—we believe the "Dies Irae" is thoughtfully omitted—that it has been called a "Requiem" for "une petite dame." But why should not the poor "petites dames" have their "Requiem"? And why should not perpetual light shine on them as on the sternest and most rigid theologian? The nationality of a composer must out in certain characteristics of his music; his own individuality and his environment also influence him. Yet there are still some who believe that there can be no religious emotion in six-eight time, and that fugal expression is peculiarly acceptable to the Lord and his quiring angels.

Dvorak was a man of simple faith, but he was first of all a fluent musician. Here was a text, and there was music to be set to it. He wrote the music as he felt it. Unfortunately for us he either did not feel deeply or his expression did not do justice to his thought, or the subject was not suited to his peculiar talent. The music is too often neither dramatic nor mystical; neither spectacular nor poignantly emotional. Leave Verdi's unique and thrilling "Requiem" out of the question. Compare this work of Dvorak, a modern of indisputably romantic feeling, of rare sensitiveness in matters of rhythm and color, ready to use all the resources of the modern orchestra, and compare it with, say, the "Requiem" of Cherubini, a formalist of formalists, and how far the latter excels the former in grandeur, terror, sweetness and light! It must be confessed that much of Dvorak's "Requiem" is not only ineffective; it is boresome; and this is the severest reproach that can be brought against a religious work of such inherently dramatic character. The music lacks concentrated intensity; the emotion, when there is an emotional display, is not direct, poignant, elemental. There is often the suspicion that Dvorak, the supremely ingenuous, here labored hard to be ingenious.

The difficulties thrown recklessly in the way of chorus and solo singers are so great and unnecessary that an ideal performance is seldom if ever attained. That of last night was on the whole more than creditable; it was often excellent. There were moments when the attention of the chorus was fixed on mere accuracy of reading rather than on subtle interpretation or even on plodding obedience to the composer's indications concerning expression; but the choral performance was generally, and at times surprisingly, good even for the Cecilia, and the fugue "Quam olim Abrahae" was sung exceedingly well. The solo singers were for the most part undisturbed by the trying task, and as effective as the often distorted or angular melodic lines would allow. Mrs. de Moss perhaps deserves special praise on account of the singularly difficult and ungrateful solo phrases allotted to her, and the voice and the musical qualities of Miss Hussey brought to mind the fact that Boston will soon lose a singer that will be sorely missed.

The third concert of the Cecilia will be on Tuesday evening, April 4, when Charpentier's "La Vie du Poete" and Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" will be performed. The former will be heard here for the first time; the latter was given in Boston with piano accompaniment last season. The solo singers will be Mme. Gadski, Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child and Mr. Edward Barrow.

DEPARTED GLORY.

Mr. William Walker is the class leader in the Methodist church at Frostberg, Md., and he escorted Miss Spiker of Lonaconing to the meeting in a spirit of peace and with love toward all mankind. The walk was a delightful one, cheered by improving conversation and interpolated sentiment. Mr. Walker was leading the meeting in his usual able and accomplished manner and to the intense admiration of Miss Spiker, when Mr. Behman, a likely youth, nigh 21, arose in the family pew, drew a gun, and said in harsh, jarring tones that he would kill him. His threat disturbed the worshippers, who believe in deeds, not words. They threw him out, and Mr. Walker after this painful interruption continued to lead the meeting—until, happening to look through a window, he saw young Mr. Behman again pointing his gun at him. Mr. Walker thereupon moved to a safe place behind the pulpit, and the worshippers dispersed without even taking up a collection. Miss Spiker, true to her admirer, was walking home with Mr. Walker, and saying what she thought of Mr. Behman, when the latter came up behind and hit her swain on the head with a blackjack.

How changed the times! In the good old days, when the family shotgun stood in every pious southern home near the old family Bible, worshippers went armed to church, as the Pilgrims in Boughton's picture. There was often shooting, but seldom in pew or aisle or pulpit. The affair generally occurred after the benediction had been reverently heard, and the gun play was on the church steps. No southern gentleman in the old days would have dreamed of disturbing a class leader or punctuating his remarks with lead. Least of all would he have allowed loose and windy threats to escape the barrier of his teeth. The weapons for the day were guns, or at least knives, and they were used in close, terse conversation. The funerals were then and there appointed, and the clergyman, if he had escaped a stray bullet, was then and there engaged to lead in the last sad but impressive rites.

The conduct of Mr. Behman cannot be too severely censured. He threatened, it seems, not because Mr. Walker had advanced heterodox views, not because he spoke enthusiastically of the higher criticism, but for this reason: Miss Spiker had refused the offer of his hand in marriage. He was willing that Mr. Walker should lead in church, but he could not endure the thought of Mr. Walker leading Miss Spiker in her journey through the world. Hence the threat; hence the sneaking blackjack.

There was a time when no southern girl would permit any one who had sought refuge behind a pulpit to lead her. The heroine drawn lovingly by novelists below the line would have at once nestled in Mr. Behman's manly breast had he shot quickly and in a straight line; she would have said to the leader behind the pulpit: "Sir, I do not know you." But we are living in a strictly commercial age, and the once glorious southern institutions and practices are now only traditions for ballad mongers.

WASTED TREASURES.

Mr. John Augelhardt of Mountain Lake, Minn., is a "wealthy church member." It will be seen that he is also a cheerful Christian. Attending a meeting of an aid society, he was much amused at the sight of a female member kissing frequently her little dog on his mouth. He was so much amused that he at first snickered and then laughed right out, whereupon the woman and her sisters in charity said they all were in the habit of kissing their dogs. This moved him to make a wager with them that the half-dozen could not kiss their dogs once a day for thirty days. They took him up and kissed for ten days, when two of them became violently sick. Only one held out until the twenty-ninth day. Mr. Angelhardt in a most gentlemanlike manner says that he will not hold the women to their bet, and he has given a large amount of money to the church.

A condition of this wager was that the kissing should be done immediately after breakfast. Whether the hour had anything to do with the distressing sickness is a nice question. J. B. Sinibaldi, a philosopher and physician of Abruzzi, wrote a singular and entertaining folio entitled "Geneanthropeia." We have consulted the second edition, published at Rome in 1642, and in book vii., chapter 27, there is a most learned disquisition as to the precise hour at which a man may safely kiss his wife. The ancients are quoted, and, as in many other instances, they disagree; some say that the kiss should be after a meal; others shake their heads and say "Before." Any morning hour seems to us incongruous and prejudicial. A kiss of any kind is more romantic after sundown, and for this reason alone the dwellers in upper Norway are to be pitied. The thought of an ante-breakfast kiss is intolerable. Mr. Angelhardt should not have named so early an hour. Yet the fact that a well bred little dog is sweeter than many men and—it must be said—women is a sad reflection on poor humanity. Dogs do not as a rule smoke, drink strong waters or sweet wine, or gross and sensual beer; they do not eat rich sauces and stomach and liver disturbing food. There are big dogs with a feverish breath, but they are of the kind not petted so familiarly by women. There are also house dogs with perverted tastes, ruined by association with doting adorers. We have seen a little dog drinking tea or eating soup and fish and meat and ice cream to the injury of his health. Before we offer an opinion on the Mountain Lake case, we should like information concerning the precise nature of the breakfast given to the dogs.

Few men would care to eat a quail every day for thirty days. The experiment has often been tried. But why one kiss a day for thirty days should throw the kisser into sickness is not easily determined, for women often kiss their pets repeatedly during the call of some bashful wooer, who, if he is of a sensitive nature, is thus made shyer, or at least he is disinclined to share such favors with a dog. The kiss is then a disenchantment, not an allurement. The fact that three of the dogs at Mountain Lake are dead and that other dogs are exhibiting strange symptoms is an unpleasant reflection on the kissers, and must lead the young men and even the immune husbands to deep meditation.

These women told Mr. Angelhardt they thought the habit of kissing their dogs a nice custom. They are not the first, nor is such a waste of affection confined to the Minnesota town. To us the custom, which prevails in Boston as well as in Mountain Lake, is detestable. Not because there may be any fear of consequent disease, but because the practice seems futile and unclean. Three centuries and a half ago Dr. John Caius of the University of Cambridge wrote a short treatise on English dogs; in the third section he described the "delicate, neat and pretty kind of dogs called the Spaniel gentle, or the Comforter," and he concluded as follows: "These dogs are little, pretty proper, and fine; and sought for to satisfy the delicateness of dainty dames, instruments of folly for them to play and dally withal, to trifle away the treasure of time, to withdraw their minds from more commendable exercises, and to content their corrupted concupiscences with vain desport. A silly shift, to shirk irksome idleness! These puppies the smaller they be, the more pleasure they provoke, as more meet playfellows for mincing mistresses to bear in their bosoms, to keep company withal in their chambers, to succour with sleep in bed, and nourish with meat at board, to lay in their laps, and lick their lips as they ride in their waggons. * * * That plausible proverb verified upon a tyrant, namely, 'that he loved his sow better than his son,' may well be applied to this kind of people; who delight more in dogs that are deprived of all possibility of reason than they do in children that be capable of wisdom and judgement."

We remember a copper-plate illustration in which a young woman in a ball dress, with a high, shiny forehead, flashing eyes and quivering nostrils, is spurning a wine cup offered her by a young gentleman in irreproachable swallowtail and dissipated trousers. The picture bore this motto:

"The lips that touch liquor
Shall never touch mine."

Should not any young man at Mountain Lake, remembering the mortality among the dogs, say firmly:

The lips that touch Fido's
Shall never touch mine?

Feb 9, 1905

YSAYE CONCERT

Mr. Ysaye gave a concert last night in

Symphony Hall with an orchestra conducted by Mr. Willy Hess. The eminent violinist played Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, No. 3; Mozart's concerto in E flat; and Bruch's Fantasia on Scottish Folk Tunes. The audience was of good size, and it was most enthusiastic. The orchestra played Beethoven' "Egmont" overture and the scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

It would have been better if Mr. Ysaye had played two concertos with orchestra and a group of little pieces with piano. Three concertos are too much for the enjoyment of the average hearer, however well they may be played. Young American pianists making their first appearance in European cities are eager to play three concertos in a row, and we can easily imagine Mr. Ferruccio Busoni attacking six without change of piano or linen, if an audience could be induced to submit to the ordeal. The concerto by Saint-Saens, which Mr. Ysaye has played here with more dazzling brilliance, and Mozart's would have been enough to serve all purposes.

Other violinists come and go; they leave the impression of astonishing technic, of glittering elegance, of straightforward, honest interpretation, or of some other highly commendable quality. They are applauded at the time; they are remembered gratefully as men of talent. Once in a while a Sarasate or an Ysaye visits us, and we are conscious of the presence of a genius.

The man of talent does many surprising things. His technic may be more minutely worked out; he is always cool-headed in the preparation and the achievement of his efforts; his tempi are commended by prudent conductors; his interpretation of approved masters wins the approbation of stern purists; his emotion never rises above the safety line. The man of talent is an accomplished artist. The hearer's hearty applause is a due and just tribute, but the hearer while listening is always himself ready to criticise or analyze, to compare; he is always conscious of the fact that Mr. X. or Mr. Y. is playing exceedingly well.

The genius appears, and the hearer, after the first glance at the personal[illegible] of the player, is suddenly aware [illegible] he has forgotten all about th[illegible] ist who is weaving with [illegible] wondrous spell of persu[illegible] pelling music. He is [illegible] that is now crystal[illegible]

warm, caressing, sensuous, now noble and heroic. The tones form phrases that are charged with personal meaning or awaken in him thoughts that he can hardly define and would be utterly unable to express even to his closest friend.

The music itself, so far as arrangement of notes and indications for performance are concerned, he already knew; but it now seems to him as though it is charged with fuller, deeper meaning, this movement is loftier, that one is more romantic, and this again has an alertness, a fleetness as though it were music for Ariel. He forgets that he has heard the composition; he never heard it until the genius imparted to him, as though confidentially, what he has found in it by supreme intuition and through some mysterious revelation.

The hearer, in this instance, forgets, because his soul is now filled with new thoughts of haunting beauty, or fired to the ambitious endeavor to create something great or of surpassing loveliness. For the time being the hearer, too, is a musician and a poet. When the music is at an end, when he is released from the spell, he recollects that he is, after all, only a mortal, one musically receptive, not creative; but he has dreamed his dream, and in that dream he breathed a rarer air and was with the immortals.

Such a spell was worked last night by Mr. Ysaye, especially by means of Mozart's music.

Mr. Hess conducted the accompaniments with the sympathy of the virtuoso-musician and the Scherzo of Mendelssohn, played with becoming daintiness, gave evident pleasure. Mr. Ysaye, after the Fantasia, added to the long programme.

MRS. BEACH'S RECITAL.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach gave a piano recital last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall, under the auspices of the Faelten pianoforte school. After introductory remarks by Mrs. Reinhold Faelten, she played Bach's Fantasia in C minor; a prelude and fugue in G minor from Bach's "Well Tempered Clavichord"; Beethoven's Sonata, op. 81, a; Brahms' Rhapsodie, op. 119; R. Strauss' "Traeumerle"; Chopin's Scherzo in E major, op. 54; her own transcription of Richard Strauss' Serenade and her variations on Balkan themes, op. 60 (MS., first time). There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

This was the third of the piano recitals arranged by the Faelten school for the benefit of pupils and friends. Many accepted with pleasure the opportunity of hearing Mrs. Beach, whose appearances as a pianist in public have been too few of late.

Her art has been known and admired since the time of the first display of her unusual gifts. Her early talents, wisely cultivated and not exploited merely as a show of precociousness, brought full and abundant fruit, and the qualities of the virtuoso are now interwoven closely with those of the experienced and ripe musician. She is a thoughtful pianist, who remembers the spirit of the composer and that of the period in which he flourished, as well as his form and expression. Her interpretation of Bach and Beethoven is sound but not pedagogic, and she realizes the fact that Bach in his own day was a romanticist. To some the sonata chosen is not among Beethoven's masterpieces, but Mrs. Beach last evening surely persuaded such doubters that they were wrong. And so in the interpretation of more modern works, the pianist showed her usual intelligent sympathy.

Mrs. Beach is ranked high among American composers, and she is one of the few that has a foreign reputation based on knowledge of some of her works. Many women have composed and found publishers; very few have shown such diversified talent. She has won success with symphony and concert and chamber music as well as with less pretentious pieces; with mass, jubilate, cantata, as well as with songs. Her songs have far more than local reputation; they are found on the programmes of singers throughout the land. It is enough to say of her variations, played last night for the first time, that they show a sure acquaintance with the technic of composition; they are something more than exercise, well planned and carried out; the musical contents are interesting without regard to the technical display; and the work will undoubtedly be ranked among her best.

Mr. Carl Faelten will give the recital appointed for Wednesday evening, March 15.

A NEEDED TRANSLATION.

A Bey is known to Americans chiefly through comic opera librettists who have taken all sorts of liberties with his august person, and have for years never wearied of confounding the Osmanli word for "prince, sovereign," with the English words for an indentation of the sea into the land with a wide opening, and the deep, prolonged barking of a dog. Thoughtful persons have thus been prejudiced against him, but a ruler should not be held responsible for puns committed in his name. There are literary Beys, as the one of Tunis.

Now, rulers have not always been fortunate in literary work. Witness Queen Victoria and her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life," which nearly upset monarchy in England. The Life of Caesar, by Napoleon III., subjected the Emperor to the charge that he did not have the ability to write it, and that it was the work of Prosper Merimee. Julius Caesar, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and Gen. Grant are illustrious exceptions; but something in our heart tells us that the Bey of Tunis is an author who should be known in Boston. Who will translate into English his "Guide of True Believer in the Path of Duty"?

The book is not a spiritual manual, a religious guide. It treats of food, ablutions, matrimony; it gives a recipe for perfumed toothpicks; it informs the reader concerning the surest way of getting rid of fleas. It will be seen at once to be a book of universal interest and importance. Does the Bey advise a low vegetarian diet in hot weather? Does he insist on the importance of chives in salads? What are his views on matrimony? Does he quote approvingly the old text in Judges: "To every man a damsel or two"? Does he cling fast to the faith of his father and many mothers? Or does he, persuaded by experience, advise a change to monogamy, or even celibacy?

Since the toothpick is a distinctively American street ornament worn by both men and women, the Bey's remarks on perfumed toothpicks will be of special value. The ancient Romans used implements of mastic wood, friendly to the teeth, and quill. Does the Bey recommend some other material? We trust he does not advocate silver or gold or the wooden splinters served with ice water in restaurants. Quills soil easily, and they bore their way after a few months through waistcoat pockets. Why not a tool of Honduras mahogany with a diamond in the centre, and odorous with the perfume of fresh violets. Brunettes might prefer southern pine with imbedded rubies and violent with musk.

A NECESSARY VEGETABLE.

The Hartford Times, calling attention to the failure of the onion crop in Europe last year, says there is more profit at present in raising onions than in producing tobacco. "It may be doubted whether there is any other crop which pays so handsomely as the odoriferous vegetable which is now commanding such a high price in this part of the country."

There is an imperative demand for onions, yet there are persons who abhor them; who complain of the after-breath of burnt matches and fireworks. On the other hand a most ingenious German commentator suggests that the text in "Hamlet" (act 5, scene 2):

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an union shall he throw,"

should read:

"The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:
And in the cup an onion shall he throw."

in the hope, says the deep thinker, that the breath of Hamlet, a student inclined to melancholy and brooding, a man of inaction, might thereby be corrected and sweetened. It's a nice point, one not definitely settled. Let us hear from the Baconians, for the change from "union" to "onion" might shed new light on the cipher.

We write without prejudice, for we are passionately addicted to onions, stewed, boiled, raw, in salad, with steak, in soup—we welcome the onion in all its infinite variety of expression, and thus do we fly in the face of certain ancient worthies. Celsus calls it calefacient, and ranks it with things that have unwholesome juices. As a medicine it is approved and put in the fourth order of heating remedies. As a cataplasm with salt, rue and honey it cures the bites of mad dogs. It breaks hard tumors. Chewed, it helps paralysis of the tongue. Its juice is useful in suffusion and dimness of vision from thick humors. But to eat too much of onions "breedeth madness and woodness, and maketh dreadful dreams, and namely, if men that be new recovered of sickness eat thereof." A later English writer first states that the juice "anointed upon a pilled or bald head in the sun bringeth again the hair very speedily," but he disallows it as food; hear his solemn words: "The onion, being eaten, yea, though it be boiled, causeth headache, hurteth the eyes, maketh a man dim-sighted, dulleth the senses, and provoketh overmuch sleep, especially being eaten raw." Onions are good for colds, and the juice ameliorates deafness. (There are some onions so strong that they can be distinctly heard.) And what does Dr. Charles Harrington say? He is not against the onion, although he speaks of it only casually, as containing volatile oils which act as gentle stimulants.

This admirable vegetable has other, and perhaps more important, uses. The old analyst of melancholy speaks of young maids' only desire, if it may be done by art, to see their husbands' pictures in a glass: "They'll give anything to know when they shall be married, how many husbands they shall have, by cromnyomantia, a kind of divination with onions laid on the altar on Christmas eve." For the anxious maiden should take four, five or eight onions and make on each one a name she fancies, put them near the hearth or the radiator, and the onion that first sprouts bears the name of the future bridegroom. If you dream of an onion it presages sickness, or, as the poet sweetly sings in a ballad of the heart and hearth:

"To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,
Secrets found out or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said."

It is a sure weather prophet. Again we refer to the poets, the poets of simple lays, who sing of home and m-m-mother.

"Onion's skin very thin,
Mild winter's coming in;
Onion's skin thick and tough,
Coming winter cold and rough."

No wonder that the children of Israel, tired of manna in the wilderness, remembered longingly the fish in Egypt they ate freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions and the garlic. Is there a spouse who begrudges her husband such innocent and salutary pleasure? George Meredith has said fine and noble things, but none finer and nobler than the lines in which he depicts the ideal man and wife pledged with mutual onion against the world.

Feb 10. 1905

MISS DINGLEY'S RECITAL.

Miss Florence Dingley, soprano, gave a pleasant concert yesterday afternoon at the Tuileries to an appreciative audience. She was assisted by Mrs. Minnie Little Longley, pianist, and Mr. Daniel Kuntz, violinist. Miss Dingley sang a recitative and air from Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Haydn's "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Lehmann's "At the Making of the Hay," Franz's "Staendchen," Brahms' "Maedchenlied," Schumann's "Auftraege," Loewe's "War Schoener als der Schoenste Tag," Gounod's "Serenade" (with violin), an air from Gounod's "Mireille," Lemaire's "Vous Dansez Marquise," Debussy's "Romance," a song by Weil (with violin) and songs by Mrs. Beach, Miss Lang, Chadwick and Gericke. Mr. Kuntz played excerpts from Schuett's suite, op. 44, and pieces by Beethoven, D'Ambrosio and Wieniawski.

Miss Dingley has evidently studied attentively, and she sings with appreciation of poets and composers' intentions. Her voice is light, rather reedy in the upper register, and better adapted to coloratura passages and songs of an arch or sprightly nature than to music that demands emotional interpretation. She, as well as Mr. Kuntz, was warmly applauded. Mrs. Longley played sympathetic, musical accompaniments.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The novelty of the 15th public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra, to be given this afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, is Bruch's Serenade in A minor for violin and orchestra. The work, composed in 1899 and produced in Berlin a few years ago by Joseph Debroux, is in four movements; an allegro, a march, a nocturn and a finale based on Spanish dance themes. The music is fluent and melodious. Miss Marie Nichols, the violinist, will make her first appearance at these concerts. It will be remembered that after playing successfully with orchestras in Berlin, London and Paris, she returned to Boston, her home, a little over a year ago, and gave a recital here.

The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," Strauss' tone-poem "Don Juan" and Cesar Franck's noble symphony in D minor.

MISS ROCK'S PIANO RECITAL.

Miss Frances Rock gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor, Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," Weber's "Perpetual Motion" and a group of pieces by Rubinstein, Paderewski, Leschetizky, Liszt and Moszkowski. There was a small but friendly audience, to whom, it was evident, Miss Rock's playing gave great pleasure. The pianist has considerable facility, a pleasing tone and a feeling for delicate effects. In such pieces as that by Weber, Leschetizky's serenade and in the lighter passages of Schumann's work, her execution was light and rhythmic. A polonaise by Rubinstein was loudly applauded. The programme was, on the whole, a simple and pleasant one and commendably brief, lasting only about an hour. It was not a programme to tax the resources of a pianist, but was well calculated to entertain an audience of music-loving people. The pianist was enthusiastically recalled.

A FEW REQUISITES.

"Qualities in a man women most admire" is an alluring heading, for every man will at once read the article to the end to corroborate or to deny from the depths of his own experience. He reads: the woman requires that "he should exhibit faultless taste in dress." "A soiled collar and the wrong necktie have been known to cool an ardor that nothing else under heaven would have dimmed." There is something in this. Nothing is dirtier than a dirty collar, and the higher the collar the more heinous the offence. But the cravat——. Dr. Holmes once wrote:

"Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat."

What is exactly meant by the "wrong" necktie? A shade that is peculiar, bizarre, eye-dazzling? There are women who cannot endure what is vulgarly known as a pink tie. Or is the offence in the lack of harmony, as in this combination: morning, frock coat, celluloid collar, white tie; or in this: opera, swallow-tail coat, black cravat, derby hat? There are sweethearts who make cravats for their adored ones; too often he wears one only when calling on the maker.

"There have been women who married men for the sake of keeping their linen immaculate and their neckties in the place where they ought to be, and greater love hath no woman than this." But accomplished male dressers are not in unison as to the one proper place for cravats. One lets them hang over a hook, or over projections of the bureau looking-glass, and uses them in rotation. Another prefers a top drawer, where they lie loose. Still another insists on a long box. There are men who marry chiefly for the purpose of having some one look after their food, clothes and social duties, but are there women who, impressed by a faultless shirtfront, at once feel deep in their heart a longing to put their head legitimately against that front and care for it forever? There are men who are fussy about their clothes; they make out their own laundry lists; they decide whether a shirt can go for another day, in spite of the old adage, if there is the slightest doubt about collar or shirt, then it is soiled; nor are they cheerful and thankful when the wife suggests that she should go to the tailors to choose the cloth for a new suit.

Are there no women who can admire genius set off by a collar a little darkened round the rim and a green cravat? The writer enumerates as the chief qualities in a man, sincerity, generosity, courage, ambition, good taste and masterfulness. We maintain that he may have all these qualities and yet be daringly individual in the matter of cravats. Should a loyal wife insist that her husband wear a thing because others wear it? We all know the man of faultless taste who never furnishes his wife with an allowance. He does not refuse to give her money, but she must come to him for street car fare, for any trifling want. He says with a benevolent air: "Certainly, how much do you want?" but the woman is obliged to ask for it and incidentally to tell just what she needs. This is galling to her natural self-respect. Whereas the husband with the queer cravat is often foolish in his unquestioning handing over monthly or weekly sums.

William Cobbett wrote a book, "Advice to Young Men," a volume stuffed with homely wisdom, a most entertaining little volume. Therein he tells what

he lover-husband requires of a wife. He insists on cleanliness: "Men may be careless as to their own persons; they may, from the nature of their business, or from their want of time to adhere to neatness in dress, be slovenly in their own dress and habits; but they do not relish this in their wives," and he gives this practical advice: "An English girl will have her face clean, to be sure, if there be soap and water within her reach, but get a glance, just a glance, at her poll, if you have any doubt upon the subject, and if you find there, or behind the ears, what the Yorkshire people call grime, the sooner you cease your visits the better." We advise any young woman sensitive in the matter of cravats to insist on an examination of her wooer's collection. Those worn in courting may be donned hypocritically. As soon as he has won her he may throw off the mask, and the day after the ceremony put on a "creation" that jars the landscape as well as the passerby.

LOST FRUITARIANS.

Some time ago we read of a lieutenant in the German army who purposed to buy land in the Hawaiian islands, or, if he failed in this, to purchase a small island. He called himself a fruitarian, and he was at the head of a band of men and women who dreamed of escape from the corrupting influences of modern civilization, or they wished, at least, to use the words of Schopenhauer, to secure a little room that is not exposed to the destroying fire. The lieutenant and his comrades purposed to eat nothing but ripe fruit; to drink only water; to live in huts; to eschew all clothing. We remember they were described as "sincere and enthusiastic."

What has become of these amiable, mild-eyed enthusiasts? Are they on some far-off isle in unfrequented sea? Has fruit brought calm and happiness? There are some who insist that this diet induces deep and dangerous melancholy. The people of Fessa were constantly sick because they persisted in eating fruit three times a day. The diet has one advantage; it is comparatively cheap, for a writer in the National Food Magazine says that even at six cents a day the economical fruitarian would gain on the economical cerealist.

Water, as an exclusive drink, has its dangers. In the city there is the association with plumbing, and plumbing is modern civilization. In the country the old oaken bucket is rich in typhoid fever germs. In the least populated land there is danger in running streams, for the fairest river in Macedonia made all cattle black that tasted of it. There were the Marquessans, a simple folk, who, before they knew the habits of the white man, drank gratefully the stimulating juice of the arva root in preference to spring water, and at their dinners the calabash was passed around with shouts of merriment. Nor did these unsophisticated Marquessans dislike cooked food in the shape of pig or human being.

Will eschewance of clothes bring peace to the soul? A woman, vexed by the mistakes or exorbitant bills of dressmakers, may wish that there were no such things as clothes; but even if the climate favored her wish, she is so accustomed to garments that she would be ill at ease without them. An exulting African ruler in a plug hat and trousers is said to be a sorry sight; he is much more imposing with a spear and a breech-clout. So many women have been shaped by their clothes that the historical painter would prefer to portray them as they appear to the world at large. The Adamites went without clothes, and St. Epiphanius described the wretchedness of their life. There were the monks of Palestine: "they wore a girdle only; they grazed as the beasts do; they became at last mere brutes." There were the Picards of the fifteenth century, who thought they were the people, and that the clothed were slaves; but they went about plundering country houses, killed about 200 of the neighbors, and miserable was their own death. There were the early Dutch Anabaptists; wild with religious excitement they threw their clothes into the fire and were burnt because they would not cover themselves.

The fruitarians were not the first to dream of a happy, blameless life in some remote sea. The Fortunate Isles have been sought by many; by the disappointed, the morose, the sanguine, philosophers, adventurers, poets, philanthropists; the voyagers sail and sail; they see strange sights, but the Islands are always just beyond the horizon, wherever be the sea. The Fortunate Isles and the City of the Sun are subject to the King of Utopia. There were voyagers who touched and went inland to Brook Farm and sojourned for a time. Some meditated a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna. Others drifted to the lands of strange sects. And when any one of them all was sure he had cut loose from civilization, he found the old problems springing up on virgin soil. We doubt whether a diet of fruit and water will prepare one suddenly for the enjoyment of an unruffled life, whether it be pursued by one unclothed or in rigorously correct costume. Yet the dream is pleasant, and in a period when so many are "demented with the mania of owning things, the delusion is not without nobility."

But where is the Berlin band? The only real estate operations we have noticed in the Pacific have been national, not private. Are the Berliners somewhere under a tropic sun, picking fruit and without even the sanitary suits of Dr. Jaeger? Or are they still in Berlin, theoretical fruitarians, but eating from compulsion duck with red cabbage, carp with beer sauce, veal, lung hash, chickens' feet and drinking coffee, sweet champagne, the black, thick beer or the weiss beer of the Athens of the Spree, wines of Greece and Italy or from Rhenish vineyards?

April 1905

A COMPOSER'S CONCERT GIVEN

A concert by Miss Alice Eldridge, a very young pianist of marked natural gifts, was announced for last evening in Steinert Hall, and the hall was filled with an expectant audience of friends in holiday mood. It was announced from the stage that Miss Eldridge had been suddenly taken sick that afternoon and would be unable to play; that Mr. Felix Fox had consented to play in her place

The concert then may be fairly called Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter's concert, for the programme was made up chiefly of her compositions. She played two of her piano pieces; Mrs. Fannie Hatch Thayer, mezzo soprano, sang Mrs. Porter's "Rose and the Gardener," "Heart Song," "Scottish Love Song," and "My Heart's in the Highlands"; Mr. Frederick L. Mahn, violinist, and Mrs. Porter played the latter's "Romance" and "The Indian Princess Atla"; and Mr. Edward A. Osgood, bass, sang Mrs. Porter's "When All the World Is Young, My Lad," "Lullaby" and "Matho's Appeal to Salammbo." Mr. Fox played the other pieces, among them "Chevillard's Theme and Variations."

Mrs. Porter has undoubtedly a certain fluency in composition and she has also high ambitions—witness the programme music, "The Love of Atla and White Chief" and "Death of Atla and Funeral March," from her violin sonata; also the setting of music to a scene from Flaubert's "Salammbo." A composer of far greater technic and imagination might well hesitate before attempting to give Matho music for his passionate appeal to the Carthaginian maiden. Reyer made the attempt, but he was not the man, and Mrs. Porter's Matho is neither passionate nor mildly interesting in his rhetoric, to say nothing of the musical quality of his appeal.

There are some who believe it presumptuous for young men and young women to compose music, and that such daring souls should be promptly discouraged, even by violence if all other means should fail. We do not agree to this proposition. There are others who believe that all such young composers should be encouraged by indiscriminate praise; that any word of kindly and corrective criticism is harsh—they sometimes prefer the word "cruel." This proposition is as absurd as the other. If the young composer does not compose how can she find out just where she stands and what she lacks and needs? If she is applauded indiscriminately and in a spirit of thoughtless good nature she will believe that she is divinely appointed to pour out songs, chamber music, dramatic arias, and in due course of time symphonic poems, and at least one opera. Her self-esteem will become prodigious and unbearable, and she will finally learn to her deep mortification that she has written only [illegible] notes.

Now Mrs. Porter shows in the simple songs that were sung last night, a melodic vein that might suit words of common sentiments and gentle emotions and thereby appeal to many and give pleasure to them. At present her melodies lack distinction. After a few have been heard, they all suffer from family resemblance and from a sameness in harmonic and rhythmic effects. Now and then the hearer detects a pretty, graceful, or even poetically imaginative thought, which appears for a moment; but the composer is not able to utilize it, to develop it, to round it, to make it a thing of vital beauty.

In the more ambitious pieces the lack of concentration and the absence of sufficient technic are naturally more apparent. In the violin pieces, for instance, the titles "Romance" and "The Love of Atla" might easily be exchanged so far as the aesthetic contents of the music are concerned. Or take "Matho's Appeal." Mrs. Porter evidently had in her mind a dramatic scene. She wished to express the warrior's passionate love and also to give by harmonic and rhythmic devices what is known as appropriate color. But in her music Matho's passion is neither significant nor sustained, and when he speaks of himself as a warrior we are reminded at once of Radames on the bank of the Nile with the famous trumpet figure in the orchestra.

Mrs. Porter is not yet ready for such ambitious tasks. She should continue to compose, but for a rigid teacher, who should prune, revise, reject, encourage. Some of her simpler songs may now give pleasure to her friends at private gatherings; they are not for the general public interested in music and musical effects rather than in the personality of the composer.

Mrs. Porter and her colleagues were warmly applauded.

THE ORPHEUS CONCERT.

Chorus Carefully Drilled, and Sang with Good Volume and Intonation.

The Orpheus Musical Society, Mr. Carl Kaufmann conductor, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The society was assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Mr. Heberlein, 'cellist, and a horn quartet composed of Messrs. Haekebarth, Lorbeer, Hain and Schumann. The accompaniments were played by Mr. John Craig Kelley. The programme was long and varied. The choral numbers were Mr. Gerieke's "Awake, Thou Lovely Dreamer," Goldmark's "Fruehlingsnetz" for chorus, piano and horns; a "Waltz Idyl" by Koschat and pieces by Helm, Loewe, Handwerg, Veit and Zoellner; Mr. Heberlein played 'cello pieces by himself and by Goldbeck. The horn quartet played an arrangement of Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus," and Mrs. Child sang Gluck's recitative and aria, "Euridice," "Secret Greetings" by Von Flelitz and Brahms' "Sapphic Ode."

The Orpheus Musical Society, founded years ago, has been an important factor in the musical development of Boston. Its concerts were public and were a feature of each season. For the past few years, however, the society has been giving its concerts for its friends alone, and there were no more public performances until last season it assisted at one of Mr. Tucker's concerts, when the general public had an opportunity to hear it; and this season its announcement of a public concert aroused great interest. There was last evening a large audience, friendly and applausive. A chorus of men's voices is always pleasing, and this chorus has been carefully drilled; it sang with good volume of tone, good intonation and responsive attention to the leader. The piece by Viet, "The Beetle and the Blossom," was sung with genuine humor, and had to be repeated. There were other encores, and everything was loudly applauded.

The solo numbers were equally pleasing. Mrs. Child, who has a wonderfully pure, resonant contralto voice, sang admirably, with emotional appeal and with impeccable enunciation. Her beauty and her singing together excited fervent applause; there were flowers and many recalls, and she added a number to each of her groups. The excerpt from "Tannhacuser" was beautifully played by the horn quartet; the insatiable house would fain hear it again, but it was necessary to progress with the long programme. Mr. Heberlein's own piece gave most pleasure of the 'cello solos: it was an ingenious little "Witches' Dance." Altogether, the society may well feel gratified by the enthusiasm aroused and the enjoyment felt in the evening's entire performance.

A PARISIAN GENIUS.

Mr. George Moore, in his love for literary art, mourned the disappearance of the tavern, the meeting place of the playwrights, poets, pamphleteers and inspiring adventurers of Elizabethan days. He might also mourn the disappearance of the coffee houses frequented by the writers and wits of later generations. No club, even in Boston, can take the place of old tavern or coffee house, with their meetings, where brave talk stimulated fancy and fired ambition, where hot discussion sometimes ended in blood-letting. Where in this city can an author be sure of meeting at an appointed time fellows of his kind to talk over the books and literary tendencies of the past and present, to condemn that which is snobbish or commercial, to quarrel in generous or malicious rivalry? The author, as an author pure and simple, is fast disappearing; he has some profession or calling through which he is sure of a living. He writes—when he has leisure to write—on the side.

In Paris there is still a literary cafe life. To the frequenters the new novel, play, theory of poetry is more important than war news from the east or any question of finance or administrative policy. Types—some of them fantastical—still exist. A private letter from Paris lately received informs us of the appearance and characteristics of Mr. Ernest La Jeunesse, who some years ago excited Paris by his book entitled "Les Nuits, les Ennuis et les Ames de nos Notoires Contemporains," a witty, sarcastic, extraordinary onslaught on the author's contemporaries. "He is a wonder to behold: Of small stature, clean shaved, with a shock of tempestuous hair, rather fat-faced, with a ludicrously pouting mouth, small eyes, before one of which he inserts a small square monocle on a broad silk ribbon, the glass well pinched up by his cheek. His waistcoat of old brocade, style Louis XV., rather dark in color, is generously hung with three, four watchchains of different patterns, of doubtful quality of gold. His cravat is carefully pinned together by several scarfpins of imitation gold, and his somewhat unwashed-appearing hands are covered with a cheap lot of gewgaw rings, each finger ornamented up to the middle joint. There you have the get-up of this curious mortal, the art of Paris! He makes the misleading impression of one soaked in absinthe and green mint, for with eyes closed he will sometimes sit silent for fifteen, twenty minutes in the rather noisy company of his friends, to break forth, perfectly sober, into the most extraordinary speeches and sallies imaginable. All this in the quality of voice of a peevish child of seven. He varies his get-up at times. The other day he wore over his waistcoat the heavy and broad golden chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece with the emblem! It is one of the oldest and highest orders that the court of Spain bestows, and our friend has no right to wear it, yet the law does not molest him, and all Paris laughs with him. He bought the 'Golden Fleece' at a pawnbroker's for, I believe, about $100. He is a man of genius, and represents merely the artistic attitude of sublime indifference and contempt toward conventionalism. He certainly is a man of great gifts. He is only 30 years old, and he wrote the above mentioned book at the age of 22."

It is impossible to think of this young genius happy and contented in Boston. The local authors would be suspicious or afraid of him. Waiters might decline to serve him, and a philistine policeman would probably run him in. We doubt whether he would be welcome at any meeting of the French clubs in the city, even if he should offer to make an address without fee. He might fare better in New York, where Mr. Hyde would perhaps give a reception in his honor. Or he might try his luck with the high-browed literati of Indianapolis, now the storm centre of the western artistic movement. At any rate, he should be imported.

A WINTER VISITOR.

The caterpillar making its way calmly over the snow in Provincetown provokes meditation. Is he a forerunner of a plague to come? Is he an isolated omen full of bodement? A student of the race years ago declared caterpillars to be malign, naught and venomous. His name was Mouffet, Thomas Mouffet, doctor in physic, the author of "The Theatre of Insects: or Lesser living creatures, as Bees, Flies, Caterpillars, Spiders, Worms, etc., a most Elaborate Work." The book was published in London in 1658. Inasmuch as there are probably few copies of this valuable volume in the public libraries scattered over the Cape, we feel it our duty to acquaint the people of the towns beyond Buzzard's bay

with the contents of the first five chapters of Book II.

Let no one cry out at once, "The book is worthless and obsolete!" What Dr. Mouffet and his contemporaries did not know about caterpillars and whurlworms is not today worth knowing. Obsolete? Listen to this: "The English call it silk-worm, amongst whom a silken habit is so much loved and valued, that they despise their own wool (which compared with silk is not contemptible and is the most profitable and the greatest merchandize of the kingdom). But time will make them forego this wantonness, when they shall observe that their moneys are treasured up in Italy at that time when they stand in need of it for their private or public affairs." Are not such voices raised even now in this country for home products as against foreign and imported luxuries? Obsolete? Read this: "If you would destroy caterpillars, do thus: Anoint all the bottom of the tree round about with tar, then get a great sort of ants, and put them in some bag, and draw the same by a cord unto the tree, and so let it hang there, so that it touch the body of the tree, and the ants letted to go down from the tree by the means of the tar will for want of food eat and destroy all the caterpillars there, without hurting any of the fruit." Is not this prescription invaluable today when there is such crying need of a remedy?

Dr. Mouffet first considers silk spinners; then the other smooth caterpillars. He is no more sure of the derivation of the word caterpillar than is Dr. Murray, but he had observed carefully the fifth kind, that "spins its threads on trees, especially upon the oak, and descends by them upon the heads of those that pass along, and entangles their hats and clothes"—a keen observer, this learned leech. He next treats of caterpillars rough and hairy, "those with hairs are the most mischievious of all." Look out for the pityocampes on pitch and pine trees, "they prick more sharply than a nettle, and cause very great pain, heat, a fever, pricking, unquietness; for the poison enters suddenly without any sense of the wound, and is carried to the parts next the bowels. They are truly most venemous creatures whether you touch them outwardly with your hands or they be given inwardly." This reminds us that Ulpian, classing private murderers, insists that any one who gives his neighbor a pine caterpillar to drink should be severely punished. Picnics under pine trees are not to be encouraged, unless the merrymakers are provided with antidotes in the shape of cantharides or oil of quince, though salad oil may be used with good effect. Look out, too, for the nettle caterpillar whose touch at first causes only a "pleasant itching," but after that a pain hard to be endured. Then there is the "stinking caterpillar," observed personally by Gesner in 1550. "I could scarce endure the smell while I took the description alive: it did so infect two stoves with an extreme and intolerable stink that I could not stay to endure it." Truly no house pet, yet Dr. Mouffet grieved because he never had the hap to see one, such is the self-denying devotion of men of science.

The doctor discusses the question whether caterpillars are the offspring and breed of dew. The chapter is absorbing, but we are compelled reluctantly to pass on to chap. V.: "Of the quality and use of caterpillars, and of their antidotes," as of more timely interest. They are all venomous, of a burning quality, blister-raising. The daughter of Coelius Secundus at Basle suffered for years because she ate on a fine day some cabbage caterpillars in her garden, and there are other sad instances of misplaced confidence. Anoint your trees with the gall of a green lizard or of a bull, and if this be not at hand, try brimstone. Sprinkle plants with wine—champagne or tokay will do. Put nitre on cabbages. "If crabs or river crevishes were hanged up and exposed to the sun for 10 days, they will drive caterpillars from pot herbs"; but they may also drive away summer boarders. Wet seeds, before planting, in the blood of a caterpillar. A sea onion hung in the garden will prevent breeding. If a horse swallows the pests, his skin will dry and become hard and his eyes hollow; then rub his body with the sharpest vinegar and nitre—three-quarters of a pint—and vitriol, a fourth part, but look out for his eyes. The caterpillar on the other hand has its uses; burnt and put into the nose, it stops bleeding; the ordinary kind put in large quantities into drink is good for the quinsy; hairy caterpillars should be given to children who cannot swallow their meat for straightness of their jaws; one of the cabbage kind rubbed on a decayed tooth will cause it to drop out.

Furthermore the caterpillar, when it comes in devouring clouds, puts many of the despoiled in mind to lead better lives. We share, thinking of the Cape that is so dear to us, the pious wish of Dr. Mouffet: "God grant that we may escape by being corrected in the punishment of other men. Let us think no creature of God to be contemptible, for God can, if he please, make the smallest the greatest judgment."

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For Its 15th Concert Famous Orchestra Performs Cesar Franck's Work in D Minor Impressively, with Exquisite Detail.

The programme of the 15th Symphony concert given in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"..Mozart
Serenade in A minor, for violin and orchestra Bruch
(First time.)
"Don Juan," tone poem (after Lenau).... R.Strauss
Symphony in D minor.....C. Franck

They that believe in a symphony concert without the intrusion of a solo singer, violinist, pianist, 'cell st, might argue from the programme of last night. The symphony by Cesar Franck, or any symphony of like nobility and grandeur, should logically have come first, when the attention of the audience was unjaded, before the distraction of an individual performance and the gossip of the intermission. But the performance of this symphony would have killed the effect of any soloist coming after. Given a solo performer, and the programme maker's task is doubly difficult; he is often obliged to arrange the programme with reference to the calibre of the soloist and the character of his selection. Yet the programme might thus have been arranged: Franck's symphony, intermission, Bruch's serenade, Strauss' "Don Juan," and this programme would have been long enough.

The feature of the concert was the eminently satisfactory and impressive performance of the symphony. Mr Gericke's reading was sympathetic and masterful. The long lines of Franck's musical thought were not lost sight of in the care for the exquisite details; the polyphonic structure was clearly indicated, but not in the mere spirit of the professional analyst; the tonal gradations were observed with seeming spontaneity; the instrumental song was flowing and appealing; the orchestral forces were prepared and massed skilfully for irresistible effect. Never before has this symphony of Cesar Franck seemed so supremely beautiful in its tenderness, its pathetic entreaty, its glorious triumphant chant.

Listening to the performance one could not help reflecting on the inferiority of Franck's disciples, ingenious as some of them are. Compare this symphony, for instance, with that of d'Indy, played not long ago. The latter is a composition not to be mentioned without a tribute of respect to the workmanship displayed in it, but how labored are the effects, and what disiresing anxiety there is in the continual attempt to avoid that which might be considered simple or conventional! These disciples speak, in a way, the language of Franck, but in a small, dry way. Their music lacks the intense humanity, the sweeping vision, the elemental force, the serene nobility of their master's. They are not to be blamed because they do not have his genius. They may justly incur the reproach, however, of an affected musical speech based on his natural and manly form of expression. The ineffable and sweet simplicity, the unpretentious, quiet courage, the sublime devoutness of Franck the man found expression in his music, and without his own consciousness. Much as we admire the earlier works of his disciple, d'Indy, heartily as we are in accord with his pure devotion to art and to artistic ideals, we find in his latest works a peculiar self-consciousness that may be fatal to their long life.

Mr. Gericke and the orchestra are also to be congratulated on the spirited and dramatic performance of "Don Juan," a work which, pleasing and thrilling on first hearing has not lost in sensual pomp and pride through repetition. If there be such a thing as character portrayal in music without the aid of dramatic action or minute explanatory programme, Strauss has succeeded admirably in painting the hero of Lenau's poem.

Bruch's "Serenade" was composed in 1899, and it was first performed in public by Joseph Debroux at Berlin Nov. 30, 1900, when the composer conducted. Mr. Willy Hess played it at Cologne the next year. The performance last night was the first in Boston, and Miss Nichols made her first appearance with the Symphony orchestra. There was a rumor that this work was composed originally with the thought of Sarasate; that the "Serenade" was to have been dedicated to him; that he was not much pleased with the music and therefore was not the violinist who produced it; but Bruch in a letter which we have seen denies the truth of this report and states that he had already paid his tribute to the great Spanish violinist by his dedication to him of the second concerto and the "Scottish Fantasia."

The "Serenade" is in four movements. The first, an andante con moto, is suavely and mildly interesting in spots. The second movement, an allegro moderato alla marcia, is dry and dull. The following nocturne is pretty for a time, but its prettiness is without distinction, and the end is welcome. The finale, based on themes of Spanish character, is inconspicuous. The pleasantest feature is the manner in which the chief theme and mood of the first movement are introduced near the close.

It is much to be regretted that Miss Nichols chose such a drab and jejune composition for her first appearance with the orchestra. She is a young violinist of much more than ordinary talent and taste. Interesting in music that is uninteresting to the verge of discouragement, she succeeded in holding the attention of the audience and in winning its hearty applause by the modest display of her technical and musical accomplishments. With more experience she will undoubtedly develop a freer and broader style; she will get farther and farther away from New England and rejoice musically in frank expression of art and womanhood. Mr. Hess conducted the concerto with care.

CONCERT PIECES BY BALLOT.

Music Lovers of Providence Sent in Votes as to What Symphony Orchestra Should Play.

[Special Dispatch to the Sunday Herald.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 11, 1905. The last of the series of Boston Symphony orchestra concerts, which is to be given here on Feb. 21 has aroused much enthusiasm among the music lovers and patrons. The 45 business and professional gentlemen who are guarantors of the series solicited ballots from the public for any one of a half-dozen compositions, for this concert

Three-fifths of all the ballots sent in were in favor of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" symphony, and it will be given, with Bruch's first concerto in G minor, largo by Handel and the "Tannhacuser" overture.

MUSIC NOTES.

The concert of the advanced students of the New England Conservatory of Music drew a large audience to Jordan Hall last Wednesday evening. The performances gave much pleasure to the audience, to the hearers, and was highly creditable to the students who took part. Mr. Albert W. Snow played an organ piece by Bach; Miss Winifred Byrd played piano pieces by Rameau, Chopin and Baermann; Mrs. Fannie Hatch Thayer sang songs by Mrs. Beach, Chadwick and others; Mr. Samuel Gorodetzky played a violin fantasia, and Miss Margaret Wither and Miss Alberta Amstein also contributed to the programme.

The Sunday Chamber concert of Feb. 19, in Chickering Hall, will be given by Messrs. Ondricek, Eaton, Perabo, Staats.

Mrs. Etta Burgess Nobbes, contralto, formerly of Boston, will succeed Mrs. Carl Alves in the choir of the West Presbyterian Church, New York.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the South Boston high school on Wednesday evening. The programme will include pieces by Massenet, Volpatti, Herbert, Chaminade, Doppler, Wagner. Mrs. Florence Hartmann will sing songs by Gounod and Del Riego and Mr. Rudolph will play a clarinet solo by Wiedemann.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the Sherwin school on Friday evening. Orchestral pieces by Auber, Tellans, Thome, Verdi, Doppler, Meyerbeer. Mr. Robert Bruce will sing songs by Gounod and Bullard, and Mr. Kanrich will play a violin piece by Vieuxtemps.

The second concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, March 5. The orchestra will be assisted by Mme. Gadski and Mr. Theodore van Yorx. The programme will include selections from "Lohengrin," "The Mastersingers" and "The Valkyrie."

Facts and Theories About the Youthful Prodigy; Foreign Opinion of Von Vecsey; Handel and Haydn to Produce Volbach's New Sacred Work; Grand Opera Season at the Boston Theatre; Concerts and Recitals.

FRANZ VON VECSEY, the boy violinist, will give concerts in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening and on Saturday afternoon. He was born at Budapest in March, 1893. His parents are well-to-do and fond of music. The father is an amateur violinist, the mother a pianist. The story is told that when Franz was 4 years old he hummed the greater part of Mendelssohn's concerto played by his father, and marked the rhythm by knocking pieces of wood together. When Franz was 5 years old he received a little fiddle, and on this his father gave him lessons. Technicalities were quickly mastered, and pieces were memorized with extraordinary ease. His parents did not force him, for when the boy was 7 years old he was allowed to practise daily only 15 minutes and his lesson was only for that time. After eight months, and before he was 8 years old, Franz was able to play pieces by Paganini.

The boy became a pupil of Hubay, the violin teacher at the Budapest Conservatory. (Jeno Hubay, virtuoso and teacher, though born in Budapest, 1858, is of Swiss descent and his name is Eugen Huber.) At the examination Franz played a concerto by Wieniawski with such success that his parents decided to make a little concert tour. They took him to Berlin in October, 1903, and he at once made a sensation. Joachim praised him extravagantly—as he praised the boy Hubermann and other infant phenomena—and wrote in Franz's album: "God protect you, wonderfully talented child," or words to that effect; for we are not now speaking from personal knowledge.

Franz went to London in the spring of 1904. He made his first appearance there on May 3, when he played Wieniawski's concerto in D minor, an air by Bach, Hubay's fantasia on "Carmen," Paganini's "Witches' Dance." At his second concert, May 10, he played Mendelssohn's concerto. The London audiences were enthusiastic and the critics discussed him not merely as a wondrous child, but as they would discuss any violinist at the zenith of his fame. Take Mr. Vernon Blackburn, for instance. He heard von Vecsey for the third time, and wrote in the Pall Mall Gazette that he found in him a distinction of style "which outrivals nearly all of the boy's contemporaries of the modern musical platform. One of his finest gifts is undoubtedly his sense of rhythm, which in a degree must naturally be possessed by all artists who essay violin playing; but with him it is so far a matter of genius that when there is anything like the culmination of a rhythmical passage—a culmination which may be compared to the crest of a rolling wave—the manner in which he marks that height just before the descent, fusing his great poetic feeling into one brilliant moment of climax, is positively wonderful in its display of power and in its unified expression of many most intimate musical thoughts."

The Thin Gray Layer.

Scientists were deeply interested in Von Vecsey. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, who signed himself "C. W. S.," tried to penetrate the mystery of such prodigious musical instinct and wrote, without the ideal philosophic calm:

"It is probably safe to say not only that little Franz von Vecsey is the most wonderful little boy in the world, but that he offers to science as difficult a problem as any it knows. Here is a child, just turned 11, who is not merely master of all the technic of the violin, but plays the most profound music, even that of Bach, like a genius of mature years. One's conclusions as to musical genius were simply confirmed on hearing from his mother that this child practises only two hours a day, and often less. Yet he is absolute master of the most difficult music written by the greatest virtuosos of the past in order to show off their own technic.

"Explain it how we may, it is the fact that musical genius is the earliest to manifest itself, and in no other sphere of human activity can a child of 11 be an acknowledged master. And, of course, the obvious and true conclusion is that, of the two factors which determine all of us—heredity and environment—heredity is everything in such matters. This is not to assert anything so absurd as that genius is merely a matter of parental transmission. But it is of its essence that genius is congenital—that 'poeta nascitur non fit.' And the saying is far truer of a child such as this than it is of a poet. Asked to explain the causation of genius—since they maintain that causation is universal—men of science can only return a non possumus. So far is genius from being a transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all, as Carlyle has it, that it is rather, as in Franz von Vecsey's case, the capacity for doing without trouble that which other people cannot do with any amount of trouble.

"I wished that I had microscopic eyes

VON VECSEY, THE BOY VIOLINIST, AND "RAPHAEL" OF VOLBACH

MARIE NICHOLS, VIOLINIST. PHOTO BY GARO

FRANZ VON VECSEY VIOLINIST.

SILVIO RISEGARI, PIANIST.

FRITZ VOLBACH

MME. NORDICA. COPYRIGHT BY A DUPONT.

that I might pierce through the left side of the little fellow's head and see the structure of the brain underneath. For we know exactly where the music centre is. In right-handed persons it is situated in the left temporal lobe of the brain, approximately above the left ear. All science can say about this child is that the essence of the difference between him and ordinary people lies in the thin layer of gray matter that covers this part of his brain, and that the difference is congenital. It is a delusion to imagine, as most of us do, that if we had practised as long as Roberts has we could play billiards as well as he. And so with this boy. These differences are inherent. As to theories of heredity, they can do little for us. Mr. Francis Galton has shown how often genius is transmitted, in part, and we learn that this child's parents are both expert musicians. At that we are not surprised, but it is far from being an explanation. All we can say is that the existence of that great fact which we call sex is responsible for such astonishing variations from the normal as we see here. Such variations are impossible in the absence of sex, but neither Weissman nor any one else has given us any more information than this."

Master von Vecsey made his first appearance in America at Carnegie Hall, New York, Jan. 10.

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Volbach's "Raphael."

The Handel and Haydn will produce on Sunday night, Feb. 19, Fritz Volbach's "Raphael" for the first time in America.

The work was performed for the first time at the 39th meeting of the German Music Societies at Basle, June 14, 1903; that is to say, the second and third pictures were then produced.

The composer calls his work, three mood-pictures, suggested by pictures of Raphael: The Madonna di Foligno, the Madonna del Granduca, the Madonna di San Sisto. The composer declares that he has made no attempt to rival in tones the beauty of the pictures: the hearer at the sound of the music should call to mind the character of each picture and listen as though the canvas were before him.

The work is composed for chorus, orchestra and organ. The texts are old church hymns in praise of Mary: "Alma Redemptoris Mater" for the first picture, "Salve Regina, Mater Misericordiae" for the second, the Easter hymn, "Regina coeli laetare, Alleluja" for the third. Though the three portions of the work seem independent, yet the ultimate musical effect should come from consideration of the three in one. Thus Mr. Volbach says that the uncommonly gentle beginning of the second part loses the designed effect if this effect is not prepared by the finale of the first part. "While Part I., with mixed chorus, is scored for ordinary orchestra, but without trombones and harp and without organ, the colors in Part II. are in marked contrast. The strings are, as a rule, divided in groups; the wind instruments are two flutes, one oboe, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, and two cornets are used instead of trumpets to give with their mild tones a silvery hue to the pianissimo pasages. To these should be added a solo violin, harp and organ. All this prepares a contrast to Part III., in which full strength of the orchestra with full organ is introduced for the first time." Part II. is written for female chorus and begins with a solo voice which intones the old Gregorian melody, Salve Regina. In Part III. there is an introduction in which the chorus sings in unison the old Gregorian "Regina Coeli." The main body of this section is the Allelujah Fugue.

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In London.

"Raphael" was performed at a Royal College of Music orchestral concert, London, Dec. 13, 1904, for the first time in England. Sir Charles Stanford conducted. Mr. E. A. Baughan of the Daily News preferred the work to others of the composer which he had heard. "It is a pretty conceit," he wrote, "and at the same time its plasticity to musical expression is obvious. There is a ground idea that is common to both arts. The feeling and mood aroused by a picture are the mood and the feeling which demand utterance in music. Literature is too diffuse, too explanatory, too self-contained. In a picture you have a concentration of life mirrored. * * * The reflection of the spirit of the pictures in music which shall have intrinsic interest is the chief difficulty of the subject. It would be easy enough to write sham mediaeval music; it would not be difficult to make a 'rococo' amalgam of modern and ancient styles, relying for effect on its very strangeness, as in Dr. Phillip Wolfrum's 'Christmas Mystery.' Herr Volbach has been very successful in keeping to a middle course. The choral writing is fairly straightforward, and yet it is not banal. It has a sincere simplicity, which is never broken, even when the composer uses his voices in the modern style. The orchestral part of the score is genuine tone painting. All the resources of the modern orchestra are used, but with a happy discretion. There is no complication for the sake of complication, and some of the finest effects are fine because of their appropriate simplicity. As an instance I would mention the conclusion of the second picture. On the word 'Salve' the sopranos sing in their high register, accompanied by the violins, which gradually rise higher and higher, until they die away pianissimo. Very impressive, too, is the orchestral symphony after 'Mater misere-cordiae' in the same 'picture,' and the composer obtains a striking effect of atmosphere by gradually withdrawing his voices before 'O clemens' of the final lines. In the last of the three tone poems a kind of plain chant is employed until the full orchestra enters as an illustration of 'Resurrexit'; then after an emotional outburst the music merges into a freely written fugue, which in its turn leads to a choral and orchestral climax. The coda rises from the depths of the orchestra enforced by an organ pedal note, and gradually grows in force to a triumphant and sustained fanfare of voices and instruments. It is not possible to point out all the striking merits of the work, but the 'Three Pictures' are certain to be performed elsewhere, and probably at one of the festivals. The most striking feature, however, may be emphasized. It is that the composer, in his type of melody and in his general treatment has so poetically realized the gracious sentiment of Raphael's paintings. There is nothing dry or hard in his music; indeed, it is a curiously successful mixture of glowing color, strength and sensuous beauty."

The composer was present at this performance.

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Fritz Volbach.

Volbach was born Dec. 17, 1861, near Cologne, at Wipperfuerth, and his childhood was spent there. In due time he studied for a year under Ferdinand Hiller at the Cologne Conservatory. His father then sent him to the Gymnasium, then to the Universities of Heidelberg and Bonn, where he devoted himself especially to philosophical studies, but his desire to be a musician prevailed and in 1885 he went to Berlin to study the organ with August Haupt, and composition under Grell and then Wilhelm Taubert. He had only been a student at Royal Academy of Music a year when he was appointed professor to succeed Franz Commer. He taught there five years, especially the history of music, and he conducted choirs.

In 1891 he was called to Mainz, as conductor of the Oratorio Society, Liedertafel and Damengesangverein. Here he also conducted Handel festivals. His home is now in Mainz.

His chief works are "Easter," symphonic poem for organ and orchestra; a symphonic poem, "Es waren zwei Koenigskinder; a cantata for boys' voices, orchestra and organ, commissioned by the city of Mainz for the celebration of the Gutenberg jubilee; a quintet for piano and wind instruments, a ballad cyclus "Vom Page und der Koenigstochter"; "Reigen," for female voices; "Alt Heidelberg der feine," a spring poem for orchestra; "Der Troubadour," a ballad for male chorus and orchestra; a piano concerto; a ballad for baritone and orchestra, and songs. The piano concerto was played as early as 1884. The first work that spread his name was "Easter."

He has written a life of Handel. On the occasion of the Gutenberg festival he was made professor, and in 1900 he received the degree of doctor of philosophy. He visited England in 1902, when his "Easter" was performed at the Sheffield festival (Oct. 3). This work was produced in Chicago by Theodore Thomas in 1903, and on Jan. 21 of that year the symphonic poem was also produced at a Chicago orchestral concert.

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

The midwinter concert of the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Feb. 19, has features of unusual interest—the first performance in America of a new choral work, "Raphael," by Fritz Volbach, and the first performance in Boston of Prof. John K. Paine's "Hymn of the West," composed for the opening of the L

ana" Purchase exposition at St. Louis. The programme will also include Chadwick's overture to "Melpomene"; Vorspiel and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde"; prelude and "Hymn of the Sun," from Mascagni's "Iris"; Handel's aria, "Let the Bright Seraphim," and the chorus, "Unfold, Ye Portals," by Gounod. Mme. Nordica will be the chief singer.

The sale of single tickets will begin tomorrow at 8:30 A. M. at Symphony Hall and at Schirmer's music store.

LOCAL.

Miss Julia A. Tery's fifth series of "Four Chamber Concerts" will be given this season in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoons. Tickets for the course will be on sale at Symphony Hall on and after tomorrow morning. The concerts will be as follows: Feb. 20, Mrs. Hall McAllister, soprano; Mr. George Proctor, pianist; Mr. Rudolph Krasselt, 'cellist; Mr. Zach, accompanist. Feb. 27, the Olive Mead string quartet, Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone; Mr. de Voto, accompanist. March 13, Miss Beatrice Herford, monologist; Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, pianist; Mr. William Kittredge, tenor; Miss Hawkins, accompanist. March 20, Miss Lena Little, contralto; Miss Nina Fletcher, violin; Mr. Louis Bachner, pianist; Mrs. Eaton, accompanist.

Mr. Felix Fox will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the 21st, when he will play Chopin's sonata in B minor, H. F. Gilbert's "A Verlaine Mood," Alpheraky's "Serenade Levantine," Gabriel Fauré's Impromptu, Rosenthal's variations on an original theme; Adagio, Bach-Philipp, Widor's Volkslied, Chabrier's Bourree Fantasque.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe will give his third recital at his studio, 74 Commonwealth avenue, Chestnut Hill, when he will sing songs of the 16th and 17th centuries and songs by Mr. Charles Fonteyn Manney of this city. Tickets may be obtained at Steinert Hall.

The programme of the Symphony public rehearsal and concert of Feb. 24-25 will include Sinding's suite in F major, "Episodes Chevaleresques," op. 35 (new), Busoni's transcription of Liszt's Spanish Rhapsody for piano (Mr. Ernest Schelling, pianist, his first appearance here) and Brahms' symphony No. 1 in C minor.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Miss Nina Fletcher, viola, will give his second recital in Potter Hall on Tuesday afternoon, March 7.

The Mendelssohn Club of Chelsea, Mr. T. D. Getchell, president; Mr. Osbourne McConathy, director, will give its first concert on Thursday evening in the Universalist Church. Mrs. Flora Provan-Varney and the Festival Orchestral Club of Boston will assist.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Silvio Risegari, who will give his first piano recital here on Thursday evening, was born in Italy, where he studied as a child. He came as a boy to Boston, where he took lessons of Mr. Clayton Johns for several years. Later he studied in Vienna with Leschetitzki. He has played in European countries with orchestra and in recital. Immediately after his return to this country he made a tour in southern and eastern states with Mr. George W. Stewart's festival concert company.

Sevcik, they say, has turned out another child wonder at Prague, an English girl, Vivien Chartres, who is barely 9 years old. She played Bruch's first concerto to an audience of 2000 and Mr. Chvala, an eminent critic, wrote in the Politik of Jan. 13: 'After careful consideration of this wonderful event it is clear that we have to reckon here with a talent for the violin which, in contempt for all human preconceptions, is at least 10 years in advance of even pronounced talents for violin playing."

Plunket Greene sang Stanford's "Five Sea Songs" in London Jan. 26 and Mr. Baughan of the News wrote: "They gain greatly in their orchestral form. They are not songs that appeal to me. The note of strenuous patriotism seems forced, and I cannot admire the ranting of Mr. Plunket Greene, who sacrificed almost everything to an unrestrained, and therefore ineffective, emotionalism."

The death of Hugues Imbert, editor of Le Guide Musical, is a serious loss to music. His studies of modern composers, published in book form, show keen appreciation, discriminative sympathy, an unusual sense of perspective, and a love of the purest and highest forms of music. His knowledge was diversified and accurate. He fought valiantly for Bizet, Chabrier, Franck, D'Indy, Gabriel Fauré, when they were ignored or disliked, and he did all within his power to introduce the music of Brahms in Paris. Imbert was born in 1842 at Moulins-Engilbert. He studied in Paris under Fauchenx and H[illegible]r, and in 1886 began to write about music. He took full charge of the Guide Musical in 1900.

GRAND OPERA.

Mr. Conried's Metropolitan Opera company will on March 6 begin an engagement of one week at the Boston Theatre. The repertoire will include "Parsifal" (two performances), "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Strauss' comic opera, "Die Fledermaus," "La Gioconda," "Les Huguenots" and "Die Meistersinger," five operas in Italian and the other three in German.

The "Parsifal" performances are set for Tuesday and Thursday, the former to begin at 5 o'clock, with intermission from [illegible] until 8.45 and the latter at 11:[illegible] A. M., with intermission from 1.35 until [illegible] Mme. Nordica will be the Kundry on Tuesday and Miss [illegible] Fremstad on Thursday, with Mr. Burgstaller as Parsifal, Mr. Van Rooy as Amfortas, Mr. Blass as Gurnemanz and Mr. Goritz as Klingsor, for both performances, and with Mr. Alfred Hertz as conductor. The cast will also include Messrs. Journet, Reiss, Alberti, Bayer and Greder, Mmes. Moran, Braendle, Jacoby, Lemon, Bauermeister, Lohlman, Alten and Ralph, together with artists and pupils of the opera school of the Conried Metropolitan Opera company as flower maidens.

The operas and casts for the rest of the week will be as follows:

Monday evening, March 6, at 8 o'clock,
"Lucia di Lammermoor."

Lucia	Mme. Sembrich
Edgardo	Mr. Caruso
Enrico Ashton	Mr. Parvis
Raimondo	Mr. Journet
Arturo	Mr. Bars
Normanno	Mr. Giordani

Conductor, Mr. Vigna.

Wednesday evening, March 8, at 8 o'clock,
"Cavalleria Rusticana."

Santuzza	Mme. De Macchi
Lola	Mme. Homer
Lucia	Mme. Bauermeister
Turiddu	Mr. Dippel
Alfio	Mr. Giraldoni

Conductor, Mr. Franko.

Followed by "Pagliacci."

Nedda	Miss Alten
Canio	Mr. Caruso
Tonio	Mr. Scotti
Peppe	Mr. Giordani
Silvio	Mr. Parvis

Conductor, Mr. Vigna.

Thursday evening, March 9, at 8 o'clock,
"Die Fledermaus" (in German).

Rosalinde	Mme. Sembrich
Prince Orlofsky	Miss Walker
Adele	Miss Alten
Alfred	Mr. Dippel
Gabriel von Eisenstein	Mr. Reiss
Frank	Mr. Goritz
Dr. Falke	Mr. Greder
Dr. Blind	Mr. Bayer
Frosch	Mr. Haensler

Conductor, Mr. Franko.

Friday evening, March 10, at 8 o'clock,
Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

La Gioconda	Mme. Nordica
Laura Adorna	Mme. Homer
La Cieca	Miss Walker
Enzo Grimaldo	Mr. Caruso
Barnaba	Mr. Giraldoni
Alvize Badoero	Mr. Pol Plançon
Zuano	Mr. Begue
Un Cantore	Mr. Dufriche
Isepo	Mr. Giordani

Act 1—Divertissement "La Furlana"; act III., "Dance of the Hours," by the corps de ballet.
Conductor, Mr. Vigna.

Saturday afternoon, March 11, at 2 o'clock,
"Les Huguenots" (in Italian).

Valentine	Mme. De Macchi
Urbain	Mme. Lemon or Jacoby
Marguerite de Valois	Mme. Sembrich
Raoul	Mr. Saleza
Saint Bris	Mr. Plançon
Marcel	Mr. Journet
De Nevers	Mr. Scotti

Conductor, Mr. Vigna.

Saturday evening, March 11, at 7:35 o'clock,
"Die Meistersinger" (in German).

Eva	Miss Alten
Magdalene	Mme. Homer
Walther von Stolzing	Mr. Burgstaller or Dippel
Hans Sachs	Mr. Van Rooy
Beckmesser	Mr. Goritz
Pogner	Mr. Blass
Kothner	Mr. Muehlmann

Conductor, Mr. Hertz.

As a prelude to the season of grand opera in Boston and an indication of the brilliancy of the forthcoming engagement, it is gratifying to note the fact of an exceptionally large season subscription sale, more than double, in fact, that for the first week of last year's operatic season. The season subscription sale, which has opened so auspiciously, will close next Saturday evening. It will give place to the box office season ticket sale, announced for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21, 22 and 23, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. That, in turn, will be followed by the regular box office sale of tickets for single seats, which will open on Tuesday, Feb. 28, at 9 A. M.

Subscribers for season tickets have the option of selecting tickets for the entire season of eight performances, including both "Parsifal" performances, or for seven only, including either Tuesday's or Thursday's "Parsifal." Preference in the choice of seats, however, will be given to purchasers of tickets for the eight performances.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's piano concerto in C-sharp minor and a new concert piece for piano and orchestra by Bruno Oscar Klein were played by Mr. Sternberg at a Philadelphia orchestra concert Feb. 5. The Ledger said of the former work: "A short, incisive but exceedingly brilliant composition, full of color, and with that particular wealth of orchestral scoring that is the characteristic of Russian compositions. Its most marked feature is its extraordinary compactness. The four movements are closely woven together. The melody is insistent and compelling, but so closely woven is the work that it has been compared to the modern one-act dramatic operas. It is a vivid impression rather than a fully elaborated picture."

Two movements from Arthur Nevin's Indian opera, "Poia," were played at a Pittsburg orchestra concert Jan. 21. Mr. Randolph Hartley is the librettist. The subject is the legend of the hero of the Blackfeet who went to the home of the sun god and founded the Indians' worship on his return.

A second competition among American composers for the prizes of the Paderewski fund will be held this year. The first competition was held in 1901, when the prizes were taken by Henry K. Hadley, with a symphony; H. W. Parker with a piece for solos, orchestra and chorus, and Arthur Bird, with a piece of chamber music. The conditions under which the first competition was held will prevail again. There will be three prizes of $[illegible] each: (1) for a composition for full orchestra, (2) for a choral work with orchestra, with or without solo voice parts, and (3) for a piece of chamber music for any combination of instruments. The competition is restricted to composers born in the United States of America. The board of judges will consist of B. J. Lang of Boston, Prof. John K. Paine of Harvard University, Franz Kneisel of Boston and H. E. Krehbiel and Walter Damrosch of New York. Compositions must be in the hands of the secretary of the fund, Otto Roth of Boston, on or before July 1, 1905.

Mr. Blackburn says of Josef Holbrooke's sonatina for violin and piano, op. 6, No. 1, played lately for the first time in London, by Messrs. Holbrooke and Zimmerman: "It is a work of great talent and also of considerable distinction. You feel from beginning to end that music in Mr. Holbrooke's hands is a plastic art (if one may borrow the term from a sister art), and that he has a subtle power to mould his thoughts precisely according to his intention. Added to this quality, he has also a singular sense of beauty, and, what is more, of beauty which is to be found in the most unexpected places. That is to say, in work of strict formalism and of complete correctness of style he will flash upon you many and many a phrase that makes you perceive at once that this is original thought and not a combination of the various musical styles that are prevalent today, the writing of which is most incident to the modern young man. In a much later work, 'Rhapsodie-Etudes,' for the pianoforte alone, the first performance of which was given by Mlle. Maria Seguel, his style is greatly developed. There is no question that in Mr. Holbrooke we have a composer of whom, in the course of not many years, we shall do well to be proud. His work is quick with vitality, and he is one of those who are by no means disposed to write superfluous pages for the public, rather than to elect and carefully consider work for himself. Whether or not he remembers Mozart's great saying, which can never be quoted too often, that a man's greatest work should be written for himself and two or three friends, such, at all events, seems to be the principle upon which Mr. Holbrooke works. In him, although he has by no means come finally to his own, we have a composer of a very rare order." Mr. Holbrooke's latest work is a tone-poem founded on Keats' address to Byron.

The Philharmonic Society, London, is losing a little of its conservatism. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," Cesar Franck's symphony, Paul Juon's symphony, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar" symphony will be produced at its concerts this season.

Saint-Saens' "Helene" and "Dupont's "La Cabrera" have been performed at Frankfort for the first time in Germany. The former opera was highly praised; the latter, which took the Sonzogno prize of 1904, was declared to be a weak imitation of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and without a trace of originality.

A string quartet in D major by Leone Sinigaglia, the composer of a violin concerto in A major, was produced at Berlin, Jan. 18, by the Brussels quartet. The work, played from manuscript, is described as well made, fluent, rhythmically piquant, and interesting, without the taint of "world-pain-and-distress" with which so many young composers are today afflicted.

Busoni brought out a symphony by Alberic Maynard at his third orchestral concert in Berlin.

Peter Stopanovits' violin concerto in D minor is warmly praised by Victor Lederer of the Signale. The work is published by Doblinger of Vienna.

The Signale says of Guilmant's new set of 18 organ pieces that they may be used in church or concert hall, but there is hardly a thought of any musical value in the whole set.

LIBRETTO REQUISITES.

Mr. E. A. Baughan of the News (London) comments on the Ricordi opera competition. The sum of £500 is offered for the best lyric opera with English text and with music composed by one of British birth. There is no restriction with regard to the nationality of the librettist. Mr. Baughan says:

"What proportion of the prize and the subsequent share of the performing rights ought to go to the librettist? It is a difficult matter to decide, but there is no doubt that the librettist of a popular opera of today has always much to do with its success. In the old days the librettist was a negligable quantity. Opera composers set the most miserable trash that was offered to them, and it became a standing joke to speak of the incomprehensibility of opera "books." That view of the matter will not do now. Even music publishers will admit that a good libretto is at least half the battle. Mascagni's 'Cavalleria,' Puccini's 'La Boheme,' and Leoncavallo's 'Pagliacci' have been successful on account of their libretti almost as much as on account of their music.

"In the first place, the writer must have a knowledge of what music can do, and he ought almost to have a practical knowledge of composition as far as the marriage of verse and music is concerned. Then he must also be conversant with the stage, either as a playwright or as a close student of the technique of drama, which is hardly to be learned without having attempted to write for the stage. Even with this equipment there should be other special qualities. The librettist must understand the kind of subject that lends itself to musical treatment, and having found his subject he must be able to see exactly the kind of treatment wanted. Opera cannot run as quickly as ordinary drama. The expressive art demands a certain leisure for its full scope, and in a work of modern type, if it is not to imitate the too-rapid action of the libretti of the modern school of Italian opera composers, the subject must be handled from its psychological and emotional side. All unessentials must be cut away, and only the very soul of the drama retained. Much must be compressed into a few lines, and those few lines should be full of emotional suggestion. It must be remembered, too, that music in opera is often most powerful in illustrating just those situations of suspense when the action is practically suspended, which are apt to have a dragging effect on the ordinary stage. For this reason an ordinary dramatist, with no knowledge of what is wanted for music, and endeavoring to remove the ignorance by the study of opera libretti of the past, would not be likely to write a suitable libretto.

"Then there is the question of the kind of verse required. In the old opera books the stupidest lyrics were joined together by stretches of arid recitative. In still more ancient days this recitative was not sung, but spoken. But modern ears would not tolerate the cacophony of speech followed by song, nor would the modern function of the orchestra permit the breaking from one kind of utterance to another. What is wanted by a modern composer—and I presume that all the competitors will be more or less sympathetic to modern ideas of music-drama—is a plastic verse of continuous form, but changing in rhythm in accordance with the stress of emotion. Stiff, set lyrics, with rhymes, are not required. The versification of an opera libretto should be in the style of a very free ode. It might even contain passages of finely rhythmic prose, such as are to be found in the Old Testament. But the author must understand when the composer might require a more set lyricism. As a matter of fact, an ideal libretto is best written by a composer who knows something of the opera stage, and has some literary gift and poetic imagination. When this is impossible—and all composers cannot be Wagners—the librettist and the musician should work together as much as possible. A writer of a libretto who would not care to alter his work or make additions to suit the exigencies of the music would considerably hamper the composer."

PARRY AND STANFORD.

Works by Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford were performed in London on Jan. 26 at the same concert and Mr. Baughan of the Daily News was moved to say:

"Sir Hubert Parry's Symphonic Variations were interesting because they embody a mistaken idea of the school to which they belong. There is a notion that the interest of a composition should be mainly confined to its treatment of a theme. Admirers of this mechanical style of work will tell you there is a distinct pleasure in noting the adventures through which a theme passes in variations of this kind. It might be so if those adventures were of absorbing interest, but Sir Hubert Parry has not the manipulative power for that—indeed, very few composers have. Even Elgar in his variations is overlengthy, and he is much more skilful than Sir Hubert in varying the treatment of a theme both in harmony and orchestral color. The variations we heard yesterday are just the kind of music that has made the general public suspicious of British musical art. There is no real reason for their existence, apart from the fact that the theme itself has a rollicking open-air character. In an artistic sense it does not lend itself well to variation, and should have been used for a sea song.

"Sir Charles Stanford himself was represented by his 'L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso' symphony, a work that dates from some 10 years ago. The composer is the despair of the critic. It is quite absurd to say, as has been said by those who will see no good in this musician's work, that the music he writes is always 'academic'—whatever that may mean. Sir Charles Stanford has many of the attributes of a poet-composer. For one thing, he is an Irishman (not necessarily a Celt), and he has all an Irishman's sense of humor. There is also the racial strain of melancholy which to a great extent is the food of music. He has also—need I point out?—a complete mastery of his means, and is clever enough to do almost anything he will. All these qualities are shown in his symphony, one of the most genial compositions he has written. The Allegretto grazioso is a veritable little inspiration in its way, and the slow movement has its own beauty. But what struck me yesterday afternoon was that, clever as much of the work is—a poetical cleverness that is by no means 'academic'—you do not feel that there is any individual voice in the music, nothing which you can say is 'Stanford.' And if you look at this composer's works as a whole you will find the same difficulty facing you. He has never really evolved a style of his own. Even the little mannerisms that you will hear in all his compositions belong, properly speaking, to Brahms. In this sense Sir Charles Stanford's music lacks distinction. There are too many Stanfords; he has essayed too many styles, and has not found one of his own. If this is the result of a long life spent in teaching, one can only regret that fate should not have given him time to develop himself naturally, for he has many of the qualities of a distinguished composer."

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M. Seventh Chamber concert. The Longy Club (flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, piano): Bernard's Divertissement op. 36; Widor's Introduction and Rondo for clarinet and piano (Messrs. Grisez and de Voto); Handel's Trio in B flat for two oboes and bassoon (Messrs. Longy, Lenom and Debuchy); Godard's duet for flute and piano (Messrs. Maquarre and de Voto); Gouvy's suite, Gauloise; Thuille's sextet, op. 6.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Mr. Anton Hekking, violoncellist. D'Albert's concerto, Saint-Saens' concerto No. 1, Fantasia by Servais, air by Bach, melody by Massenet, Paganini's "Perpetual Motion."

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of Franz von Vecsey, the boy violinist. Mendelssohn's concerto, Hubay's "Carmen" Fantasia, Paganini's "Witches' Dance." Mr. Hermann Zilcher of Berlin, pianist, will play nine preludes by Chopin, and two Humoresken and Arabian dances of his own composition.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth concert of the Kneisel quartet. Mozart's quartet in C ma-

jor, No. 6, sonata by Locatelli for 'cello; Beethoven's quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Frank O'Brien. Schumann's "Faschingsschwank," Gavotte in B minor, Bach-Saint-Saens; Pastorale and Capriccio by Scarlatti; Beethoven's Rondo, op. 51, No. 2; Brahms' Rhapsodie in G minor, op. 79; Schubert's Fantasia, op. 78; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, op. 47; Etudes, op. 10, Nos. 5, 9, op. 25, No. 1; Polonaise in A flat, op. 53.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Miss Jeanne Faure, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Kelley Cole, tenor. Miss Faure will sing Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," Schumann's "Du bist wie eine Blume," "Widmung," "Erwachen," Widor's "Pourquoi," Paladilhe's "Psyche," Gabriel Faure's "Nell," Saint-Saens' "Peut-etre." Mr. Cole will sing Handel's "Waft Her Angels," Hugo Wolf's "Verbaugenheit" and "Jaeger-lied," Hans Hermann's "Salomo" and "Leuchtenden Tage." Sullivan's "Gone" and old English and Scotch airs. Duets by Schultz and Goring Thomas will be sung.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Silvio Risegari. Gavotte, Bach-Saint-Saens; Rameau's Gavotte and Variations, Schumann's Faschingsschwank (first Allegro), Chopin's Impromptu, op. 36, No. 2; Etude, op. 25, No. 7; Fantasia; Schuett's serenade, "Tristesse de Colombine," "Sganarelle"; Leschetitzki's Canzonetta Toscana, Clayton Johns' Canzone, Campanella, Liszt-Paganini.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Second violin recital by Franz von Vecsey. Wieniawski's concerto No. 2, op. 22; Prelude and air by Bach; Tartini's "Devils' Trill." Mr. Zilcher will play Chopin's etudes in C sharp minor and F minor and the Soiree de Vienne, No. 1, Schubert-Liszt.

THE restless Emperor William of Germany has long been known as a patron, a regulator of the arts. He has passed judgment on statues and public buildings, monuments and paintings. He has encouraged and discouraged theatre managers and playwrights. He has spoken and written about aesthetics; he has theorized, he has practised. He has been steadily on the side of the conventional and the commonplace. He has set his face against modern tendencies. Radicalism in any art is to him an act of lese-majeste. The ultra-moderns are to him pestilential, and the more cautious moderns are still dangerous to the state.

He has been peculiarly interested in music. He has governed rigorously the opera house under his immediate control. He has preferred the summer revivals at Wiesbaden to those at Bayreuth. He has declared again and again that modern music is too complex; that the folk song should be the standard kept in mind by honest and patriotic composers. He has rapped Richard Strauss over the knuckles for the audacity of his compositions and for the tendencies of his musical theories. He has done more than talk; he has himself composed the song of Aegir for a male chorus. As Brahms once said: "You should never speak disrespectfully of music by a prince, for you cannot tell who may have written it."

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Frederick the Great's Musical Taste.

Perhaps the Emperor's interest in music is to him a solemn duty, a part of the worship he pays his illustrious predecessor, Frederick the Great. William I. had a simple taste; he liked "Carmen" and "The Daughter of the Regiment," and Pauline Lucca. He liked operettas and ballets. William II. is more serious; he is as serious as Frederick the Great, the indefatigable flute player and composer for the flute. And Frederick was greatly interested in the opera at Berlin, not only in the opera house but in the singers, both male and female, after their kind. He was as anxious about the ballet as about the construction of the opera house.

Even Carlyle has told at length the story of how the fair Barbarina was taken away from Venice to delight the King and his courtiers in Berlin. Frederick's chief singers were Italians. Did he not once say, when asked to hear a German prima donna: "A German singer? I should as soon expect to receive pleasure from the neighing of my horse." He was faithful to his Italian singing men and women. When Burney visited Berlin he found the Signora Gasparini still singing, and she was then 72 years old—"a time of life when nature seldom allows us any other voice than that of complaint or second childhood;" and the chief male contralto, Porporino, had been in the King's service over 20 years.

Frederick was passionately fond of the conventional Italian opera of his time. His opera house was opened in 1742, and the exterior of the building was unchanged until the fire of 1844. The opening opera was "Caesar and Cleopatra," by his favorite composer, Graun, who, though a German, wrote in the approved Italian manner. It is true that there was an almost immediate attempt to domesticate opera in German, but the first German opera, a version of the English "The Devil to Pay," failed dismally, and German opera did not prevail in Berlin until the triumph of Weber's "Der Freischuetz" (1821).

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Emperor William Orders an Opera.

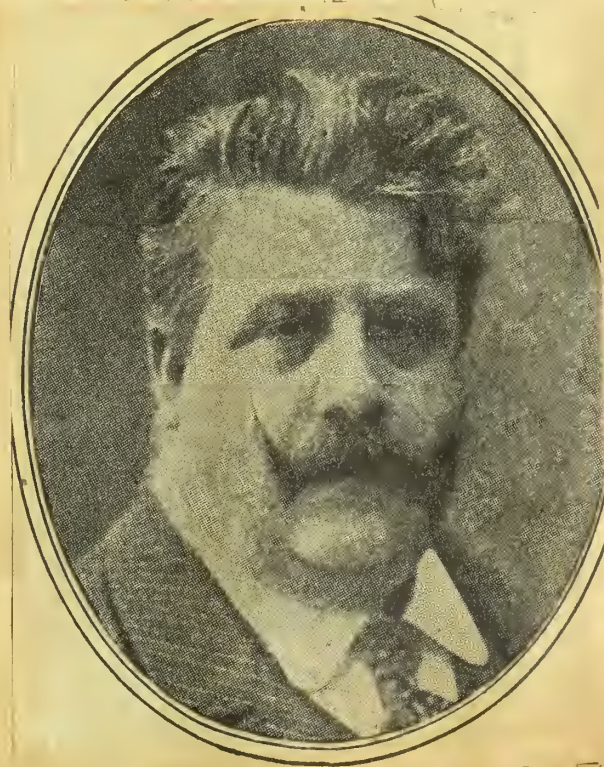
About 10 years ago the Emperor William, greatly impressed by a performance of Leoncavallo's "Medici" in Berlin, conceived the idea of having this Italian composer set music to a German text. Why he passed over all German composers has been asked in wonder, grief and anger by many of his faithful subjects, especially by those who are in the habit of composing music. The true wonder is that, in his zealous imitation of Frederick the Great, he did not insist on the production of Leoncavallo's new work in Italian.

The Emperor chose as a subject an old novel by Willibad Alexis, "Der Roland von Berlin." This Roland is a mythical hero, and the novel itself is said to be incredibly dull, but an

STAGE SETTING OF ACT I

GRUENING, TENOR,
THE HENNING

HENNING AND ELSBETH



RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO,
COMPOSER

OPERA COMPOSED AT THE KAISER'S COMMAND

COMPOSER AND COMPANY

ancestor of the Emperor, the Elector Frederick, plays an important part in it, and this was perhaps enough.

Leoncavallo does not, or did not then, understand German, and the novel was translated into Italian for him by Macchi of Milan, who, busied with many things, took two years for the task. Then Leoncavallo in turn took his time. He sketched the libretto, which was translated back into German by Karl Droescher. There was a long continued correspondence between Emperor and composer, a vigorous one, they say, on the part of the former: there were telegrams of dissatisfaction and command; scenes were changed; there were requests for more mediaeval spirit and local color; and it is also said that the composer was often thrown into fits of rage that he broke furniture and then sat down to work.

The Story of "Roland of Berlin."

The story is more scenic than dramatic, and inspires decorative rather than passionate music; it deals with the struggle for mastery between the Brandenburg Elector Frederick II. and the unruly twin towns Berlin and Koeln. It is in 1442, and the Elector, masked, in carnival time goes about the streets of Berlin listening to the discussions of the citizens. He meets Henning Moller, the hero, and, admiring his good nature, shrewd wit and boldness, wishes to win him to his side.

Henning loves Elsbeth, the daughter of Johannes Rathenow, the burgomaster, who is opposed to the policy of the Elector, and Elsbeth loves Henning, but the latter is only the son of a cloth worker. The Hohe Rath of Berlin had agreed to pay him a large sum of money, for his father had sacrificed his life to save that of Johannes. The sum had not been paid at the end of 20 years. The crowd, remembering this, place in Johannes' hands the documentary promise to pay. Johannes tears the paper in pieces. They attempt to lynch him, but Henning interferes.

In the second act the chief scene is a love quarrel between Henning and Elsbeth. Henning begs her to accept him rather than the rich citizen, Melchior Schumm, to whom she is betrothed.

The betrothal festival organized by Schumm's father is the scene of the third act. There is dancing, there is drinking. Elsbeth is resplendent, and Melchior's sister, Eva, is as nothing in comparison. Henning appears, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and sings a ballad.

In the fourth act Henning persists in his suit, but Rathenow says: "Not until yonder Roland comes down from his pedestal shall my daughter be yours," and points melodramatically at the statue of Berlin's patron saint. There is a transformation scene. The foreign Elector clamor for admittance at a city gate, but the leaders of the citizens are resolved to maintain their rights.

Henning, believing that the rule of a Hohenzollern will benefit the city, strikes at the gate with an axe, and Frederick enters on horseback attended by his train. He takes the chain of office from Rathenow's neck. The statue of Roland, the emblem of civic liberty, is overthrown, smashed, and the pieces are thrown into the Spree. But where is Henning? A soldier, mistaking him for an enemy, has killed him. Elsbeth kneels beside him, kisses his forehead, and the Elector gives her the civic chain for her father. A chorus of rejoicing brings the end.

In the novel Henning does not die.

The Performance and the Critics.

The performance was in the Royal House on Dec. 13. The audience was most brilliant. The Emperor was much in evidence and led the applause. The Crown Prince, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, Leoncavallo and his wife, the members of the court, illustrious guests, leading officers of the army and navy, almost filled the theatre. Only about 300 seats were put on sale. Speculators were jubilant. Seats that originally cost $2 brought nearly $40, and a banker offered as much as $750 for a box; indeed, according to report, a merchant offered vainly for a box $2500.

Compare with this the remarks of Burney about the opera in the time of Frederick the Great: "The King, being at the whole expense of this opera, the entrance is gratis, so that any one who is decently dressed may have admission into the pit."

The critics wrote naturally with some fear of the Emperor before their eyes, for he fathered the opera and contributed materially to the libretto. Yet they were nearly unanimous in condemning the libretto as weak and dull. The music was evidently made to order. The best is in the first act, where is incident, life and color. The most dramatic and original musical scene is that of Elsbeth's lament over Henning's body. The choruses are for the most part well written and effective.

Leoncavallo knows the orchestra and the stage, but this music is seldom powerful or individual. Much of it is ineffective, weak or bombastic. The hearer is reminded of Meyerbeer, Gounod, the younger Verdi. As the Berlin correspondent of the London Telegraph expressed it: "Judged on the whole, the opera was grandiose rather than grand, making up for poverty of inspiration by spectacular magnificence."

Dr. Muck conducted, and the chief parts were taken as follows: Elsbeth, Emmy Destinn; Henning, Gruening; Rathenow, Hoffmann; the Elector, Knuepfer.

Leoncavallo is reported as saying that he expected adverse criticism, but he knows the worth of his work. Since his first opera (1892) rivalled the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana," he has given to the stage "The Medici," "Chatterton," "La Boheme"—with a story unlike that of Puccini's more familiar work—"Zaza" and now "Roland." It looks as though he would be known to the next generation as a man of one opera—"Pagliacci."

EMPEROR WILLIAM

EMMY DESTINN,
THE ELSBETH

HOFFMANN, THE RATHENOW

Feb 13. 1905

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

The Longy Club Gives a Thoroughly Delightful Concert at Chickering Hall.

The seventh Sunday chamber concert, under the direction of Mr. H. G. Tucker, took place yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The programme, given by the Longy Club, consisted of chamber music for wind instruments: Bernard's "Divertissement," Gouvy's "Suite Gauloise," a sextet by Ludwig Thuille, a trio by Handel for two oboes and bassoon, and ducts by Widor and Godard, the former for piano and clarinet (Messrs. de Voto and Grisez), the latter for piano and flute (Messrs. de Voto and A. Maquarre).

This was a thoroughly delightful concert, one of the most enjoyable in the series. The work of the Longy Club is well known here; its members are artists, its programmes interesting and unusual. There are few such organizations, and in its contrast with the myriad concerts exploiting pianos and stringed instruments, the playing of this club gives double pleasure. The quality of tone is in its effect not only unique; it is soothing, grateful, lovely. The instruments blend perfectly and the ensemble, under Mr. Longy's direction, is admirable. Yesterday's programme would have been long enough without the Handel number for ballast. The audience grew better and better pleased with the programme as it proceeded. The duet by Godard excited great enthusiasm, and Gouvy's suite was the most triumphant number on the list. It was in three movements, of which the second, "Ronde de Nuit," a piece full of delicious rhythm and imagination, was encored. Messrs. de Voto, Maquarre and Grisez played well in the duets, and were all recalled. There was a large audience, the hall being entirely filled. At the next concert Messrs. Perabo (piano), Staats (clarinet), Eaton (viola) and Ondricek (violin) will be the soloists.

GORKY AGAIN.

There are Americans who wonder at the interest taken in Maxime Gorky by French, German, Italian men of letters, now that he is in prison. Turgenieff had, for a time at least, a strong following in this country; so did Tolstoi when he was known only as a novelist; Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment" was read eagerly; but the novels and tales of Gorky are by no means so familiar to the average reader as those of the other Russian authors named. Some Americans are repelled by Gorky's frankness, which they call coarseness; they have forgotten, or perhaps they are ignorant of, the early life and the surroundings of this man, who does not write about the poor as though he had studied them under the microscope and set himself resolutely to imagine their distress. For Gorky differs from his predecessors in this: it is not necessary for him to imagine the thoughts and actions of his humble work-people and tramps. As Francis Gribble said not long ago, "he appears as a deputation of one from the nethermost abyss of Russian life, understanding what he says and whereof he affirms, having been himself a part of what he tells." Gorky can say at the end of a tale as Walt Whitman said of the rescuing sea captain and his story: "All this I swallow and it tastes good; I like it well, and it becomes mine; I am the man, I suffered, I was there." Hence the significance of Gorky. Turgenieff and Tolstoi were of prosperous and well known families. Dostoievsky, a man of repute, accused of treason and sent to Siberia, knew through personal experience the prison life of criminals; he knew their free life as they told it to him; he had not lived it; and when he returned to Russia he died in honorable judicial position. But Gorky was as boy and young man of many humble trades—cobbler, turnspit, baker and so on—always in a subordinate capacity, and he was also a vagabond of the street and highway, wretchedly poor, inclined toward suicide.

It is said that Gorky is now well to do, the husband of a rich wife, that he has a pleasant estate on the banks of the Volga, the river on which he once sailed as a cook's slavey. Why should he not now be sleek and contented? And some even among his sympathetic countrymen consider his pessimism to be a pose, as though the comfort of today could make him forget the many ignorant, wretched, squalid years. It is too early for him to forget. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, though his haphazard days are behind him, is still bitter in his own inimitable manner, and his years before marriage were as a long holiday to those of Gorky.

Is Gorky a poseur? They tell stories in support of this belief. He swaggered in the corridor of the most fashionable theatre in St. Petersburg dressed in a laborer's blouse, without a collar, and wearing long and heavy boots. Thus did he show his contempt of society, and when passers-by smiled he roared out: "What are you staring at? Do you take me for a balloon, or a ballet dancer?" or some other clumsy, pointless gibe. When a fashionable audience hissed one of his plays, he came out on the stage, in the defiant costume and shook his fist at the objectors. With like-minded and similarly arrayed companions, he made his way without a ticket into a public ball, and insisted on singing revolutionary songs and engaging in free fights. But we remember that one of our own poets, Mr. Joaquin Miller, lounged in London drawing rooms, glorious and exultant in red shirt and miner's boots; London managers have remonstrated by forcible gestures with booing audiences; titled aristocrats have behaved outrageously at public balls, from which they, as well as Gorky, were ejected. We must have stronger evidence than this, which Mr. Gribble takes too seriously, to convince us that Gorky is a dangerous man in a community.

But when Gorky draws gloomy pictures of the struggling poor, and praises with lusty shouting the life of the tramp, he is dangerous toward grand dukes and other corruptionists and foes of liberty in high places, as was Turgenieff when, years ago, he wrote the "Memoirs of a Sportsman."

AMATEUR NURSES.

It is not unusual to find in cities of this country young women who leave luxurious homes and society, as the term is generally understood, to learn the life of a trained nurse. They do not profess to do this from any feeling of philanthropic duty; they do not look forward to long continued exercise of the profession. Some will frankly confess that there is a fascination about the calling that appeals strangely to them; but they smile if they are praised for religious or charitable devotion.

Pierre Bayle remarked in the course of a cynical digression "that if on one side, women are generally more tender than men, it is certain on the other that those who are fired with a spirit of cruelty and ambition go greater lengths than men in those two vices." It is true that in a savage state the female warrior is more to be dreaded by a foe, and the female has been and is first in scenes of bloody worship and torture. In popular uprisings, as in the French revolution, the commune, in the history of Nihilism, in police courts, where the question of maltreatment of children is concerned, woman has played the more horrid part.

Philosophers have for centuries argued concerning this paradox. They admitted the tenderness; they knew the sanguinary, ferocious possibilities included in this tenderness. Some ascribed the cause to hysteria, or to what is now described as neurasthenia. Others, as De la Mothe le Vayer, argued on each side, and would not frame a final answer. It was reserved for Sir Richard F. Burton, who of all men had studied most thoroughly the manners and customs of humanity, barbarous and civilized, to advance the theory that even the love of women for nursing the sick at home and in hospital arose from the fascination exerted over her by blood and cruelty and the sight of bodily or mental anguish. According to this theory, Florence Nightingale, the amazon of Dahomey, Mme. Stoessel, the knitter 'neath the guillotine, the petroleuse, and De Goncourt's Faustin studying the agony of Lord Annandale are all sisters. A monstrous theory, with, alas, much in the long record of humanity to support it.

The experiments of Nicholls and Browne, who tried to demonstrate that the senses are less keen in woman than in man, may furnish the answer to this paradoxical theory. They began with the sense of smell. They took odoriferous substances, as garlic and prussic acid, which were diluted in a growing proportion, until in the last set there was one part of the test substance to 2,000,000 parts of water. Then forty-four men and thirty-eight women, young and healthy, were told to rearrange these bottles, which had been put in disorder, and by the sense of smell to arrange each set by itself, garlic with garlic, essence of cloves with cloves. The women failed; they could not distinguish the garlic beyond 100,000 parts, the men told it at 250,000. The women could not trace prussic acid beyond the dilution of 20,000 parts to one; the men, or nearly all of them, distinguished it up to 100,000 parts. It is argued that like results must follow from the experiments on the perception of other senses; and that woman does not require the keenness of the male. The conclusion is drawn that "nicety of the senses on woman's part would be a grave disadvantage to the race. It is her lot to perform without repugnance, and even with pleasure, a thousand functions against which man would revolt." Here is a humane answer to the paradox of Burton.

But will women, if they are willing to agree to the paradox, be satisfied with the answer? Will they be willing to remember that there is here no talk about intellectuality or morality? Will they admit that "the senses belong to the animal structure of humanity, and reasoning beings do not dispute that the male is the superior animal"? If they protest against this, what other answer can they make to the paradox? The young woman who finds a fascination in nursing, the older woman who persuades her physician to allow her to be present disguised as a nurse at a capital operation—these may be unconscious philanthropists.

Feb 14. 1905

MR. HEKKING'S 'CELLO RECITAL

The Eminent Virtuoso, Formerly of the Symphony Orchestra, Plays Concertos by d'Albert and Saint-Saens and Smaller Pieces.

Mr. Anton Hekking, the celeb-

Violoncello virtuoso gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an applausive audience of good size. Mr. Max Herzberg was the accompanist. The programme included d'Albert's concerto, Saint-Saëns' concerto No. 1, a fantasia by Servais, and pieces by Bach, Massenet and Paganini.

Mr. Hekking is well remembered here as the solo 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra for two seasons under the reign of Arthur Nikisch. Since he left Boston about 14 years ago he has been connected with leading orchestras and chamber music clubs, and he has also enlarged and broadened his fame as a virtuoso so that he is today classed among the very first 'cellists of the musical world.

His programme was one well calculated to display his talent in every way, and he proved himself to be an artist of full, well rounded technic, with a quiet mastery over mechanical difficulties, which by reason of his artistry escaped the notice of the hearer absorbed in the more important matters of interpretation. Mr. Hekking played with great breadth, fiery passion, tenderness that did not sink to sentimentalism, musical intelligence, true nobility and with the gusto that is found only in the display of the grand style.

And he did this, so far as the concertos were concerned, in spite of the disadvantage of piano instead of orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Herzberg valiantly attempted to replace the orchestra with the piano, and more than once he reminded one of a full brass band passing the reviewing stand; but however forcibly a pianist accompanying a concerto may smite the keys, the piano can never make one forget the absence of an orchestra. For the modern concerto is a pompous thing; it announces as with a flourish of trumpets (sennet without) the famous virtuoso; it listens respectfully or whispers approval while he has his melodious say; it thunders applause while he is resting and preparing for his next attack; and as he nears his triumphant end it anticipates the applausive roar, the shouting, and the laurel wreath.

Nor is the 'cello, however well it may be played, the instrument for a recital of an hour and a half. The very sensuousness of its cantabile soon cloys, and the bravura soon ceases to excite wonder. Long 'cello recitals are after all for 'cellists only. The average hearer is delighted and astonished for a much shorter time, and after an hour he begins to question whether the 'cello is not first of all an orchestral instrument or one for the ensemble of chamber music.

THREE WORDS.

The New York Times published lately a letter of application written by a reporter who wished a better situation than the one he had at the time. The Times editorially approved the form and expression of the letter, but made this comment on a phrase, "turns out clean, clear, well-Englished copy": "'Englished' is not English."

The reporter intended to say that he wrote a description or statement of facts in good clear English and that his manuscript was legible. Had he no authority for the term "well-Englished"? We find in Shakespeare: "The hardest voice of her behavior (to be English'd rightly) is, I am Sir John Falstaff's." Milton wrote: "Those gracious acts may be English'd more properly acts of fear." Flavel wrote (1671): "I am ashamed that my pen should English what mine eyes have seen." The word in these examples means "to render into plain English." Of course there is no thought of the verb "to English," used as synonymous with "to translate into English."

There are some who consider the use of the verb with this latter meaning a modern affectation, but the verb was used by Wyclif, Lydgate, Caxton, Baxter men of some reputation, though not modern. "Foreword," by some now preferred to "preface," has by no means like age or like authority, and it may justly be called an affectation. The word first appeared in English literature in 1842, when Dasent wrote: "The translator has felt no hesitation in placing the 'Foreword to the Edda' at the end of the volume." Why did he not then speak of it as a "hindword"?

And here let us refer to an affectation that is unfortunately found in journals, magazines and books, as in familiar speech. How often has the phrase been heard and seen lately in connection with the Tucker case: "He was not proven guilty"! "Prove" is a regular verb; its tenses follow the prevailing system of English verbal conjugation, which makes the perfect tense in "ed." Richard Grant White summed up the matter in 1870: "Proven, which is frequently used now by lawyers and journalists, should, perhaps, be ranked among words that are not words. Those who use it seem to think that it means something more, or other, than the word for which it is a mere Lowland Scotch and North of English provincialism. 'Proved' is the past participle of the verb 'to prove,' and should be used by all who wish to speak English." "Proven" is a Scottish and Yorkshire provincialism. It was classed as far back as 1799 among Mitchell's "Scottisms." Naturally the form is found in novels by Galt and Crockett, but the Bostonian of English blood might as well say "canna" for "cannot" as "proven" for "proved."

FULL QUIVERS.

There has been much talk of Mrs. George W. Dunvile's remarkable contribution to the nation—twenty-seven children, which came into the world as nine successive sets of triplets, twenty-four boys and three girls. It was announced early this month that the father, 43 years old, and the mother, 38 years old, would go from their home in South Dakota to call on Mr. Roosevelt, who in his anthropological, sociological and patriotic delight would present to each one of the parents his photograph with an authentic autograph. We have not had the pleasure of reading an account of the visit. Perhaps two or three sets of the triplets were taken suddenly sick with the measles. Absit omen!

Mrs. Dunvile is indeed a woman of heroic deeds, one whose name should be prominently displayed in "Who's Who in America" and in "Women of Mark of South Dakota," but there were famous women before her, nor is it necessary to go back to the Roman matron sung by Ausonius:

"Twenty-nine births Callicrate I told:
And of both sexes saw none sent to grave:
I was an hundred and five summers old,
Yet stag from staff my hand did never crave."

We pass by the woman mentioned in Fuller's "Worthies of England," for she bore only three sets of triplets and five at a birth two other times. A brave endeavor, but the banner still belongs to Mrs. Dunvile, who, alas, fades into comparative obscurity in the splendor of the achievement of Eleonora Salviata, the wife of Bartholomew Frescobaldi, a Florentine. Eleonora had fifty-two children, and never less than three at a birth.

Ah, these southerners! Jane Panciea, the wife of a Sicilian, had seventy-three children in thirty childbirths, and Thomas Fazel, recording the fact, was not surprised, for he remembered that Aristotle knew a most estimable woman who brought forth twenty children as five quartets. And Dorothy, born in Germany, but a wife in Italy, known to John Francis, Earl of Mirandula, brought forth twenty sons of robust health, nine at one time and eleven at another. A still more amazing fact was told by Alexander de Campo Fregoso, the good bishop of Ventimilium. He knew a woman at Lamia, one of the noble family of the Buccanigens, who had sixteen children at a birth, and all had motion; and she had at the same time "a creature in the likeness of a horse, which also had motion."

But what are all these noble dames in comparison with the Countess Margaret, daughter of Count Flons, the fourth of the name, governor of the Netherlands, and wife of Herman of Henneberg? This haughty and intolerant woman, seeing a poor widow begging bread and having on either arm a child, reproached her for her twins and made a scandalous charge against her, whereupon the devout and bitterly wronged widow prayed: "O great and mighty God, I beseech thee, for a testimony of my innocency, that it will please thee to send this lady at one burden as many children as there are days in the year!" The prayer was answered, for the countess on the Friday before Palm Sunday, 1276, was delivered of 365 children, "all complete and well fashioned, of the bigness of chickens," according to Philip Camerarius. The children were laid in two basins and baptized—the sons were all named John and the daughters Elizabeth; as soon as the ceremony was over, they and the mother died. This happened at Lofdunen, near The Hague, and the basins were kept for years in the church. We could easily cite historians, physicians, philosophers who record the story without the thought of doubt or suspicion. At the same time, women like Mrs. Dunvile, the descendants of Mrs. Frescobaldi and others, might reasonably reply that the number of their children was not due to a miraculous answer to prayer.

When the permanent Woman's Exhibition building is ready for dedication at Washington, D. C., the hall devoted to the glorification of mothers will be splendid in fresco, symbolical painting, portraiture and statuary. In this hall the portrait of Mrs. Dunvile of Yankton, S. D., will surely have an honorable, a commanding position. It would not surprise us to learn that Mr. Roosevelt has already commissioned our friend the Historical Painter to make Mrs. Dunvile immortal, as patriot and example, through his acknowledged art.

Feb 15 1905

VON VECSEY'S BOSTON DEBUT

Master Franz von Vecsey, violinist, assisted by Mr. Herman Zilcher, pianist, played for the first time in Boston last evening in Symphony Hall. There was a very applausive audience of good size. The programme included Wieniawski's concerto in D minor, No. 2, an air and a prelude by Bach, Hubay's "Carmen" fantasia and Paganini's "Witches' Dance," for violin, and these piano pieces: Nine preludes by Chopin and two "Humoresken" by Zilcher.

This young Hungarian violinist has excited the wonder of both the critical and the easily pleased of Berlin, London, St. Petersburg and other European towns. The cable promptly informed us all of his success. The praise of Joachim may be easily discounted, for he has been given to hysterical outbursts of late years, and what he now says of Von Vecsey he once said of young Huhermann. Nor are we deeply moved when Queen Alexandra exclaims: "When Vecsey plays I cannot help weeping," for this expression of feeling is after all vague, and, it might reflect on the boy. Nor has royalty in England been distinguished for enlightened patronage. But we are told that Von Vecsey, at the age of 10, had a message to give to the world; that "the press, royalty, the public, scientists, have been aghast at his almost supernatural skill"; that Pichl, "the most competent of German critics"—who is he, by the way, and what walled town does he honor by dwelling therein?—says: "He is a genius, inexplicable, marvellous, whose depths cannot be probed." This is reassuring for Von Vecsey, his parents and his many admirers. Probing the boy's depths, even for appendicitis, might do injury to his technic. To quote again from the circular: "Neither the caresses of queens, nor the dithyrambs of the greatest living musicians and critics have spoiled him." And, indeed, the boy seems to be an honest, unjaded, modest youngster.

But the boy is not to be blamed for such blare of trumpets and beating of drums by passionate press agents.

There is natural and in many instances uncontrollable curiosity to witness any extraordinary feat performed by a little boy, whether he be a lightning calculator like George Bidder of Zerah Colburn, a gymnast and juggler like little All-Right, a boy preacher who leads in revival meetings or a young violinist or pianist. The chief pleasure of the audience is derived from the knowledge that a child is in a surprising manner performing a feat apparently far beyond his years; not only this, but the feat would tax the abilities of a mature and recognized mathematician, gymnast, clergyman, virtuoso. If the amazed and delighted hearers would stop with admiration for the extraordinary or almost incredible mechanical proficiency of such phenomena, no one would be tempted to say anything in reply. When hearers in their enthusiasm insist that a Bidder is as great as a calm mathematician whose theories and formulas have been of great help and value to the scientific world, that the boy preacher exerts the influence of a Robertson, a Beecher or a Brooks, that a little violinist has the emotional authority and the supreme art of an Ysaye, they do injury to the boy's indisputable gifts, they fly in the face of both art and human nature.

Take the case of a young violinist—without present reference to Von Vecsey—and suppose that with a technic far beyond that of older violinists, his tone itself has a seductive charm. Let it also be granted that, carefully taught, he joins these tones together into a melting phrase. The effect of such a phrase is wholly sensorial; it may be produced without any inward emotion; yet the hearer at once exclaims, "And with what emotion and passion this boy plays!" There are voices which have a naturally emotional quality, even though the woman be poorly taught or wholly untrained as a singer and singularly matter of fact or vapid in thought and expression as spinster or matron.

And now these remarks of general application bear directly on the case of Master von Vecsey. He is, indeed, a boy with remarkable aptitude for the violin. He is a born fiddler, and he is as serious in his work in public as other boys are in their games and sports. His technic is extraordinary for even a gifted child; it is clean and fluent and at times brilliant. His tone is full, often rich in quality, and his intonation last evening was unusually pure in comparison with that of other violinists who have played here this season. It is not too much to say that as far as mechanism goes the boy is a prodigy, and in this respect he deserves the warm tributes that have been paid him by older violinists and by palpitating noble dames, queens, princesses, duchesses, by the right hand or morganatic. As a prodigy he is well worth hearing, and his modest bearing and his seriousness are in refreshing contrast to the cockiness or flippancy that has been shown here by certain other infant phenomena.

His interpretation, on the other hand, is naturally and inevitably that of a child with an unusually retentive memory and a musical instinct that is necessarily as yet undeveloped. The concerto and the fantasia are chiefly show pieces, and the boy last evening played them glibly as such. The air by Bach, on the other hand, demands the authoritative feeling and emotion of a violinist who knows the world and the meaning of life, and in this piece Master von Vecsey was evidently reciting a task, without appreciation of the full meaning. This was to be expected. Had he displayed the emotion of a man the experience would have been uncanny and unwholesome to every thoughtful hearer.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I though as a child." And who would have Master von Vecsey at his age speak, understand or think otherwise, marvellous child though he be?

Mr. Zilcher accompanied with sympathy and discretion, and in the preludes by Chopin he displayed an agreeable touch and clean technic. His reading of the prelude in D-flat major was an unusual one, and the last of the group was taken at a ruinously fast pace.

Master von Vecsey will give his second concert on Saturday afternoon, when he will play Vieuxtemps' concerto in E major, Bach's Chaconne and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia. Mr. Zilcher will play pieces by Schumann, Chopin and Zilcher.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The Kneisel quartet gave its fifth concert of the season last evening in Potter Hall. The programme consisted of Mozart's quartet in C major, a sonata for 'cello by Pietro Locatelli and Beethoven's quartet in F major. Mr. Wallace Goodrich accompanied the sonata. The concert, by way of contrast with the quartet's recent and more modern programmes, was pleasant and restful. The arrangement was happy, and the 'cello sonata well filled the space that a novel or a modern work might have occupied. It was beautifully played by Mr. Schroeder. Perhaps the second movement, an adagio, gave most pleasure, as lying within the range of the 'cello's fullest and richest tones, and because it was played with considerable emotion. The performance was warmly applauded, and both artists were recalled. Mozart's quartet is beautiful from first to last; Beethoven's work arrived at a time in the evening when one listens with unshakable tranquillity. Both works were performed with the accustomed beauty of tone, unity of conception and general finish of the quartet. There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience.

A SERIOUS LACK.

There has been discussion of late in New York concerning the real or alleged humor of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." A Mr. E. S. Cummins wrote to the New York Times a perfervid letter in which he declared that in his childhood "Alice in Wonderland" was "repudiated" by his brother and himself as "an imposture"; that later in life he found the book "upsetting to the intellect," like the "Ravings of John McCullough" on the phonograph; that the ethics of the book are "bad to an immature mind"; that the Rev. Mr. Dodgson, the author, was an eccentric, "not at all a normal" man. And others have written letters in which they stoutly maintain that these books are unutterably silly.

The reply might be made that "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," published in 1865, reached its eighty-sixth thousand in 1897; that "Through the Looking Glass," published in 1871, reached its sixty-first thousand in 1897; that since the last named year the former book has been reissued in at least seven cheaper editions and the latter in at least five—the statistics are given by Mr. Walter Jerrold. But such a reply would not be to the point.

Enjoyment of such books by young and old depends solely on the character

and receptivity of the individual reader's mind. We heard a clergyman say lately in his pulpit that he pitied children who had not read the "Arabian Nights," and he added: "You cannot read this book when you are older." Yet we know men of middle life—and we are of them—who read the wonderous tales today with even more appreciation than when they were children, nor is their interest confined to Burton's anthropological notes. There are children who find all fairy stories stupid, who cared not to be bribed to read "Gulliver's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe." Poor little prigs—how narrow their horizon!

There are parents who encourage their children in such abnormal taste. They prefer to see them reading some mug tale with a commonplace and narrow moral; they force upon them some child's book of science; they wish them to know facts. For such children there is no Santa Claus with reindeers. They look on a beanstalk without thought of Jack, but with some futile smattering of botany. A chime of bells tells them nothing of Dick and his cat, a one-eyed man is not to them a Kalandar of strange adventures. There is no such bird as the roc. Alice never dined with the March hare and the mad hatter—there never were such persons. Elves, gnomes, giants, benevolent fairy godmothers, pumpkins turned into coaches, witches who change naughty boys and girls into gingerbread figures—what are they to the "sensibly brought up" child?

This peculiarly unwholesome species of child grows up without imagination. The boy develops into a matter-of-fact lawyer, prosaic physician relying on the rules of the faculty, a necessarily unsympathetic clergyman, an indifferent mechanic, a conventional promoter. The girl becomes a shrewd and worldly woman, a stickler for cut and dried social observances, and she mates, after commercial and snobbish reflection, with her kind. Men and women without fancy, imagination, illusions or ideals! Such persons not only do not achieve great deeds; they do not truly minister to the world, and they know not the full joy of life.

FORCED DWARFDOM.

A learned horticulturist lectured here few days ago on dwarf fruit trees. He spoke of the revival of interest in such dwarfdom and described the chief ways by which the free and natural may be made cramped, stunted, deformed, all for the convenience and the pride of man. And he discoursed instructively concerning the pyramid, the espalier, the fan espalier, the palmetto-verrier and other forms of compelled growth.

A tree is to the average American a thing of commercial value or something that stands in the way of civic improvement. Witness the wanton destruction of whole forests in mountain regions; witness the cutting down of noble elms in western towns of this commonwealth so that a tar sidewalk may run in a rigorously straight line. Some do not hesitate to strip a mountain of its covering, and its forests are to a hill what glorious hair is to a woman. There are naturally bald-headed mountains, and they are affectionately or jocosely named "Bald" or "Old Baldy." So there are male deep thinkers who are expected to be bald: one is surprised to learn that as boys they had flowing locks; baldness is appropriate to philosophers, statesmen, judges, accomplished charlatans; but a bald-headed woman is tolerable neither to gods nor men; and so it is with a shorn mountain. To shear an everlasting hill is an outrage, but when trees are deliberately dwarfed, malignant cruelty enters into the operation.

There were ancients who believed that each tree had its nymph fated to live and die with the tree which she inhabited; and so Erysichthon, cutting a tree, heard a voice come out of it and saw some blood run from it. It is not necessary, perhaps, for us to believe in the existence of hamadryads, yet it is pleasant to think that all trees, even the scrub pines, have individual life. There are proud and arrogant trees; there are dignified and kindly trees; there are trees which, witnesses of some horrid deed, throw wild but impotent arms toward heaven, as poplars; willows weep, aspens shiver. There are sinister trees, and human beings are vaguely uncomfortable when near them. There are trees that are immoral; they invite the passerby to inaction. There are sensuous trees. There are trees that, by some hideous mimicry of disease, mock the infirmities and the plagues of poor humanity. It is not unlikely that at night trees shift a little their positions, searching richer food for their roots, wishing to be a little farther away from a disagreeable neighbor. The student of trees—not the pedantic botanist—must surely come to the conclusion that they have life. Natural races, before creeds were fastened upon them, as the Ojibways, Fijians, Kareus, Society Islanders, believed that trees have souls. It is the chief reproach to orthodox Buddhism that it declared against tree souls. The peasant of Westphalia is wiser: when there is a death in the family he tells the nearest oak. Did not Paul say to the Romans: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together."

Since trees have life, and since it is by no means improbable that they have souls, should not one think twice before dwarfing them to satisfy gaping curiosity or for personal pecuniary gain? Man cuts down trees; this is a red law of nature; for beast kills beast and men kill men by thousands, as in the eastern war now raging. But to stunt a tree, to make it horribly grotesque for life, is a deed akin to that of the moulder of infant's flesh, who kneaded and twisted a child until he was mere bric-a-brac, a strange bit of human pottery: a nose was shaped into a proboscis; the face became a mask, with fixed and hideous grin; or the little body would be confined for years in a vase, with head and feet exposed, the growth toward deformity would be watched with anxiously loving care, and when the thing was ripe for the market, potentates and collectors of curios would vie in bidding for it.

There is much to be learned from trees if they admit one to their company. Mr. Jules Renard became acquainted with a family that dwelt some distance from the highway to avoid the noise. They gesticulated angrily when the wind tried to uproot them, but they did not dispute among themselves; when they murmured, the voices were in agreement. At first they gave Mr. Renard the privilege of resting himself beneath their branches, but they watched him, and were naturally suspicious. When he last wrote to us he said he hoped to be adopted into the family, and in order to deserve such honor he was learning necessary things. "I already know how to look at the clouds passing overhead. I also know how to stay in my place. And I almost know how to keep silence."

Feb 16 1905

PIANO RECITAL OF MR. O'BRIEN

Friendly and Appreciative Audience Applauds Boston Player in Programme of Much Excellence at Steinert Hall.

Mr. Frank O'Brien gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. There was a friendly and appreciative audience. The programme included Schumann's "Faschinsschwank"; gavotte, Bach-Saint-Saens; Pastorale and Capriccio by Scarlatti; Beethoven's Rondo, op. 51, No. 2; Brahms' Rhapsodie in G minor, op. 79; three movements from Schubert's Fantasia, op. 78; Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Etudes Nos. 5 and 9, op. 10, No. 1, op. 25, and Polonaise in A flat.

Mr. O'Brien, after study in Boston, went to Berlin for further instruction and gave a concert there late in 1903 with success. Returning to this city he gave a recital in November, 1903, and since then he has played in concerts in other cities. He has pursued his art with the courage and the devotion that are fortunately often found in those who suffer from a like infirmity. They that do not see often have rare compensations. Their senses of touch and hearing are keenly developed; they are quick of perception; they are often highly imaginative in their conception of the ideal; their characters are unusually sweet, and they are proverbially cheerful and optimistic. In the pursuit of an art they often display a concentration that others may well envy.

That one thus handicapped attains a marked degree of technical proficiency may well excite surprise. To such a one the obstacles that discourage many fully equipped are necessarily of much greater magnitude. That Mr. O'Brien has gone as far as he has speaks much for his natural musical instinct and for his application. He was heard to better advantage in the Pastorale by Scarlatti, in the Rondo by Beethoven, and in other pieces that demand the expression of a simple, contemplative, thoughtful mood, than in such compositions as that of Schumann. Mr. O'Brien was heartily applauded.

AT HOME.

The justice of the probate and divorce court, London, asked the wife who was striving for separation from her cruel spouse: "Did you throw a cup of tea at your husband?" "I do not remember; I may have done it." In other words the air of this household was full of moving things, as we once heard a Jamaica Plain husband express himself in the course of undue breakfast agitation. This London witness did not deny that she threw a beer jug at her sister's head, but she was indignant when asked if she had not apologized for her misuse of the jug. One would have thought the house bewitched, for familiar articles of furniture and of table equipage—as sugar basins—were in constant motion, not in the service of gracious affection, but as missiles. If the wife had thrown the upright piano at her husband, or a full coal hod—to speak more locally, a scuttle full of coals—at her sister, the far and near darter and hurler might have remembered; but a cup of tea—even had it been priceless caravan—what was that among so many?

Furthermore, the wife admitted that when everything throwable had been thrown, she tickled her husband's ribs with a knife. And in what did the husband's cruelty consist?

"His language was peculiarly trying." But what is the courteous answer, the polished repartee to a well-aimed sugar basin or a rib-tickling knife? We are glad to hear that the wife's demand was rejected. Ah, the happy homes of England! And it is the Englishman who insists absurdly that there is no such sacred word as "home" in the French language.

A LAST TOILET.

Several authors, especially among the French, have described realistically the last toilet of a condemned man, but we do not remember in fiction any full and satisfactory description of the toilet of any one about to commit suicide. Either De Maupassant or Catulle Mendes wrote a grim tale about a man who killed himself to prove to a woman that he was not a coward, and was cowardly in the manner in which he made his exit. If there were any orthodox, any truly comme il faut costume for male suicides, the world-vexed unfortunates would not be put to so much trouble during the few last hours, when they should be thinking of more important subjects.

Women, as a rule, are fastidious in details of the last toilet. Knowing that there will be closely scrutinizing eyes and prying hands, even the poorest is particular about the freshness and daintiness of her more intimate clothing. When there is opportunity, the female suicide prefers to be found in something white and maidenly. We are told that there are women who wear pyjamas, but we cannot imagine any self-respecting woman as willing to be found dead in such a garment. Nor is this fastidiousness of the female mere coquetry or vainglorious display. She wishes to preserve her self-respect in death.

When a man kills himself he often wishes to be buried by strangers as a stranger. He feels himself superfluous, and he has persuaded himself that it is better for all if he should disappear without any fuss. If he has relations or intimate friends, he does not wish to disquiet them, to cause them annoyance. He therefore endeavors to conceal his identity. His toilet is one chiefly of self-effacement. He destroys betraying buttons, shirt tags, makers' names, laundry marks, significant jewelry, hat band—anything that may serve as a clew. All this takes time and causes annoyance. And even when the man is reasonably happy in the thought that he will pass away as unknown, he has, as a rule, overlooked something inanimate that will confound his purpose by mute betrayal.

Mr. Chambers, in a story of life some years from now, describes a lethal building constructed and maintained by a city government for the last purpose of those tired of life, who can thus make their exit comfortably, quietly and without the disagreeable thought of making a mess, and thereby annoying others.

Why should there not be suits especially contrived for such unfortunates, the "clewless suit warranted to prevent identification"? Even now the cautious prefer their dress shirts to be without name or initials. The bootmaker or the hatter might charge a quarter of a dollar extra for foregoing the pleasure of stamping his name. The customer should not be obliged to announce his intention at the tailor's or in the shop. All he would have to do would be to wink at an alert clerk and say "Without," just as in a country apothecary shop the known frequenter winks at the soda water clerk and says "With." If a man, after due thought, comes to the conclusion that both he and the world would be happier if he were to go quietly somewhere else, why should he be so unnecessarily handicapped in the preparation for his last journey? Why should he be obliged to be busied so long in mere matters of toilet?

WARM EULOGY.

To describe a woman, a thing or a deed as "a lollapotosa" is to award her or it the highest praise. There is a difference of opinion as to the precise degree of the term on the laudatory scale. Some say that "honeycooler" is the highest possible tribute; others insist that there is nothing beyond "lollapotosa." All agree that "corker," while it is a reward to be sought for eagerly by the ambitious, is only a step toward the goal, nor does the prefex "perfect" raise the "corker" to the height attained by the "honeycooler" or the "lollapotosa."

We are aware that some persons, sensitive to all impressions of beauty and strength, physical, intellectual or moral, cry out in ecstasy of admiration "lallapalooza." Their intentions are honorable, and it is a pity that they use a corrupted form.

There are variants of the eulogistic term: "lollerpotosa," "lolipotosa," "lollarpotosa," and "lollypotosa" has been noted by an indefatigable and keenly observant student. We agree with Dr. Schweinhals of Heidelberg and Prof. Charenton of Angers that "lollapotosa" is the purest and most expressive form.

The attempt to trace the origin of slang words, these outlaws and footpads and loafers of speech, and to discover the reason of their application is one of the most entertaining and profitable exercises of the human mind. "Lollapotosa," as "simoleon," should surely come from the Greek, just as the [illegible] Eugene Field found the origin of "corker" to be the Greek word "Korka," the adorable one. It is true that "Korka" is not in the dictionary of Liddell and Scott, but this lexicon is famous for its errata, which inspired the epigram:

"Two men wrote a lexicon—Liddell and Scott—
The one-half was clever, the other was "rot."
Now hearken, you fellows, and answer this riddle,
Which half was by Scott and which was by Liddell?"

"Lollapotosa" is not in this lexicon. The word is evidently a compound one, and "potosa" is surely from "potos," a verbal adjective, meaning "for drinking." The suggestion of Prof. Blivens of the Standard Oil University that "lolla" is merely a kind of onomatopoetic term, expressive of rapture, is worth painstaking inquiry. The word might then be roughly translated by "that

which inspires drinking"; and a "lollapotosa" is a woman that demands imperatively a toast drunk standing, or a thing or a deed that is worthy of a solemn toast.

But the wives of the first Dutch settlers of New Netherland were in the habit of wearing a silk potoso-a-samare with lace. A "samare" has been defined as a woman's gown, a short jacket for woman's wear with four side laps reaching to the knees. But what was the potoso? The oracles are dumb! Is it not possible that lollapotosa is a corrupted form of some garment worn by only distinguished Dutch beauties whose fair bodies are now dust; that in course of time a woman of resplendent beauty was characterized by the garment suitable for her?

Whatever the derivation of this term, it should be used boldly, but with discrimination. It is not given to every woman of lustrous eyes, madding figure, swimming gait to be a "lollapotosa." Let her at first aspire to be a "corker." The degree of "honeycooler" may be granted in a year or two after the first honor is paid. But "lollapotosa" is as the summa cum laude.

Feb 17 1905

RISEGARI PLAYS IMMATURELY

Mr. Silvio Risegari gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall. There was a large, very friendly, applausive audience. The programme included Saint-Saens' transcription of a gavotte by Bach, Rameau's gavotte and variations, Schumann's "Fasehingsschwank" (first allegro), Chopin's impromptu op. 36 No. 2, etude op. 25 No. 7, fantasia; Schuett's "Serenade," "Tristesse de Colombine" and "Sganarelle"; Leschetzky's "Canzonetta Toscana," Johns' "Canzone" and Liszt's transcription of Paganini's "Campanella."

The printed programme portrayed Mr. Risegari crowned with a soft hat, a fedora if we are not mistaken. Such ornamented programmes are not common in Boston, but portraits may thus serve for the identification of performers. Since few men sing or play in the concert hall with hat on—soft, stovepipe or gibus—it would, perhaps, be better if the portraits represented the artists in strict and irreproachable evening dress. This particular programme also contained an elaborate analysis of Mr. Risegari's artistry. It stated that he has "solved the secret" of technique and "stands pre-eminent in the possession of those marvellous qualities which mark the master."

As a matter of fact Mr. Risegari is a pianist of some agreeable acquirements and many serious failings. He is at his best an amiable parlor player. In pieces of gentle sentiment and in pieces that demand first of all a certain elegance in expression he gives pleasure, provided the demands on his technique do not outstrip his present mechanical ability. Thus there were truly delightful moments in his performance of the variations by Rameau and in certain salon pieces of less importance. His touch in quiet passages and in delicate runs is pure and liquid; he has melodic feeling and grace: he sings his cantabile; he can be nimbly fleet in arabesques; he has a pretty and poetic expression; but all these qualities are sporadic, not chronic. A run may be clear and crystalline; the next is smeared or halting. When he attempts to play with breadth, fire, depth of emotion, his performance is superficial or mannered, or aesthetically inadequate, or technically imperfect.

Nor has he any marked continuity of musical thought in such a piece as the "Faschingsschwank" or the fantasia. In the former there was no uplifting swing, no fire in the exposition of the chief theme or in its recurrence, nor were the stormier passages throughout the allegro in any respect authoritative.

His interpretation of the fantasia, mannered as it was, showed plainly that the piece is emotionally and technically beyond his grasp and understanding.

Mr. Risegari in a word is immature, and it is a pity that he is not now studying with a rigid, crabbed taskmaster. He has indisputable gifts, and they are chiefly sensuous, but he does not know how to direct them. He has not meditated his art. He has not yet a thorough and well grounded technical equipment.

And we beseech him in all kindness to put aside at once his mannerisms of attitude and gesture that might fairly be called affectations. They will inevitably prejudice him in the eyes of those that recognize his present acquirements and find in him the stuff of which true artists are made; they will excite the idle laughter of those who go to concerts chiefly because they are bored or unhappy at home.

THE FAURE-COLE RECITAL.

Large Audience Hears Mezzo Soprano and Tenor at Steinert Hall.

Miss Jeanne Faure, mezzo soprano, and Mr. Kelley Cole, tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Duets. "Sommernacht" and "Waldvoeglein," Schultz; "Waft Her Angels," from Handel's "Jephtha" (Mr. Cole); Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," Schumann's "Du Bist wie eine Blume," and "Widmung," Cornelius' "Erwachen" and "Der liebe Lohn" (Miss Faure); H. Wolf's "Verborgenheit" and "Jaegerlied," H. Hermann's "Salomo" and "Leuchtenden Tage" (Mr. Cole); Widor's "Pourquoi," Paladilhe's "Psyche," G. Faure's "Nell," Saint-Saens' Peut-etre" (Miss Faure); Sullivan's "Govne," the old English "Come, My Life's Delight," and the old Scotch "Mary" (Mr. Cole); duet, "Sunset," Goring Thomas.

There was a good sized audience. Miss Ethel V. Cave played the accompaniments in an unusually sympathetic and musical manner. Her accompanying was a marked feature of the concert.

The programme was interesting, for several of the songs were unfamiliar even to confirmed concert-goers. Hans Hermann, for instance, is little known here as a composer. Mr. Sharpe sang his "Drei Wandrer" at his second recital not long ago, and possibly other songs by Hermann have been sung here in a quasi-private way. This composer was born at Leipsic Aug. 17, 1870. As a child he knew poverty. As a young man he was city musician at Zschopau, where he learned the double bass and tuba. Then he wandered as a double bass player through Switzerland, Russia, England. His first lessons were from Rust and E. Kretzschmer, in Leipsic, but in 1893 he studied at Berlin with Herzogenberg, to whom Brahms had recommended him. His songs were introduced by Lilli Lehmann, Amelia Joachim, Scheidemontel and others. Besides these songs he has written a string quartet and other chamber music, works for chorus and piano pieces. His dwelling place is Berlin. We have spoken of Hermann at length because "Salomo" is a song of unusual imaginative and dramatic force.

Miss Faure gave more pleasure with the French than with the German songs. In the latter she was explosive, she sang her consonants, she changed quality of tone continually, she was occasionally below the true pitch, and her rhetorical accents were often misplaced. In the French songs these failings were not so noticeable, and her emotional intensity was not so frequently misdirected.

Mr. Cole dealt violently with himself, the wafting angels and the audience in Handel's recitative and aria. We much preferred him in his gentler mood, as in Hugo Wolf's beautiful "Verborgenheit" and in the English and Scotch songs. He often displayed taste in lyrical movements; he sang "Salomo" with much effect. His voice does not bear straining. It is a good thing for a singer to threaten and command when poet and composer insist; but even then tone should have some musical quality.

A SLIDING SCALE.

There is an oculist in Boston, a man of acknowledged skill and wide reputation, his waiting room is crowded daily, who asks patients unknown to him, and of modest dress, what their pecuniary circumstances are—whether they are wage earners. He charges men and women of small income a correspondingly small fee.

We heard lately of another oculist who charged a poor girl $15 for an ordinary examination. She showed her employer the bill. He at once used the telephone and complained of the exorbitant charge. "Oh," answered the oculist, "if she had said that you sent her, I should have charged her only $3 or $5. Tell her $3 will be all right." "No," said the employer, "it will not be all right. She will pay you $15, and I'll give her the money; but neither I nor any member of my family will consult you after this."

This oculist might have answered that he charged the stenographer $15 because he did not know her, and that sum was his usual fee for strangers and the known rich. But would it not be well for all physicians, oculists, aurists, surgeons to use some discrimination in their charges—to have a sliding scale? Take the case of many physicians who for an ordinary visit of consultation charge you either $3 or $5. Your income is, say, about $5000. You pay the maid of all work $4.50 or $5 a week.

Should one and the same fee be demanded in either case by the man of medicine?

There are physicians in town who show this consideration, and their name is blessed. Those who shrug their shoulders and insist on a fixed fee as due their skill and the honor of the profession might say that they are obliged to make from the poor what they lose from the rich who are negligent in payment, and it is true that men and women of modest income are more punctilious in payment of such bills than are the rich. It should also be said that some of the most skilful and the busiest practitioners are the most thoughtful in their treatment of the patient's pocket. They still entertain the old-fashioned and absurd delusion that physicians are by their very oath and profession practical philanthropists.

FACIAL DECORATIONS.

Mr. Jean Coulon is prominent among the sons of men by reason of his beard, which is 10 feet 10½ inches in length, while his mustache is over a yard and a half long. He is now 79 years old, and on Sundays he exhibits his luxurious growth to all who call on him at Montlucon, in sunny France. On week days he rolls his beard in a bag, so that he is able to do his customary chores with comparative ease. On Sunday he cares for his hirsute glory, nor does he demand a fee for exhibition. Unlike the German of noble birth or of military rank, he does not constantly carry a comb with him; unlike the easterns, he does not anxiously save stray hairs that fall or break off, for he has no fear of designing witches.

As the Rev. Nathaniel Wanley judiciously observed, pondering the little agreement there is among men in the ideas of beauty and propriety: "We find some of them looking upon the beard as the greatest ornament and honor which could adorn the body and preserving every hair with the most religious solemnity; whilst others have regarded it with an equal share of disgust, and have been as industrious to shave, pluck and destroy every particle of hair from their chins; but all agree in considering it as disagreeable in those women on whom nature has wantonly bestowed it."

Yet Zaentus, known as Lusitanus, in his invaluable work, published in folio (two vols., Lyons, 1649), tells the following story: "In a town near Penheranda, which is thirty miles from Madrid, the King of Spain's court, there was a countywoman, called Brizida de Penheranda; she was aged 60 years; she had a beard from her youth, which she suffered to grow, so that in her age it reached down to the pit of her stomach. My ancestors, who were persons worthy of credit, have seen this woman, and I myself have seen her picture."

We have searched diligently the books of the ancients and found no record of any such beard as that sported by Mr. Coulon, which is, indeed, one in which the fowls of the air might build their nests and rear their young. Mr. John Staininger of Braunau was much admired in his day, but his forked beard reached only to the ground; there was the Portuguese Jesuit, Franciscus Alvarez Semedo, whose beard reached to his feet, so that for the sake of convenience he used to have it girt about him with a girdle; there was Urgulu Chan, high steward to a Persian king, and his mustache was so long that, going about his neck, it met again at his mouth, which was accounted a great ornament in his native land; but what are they and other worthies to this hirsute wonder and glory of Montlucon?

Much might be written about fashions in beards, how the English varied them in grotesque manner—their beards were shaped like a spade, a fork, a dagger, a hammer, a T, a quadrate, a triangle, some were circular, oval, and, indeed, many geometrical figures served as models. Much might be written about the superstitions, the folk lore of the beard, but we mercifully refrain. The history of the beard in New England alone would be entertaining reading. We know of a man who, in the forties, returning from college to his home, proud of his mustache, was greeted by his father with the words: "You goat! Go to your room, and do not let me see you again before you have taken that thing off." There is more than one instance of an estate left on the condition that the inheritor should never wear a beard of any form.

Beards are often worn as masks to hide not only a physical deformity, but to prevent immediate discovery of some weakness of character. We have often wished Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne a full beard, for his chin resembles a poached egg. There are men who pass for philanthropists, reservoirs of learning, deep thinkers, thanks to a beard. Some years ago a most venerable person haunted a certain auction room in this city. When he nodded approval and desire to possess an article it was as though the wisdom of the ages had pronounced an opinion. One day the beard disappeared—perhaps he had singed one side of it, and, lo, the true man was disclosed, a petty, crafty Peter Funk.

The vanity of man is strikingly shown in form or cultivation of mustache, whiskers, beard. If two men with long beards meet accidentally you will see them taking mental measurements, comparing, and soon they are in conversation without any formal introduction. "How long has your's been growing?" "Did you ever try Goboria for it?" etc., etc. Whether women prefer a man with or without a beard would be hard to determine. Their preference is largely a matter of fashion or of first impression. There are men, like the conies, a feeble folk, who are continually changing their facial decoration to suit the whim of a wife. If Mrs. Johnson asks how any woman can love a bearded man the answer is that bearded ladies have found husbands who looked on them as something more than money winners. We doubt if any woman was ever drawn toward a man who had not at least the potentiality of a beard.

Feb 19 1905

TRUE SYMPATHY.

In these days, when the personality of any public man, athlete, novelist, politician, singer, playactor, is a matter of absorbing interest to thousands, it is not surprising that some one is occasionally stabbed either through the carelessness or the deliberate intention of a paragraph. Whether the wound be accidentally or maliciously inflicted, in spite of painstaking editorial supervision, it smarts, and the victim suffers. The public man may well expect that criticism of his work or character may at times be of an unpleasant nature, however courteously this criticism is expressed. He does not always read the attack, the censure, the radical disagreement, for some only skim the newspapers. But public men, and even comparatively humble individuals, have acquaintances entered in the catalogue as friends, who lose no time in informing them of what they failed to see. It is also true that there are some who say, "I make it a point never to read what is published about me," and when they write a reply to the editor they begin: "Sir—My attention has been called to an article"; but these masters of themselves, after a speech or a performance of any kind, may be seen looking for the newspapers at an absurdly early hour the next morning, to the disturbance of the household and the neglect of the customary bath. Nor is the breakfast that morning a cheerful meal.

But Ferguson did not see the article. Enter the warm friend. There are several ways of executing this office of affection. One friend with a deathbed manner begins: "Ferguson, it's outrageous. I was telling Auger yesterday that the license of the press is intolerable. Of course, no one who knows you will believe the yarn; it's absurd on the face of it." But there is no finesse in this method. The technic is that of a delivered ton of coal. A more refined way, suggestive of polished and mediaeval Italy, is to call on Ferguson, talk with him on the authenticity of the Velasquez portrait, a dinner to be given to Mr. Johnson, or some matter of club politics, and then, as you leave, to remark incidentally: "By the way, Ferguson, I suppose you saw what some one wrote about you in last night's Kazoo? They're whacking everybody. I suppose it will be my turn next." Ferguson is at once in a highly nervous state. There's no copy of the Kazoo in the office, and the boy does not find

ne at the nearest news stand. Ferison is irritable until the office hours re over. He knows that customers press a smile when they enter. Why they not discuss the article, so that may know the worst? What could e said about him? And he revolves in is mind little episodes in his daily life hat he should not like to see discussed n print. At last, at last! He secures copy of the Kazoo and reads it in the treet.

Another way of breaking the news, nuch practised by anonymuneules, is o paste the article on a sheet of paper, vithout comment, and mail it to the ictim. There is one drawback in this: 'ou miss the joy of seeing his suffering.'

NOTES ON BOSTON.

Is it possible that there is a Boston nknown to the dwellers therein? It s true that there are adventurous souls u the Back Bay who now and then xplore the mysterious recesses of the South end and the morasses and junles of darkest Cambridge. We remember well the noble joy of a daring lubman who told us of an afternoon xploit. He had struck boldly out iu he region that lies beyond Columbus venue. "Do you know, I found a deightful little square with fine old ouses of the basement kitchen and lack walnut period. There was a garden fenced and with gates. There were rees and flowers, and neatly dressed ittle children. I had no idea that here was any such section of a street n Boston. I wonder if I could find it gain." He was trembling with joy nd excitement.

Intrepid Englishmen and Englishvomen occasionally come to Boston as hey would go to Freetown or Fernando 'o. We read not long ago the published impressions of an English girl vho visited us. She came here without rejudice, and she saw a city that we ave never seen. She had "never heard f the famous brew of tea in Boston arbor in seventeen hundred and something," but she now regards it as "a unishment for that shameful waste hat America has never succeeded in rewing good tea." She should not udge us as tea brewers from the cups ffered at afternoon receptions. She vas impressed by the memory of Crisus Attucks, "whose elegant statue tands in Boston Park." Would that he had seen the Coggswell fountain!

We learn from her that Boston landadies speak in a "New England soprano," and allude to their servants as help." In the boarding house where he first stopped, the help brought her t a late hour a "jug of ice water" and ome "crackers," and asked her if she ould like some lunch. "I afterward arnt that any meal served after 10 . M. is termed lunch." True, too true. e discussed this painful subject not ng ago. Her experiences the following day were still more harrowing. ooking out of the window, she saw an ice cream and drug store"; also a ign, "Black eyes mended here." A egro bootblack at the corner wore "a ll pearl derby hat and a frock coat"; e was reading, not Emerson, not even The Simple Life"; he was readiug own Topics.

At the boarding house she became acuainted with the daughter of a mumma," and as the daughter "could ot come out till ha'f p'st three," she tudied the "local paper." The "local aper"! A sad reflection on the jouralistic enterprise of Boston. And in his one newspaper of Boston she found Mark downs," such as that of the Remnant Pants & Co."

Her first visit was not to the Public Library, not to the Museum of Fine rts, but to a dry goods store. It was ot any one of those familiar to us, ut she was lost in wonder, love and raise. "Mothers taking their babies here can have them checked along vith their umbrellas and rubbers, and eave them in good hands in a large oom arranged for the purpose. When he mothers have finished, on showing he number of the check the baby is roduced."

The visitor walked back to the boarding house and "noticed that one bright, sunny street was almost devoted to 'candy stores'; over these tempting stores almost every window showed a dentist's chair and his sign." A placard in a restaurant window arrested her attention: "Meal, twenty-five cents; square meal, seventy-five cents; gorge, one dollar," and in an undertaker's window she read: "You kick the bucket, we do the rest."

Is it not possible that this visitor, having read books of "American humor," saw Boston with the mind's eye? As Baudelaire remarked, the landscape is in the eye of the observer. Did she really visit Boston? An architect of this city met last summer in London an affable and well informed Englishman. In the course of conversation the latter admitted that he had been to Boston; he took the trip chiefly for the voyage and rest. "I was very much disappointed in your city. The hotel was not so sumptuously furnished as I had expected; the streets were provincial, and the town looked small. But I stuck it out till the next steamer sailed." It dawned on the architect that the Englishman had never left East Boston, and a few questions convinced him of the fact. "But didn't you take the ferry?" "Ferry? Ferry? I saw rum looking boats going somewhere, but my time was so short I thought I'd better see the sights of the town. No, I did not go into the suburbs." May not this English girl have had a like experience? Some one may have told her of the Attucks statue in "Boston Park."

Feb 19 1905

VON VECSEY PLAYS WITH MASTERY

Master Franz von Vecsey, violinist, assisted by Mr. Herman Zilcher, pianist, gave his second concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. The programme included Vieuxtemps' Concerto in E major, Bach's Chaconne, Wieniawski's "Faust" Fantasia for the violin, and these piano pieces: Schumann's "Des Abends," Chopin's Ballade in F major, and Zilcher's "Capriccioso" and "Spieldose."

The technical accomplishments of this extraordinary boy have already been discussed at length by The Herald, and the opinion expressed after his concert was corroborated by his performance yesterday. Again there was an exhibition of surprising mechanism that might well excite the admiration of musicians, experienced virtuosos and general public. Again there was the display of pure and sympathetic tone and of quiet, easy mastery of acknowledged difficulties. And it may be said that there were moments yesterday of true musical expression far removed from mere mimicry of a teacher, spontaneous, not due merely to an unusually retentive memory. The boy in passages of the Chaconne stood on a higher aesthetic plane than he did at any time during his first concert.

It is not necessary to repeat what has been said in The Herald about the inevitable line that separates the emotional display of a child and that of a man. Von Vecsey, when at his best, interprets as one might expect from a boy of unusual technical acquirement and musical instinct. His performance is all the more delightful for this reason to all those interested in such phenomena. Were he, at the age of 11 or 12, to play with the emotional experience, the passion, the knowledge of the man of the world, he would be not a phenomenon, but a monstrosity. Applauded again and again, he added pieces to the programme.

Mr. Zilcher accompanied excellently and gave pleasure by his solos. His own pieces are graceful salon music of the better sort; his imitation of the music box is ingenious and without any recollection of Liadoff's pretty trifle.

After visiting other American cities, Master von Vecsey will give concerts in Canada. On June 17 he will play at a philharmonic concert in London, and after that visit the chief towns of the English provinces. Then he will go to the Riviera. Next fall he will give 30 concerts in Spain, and in March, 1906, he will play at a Colonne concert and also a series of recitals in Paris.

The interest shown here in the young violinist has led Mr. Daniel Frohman, his manager, to arrange another recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon. This will be the last opportunity, it is said, to hear him in Boston. Tickets may be obtained for this recital on and after tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall. The programme will include Mendelssohn's Concerto, Tartini's "Devil's Trill" and Wieniawski's "Souvenir of Moscow."

MUSIC NOTES.

The piano recital announced for next Tuesday afternoon in Steinert Hall by Mr. Felix Fox has been postponed, owing to a slight injury to his hand, to Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 28.

MAMMOTH BAND CONCERT.

The Boston Musicians' Protective Association will give a concert in Mechanics' Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 26, in aid of their charitable fund. On this occasion a band of 300 performers under the direction of T. M. Carter will render a popular and classic programme. The instrumentation of this monster band will include 72 Bb clarinets, 12 Eb clarinets, 60 cornets, 36 trombones, 20 tubas, 40 horns, 16 baritones, four bass drums, eight tympanis, 10 snare drums, with a large section of string basses, oboes, saxophones, bassoons and anvils. One feature of the concert will be Sullivan's "Lost Chord," rendered by a battalion of 36 trombones. The "William Tell" overture is on the programme, as is Reeves' "2d Connecticut March." The committee, Messrs. Dodge, Kenney, Carle, Claffy and Goodrich, have been perfecting arrangements for the past two months. The entire floor has been reserved at 50 cents, and the balcony is reserved at 75 cents. Already over 300 tickets have been sold. The committee has placed tickets with Oliver Ditson, and will have the box office open all day Feb. 26. The Governor, mayor, music commission, chairman of the board of aldermen and president of the common council have been invited.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of Chopin's concerto in E minor as played lately in London by Miss Evelyn Suart: "The work itself has not yet been so thoroughly dealt with in criticism that a mere word in passing could have any authoritative meaning; by that we would not say that a great deal has not been written about the work, but we certainly think that he will be a brave man who will come forward and give this composition precisely the place which will be assigned to it in the history of art. Miss Suart's playing was, on the whole, good. Whatever Chopin wrote, he, at all events, gave to it a certain individuality, a certain mysterious delicacy, even when he thought he was writing strongly and with the utmost virility. Miss Suart seems to us to have accepted rather Chopin's view of himself than the really right view of Chopin. She seemed not to care about those flexible touches of sudden genius which are always to be found, if one studies long enough, even in the most pseudo-virile work of Chopin. Miss Suart, however, played thoroughout with something of a heavy touch, with a broad touch, thereby losing Chopin on the way, and thereby stiffening all his intentions into a classic mould, which surely he never purposed. We have hinted that she had her excuses, that Chopin himself strove to get away from his own personality; but, as he never succeeded in the effort, it is just as well to take him precisely as he is, and forget that outside the circle of his own art he was never able to draw a larger, even though it might have been a concentric, circle in which to express himself."

It is stated that Eugene d'Albert has completed a patriotic chorus, "To the Genius of Germany," which will be performed for the first time on March 17, the birthday of Kaiser Wilhelm.

One of the greatest successes of the opera season in Berlin has been the production of a musical comedy, entitled "Die Neugierigen Frauen," the libretto by Count Sugana and the music by Wolf-Ferrari, whose name is not unknown to frequenters of the Queen's Hall promenade concerts. The plot deals with a mysterious club of men who meet from time to time. Their women folk, especially the wives of the married members, are determined to find out all about the club, which they suspect of being an excuse for bacchanalian orgies. The women find means of surprising one of the meetings of the club, but only find that their husbands and lovers are enjoying themselves at a harmless supper party. The music is said to be delightful from beginning to end.—London News.

Handel's "Saul" was performed for the first time in Paris at a Conservatory concert Jan. 22. Mr. Arthur Pougin found it to be a grand and superb work. The critic of the Guide Musical said that the performance was a rather long one.

Gabriel Pierne's "Croisade des Enfants," a musical legend in four parts, text adapted from the well known prose poem of Marcel Schwob, was produced at a Colonne concert, Paris, Jan. 22. The four parts are entitled "The Departure, the Highway, the Sea, the Saviour in the Storm." There is a curious geographical observation in the libretto; the Jordan is represented as emptying into the Mediterranean. The music is said to be "interesting and very agreeable."

STRAUSS' "DOMESTICA."

Richard Strauss' "Domestic" symphony is making its triumphant way through Europe, and many, as Arthur Nikisch, declare the work to be the masterpiece of the composer. The symphony was performed lately in Philadelphia, and the Ledger of that city published a carefully considered and highly eulogistic review of both work and performance, but other journals preferred to treat the matter with humorous indignation. The Press, for instance, published a long review, from which we make this quotation:

"He (Strauss) set himself a very vulgar task; he elected to do a very commonplace and cheap and tricky thing. With a prodigious amount of trouble, enlarging his orchestra and dragging in rare instruments for the purpose, apparently, of making the unthinking cry out, 'How wonderful!' he has written a work in which there is not the slightest evidence of artistic poise, but simply an effort to do things which should and ought to be outside the bounds of music. The frankly imitative passages of papa, mama, aunts and the baby are silly and grotesque, while a great deal of the music as music is a hodgepodge of incoherencies.

"Really, when Strauss was about it enlarging the orchestra, why not go a step further? He should forbid the symphony to be played except in a stage setting to represent a nursery. In front of the orchestra and before the footlights there should be arranged a complete series of mechanical toys, lambs that would baa, cows that would moo, cats that would me-ouw, dogs that would bark, chickens that would crow, lions that would roar, with the familiar instruments of percussion, the baby's rattle, etc., worked by electricity, with push buttons on the conductor's desk, and with all the other rich and varied impedimenta of an up-to-date child's toy box littered about the stage.

"But, moreover, there should be, in all certainty, a large manikin labelled 'Pa,' another large manikin labelled 'Ma,' and a wax doll baby, life-size, with phonographic attachments, that at critical moments in the symphony should express vocally and accurately what the composer is driving at and make the home pictures so real that even the dullest would recognize them. This is certainly what his methods call for, while the general vulgarity of the symphony itself suggests that it should be the first of a trilogy, with a 'divorce symphony' as a possible second. It connot, and ought not to be, taken seriously as a contribution to any legitimate musical form. As a musical joke it is a little too long-winded. For, if 'brevity he the soul of wit,' a joke lasting half an hour is a little too much for human endurance."

ERNEST SCHELLING.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, the pianist, who will play with the Symphony orchestra this week and give a recital soon afterward in Jordan Hall, was born in or near Philadelphia about 30 years ago. He received his first lessons as a child from his father, Dr. Felix Schelling, and appeared in public at the age of 5 to show his technical proficiency and his unusually accurate sense of pitch. At the age of 9 he was allowed to enter the Paris Conservatory. (A Schelling had studied there before him—Alfred Francois, who took the first piano prize in 1847). He continued his studies with Hans Huber at Basle and played as a lad in Paris, London, and in cities of Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland. His talent attracted the attention of Paderewski, who taught him for several years. During the last four years he has played in the chief European cities and in South America with marked success, and the leading critics and musical audiences have awarded him high praise. He has composed a symphony, a Fantasia for piano and orchestra, chamber music and piano pieces. He is court pianist to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and it is stated solemnly that "his distinguished appearance and manners have everywhere admitted him to the highest society." He is already engaged to play with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, the Philadelphia orchestra and the Kneisel quartet, and he will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra in Albany as well as here.

GRAND OPERA.

The season ticket sale by mail for the week of opera to be given by the Metropolitan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre, beginning Monday, March 6, closed last night. It will be followed by the sale of season tickets at the box office, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week, from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M., and that in turn, on Tuesday, Feb. 28, by the single ticket sale, beginning at 9 A. M.

The scale of prices quoted for season tickets, to include both performances of "Parsifal," calls for $50 for the orchestra and first two rows in balcony; $44 for the orchestra circle; $28 for dress circle, and $19 for the family circle. If the season ticket purchaser chooses, he may secure tickets for seven performances, including either the "Parsifal" of Tuesday or Thursday, at prices ranging from $15.70 for the family circle to $40 for the orchestra and first two rows in balcony. The orchestra circle in that case sells for $37 and the dress circle $23.

The repertory and casts have been announced already in The Sunday Herald. The former includes "Lucia di Lammermoor" for Monday evening; "Parsifal" on Tuesday and Thursday, at 5 o'clock P. M. and 11:30 A. M., respectively; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wednesday evening; "Die Fledermaus," Thursday evening; "La Gioconda," Friday evening; "Les Huguenots," Saturday afternoon, and "Die Meistersinger," Saturday evening.

The MS. vocal score of Frederic Field Bullard's cantata, "Amor Triumphans," which many of his friends saw shortly before his death last June, is missing. It is thought that it may have been left with some musical acquaintance, inasmuch as a rather thorough canvass of singing societies and publishers has failed to bring it to light. Any information as to its whereabouts will be welcomed by his relations.

CARUSO IN A TENOR OPERA; "LUCIA" TO OPEN THE SEASON

EDYTH WALKER

ENRICO CARUSO
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OLIVE FREMSTAD
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BELLA ALTEN
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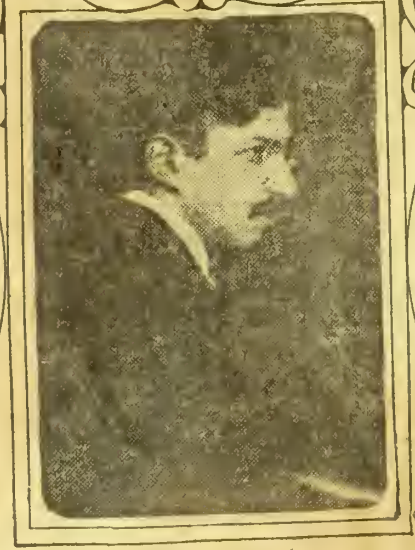

FELIX FOX
PIANIST

FRANK O'BRIEN
PIANIST

Melancholy Edgardo, Not the Mad Lady, the Chief Figure in "Lucia"—Handel and Haydn to Give Volbach's "Raphael" and Paine's "Hymn of the West" Tonight, Their First Performance in This City—Burns Memorial Concert and Other Musical Events.

MR. CARUSO, one of the most famous singers on the operatic stage, will make his first appearance in Boston on Monday, March 6. The opera will be "Lucia di Lammermoor." Some may wonder that this opera is chosen for the opening night of the operatic week at the Boston Theatre, for "Lucia" is to them only an opera with an inactive but constantly sympathetic Scottish chorus, an admired sextet, and a mad lady whose conduct in public is extravagant, chiefly in bursts of coloratura; she does not in these mow and gibber in an unpleasant manner, nor does she play with straw in her hair. Nine out of ten who know this "Lucia" would answer in a competitive examination that the opera ends with the mad scene. Nor could they tell what becomes of Edgardo.

But "Lucia" was originally and for years a tenor opera.

Gilbert Duprez, the great French tenor, was in Naples in 1835, and he met Donizetti there, who had already written for him an opera, "La Rosmunda d'Inghilterra," an opera which was speedily forgotten. Duprez tells the story in his "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur": "'My dear Duprez,' he said to me, 'I am now composing an opera for you that you will like.' He wrote 'Lucia' and often in the course of his work he would consult me about this or that number. For this reason he called me jestingly his 'ciabattino' (cobbler), because I made him change or add now a phrase, now a measure or merely a note or two. For example, the great scene of the last act, the final scene of the opera, ended as all great airs usually end, but I advised him to let the 'cellos take up the chief theme, interrupted by sobs and lamentations of Edgardo. He was so pleased with the idea that he immediately set himself at work and he sent me this great scene in his own copy to ask my approbation. This I gave and I kept the autograph at the bottom of which the composer had traced in Neapolitan dialect: 'You strike yourself and you fall, but you fall alone; because if I were going to fall, I should have fallen already.'"

A dozen years afterward at Paris Donizetti's mind began to give way and he was put into an asylum. Duprez went to see him and tried to quicken his dull intelligence. "I spoke to him of the past, of his country, of his operas; I sang to him a bit of his 'dear 'Lucia.' 'Walt, walt,' he said, 'I'll accompany you.' I thought for a moment that I had aroused him from his torpor. He went to the piano, his listless hands fell at random on the keys, he was again stupid. It was terrible!"

A Forgotten Idol.

For many years the dominating figure in "Lucia" was Edgardo, not the mad lady, and the scene of Edgardo's wail and suicide was the scene of scenes.

The women of New York in the forties raved over a tenor, a certain Sesto Benedetti, as they never raved over Alvary or the "Only Jean." Richard Grant White wrote a description of this idol: "Among all the tenors who have appeared in America"—this was written in 1882—"not one took such a hold upon the musical public as Benedetti, although he had not a great voice, nor a finished style, nor a handsome person. His vocalization was often open to severe criticism. Indeed, he was but a half-taught singer, and his face, with a shapeless nose and little, Chinese-looking eyes, was almost ugly; nor was this defect made up by beauty of figure. But there was in the tone and quality of his voice something to which the heart could not say no; and his style of singing as well as his bearing on the stage was the perfection of manliness. His passion was manly; his tenderness was manly. The women worshipped him, and the men forgave him this and admired him. He was for years the beloved of the New York public. His great part was Edgaro in 'Lucia'; and at one time it seemed as if he might have sang Edgardo every opera night without intermission for a year. He was great only upon the stage and in dramatic parts; in the concert room he failed to carry his audience with him."

A curious picture of a New York operatic audience of the forties is drawn by a contributor to the United States Magazine and Democratic Review (March, 1847): "In Chambers street there is the Italian opera, never before so successful in this city—crowded houses and fashionable houses; not only plenty of dollars, but plenty of scented, sweet-smelling dollars. We never agreed with Vespatian that money had no odor, and that it made no difference whence it came. 'Linda' was well received, and 'Lucia' raptuously applauded. Rows of upright and indefatigable young men lined Palmo's walls, which bristled with double-barrelled opera glasses, as the bastions of Vera Cruz with cannon. Nightly they laughed at Benedetti's 'Dov'e Lucia' and shrieked 'Bravo' at Benedetti's 'Bel' alma Inamorata.' Bouquets were hurled by fair ladies at the fascinating tenor, who did not know how to take them; au moral, we mean, for he generally stuck them in his belt beside the fatal dagger, and the master of Ravenswood died like a Roman roue, covered with flowers. Ravenswood consulted Palmo's lawyer to know what course to adopt; in Italy, it seems, there is but one. The learned gentleman explained that a projected bouquet was only a bravissimo in action, and read extracts from Blackstone on marriage, and from Reeve on the domestic relations. A trifling quarrel behind the scenes increased the rush of the music mad."

This writer mentioned in another article Benedetti's faults; "a defective breathing, which causes him sometimes to break musical phrases, and even to dismember words, and a want of portamento which frequently compels him to 'ha-ha-ha' his way from one note to another."

Benedetti's first appearance in Boston was at the Howard Athenaeum at Ellze Ostinelli's benefit in January, 1848. He was here later in the season and sang in "Lucrezia Borgia," "Nabucco," "Il Guimamento." He married Truffi. You will search Fetis' or Grove's (revised edition) in vain for a sketch of his life.

As Benedetti and long afterward Campanini were the rage in New York, so Mr. Caruso is the fashion today, and Italy again has her turn after Germany and Poland with their favorite sons. Why women should thus prefer a tenor to a baritone is an interesting psychological and physiological problem. Yet there were years when they were extravagant in their admiration for male operatic sopranos and contraltos, wit-

Large .

ess the adoration paid Farinelli, Caffarelli and Velluti, who was worshipped in London as late as 1825.

It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Conried has a tenor of great renown. The absence of one last season was the chief reason of the pecuniarily unsatisfactory engagement here, for it will be remembered that Mr. Caruso left the Metropolitan company before it came to Boston, and even Mr. Kraus could not console us, though he was in rude and bolsterous health.

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Caruso's Early Years.

Enrico Caruso was born at Naples in 1873. There are various stories about his parents and his early years. One story is that his mother sold herbs in Milan; that the young man sang first in small Italian cities, then was engaged for Russia. This story has been told at length and in pathetic detail.

Caruso's father was a Neapolitan mechanic and he wished his boy to learn a trade. There was friction between them, until the mother died when Caruso was 15 years old. She had believed in his musical future, and when she died, Enrico obtained permission from his father to sing on condition that he should earn his own living and pay for his lessons. Young Caruso worked as a mechanic for some years and received about 40 cents a day. He then was employed in a factory of chemical products. The owner, a Belgian, went home and Caruso was dismissed.

As a boy he sang in churches and he thus sang until his voice became a tenor. For this work he received at the most a sum equivalent to $3 for eight services.

When he was about 18 years old he met a baritone who reproached him for singing without any knowledge and at the risk of spoiling his voice. Caruso answered that he had no money to pay for lessons, whereupon his friend took him to his own teacher, Vergine, who after trials of his voice made him the following proposition—we now quote from the Musical Courier, New York: 'He would teach Caruso for three years, and when ready for a career Caruso was to pay him 25 per cent. on his earnings during the five subsequent years of his engagements. That is to say, if in a year Caruso sang one month only, this month would count as a month's engagement and not as an annual engagement, even if it were an annual contract, in which only one month of singing occurred. In order to pay off the debt on such conditions it would have taken Caruso 12 years, which is a considerable part of an artist's career. However, he signed the contract and began his lessons. Friction immediately ensued between the two, because Caruso insisted on singing outside of the school in order to earn a little money."

At the age of 20 he performed his military service. The colonel of his regiment became interested in him, found a singing teacher and also gave him time enough for lessons. Caruso, the father, had meanwhile married again, and the second wife, persuaded him to attempt to free his son from army service. Another son offered to take Enrico's place, so after a year and a half in the army he returned to Vergine for further instruction.

There are contrary statements about his debut. Some say he made his first appearance at the Nuovo Theatre, Naples, in 1894, in an opera entitled "L'Amico Francesco"; others that he appeared first in 1896 in "La Traviata" at the Fondo, Naples. The former statement is probably the true one. He afterward sang at the Bellini Theatre in Naples, at Cairo, in Sicily, at Leghorn, and at last in 1898 at the Scala, Milan. At this famous opera house his fame was surely established, especially by his creation of the part of Loris in the production of Giordano's "Fedora."

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His Later Career.

Since then he has sung in the leading opera houses of Germany, Russia, Italy; for four or five seasons in South America; and each season at Covent Garden since May 14, 1902, when as the Duke in "Rigoletto" he made his first appearance in England.

His repertory is a varied one. It includes "La Traviata," "La Favorita," "La Giocondo," Bizet's "Pearl Fisher," both Puccini's and Leoncavallo's "Boheme," "La Navarraise," Cilea's "L'Arlesienne," Massenet's "Sappho," "Mefistofele," "Elisire d'Amore," Mascagni's "Le Maschere," "Tosca," Franchetti's "Germania," Massenet's "Manon," "Iris," "Adriana," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Lucia," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Sonnombula," "Rigoletto, "Mme. Butterfly," "Pagliacci."

It is said that Mr. Grau, six or seven years ago, had the opportunity of engaging Caruso at the salary of $700 a month, and the privilege of extending the contract for two years at a slight annual increase in the monthly payment. But the tenor was then hardly known, and Mr. Grau declined to engage him. In 1902 the impresario went to Europe to secure the tenor for the Metropolitan Opera House, but Caruso had already made his plans. The story goes that Mr. Grau then engaged him for the year to come. The Sun of April 5, 1903, stated that his contract called for 40 appearances at the rate of $1000 a performance during the first season. Then Mr. Grau had the right to his services for two years more at an increase to $1200 and $1400 a representation. His engagement for the second and third season was, of course, dependent entirely on the impression he made during the first year. Mr. Conried denied that he wanted the Italian tenor when he took the lease of the opera house, but he was amazed at the terms of the Grau contract, as an Italian tenor is a very uncertain proposition in New York under all circumstances. * * * He decided to try to get the tenor on terms a little bit less one-sided. So he began negotiations to that end. Either the end of the Grau regime was taken to mean that salaries would not in the future be so high or the tenor was very anxious to come to the United States. Whatever the reason was, Signor Caruso is to sing at the Metropolitan next winter under a contract which enables his manager to dispense with his services after a certain time in case he is not a success. And his salary is not to increase so steadily season after season if he ever sings here again.

A more romantic story of Caruso's engagement is told by Mr. Gustav Kobbe in "Opera Singers":

"He (Mr. Conried) argued that if you were to ask almost anybody you met on Broadway who the leading American actor was, the answer would be Mansfield; By analogy, he concluded that there must be some Italian tenor so far above his fellows that any and every Italian asked for the name of the greatest living Italian tenor would answer with the same name. So he put on his hat and walked up Broadway. The impresario (as yet without a company) strolled along until he came to a neat-looking bootblack stand, seated himself there, and proceeded to procure an unnecessary shine, all in the interest of art and himself. The proceedings having reached that stage when Tony was applying the paste, the impresario asked, casually: 'Who is the greatest Italian tenor?' Tony looked up and without hesitation answered, 'Caruso.' The impresario returned to his office and pondered. He asked one of his assistants if there were anything relating to Caruso in the office records. A contract was discovered between the tenor and Grau for the following season, but Grau's retirement had vacated it. Conried pondered again. Suddenly it occurred to him that there was an Italian savings bank in the city, and forthwith he again put on his hat, walked to the corner of Broadway and jumped on a car, jumped off again at Spring street and walked in the direction of the Bowery until he saw the bank's sign in gold lettering. Conried introduced himself to the president of the bank, Mr. Francolini, and then asked him who was the greatest living Italian tenor. 'Caruso,' said Francolini. 'And what is more,' he continued, 'the secretary of our bank, Mr. Simonelli, knows him and can tell you all about him.' The upshot was that, after a chat with Simonelli, who also knew the singer's agent, the secretary of the bank was authorized by the impresario to conclude the engagement with the tenor by cable. Thus the dictum of a bootblack was the first step in the coming to this country of one of the greatest singers we have had here."

Yet some Italians might have answered "Bonei."

Caruso married Ada Ciacchetti, an operatic singer with whom he was associated in 1901 at Treviso and Bologna. He is short and thickset, but he has expressive dark eyes. He is said to be modest, amiable toward his colleagues, rather careless in matters of dress, and a caricaturist of marked ability.

His debut at the Metropolitan Opera House was on Nov. 23, 1903, when he appeared as the Duke in "Rigoletto."

He is not the first Neapolitan named Caruso to be associated with the opera house. Luigi Caruso (1754-1822) was a most fecund composer of operas, church music, cantatas, songs and instrumental pieces, and his father was a Neapolitan choirmaster.

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Miss Alten et al.

Miss Bella Alten, lyric soprano, is a Pole by birth, but she was educated in Germany. She began to study when she was 15 years old, at first in Berlin, and then at Dresden with Aglaia Orgeni, the teacher of Miss Edyth Walker. She has also studied with Henschel in London. Her operatic debut was at Leipsic seven or eight years ago. After a season she became a member of the Brunswick Court opera company. She has sung in concert. Last season she appeared at Covent Garden as Cherubino and Eva.

Eugenio Giraldoni, baritone, was born at Marseilles in 1871. His father was a famous singer who created the chief baritone parts in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" and "Simon Boccenegra." His mother, Carolina Ferni, was a violinist, and engaged at the St. Petersburg Conservatory. He at first studied engineering, but soon turned to the stage and at the age of 20 made his first operatic appearance at the Liceo in Barcelona. Since then he has sung in the leading opera houses of Europe and South America. His repertory is a large one and he has created several parts, as that of Scarpia in Puccini's "Tosca." He is described as a man of commanding presence whose face is much like that of the first Napoleon.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Alten, Miss Walker, Miss Fremstad. The latter two made their first appearance in opera in this city last season. They then met with immediate favor, and their return has been eagerly anticipated. Miss Fremstad will be the Kundry of the Thursday performance of "Parsifal" (March 9), and Miss Walker will be the Prince in Strauss' "Bat" and the Blind Woman in "Gioconda." Miss Alten will be seen and heard as Nedda and Eva.

LOCAL.

Prof. John K. Paine's "Hymn of the West," to be sung by the Handel and Haydn this evening for the first time in Boston, is a musical setting with orchestral introduction and interlude of Mr. E. C. Stedman's poem, beginning:

"O Thou whose glorious orbs on high
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out Thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground.
Eternal Light,
Fill with Thy might
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's heart anew."

Mr. Ernest Schelling will give his first piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30.

The Boston Symphony quartet will play at the ninth Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall Feb. 26.

A concert will be given in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, March 5. Mr. Gericke will conduct. The programme will include excerpts from "Lohengrin," "The Mastersingers" and "The Valkyrie." Mail orders accompanied by check or postal order made payable to Mr. C. A. Ellis will be filled in the order of their reception.

The Thursday Morning Musical Club will give a concert in aid of its scholarship fund in Chickering Hall Thursday afternoon at 3. The soloists will be Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Miss Lucie Tucker, Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, Mr. Willy Hess. The chorus directed by Mr. Arthur B. Hyde, will sing a new cantata, "The Sea Fairies," written for the club by Mrs. Beach, who will be the pianist.

The city of Boston will give a concert in Faneuil Hall on Thursday evening. The orchestral pieces will be by Weber, Bolzoni, J. Strauss, Verdi, Doppler, Auber. Mr. Henry P. Dreyer, baritone, will sing songs by Apolloni and Cowen. Mr. Tafley Marich will play a cornet solo by Millars.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the Brighton high school on Friday evening. The orchestral pieces will be by Lachner, Bizet, Herbert, Massenet, Germano, Wagner. Miss Adelaide Griggs will sing songs by Peccia and Miss Griswold, and Mr. Frank Eaton will play a flute solo by Demersseman.

The programme of the third and last Hoffman quartet concert to be given in Potter Hall the evening of March 1 will include a quartet by Gustav Strube (MS.), the posthumous quartet movement in C minor by Schubert, and Goldmark's piano quintet, with the assistance of Mr. Perabo, pianist.

Eugen d'Albert will give only one piano recital here, and this will be in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, March 1, at 2:30.

Miss Gertrude Brown will give a "musical talk" on "Parsifal" in Steinert Hall a few days before the performance of the opera by the Metropolitan Opera House company.

Among the songs to be sung by Mr. Ernest Sharpe on Wednesday are some by Purcell, two by the celebrated painter, Salvator Rosa, and a setting by Mr. Manney to Kipling's "Recessional," which will be sung in manuscript for the first time.

The performance of Volbach's "Raphael"—three "mood pictures" suggested by as many Madonnas of the painter—for chorus, orchestra and organ, will be the first in America. The work was produced lately in England with genuine success. Seats that are still unsold may be obtained today at the box office of Symphony Hall after 1 o'clock.

INFANT PRODIGIES.

Mr. W. J. Henderson sees no reason why children should play in public. We quote from an article by him published in the New York Sun:

"They ought to be engaged in hard study, not simply of the violin, or music, but of subjects likely to expand their young minds and make them capable of thinking. The truth is that too often these youthful prodigies are permitted to grow up with such one-sided natures that they never become great artists.

"It may seem strange to some, but it is none the less a fact, that in most cases the concentration of the entire inner life of a student upon music is almost certain to make of him, not an artist, but a pedagogic theorist. What the talented child needs is to be pulled away from crochets and quavers, from discords and resolutions, and made to see the big round world, to catch glimpses of flying clouds and running waters, to hear the whistling of the winds and the breaking of waves, and, above all, to study humanity and round out his own nature with knowledge of his kind.

"In a word, a child who has a great gift for music should be thoroughly educated, not drilled simply in the science of his chosen art. Heaven knows we have a plenty of narrow minded, sordid natures in the musical profession! We do not require any more of them. It is pitiful to observe them digging away in the earth, old moles that they are, and wondering why the sunlight of universal fame does not shine upon them.

"They are sure that they are right. They heave and haul like cart horses at their labors and observe the rules of the textbooks more rigorously than a Mohammedan observes his prophet's law, but they come to nothing, for their noses are buried in the dust. What these people need is to lift up their heads and look out into the ether where great thoughts float.

"Little children who have musical inclinations should certainly be taught music, but they should not be converted into tonal grubs. Two years on the concert platform with a lot of excitable women praising the little darling because he is so cunning and plays so wonderfully are enough to ruin the career of almost any promising youngster.

"And even if the child's head is not turned by praise and the spectacle of an applauding world, all the world it ever sees, the loss of proper education and mental discipline is something that can never be made up."

PERSONAL.

Miss Adelaide Griggs, who has been for nearly 12 years the contralto at the Park Street Church, has resigned her position to be the contralto of the Eliot Church, Newton, after April 1.

Abbas II. Khedive of Egypt, has composed a waltz, which was performed for the first time at his annual state ball at Abdin Palace, Cairo in January.

Mr. Bernard de Lisle, a candidate for the English Parliament in 1892, has written orchestral pieces, and his opera, "Sol Hatchnel" was produced at Dortmund on Feb. 8. The subject of the opera is the persecution of the Jews in Morocco. Dr. Mace of Algiers wrote the libretto, which has been translated into German by Otto Neitzel.

Mr. Vernon Blackburn wrote Jan 31: "When the ideal essay upon Chopin playing comes to be written—which is the same thing as saying that when a lengthy and carefully considered booklet upon Pachmann's methods of playing Chopin comes into existence—then we shall know how unsympathetic is some of the finest technical playing in the world when applied to this particular composer; unsympathetic, we mean, entirely in its application to Chopin himself."

We wrote in these columns the other day of the work of Mr. Josef Holbrooke, in connection with the concert given by him at the Salle Erard. We are convinced that in Mr. Holbrooke England has found another great composer to carry on the great musical traditions of our country, after a curious sort of breakdown which came with the purely academic teaching which called out into prominence so great an amount of ordinary talent. We do not speak of the professors, for Sir Hubert Parry has insured a very high position in art for himself, by an increasing and curiously young sort of instinct in his art, whereby his later works are seen to be even fresher than his earlier compositions. But, apart from Parry and one or two other musicians of the professorial kind, who write well, but do not care to be told so, it is outside the schools that we must go for the finding of great talent in musical composition. Elgar stands supremely fine in his loneliness on this precise account; and Mr. Holbrooke is pursuing also the unbroken paths—paths most difficult to walk through, most stony in their opposition, most up-hill in their call to the heights. Sir Edward Elgar, the greatest ascetic as well as the most living and significant composer of our time, has reached a summit wherefrom he sees the light, the true sunrise. We believe that Mr. Holbrooke has the courage to dare the same venture; and we are intimately persuaded that he has the genius to succeed in that venture.—Pall Mall Gazette Jan. 21.

Miss Mabel W. Daniels, who has composed several Radcliffe operettas and songs, has written a book, entitled "An American Girl in Munich: Impressions of a Music Student." It describes, in a series of letters, German student life from a woman's standpoint and Miss Daniels' own work at the Royal Conservatory at Munich, with pleasant reference to her teacher, Ludwig Thuille, and other German musicians.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M., eighth chamber concert by Messrs. Ondricek, violinist, Eaton, viola; Staats, clarinetist; Perabo, pianist. The programme will include Reinecke's trio for piano, clarinet and viola, op. 264; Mozart's trio in E flat major for clarinet, viola and piano; four pieces by Verhey for clarinet and piano, and violin pieces by Wieniawski, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps and Ries.

Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M., concert by Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Fritz Volbach's "Raphael" (first time in America); Chadwick's overture, "Melpomene"; J. K. Paine's "Hymn of the West" (first time in Boston); Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde"; "Hymn to the Sun," from Mascagni's "Iris"; "Let the Bright Seraphim," Handel; "Unfold, ye Portals," Gounod. Mme. Nordica, soprano; Mr. H. G. Tucker, organist. There will be an enlarged orchestra.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. First of Miss Julia A. Terry's chamber concerts. Mrs. Hall McAllister, soprano, and Messrs. Rudolph Krasselt, 'cellist; George Proctor, pianist, and Max Zach, accompanist, will take part. The programme will include two movements from Grieg's 'cello sonata in A minor, piano pieces by Sinding, Stcherbatcheff and Schumann, 'cello pieces by Locatelli and Goltermann, and songs by Franz, Bungert, Dresel, Gericke, Louis, Widor, Franck, Hue, Godard.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. Felix Fox: Chopin's sonata in B minor; H. F. Gilbert's "A Verlaine Mood"; Alpheraky's "Serenade Levantine"; Gabriel Faure's Impromptu, Rosenthal's Variations on an original theme; Adagio, Bach-Philipp, Volkslied, Widor; Chabrier's Bourree Fantastique.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M., Miss Jessie N. Maclachland and her Scotch concert company in a concert given under the auspices of the Burns Memorial Association. Miss Maclachland, soprano; Mr. Douglas Young, tenor; Mr. John McLinden, 'cellist, and Mr. R. Buchanan, pianist, will take part. The proceeds will be devoted to the fund for the erection of a statue of Burns in this city.

WEDNESDAY—Mr. Ernest Sharpe's studio, 74 Commonwealth avenue, Chestnut Hill (Newton boulevard), 3 P. M. Mr. Sharpe, assisted by Mr. J. Angus Winter, pianist, will sing songs of the 16th and 17th centuries, and songs by Mr. Charles Fonteyn Manney of Boston.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Mr. Anton Hekking's second 'cello recital. Andante and finale from Goltermann's concerto in A minor; intermezzo and finale from Lalo's concerto; symphonic variations by Boellman and pieces by Godard, Saint-Saens and Popper. Mr. Perabo may play with Mr. Hekking a 'cello sonata by Rubinstein.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Grieg's suite in F major, op. 35; Chopin's Spanish Rhapsody (Liszt-Busoni), Ernest Schelling, pianist; Brahms' symphony in C minor, No. 1, op. 68.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixteenth concert of Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Feb 20 '05

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

Great Audience Listens to a Programme Rather Unusual in Its Nature.

The eighth Sunday chamber concert occurred in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. Messrs. Ernst Perabo, pianist; C. L. Staats, clarinet; Louis Eaton, viola, and Karl Ondricek, violin, were the soloists. The programme consisted of trios by Reincke and Mozart for piano, clarinet and viola; a duet by Verhey for clarinet and piano, and violin solos by Wieniawski, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps and F. Ries.

Although rather unusual in its nature, the programme was not altogether

[illegible] moments even be[illegible] a little tedious on account of the monotony of tone in the ensemble pieces. For the rest, the performance was good, the balance of tone being generally even and the ensemble smooth. The duet by Verhey was most pleasing, and each of its four movements was applauded warmly.

The chief feature of the concert was the playing of Mr. Ondricek. He made the most of the two solo groups, playing with sweet, clear, though not large, tone with well sustained legato and imaginative appeal, which in Vieuxtemps' rather sentimental piece became genuine emotion. He was applauded with great enthusiasm. Sarasate's Spanish dance in the first group was repeated, and the violinist added an extra piece to the second group. Mr. Tucker accompanied.

There was a large audience. The ninth concert will be given by the Boston Symphony quartet.

SECOND CONCERT BY HANDEL-HAYDN

VOLBACH'S "RAPHAEL" SUNG FOR FIRST TIME

[illegible] and Haydn Society, Mr. [illegible] conductor, gave its second [illegible] last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience. The society was assisted by Mme. Nordica and an orchestra, with Mr. Ondricek concert master. Mr. Tucker was the organist and Mr. Kloepfel played the trumpet part in the air by Handel. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene"	Chadwick
Chorus, "Hymn of the West"	Paine
"Raphael"	Volbach
Vorspiel and Liebestod, "Tristan and Isolde"	Wagner
Chorus, "Hymn to the Sun"	Mascagni
Aria, "Let the Bright Seraphim"	Handel
Chorus, "Unfold, Ye Portals"	Gounod

[illegible] was a return to the miscellaneous concert once so dear to the Handel and Haydn audiences, and no [illegible] the character of the programme last night gave pleasure to the great majority. This programme was surely [illegible] America, France, Germany, [illegible] were represented, and the Handel [illegible] was to all intents and [illegible] Englishman. There was [illegible] Grecian mythology, [illegible] and Christianity, [illegible] the gospel of Schopenhauer, [illegible] partly from Buddh[illegible] what would Mr. John S. [illegible] of the Handel [illegible] to an excerpt [illegible] performed at a Sun[illegible] concert?

[illegible] Volbach's "Raphael" was performed [illegible] time in America. [illegible] produced in 1903, was [illegible] in The Herald of [illegible] Sunday. It will be remem[illegible] of the three parts [illegible] is the word of the [illegible] paintings of Raphael: The [illegible] di Foligno, the Madonna del [illegible] the Madonna di San Sisto. [illegible] composer's purpose was not to [illegible] a painting [illegible] music that [illegible] the feeling and [illegible] who look at the painting. [illegible] three Madonnas might well [illegible] to programme or re[illegible] organ [illegible] been [illegible] San Sisto is [illegible] last [illegible] re[illegible] other [illegible]

[illegible] not the first who has [illegible] inspiration in paintings. [illegible] him with a piano piece [illegible] orchestral piece [illegible] of the Huns, [illegible] and orchestra [illegible] Triumph of Death, [illegible] Huber with [illegible] Boecklin's pain[illegible]

Who knows but some local composer [illegible] Mr. Abbey's mural [illegible] the Public Library or [illegible] Attucks monument into music? [illegible] some patriots who insist that [illegible] composer should seek inspiration [illegible] in his own parish.

[illegible] parts of Volbach's work are intended to be effective in [illegible] through contrasting character. He himself, in his analysis of "Raphael," published in the German [illegible] "Musik," laid great stress on [illegible] of these contrasts, and [illegible] indications are carefully [illegible] of judging the merits [illegible] composition is by hearing a performance, although there are many who believe that music should [illegible] one reads an essay, quietly and [illegible] in a library. They hint that a performance is likely to give a hearer an erroneous impression of the work. Given a well drilled chorus and orchestra and a sympathetic and authoritative conductor, the average hearer is more likely to be impressed by the [illegible] read it after the newspaper had been thrown down.

This digression is not irrelevant. The conditions we have just named were [illegible] last night. Time [illegible] this society under Mr. Mollenhauer [illegible] its ability to [illegible] in degrees of tonal force [illegible] it was due to the ex[illegible] performance; perhaps there was [illegible] over the choral diffi[illegible], whatever the reason, the performance throughout was monotonous, [illegible] and at times it was actually [illegible] in direct contradiction to the composer's wishes. The very start was pitched in too intense a key. Volbach wrote "Molto Dolcissimo ed Espress," and the little orchestral prelude is marked pianissimo, but the orchestra began with a cheerful mezzo forte and was hilariously forte before the chorus entered. This contradiction was maintained almost constantly. The whole effect of the second part was lost in consequence of this defiance of the composer's intention. Not only was there insufficient contrast between the three mood pictures of the Madonnas; the second part was not contrasted within itself.

Since the performance was of this nature, it would manifestly be unfair to speak as from a bench concerning the merits of the work itself. As heard and read, the music seems to be ingeniously made and with possibilities of striking effects. The first part suffered toward the beginning, not only as we have stated, but also from a singular error in rhythm on the part of wind players; but the disregard of dynamic indications and a mistake in rhythm would not have obscured the inherent worth of the music itself, and this section is by far the least interesting of the three. Perhaps for this reason it was not performed at Basle with the other two.

The second part has a decided interest. The beginning of the third part, with its unison for unaccompanied voices—alas, they were supported last evening—is impressive, and there are exciting moments in the fugue, as it is written. As it was performed, the inner voices were not always clear in their walk, and a strikingly dramatic octave figure given to the basses did not come out at all. And again, the refusal of the chorus to sing pianissimo the episode "Ora pro nobis," and the undue anticipation of the following climax, were injurious to the general effect.

The melodic vein of Volbach in this work is not one of marked distinction. His harmonic progressions are too often suavely popular. Whether he succeeded in reminding the audience of three Madonnas of Raphael must be answered by each hearer individually. We confess that we do not see any necessary connection between a hoop-la fugue and the Madonna di San Sisto; but perhaps we have been accustomed to taking our Madonnas quietly. The mood of the second Madonna is to us expressed far more sympathetically and musically.

Prof. Paine's "Hymn of the West," composed for the Louisiana Purchase exhibition, was performed here for the first time. It is a sturdy setting of Mr. Stedman's poem. It is straightforward, broad, manly music, worthy of the occasion, and effective when performed without reference to the source of inspiration. The composer bowed from the stage his acknowledgment of the loud applause.

Mascagni's "Hymn to the Sun" was given with superb vigor. This performance, with that of Mr. Chadwick's nobly tragic overture and Mr. Mollenhauer's admirable accompaniment of Mme. Nordica in the "Liebestod," were worthy of the warmest praise.

Mme. Nordica has sung the "Liebestod" in Boston with more impressive vocal authority and with greater ease. Her delivery of Handel's air was ad libitum in the extreme, and the rival passages for voice and trumpet suggested a lack of sufficient rehearsal. Yet there was much that was excellent, much that gave legitimate pleasure in her interpretation of both Wagner and Handel. She has the heroic voice, one that when she is fully herself has both the mellowness and the brilliance of the trumpet.

THE MISSED.

When a ruler is assassinated—and the Grand Duke Sergius was ruler of the Tsar—compilers of curious facts and statistics enter his name in a note book as they would record a thermometrical observation. This or that newspaper publishes a list containing the names of potentates done violently to death since 1800, or, say, 1700. There was Gabriel Peignot, for instance, the blameless bookworm, bibliophile, bibliomaniac, bibliophagist and bibliographer, of whom Anatole France said: "There are bookish souls for whom the universe is only ink and paper. Such a one was the good man Peignot. To him passions were only subjects for curious monographs; he knew that nations perished in a certain number of octavo volumes." This calm recorder drew up a chronological list of all the sovereigns, princes and princesses of Europe who died by a violent death from 1437 to 1840. The little pamphlet of 125 copies was published after the compiler's death. From the note concerning James I. of Scotland to the attempt of Edward Oxford to kill Queen Victoria in 1840, the pamphlet is as accurately unemotional as a tax bill.

The list of rulers missed through wretched marksmanship or too nervously handled knife or dagger is perhaps more interesting than that of those prettily bagged. Thus Louis Philippe was a target for fourteen years. The most melodramatic attempt was that made by Fieschi in 1835 with his infernal machine of nineteen barrels, each loaded with four balls; the machine was arranged to cover a space twenty-five feet wide and ten feet high. Marshal Mortier, three other army officers and five civilians were killed by it, but the King was not scratched. Five sportsmen, from 1836 to 1846, tried their luck, but the best any one of them could do was to lodge wadding in a royal whisker.

There were at least five attempts to hurry the accession of Edward VII. Alexander II. of Russia did not fall victim the first time. "Offs" and "Effs" and "Skis" failed, and a mine was fired fruitlessly in a vault below the imperial dining room, for host and guests happened to be late that night.

Isabella of Spain was luckier than the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Thrice was she aimed at, and once, when a priest was the would-be assassin, she was saved by the sturdy busk of her generous corsets. Alfonso XII. was twice missed, and King Amadeus ran into a party of five. Francis Joseph had a close shave in 1853, when his neck was grazed with a knife, but Overdank did not get so near to the centres of imperial life. Napoleon III. was considered good game, but it was reserved for him to die in a bed on foreign soil. Humbert was missed before the last "incidental" of his office put Italy in mourning. There were four attempts to bring down Kaiser Wilhelm I., and Nobiling, "Doctor of Philosophy and of Scientific Agriculture," succeeded in putting about thirty pellets into the imperial face and forearm. Then there was Milan IV. of Servia, a country where assassination has long been a popular amusement; there was Pedro II. of Berlin. And who knows how many times the life of the present Tsar has been in danger? A monarch that has not been stalked or ambushed or openly met may well ask himself whether, after all, he is a person of any real distinction.

EARLIDS.

Prof. Edward S. Morse's war against whistles, railway and factory, is well known. He is also bitterly opposed to clocks, especially the busy household kind. Perhaps he would consent to the presence of the admired French clock that never goes, but we are inclined to think the mere sight of the dial would distress him. Heart and kidney complaints, also eczema, are aggravated by working against clocks, which stare one in the face and say, "hurry, hurry; you have only half an hour more"; but Prof. Morse's objection to clocks, as well as whistles, is due to the noise they make. The man that endeavors in any way to lessen arrogant, malignant and also wantonly unnecessary noise is a public benefactor. Alas, the great public, itself noisy, is growing more and more indifferent toward nerve shatterers of all sorts.

The London Academy stated not long ago that Nature was guilty of an oversight in not providing man with an apparatus for closing the ears. Eyes have eyelids, but no animal has automatic ear flaps, save certain ones in the sea whose ears are of small auditory importance. "In these days, when barrel organs assail us with the 'Ave Maria,' playing Bach's accompaniment in G and Gounod's air in something more than G, and when the motor car makes night hideous, one sighs for earlids." The musician may smile at this writer's verbal expression of his woes, but he will admit the reasonableness of the conclusion. Some have made for themselves artificial earlids, as Mr. Henry T. Finck, the music critic and anthropologist, who, going to bed, puts artfully contrived plugs in his ears and smiles at the impotent efforts of cable cars, late and early wagons, sons of Belial, whooping milkmen, to disturb him.

Schopenhauer objected to noise because it is the most impertinent of all forms of interruption; it is, in fact, a disruption of thought. He declared the cracking of whips in the narrow resounding streets of a town the most inexcusable and disgraceful of all noises. "Hammering, the barking of dogs and the crying of children are horrible to hear; but your only genuine assassin of thought is the crack of a whip." He quoted Thomas Hood as saying of the Germans: "For a musical nation they are the most noisy I ever met with," and Schopenhauer gave as the reason the obtuseness of their senses. "When they hear a noise it does not affect them much. It does not disturb them in reading or thinking, simply because they do not think; they only smoke, which is their substitute for thought." Is it not possible that the dwellers in the cities of today are fast becoming obtuse? Otherwise, would they allow the clanging and jar, the roaring of surface and elevated cars, the bell ringing and the shunting of trains in districts where poor humanity tries to sleep or cultivate its mind and soul? Think for a moment of the plague of electric bells in any apartment house! But the modern citizen, like those who live where the Nile falls, has his ears so beaten with continual noise that he bears those sounds which would be intolerable to normal beings, though here and there one is still found who, like a king of Bohemia, cannot endure the sound of bells, or plugs his ears, as did Petrus Carrera, a Spanish governor in Africa, when guns were fired.

To the Bostonian, probably even to Prof. Morse and Mr. Finck, the city of Paris seems comparatively quiet, yet Mr. Adolphe Rette told us of a singular dream that came to him. He was conscious of a curious silence; men and women passed as a band of shadows; carriages and carts rolled and were not heard; it was as though the town were wrapped in black wadding. The idea leaped into his brain, "Noise is dead." And he burst out laughing at the thought that the earth would be condemned thereafter to silence. He received a mourning letter: "You are invited to be present at the funeral of Mr. Noise, who died last night. Killed by contemporaneous excesses, he was held in horror by the Eternal Himself. On the part of Humanity, his widow." And Mr. Rette laughed so violently that a passerby asked if he were making fun of him. Then Mr. Rette was mortified. Perhaps he had offended a kinsman of the dead man, and, with tears in his eyes and superfine courtesy, he made profound apologies. Then he again began to laugh, to laugh wildly, and he saw on the red horizon gigantic Harlequins dancing a frenetic jig and shouting in chorus: "Noise is dead; Noise is dead."

Yet there might be a silence that would strike terror to the stoutest soul: the absolute silence of Nature. In Poe's marvellous tale, a tale more marvellous than any in the "iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi," the Demon told of how he cursed nature with the curse of silence, and then for the first time did a wretched man who had endured former and terrible curses grow wan with terror, shudder and rush away. "And as the Demon made an end of his story he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh. And the lynx, which dwelleth forever in the tomb, came out therefrom and lay down at the feet of the Demon and looked at him steadily in the face."

Feb 21, 1905

MISS TERRY'S FIRST CONCERT

Two Groups of Songs as Sung by Mrs. Hall McAllister—Pieces for Piano and 'Cello—Audience in Jordan Hall Given Much Pleasure.

The first of Miss Julia Terry's chamber concerts took place yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a small but appreciative audience. Mrs. Hall McAllis-

for song Franz's "Frühlingsfriede" and "Lotus Flower," Bungert's "Loreley," Dresel's "Warm Spring Night," Gericke's "Wach auf," Louis' "Petit Noel," Widor's "Rosa, la Rose," Franck's "Lied," Huc's "J'ai pleure en reve," Godard's "Printemps." Messrs. Proctor and Kneisel played two movements from Grieg's 'cello sonata in A minor. Mr. Proctor played Sinding's "Impromptu," Stcherbatcheff's "Orientale," op. 15, No. 2; Schumann's noveiette, No. 7, and Mr. Krasselt played an adagio by Locatelli and a capriccio by Goltermann. Mr. Max Zach was the accompanist.

Mrs. McAllister has improved since we last heard her; she has gained in confidence, and she is able to pay more attention to interpretation. Her voice is best suited to songs of medium range, in which the rhetorical stress falls on tones of the middle register; her true singing voice is of mezzo-soprano character; when she attempts to be expressive in songs with a climax in upper true soprano tones, her tones are inclined to be shrill or flat, and an effect is attained with too much effort. Within the limits of her working voice she gives pleasure by the aesthetic intelligence and the refinement of her interpretation. Her voice is not naturally full and rich, it is not of a marked emotional quality; but the woman is revealed by her manner of using this limited organ. In such songs as Bungert's "Lorelie" and Cesar Franck's "Lied"—a song of poignant, though simple, appeal; a melody beautiful in its melancholy—Mrs. McAllister moves the hearer. With more experience, with a more complete revelation of herself in song, she should surely make her mark as a chamber singer. If she be willing to recognize her limitations, for, as a singing rhetorician, she has a finesse, eloquence and a certain individuality that the French might characterize as exquisite. If she will not be content with the use of her natural voice, if she is ambitious to shine in songs that are not for her, she will meet with little success, for the attention of the hearer will inevitably rest on her inferior or forced tones. Her choice of songs was an agreeable departure from the conventional groups.

The instrumental pieces gave much pleasure to the audience. Mr. Krasselt's pure art is displayed as freely and generously in recital or in chamber ensemble as in a virtuoso concerto, and the interpretation of the adagio and allegro from Grieg's sonata was poetically euphonious. Mr. Proctor has gained greatly in qualities of tone, as was seen both in the sonata and in the group of solo pieces.

The Orientale from Stcherbatcheff's "Mosaic" might have been taken at a faster pace, and played with more brilliance, for there is subdued brilliance as well as that which is crackling or dazzling. He preferred to make the music languorous; almost voluptuous. The reading was an unusual one, but it was effective and it could easily be defended.

The next concert of the series will be on next Monday afternoon. It will be given by the Olive Mead string quartet, Mr. Rogers, baritone, and Mr. de Voto, pianist.

PILLORIED.

There are humorists and ironists who would fain see the re-establishment of the pillory, though they protest against public or private whipping as a punishment on the ground that it brutalizes the whipper rather than the whipped. Stocks and a pillory on the Common might furnish profitable amusement, and incidentally be of some educational value.

The pillory in England was first used for dishonest bakers, brewers, corn sellers and others eager to be suddenly rich. The machine might thus be profitably employed today. The price of food in Boston is exorbitantly high. We are all accustomed to the excessive prices, and we therefore do not seriously consider our wrongs and grievances until some newcomer returns shuddering and aghast from the markets and tries to sharpen the blunted indignation of her neighbors. We heard this conversation in a street car between two women: "Now, in Baltimore, my sister writes, grape fruit has been selling at a cent apiece, and good steak is only ten cents a pound." "Yes," said the other, "I suppose prices are higher here than in any other city of the East," and she said this with an air of both civic and personal pride. We know a well-to-do Bostonian who has a large and voracious family. He buys his roasts in Eastport, Me., and, after the express charges are paid, he has cheaper and, as he insists, better meat. This beef comes from the West, as does the Boston beef. By what mysterious process in or near this city is it turned to gold? One must look above the retail dealers.

What a satisfaction it would be to see an extortioner in food, some sleek and highly respectable personage, pilloried on Boston Common! Not that we should suggest throwing eggs or vegetables at him, for these missiles are also sold at a high price; but there would be the pleasure of saying things to him. The Hindus have a proverb: "Contempt pierces even the hide of the tortoise." How often one exclaims when he hears of or feels the meanness of another: "I should like to tell him what I think of him." But he has not the opportunity, or he does not have courage; he is poor, or he is out of a job, or this mean one might block his way just as a boy puts a twig in the way of a toiling ant. Pillory this mean man, or, to quote a statute of Richard II.: "Let his head and beard be shaved, except a fringe on the head two inches in breadth, and let him be taken to the pillory, with minstrels, and set thereon for a certain time, at the discretion of the mayor and aldermen"; and he would then know what hundreds think of him. If the Apollo Club or the Cecilia should be unwilling to act as minstrels, a band could easily be hired, preferably one of the sheet-iron variety, to escort the extortioner to the staring place, to play derisive airs when the crowd is vocally tired. The platform should be firmly built, otherwise he might run the risk of strangulation and sue the town and recover damages, as one did under Queen Elizabeth.

In old days a baker who made bad bread was drawn, for the first offence, on a hurdle "by the great streets that are most dirty"—here in Boston any street would do—"with the faulty loaf hanging about his neck." For a second offence he was obliged to take this ride and then stand in the pillory for an hour. For a third offence his oven was dismantled, and he could not bake within the city bounds.

Slanderers, libellers, common scolds—all such were pilloried. We are unable to learn whether confirmed punsters were on the list. If a liar was a notorious one, a whetstone was suspended from his neck.

The indignation of the populace was occasionally too violent, and now and then a stone or a brick killed the pilloried. Nor do we advise a return to nailing the object of remark by an ear, which he could free only "by his own proper motion." Verbal criticism would be sufficient, and the pillory would encourage ingenuity of invective. There is something not unpleasant even to the philanthropist in the thought of the extortionate, mean, unjust, the pompous and the anointed, thus reminded of the fact that they, after all, are of commonest clay. As Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, who thought a certain person was not dishonored by the exposure: "Ay, but he was, sir. He could not mouth and strut as he used to do, after having been there."

A PUT-OUT LIGHT.

Two Frenchmen of famous names died last week: Alphonse Chassepot, the inventor of the breech-loading, centre-fire needle gun, adopted as the rifle of the French army in 1866, and Auguste Mabille, known in connection with a once celebrated Parisian dancing place. Some might not relish the idea of being remembered through a century as the inventor of a weapon made for the destruction of man, and others might not find glory in association with a dance house; for there are "beastly particular" persons in the world. Gatling, Chassepot, Colt and others were no more bloodthirsty individuals than inventors of mousetraps or bird cages.

The glory of Mabille departed long ago, but there was a time when every respectable American visiting Paris rushed to the Jardin before he saw Napoleon's tomb, Notre Dame or the treasures of the Louvre. The Bal Mabille was established about 1840. At first it was a small dancing room in the allee des Veuves; it was frequented by ladies' maids and men servants, and the music was furnished by a clarinet. The upper servants' ballroom, then open only in the summer, was managed by the elder Mabille, a dancing master. His son, who has just died, made great improvements and changed the character of the place: he substituted gas for lamps, introduced an orchestra, gave up the custom of collecting payment before each quadrille. The noble dames of the Quartier des Martyrs and the Chaussee d'Antin frequented the Bal, and the fame of Mabille began to spread through the world. Poets, feuilletonists and sociologists celebrated the dancers and the dancing. As Charles de Boigne wrote: "In the steppes of Russia, in the green and trackless prairies of America, on the heights of Chimborazo, or by the waters of the Amoor, in the lands of the dawn and the sunset, in strange unknown regions, let some being with a human face and voice pronounce this word 'Mabille,' and he will perhaps see a Laplander or a Yankee, a red Indian, a Chinese or a Caracan spring to his feet and dance a few steps of a pas seul. The whole world knows something of the spot."

There were fantastical male as well as female dancers: Pritchard, always in black, taciturn, sepulchral, who spoke, they say, only once, when the police objected to his dancing at an opera ball and expelled him—he opened his mouth to claim damages; Chicard, rosy, fat, fond of red waistcoats, and some say he invented the can-can (others that a stage dancer, Mazarie, introduced it when he played the part of a monkey about 1830 at the Porte St. Matin); Bridiol of princely deportment. There was the renowned Queen Pomare, the ex-circus rider, whose name was Elise Sergent; she improvised wild and delirious steps, was sung by Theodore de Banville; then, intoxicated by success, she danced the polka at the Palais Royal, was hissed, lived afterward obscurely, and died poor and alone.

Perhaps the most picturesque description of the Jardin Mabille was written by George Augustus Sala in 1878. The article is retrospective and sad. He remembered the place in its splendor of 1867: "The most sumptuous costumes that Worth could furnish, the costliest bonnets that Lucy Hocquet could build—Valenciennes lace, poult de soie, cashmeres and diamonds—the grandest dandies from the clubs, millionaires from Brazil, from Mexico, from California; English peers and members of Parliament, senators, deputies, diplomatists, bankers, notaries, adventurers—all the Coras, the Theodoras, the Delphines, the Faustines, the Messalines, if you will, of this sparkling profligate city." And where in 1878 were these perfumed and gorgeous dames? Emigrated, married and living in a village, taking in washing, in prison, in the hospital, dead. The poor relations, the discharged chambermaids of Nina, and Diane la Drolesse, and Sara la Sournoise, succeeded: "A poor lot of painted women, ranging between 16 and 60 years of age, paraded the circumference of the dancing platform with wondrously watchful eyes, despite their jaded and wearied mien." They did not dance. The dancers were semi-professionals, coryphees from obscure theatres, hairdressers' apprentices. The foreigner paid his five francs. The women were probably on the free list. The native males were, for the most part, pale-faced shrimps in billycock hats, slop-shop dress and dirty collars, lean, shiftless, hungry. And now Mabille has joined many of his customers, whose agile or sculptural legs have long been strangely quiet.

Feb 23

AN EMBLEM.

The half has not been told by the advocates of the laurel as the emblem of this commonwealth. A laurel tree protects both field in which it grows and dwelling house from the lightning. The leaves heal the stings of bees and wasps. Tiberius, the emperor, was afraid of thunderstorms, and therefore he always wore a laurel wreath about his neck. Many hold such a wreath to be more efficacious than even a seal's skin, though the latter is also a preservative against a lightning stroke, hence possibly the popularity of sealskin sacks. But wearing laurel will not protect one against the stings of wasps or the envious and malicious. The goddess Diana, who presided over health, according to Sergius, wore a laurel crown. The leaves were burnt in old times by girls who wished to win back straying lovers, and seen in dreams the plant is of good omen, whereas if you dream of the plum, cherry, walnut, hemp, cypress, dandelion or beans, make your will the next morning and consider your ways.

But why has the laurel been for centuries the emblem of victory? Not because it is always green; not because it signifies peace, whose emblem is really the olive; but because the plant grew fairest on Mt. Parnassus and was dear to Apollo. Some think the choice was for this reason: It grew on the ground that Brutus kissed when he swore to deliver his city from kings; but this seems to us as far fetched as the story that it was chosen because the plant served as a solemn perfume to expiate the carnage in battle.

Since the laurel is dear to Apollo and cureth internal diseases and also weariness of the sinews, a wreath should be peculiarly acceptable to singing and dancing women, and so Philomelus gave a wreath of laurel counterfeited in gold to Miss Pharsalie, a celebrated Thessalian dancer, who, we regret to say, was torn in pieces some years afterward in the full blaze of her beauty by soothsayers because, intoxicated by her triumphs over poor man, she snatched a wreath from the altar of a god; but some insist that, dancing in a temple, she was killed by young rascals who coveted her gold. A singer or dancer of today should be contented if an adorer present her with a laurel wreath. If she have imagination or any knowledge of history she should prefer it to any jeweller's trinket, a champagne supper, or even precious stones; but the education of chorus girls in the matter of emblems has been sadly neglected.

LANDLOPER AGAIN.

The Herald discussed editorially last Monday night the word "landloper," as used by Herman Melville for "landlubber" in his "White Jacket." The word in this sense is much older than Melville, older than any white-bearded tar with whom he sailed the Pacific on those memorable voyages; older, perhaps, than Moby Dick, the white whale. Peter Motteux, the translator into English of the fourth and fifth books of Rabelais, had a vast knowledge of streets and taverns in London and he knew by heart the slang and the catchwords of alleys and boozing kens. These two books were "done out of French by Mr. Motteux" in 1694, and we find this sentence in the account of the stranding of the ships on the famous expedition: "We lay by and run adrift; that is, in a landloper's phrase, we temporis'd it." In the "Dictionary of the Canting Crew," published a few years afterward, is this definition. "Landlopers or landlubbers, fresh water seamen so called by the true tars."

But landloper has another meaning, older and still more picturesque. In the sixteenth century it meant one who runs up and down the land, a vagabond; hence a renegade or an adventurer. (The word was also spelled landlouper, -lowper, or -looper.) Thus in the translation of a papal bull, landlopers were classed with arch-heretics, schismatics, seditious persons. This meaning is now obsolete. But in the sense of one running over countries or a vagabond, the word has had long life. Bacon said of Perkin Warbeck that he had been from his childhood a wanderer or, "as the King called him, such a landloper." James Howell, describing travellers who on their return delight in bombastic tales of strange sights or adventures, or who, by their affected gait or clothing, "do make themselves known to have breathed foreign air," exclaimed: "But such travellers as these may be termed landlopers, as the Dutchman saith, rather than travelers; such may be said to go out upon such an errand as we read Saul's son went once out upon, to seek his father's asses; or like the Prodigal Son to feed upon the husks of strange

countries; or like him who came from the farthest parts of Hungary to England to "eat oysters." But when Motley mentioned in his "Dutch Republic" bands of "land-loupers" employed to burn villages, he referred to vagabonds. A curious use of the word is found in Charles Wolley's "Two Years' Journal in New York." This graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge; went to New York as chaplain to the garrison at Fort James in 1678, and after his return to England he published his journal in 1701. It was for years an excessively rare book, but it was reprinted in New York in 1860. "The materials of this journal have laid by me several years expecting that some landlooper or other in those parts would have done it more methodically."

There is also the participial adjective used by Sir Walter Scott, landlouping or landloping. "Landleaper" is a still older word than "landloper," and it has the same meaning. "Alexander, Caesar, Trajan, Adrian," says Robert Burton, "were as so many landleapers, now in the east, now in the west, little at home."

As Howell indicated, the word was adapted from the Dutch "landlooper," of kin to the German "landlaeufer," but the Germans today seem to prefer "landstreicher," a tramp, vagabond, rogue, wanderer, roamer, waifer. The latest and fullest German-English dictionary adds: "In America, loafer; in Australia, sun-downer." But Christian Ludwig's German-English dictionary, published in 1765, has more respect for "landlaeufer," and defines it as a landloper, rambler or vagabond, a rambling man." This same dictionary, by the way, is a treasure house of old, forcible or quint English slang terms, outrageous phrases, whimsical and forgotten proverbs. No wonder that Theophile Gautier would have nothing to do with any young author who did not pore over dictionaries.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A correspondent writes to The Herald: "Your editorial article on Mabille and his garden—a garden of poisonous flowers, the stern moralist might say—brought to me recollections of student days in the Latin Quarter. Mabille was to us merely a show place for the amusement of visiting German barons, Russian princes and for the amazement of untitled, suddenly rich, vaguely curious Americans. In our Quarter the dance halls were for the pleasure of students and grisettes—grisettes so-called, for the real and adorable type had already disappeared. Students and girls were the dancers at the Closerie des Lilas, afterward Bullier's. Now and then I recognize, reading an account of some scientist's theory, expounded before a learned assembly in Paris, or the political move of some French statesman, the name of a student who took part in the fantastically improvised quadrilles. Did not the original of one of Murger's heroes die only a few months ago, a most sedate and highly respected old fuddy-duddy?

"You no doubt remember Dr. Holmes' graceful tribute to the grisette, but there is a poem that is less familiar. Hans Breitmann is to many in 1905 associated only with his famous party; but the philosopher revisited Paris, went to the Sorbonne with notebook in his hand, and, as he sat, he mused and wondered where were the companions of his wild young days. He mused and wrote this

BALLADE.

Dhees mo—in what shpirit land
  Ish Clara Lafontaine:
Or Pomare, or La Frisette,
  Who blazed on soosh a train?
Shvect [illegible] dings de quesdion pack,
  O'er lake or shdream'et lone;
All eartly peauty fades afay,
  Where ish dem lofed ones gone?

Oh, where ish Lola Montez now,
  So loved in efery land?
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes
  She rol't mit vairy hand!
Der mighdy soul, dat shplendit [illegible],
  A saint [illegible] pecome to be,
For mit soosa saints der Breitmann makes
  His Hagiologie

And where is La Pochardinette?
  Ish she too mit de dead?
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit
  A hat und fedder on her het.
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette!
  Qui [illegible] refuser

[illegible] bleibe ferre,
  [illegible] palser.

O Prince! dese quesdions all are nix,
  I sit here all alone,
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,
  Where ish mein lofed vons gone?
When Marcovitch has cut und run,
  Und Schneider's off de ving,
Some cray old reprobate like me
  Vill of dese loved vons sing.

"The Ballade is after the manner of one Francois Villon, as Breitmann frankly admits. You mentioned the fate of Pomare. Schneider, the inimitable Hortense, the diva of the Second Empire, is very fat and living in retirement on a farm. They also say that she is devout and given to works of charity. Not long ago she was asked, or rather entreated, to come to Paris to see a revival of an opera-bouffe in which she had once excited the enthusiasm of crowned heads and at least one prince that now wears a crown; but she would not stir. She was wise in her decision, for she would have felt herself alone, superfluous. No doubt she often dreams of the old days, and perhaps sings a hymn to one of Offenbach's tunes, or thinks pleasantly of Edward VII. as the protector of the faith."

2-24 1905

HEKKING PLAYS WITH ABANDON

At Second 'Cello Recital He Keeps Interest of Auditors at Top Notch—Sweeps All Before Him at Steinert Hall.

Mr. Anton Hekking gave his second 'cello recital last evening in Steinert Hall. He played two movements from a concerto by Goltermann, two movements from a concerto by Lalo, Boellman's symphonic variations, a group of short pieces—Godard's "On the Lake," "The Swan,' by Saint-Saens, and Popper's "The Butterfly"—and Rubinstein's sonata in D flat for piano and 'cello, in which he was assisted by Mr. Ernst Perabo. The accompanist was Mr. Max Herzberg.

There is little one can say after the extended comment made on Mr. Hekking's former appearance. He is a thorough artist; he is a man of temperament as well. There are few persons who could make a 'cello recital interesting from beginning to end, because its possibilities are so much less varied than those of the piano, the violin or the human voice—although these possibilities in themselves make the instrument incomparable. Mr. Hekking did keep the interest of the audience, not only throughout, but at top notch throughout, playing with an emotional and dramatic abandon that swept all before it.

The security of his technique was such that none but students thought of it, save to revel in the firm, sustained, beautiful tones and the significant phrasing. It is needless to specify about the programme: in Goltermann's andante the cello's richest resources were displayed; Lalo's concerto aroused everybody with its exciting finale; the shorter pieces pleased with their sentiment or piquancy. Rubinstein's sonata was played by both artists with animation and good ensemble. There was much applause, and all were recalled, Mr. Hekking being obliged to return repeatedly. The audience was of moderate size.

DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE.

Some one has been contributing a series of excellent articles on the medical aspects of poverty to the Pall Mall Gazette, and he is now discussing the diseases, real or fancied, of the rich.

It may be said in all fairness that many of the ailments of the well-to-do come from a superficial acquaintance with the mysteries of their clockwork, from little and dangerous knowledge of organs, diseases, remedies and operations, rather than from ignorance or negligence of the simple laws of health. We know women who are regular subscribers to medical journals, who read these journals as others would read French novels, who encourage their children to read articles on cancer, pneumonia, etc., etc. They can enunciate without stumbling and pronounce correctly such verbal combinations as "chronic hypertrophoic pulmonary osteoarthropathy" or "spleno-myelogenous leucocythaemia." This contributor speaks of a professor of surgery who was called to treat a patient with an enormous hernia. "As he left she beckoned him to her side, and feebly whispered: 'Doctor, is it large intestine or small intestine?' Her chances of recovery were not enhanced by her study of hernia in a medical journal, to which she subscribed, prior to the surgeon's visit."

We well remember a boy of an inquiring disposition and lively imagination who had access to general encyclopaedias and a row of medical treatises. The four seasons were charged with terrors. Did an insect bite him in summer? He was sure that he should die of a malignant pustule, and he remembered the story of a prominent Yale graduate who once met a physician in a New York street. The graduate complained of a poisoned hand. "Go home immediately," said the physician, "and call your family doctor." The graduate called his doctor, made his will and died horribly in three or four days. Did the boy scratch his finger? Lockjaw would ensue. Had he in winter a slight cough? Pneumonia was setting in. A slight rash? He must have rubbed against some millhand from Holyoke who had smallpox and did not know it. The boy was a nuisance to his parents, but his mental agonies were none the less real, and there are hundreds of men and women like him today; hence the prosperity of so many physicians.

This type is known to the English contributor, who mentions the young medical student anxious about his tongue, which, furred from smoking may alarm him, or, like so many during the time of Gen. Grant's long sickness, he discovers the circumvallate papillae and knows that he, too, will die of cancer. "Later," says the contributor, "he attends a lecture on heart disease by a skilful teacher, who describes the small beginnings of cardiac failure—palpitation, shortness of breath on exertion, and so forth. One such (German) teacher records that 80 per cent. of his class waited upon him after such a lecture, with a request that he would be good enough to make an examination, as their symptoms were those which he had described. As practically every medical student smokes, and has often to rush upstairs to enter a lecture theatre before the door is locked, the presence of these symptoms is hardly surprising."

That man is to be envied who knows nothing about the position of his kidneys, liver, heart, lungs, spleen, stomach, except that they are somewhere inside of him. Happy is he who knows nothing about the functions of his organs. A man may have headache and also sound kidneys. If a man does not know how to feel his pulse, he will be spared much unnecessary alarm. It is the act of the cruelly malicious to acquaint a reasonably healthy mortal with diseases he might have, probably will have, surely has. Men and women have returned home with damp feet, and yet seen the flowers of many springs. Some years ago an ingenious advertiser who enriched himself through the fears of mankind began his announcement: "Colds lead to catarrh; catarrh to consumption; and consumption—to the GRAVE." Yet even a hacking cough has been known to disappear by reason of the judicious internal application of hot buttered rum.

EXILED IN DEATH.

The Herald published on Dec. 24, 1899, a long and illustrated article on the burial place of John Paul Jones. It published last Wednesday the speech of Ambassador Porter which described the long search for the grave of the hero in Paris and urged that an appropriate sepulchre might be found in America, the land this victor in sea fights helped to free.

John Paul Jones was one of the few romantically picturesque figures in the revolutionary war, and nowhere is he so graphically described as in a well-nigh forgotten book by Herman Melville; we refer to "Israel Potter; His Fifty Years in Exile." Israel was with Dr. Franklin in Paris in a lodging house in the Latin quarter, at a point midway between the Palais des Beaux Arts and the College of the Sorbonne, when the pretty, tittering chambermaid announced "a very rude gentleman." Franklin said to the girl, "A very rude gentleman? That means, a very fine gentleman who has just paid you some energetic compliment." Jones entered. "He was a rather small, elastic, swarthy man, with an aspect as of a disinherited Indian chief in European clothes. An unvanquishable enthusiasm, intensified to perfect sobriety, couched in his savage, self-possessed eye. He was elegantly and somewhat extravagantly dressed as a civilian; he carried himself with a rustic, barbaric jauntiness, strangely dashed with a superinduced touch of the Parisian salon. His tawny cheek, like a date, spoke of the tropic. A wonderful atmosphere of proud friendliness and scornful isolation invested him. Yet there was a bit of the poet as well as the outlaw in him, too. A cool solemnity of intrepidity sat on his lip. He looked like one who of purpose sought out harm's way. He looked like one who never had been, and never would be, a subordinate." A barbarian in broadcloth, he was tattooed, and his tattooing was "deep blue, elaborate, labyrinthian, cabalistic." Yet his hands were half-muffled in ruffles and bedecked with Parisian rings. These rings were with a marchioness for safe keeping when Israel next saw John Paul on his vessel off Penzance. Israel looked in with Jones at Carrickfergus and descended on Whitehaven, called at the Earl of Selkirk's, where Jones made love to the earl's wife, fought the Drake and then that fight of fights, the death struggle with the Serapis.

There are two epic accounts of that memorable contest: one is in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the other is in "Israel Potter"; it is hard to say which is the nobler and more heroic. The round harvest moon rose on the scene, the "one solitary footlight," and Melville thus describes its rising: "Not long after, an invisible hand came and set down a great yellow lamp in the east. The hand reached up unseen from below the horizon, and set the lamp down right on the rim of the horizon, as on a threshold; as much as to say, gentlemen warriors, permit me a little to light up this rather gloomy looking subject." But look again at Whitman's story, beginning:

"Did you read in the sea books of the old fashioned frigate-fight?
Did you learn who won by the light of the moon and stars?"

and ending

"The hiss of the surgeon's knife and the gnawing teeth of his saw,
The wheeze, the cluck, the swash of falling blood—the short wild scream, the long dull, tapering groan."

And you will see at once how the later Tennyson learned in artistry from his American friend and correspondent.

"Serene stood the little captain.
He was not hurried; his voice was neither high nor low.
His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-lanterns."

Then there is Thackeray's "rebel Scotchman," who with a rope around his neck fought Capt. Pearson and Denis Duval. This son of a gardener and hero of the seas, writer of poetry and master of prose, vain, indiscreet, extravagant, an irresistible rake and persuasive liar, a pleasing performer on the flute—this adventurer who crossed pistol in hand the ice-blocked Baltic to see the Messalina of the North, the Empress of all the Russias, and to quarrel with her beloved Potemkin—this most dazzling figure in American naval history found a second grave in the operetta adapted by H. B. Farnie from Planquette's "Surcouf." The French corsair was a pretty fellow in his day, but Farnie thought that "Paul Jones" would be the more engrossing title, and so Agnes Huntington nearly fifteen years ago strutted and chucked chorus girls' chins at the Hollis Street Theatre as the man whose deeds set Great Britain to shaking, inspired Whitman and Melville, and whose body lies in ground once consecrated but now given over to the raising of vegetables and the burial of dogs.

Feb 25, 1905

PIERROT IN NEW HAVEN.

Mr. Lewis Buckman of New Haven, ., is the secretary of a church, but a ange incident prevented him from tending to his duties last Sunday. A avy sleeper, he is loath to leave his d. The children in his lodging house, aring lest he would be late in the use of worship, tickled the soles of s feet. Mr. Buckman persisted in his eth. The mother of the children was lled in to aid in the tickling, whereon the head of the household became gry at the attention shown his lodger, lled Mr. Buckman from the sheets d held him—clad only in his white ghtshirt—against a hot stove. Mr. uckman was missed at church that orning.

This tickling of feet is dangerous usiness. We remember the sad exrience of Mrs. Arthur Edwards of rooklyn, a brunette with snapping ack eyes and Cleopatra's nose. Her usband was a street car conductor and the habit of coming home late, but had a theory that a wife should ways be up with a cheerful smile nd fond awaiting arms. He would od her asleep, and he therefore in his sappointment would tickle her toot-wootsies until she would laugh hysrically. At last, in fear of her life, e complained to the magistrate. Ir. Edwards admitted the charge, and id that he tickled because he liked see his home filled with laughter.

Such tickling is easily torture, and it ay be murderous. The body is found ithout wound or bruise. Mr. Paul Iarguerite chose this subject for his antomime, "Pierrot, the Assassin of Iis Wife," for which Mr. Paul Vidal rote music. The curtain rises. Pierot returns from the graveyard after e burial of his Columbine. Drunk and emorseful, he falls asleep on a chair. Ie dreams, and his conscience vexes im sorely. He had killed Columbine y tickling the soles of her feet; and he imics the murder, now taking the part f Columbine, now that of Pierrot. He oses the bed curtains; there is no trace f a crime, and he gleefully rubs his ands, but remorse awakens him. He vishes to take off his boots, to go to ed, but his feet begin to tremble, just s the feet of Columbine did tremble, nd, shivering from imaginary tickling, e drinks and keeps on drinking. His error masters him more and more. And ow he sees in his hallucination the onjugal bed; the curtains are fiery red nd the portrait of Columbine is alive. Pierrot staggers forward, the lights go out, and he falls dead to the floor and ies there with his arms stretched out n the shape of a cross.

This pantomime was produced at the Theatre Libre in Paris in 1888, and the uthor mimed the part of Pierrot. Muicians may be pleased to learn that Vidal, searching for some days the rhythm appropriate to the action of ickling, chose finally the rhythm of the arantella.

Is not the adventure of Mr. Buckman good subject for a pantomime? There are the children earnestly at work, yet with an impish sense of sport. Their nother should be coquettish in her assistance. Mr. Buckman, in his spotless nightie, wears the costume of Pierrot. The curtain should go down on Mr. Buckman embracing against his will the red-hot stove. The scene of the expectant and disappointed church would be an anti-climax.

"INCOMPARABLE."

Mrs. Theodore Sutro has been a wife for twenty consecutive years. On every wedding anniversary, Christmas, birthday, Mr. Sutro wrote her an amatory poem or letter. Out of these he has compiled a book, bound in asbestos—"in case the house should burn down," says Mrs. Sutro coyly, but we prefer to think the blazing passion of the contents demands asbestos covers. Mrs. Sutro has kept for her own use a unique parchment copy, illuminated like an old manuscript, and otherwise embellished. This is the asbestine book; but 300 favored friends have each an inscribed copy printed in quarto on heavy paper, illustrated with portraits of the happy pair before and after the wedding day, with fac similes of wedding certificates and anniversary invitations. Mr. Sutro said to a reporter who called at the beautiful home: "If a man loves his wife, why not tell her so, and why not make a point of putting it down in writing on stated occasions?" On the other hand, Mrs. Sutro boldly declares her husband to be "incomparable." Philemon and Baucis, Darby and Joan were not in it. Not that there has always been mutually weak and cloying unison in the Sutro family. As the husband wrote sweetly about six years ago:

"You and I have differed, too, upon,
As men and women always have and will.
But Love, at last, the battle always won
And held us in its bonds, triumphant still."

Such a union, it will be seen, is much more than an armed truce. Would you judge of the "incomparable's" prose? "And my heart is filled with sunshine at the thought that the storms of life and its sorrows have passed but lightly over my precious flower, and it blooms today and it smiles today in the fulness of its beauty and lustre—undimmed, undiminished and with greater fascination than ever."

Men are variously constituted, as the philosopher remarked. There are loyal and affectionate husbands who cannot remember dates; in school they were never able to tell the date of the battle of Marathon or of the erection of the first blockhouse in New England; in wedlock they do not remember birthdays of wife and mother-in-law or the precise date of the wedding anniversary—they remember vaguely they were married "somewhere along in the spring"; in business they sometimes fail to remember the date of a note. Again, there are loyal husbands with a fair memory for dates, but with little power of literary expression, and there are many who do not like to put anything in writing. There are prominent men who, seeing the ghoulish work of executors, swear that they will not leave behind them intimate letters, and as a first precaution they abstain from writing them even to cherished wife. There are also women who, receiving poetry and prose on stated ocasions for twenty years, might be unhappy in the thought that with the years the expressions of affection become stereotyped and in a way perfunctory, as though the man had said: "I started in on this thing, and I suppose I've got to keep it up." Middle age is not kindly toward versatility in the expression of love. Youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity. Asbestine suits are not for those that have passed Prof. Osler's line.

We read of the Sutros' happiness, and in another column we read of Mr. Sylvester R. Withers, analytical chemist and inventor, in a little town of Maryland. He donned a disguise a day or two ago and went gunning for his wife. Strange to relate, he was arrested and haled before a magistrate, who asked him: "Is it true that you go into the parlor and hammer on the piano all night? Your wife states this as evidence that you are insane." To which Mr. Withers did not reply "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," and he thus lost a fine opportunity. "Yes, your honor, I have hammered on the piano pretty late," said the analytical chemist; "I have been so nervous waiting for my wife to come in when she stayed out late that my nerves gave way." Why pounding a piano at midnight should bring relief or allay suspicion is a problem for alienists. It's surely no way to coax home a stray wife. We merely cite the case of the Withers as one of marked contrast with that of the Sutros. If the analytical chemist had only celebrated dates in his wife's life by dashing off a sonnet or even a prose tribute, the piano and the neighbors would not now, perhaps, be fellow-sufferers, and Mrs. Withers would not prefer to take her exercise after dark and out of doors.

Feb 2, 1905

SYMPHONY PLAYS SINDING'S SUITE

The programme of the 16th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

"Episodes Chevaleresques," suite, op. 35, Sinding
Concerto in A minor for piano.....Schumann
Symphony No. 1 in C minor.....Brahms

The suite by Christian Sinding, the Norwegian, was played here for the first time, and the third of the four movements was omitted. The composer is known here chiefly by his symphony in D minor, played here six years ago, a piano quartet, a piano trio and a few piano pieces. The symphony, as we remember it, is an austere, granitic work, in certain ways forbidding, and much of the music, to those who would fain be lulled by mellifluous strains, is as downright ugliness. The sombreness is that which we have learned to associate, perhaps without good cause, with Norwegian scenery and music.

The scherzo is grim, and grimness is the pervading characteristic, for Sinding in this symphony is not a man of contrasts. He is an earnest Norwegian, well versed in the traditions and formulas, a man who speaks with his own voice; he is not content with his little parish; he screams his thoughts so that the world may hear, while Grieg, however charming his expression may be, is essentially a man satisfied with a narrow horizon and a quiet life, unlike Sinding, who is a radical by nature, with decided views on art, politics, economic questions, and a leaning toward Socialism. Such a one is the Sinding of the symphony.

The suite appeared first, we believe, as a piano composition for four hands, in 1898. Whether it was composed originally for piano or orchestra we do not know. There is no programme, there are no mottoes. The title, "Knightly Episodes," or "Knightly Adventures," is enough. The first movement, which is in the nature of a march, is striking at the opening, both in thematic structure and in orchestral dress, but there is little said after this opening. The trumpet solo is melodically conventional, and the invention throughout the movement, and in fact throughout the work, is not conspicuous. The funeral march of the second movement is a lamentation of the type that is immediately popular and soon forgotten. The old device of thematic repetition with strongly marked rhythm and a constant crescendo to a crashing climax works its customary effect. But neither here nor in the finale is there much that is truly strong or individual. The suite is far inferior to the symphony, though it will at one hearing win the applause which would be denied the more powerful and characteristic work.

Mr. Ernest Schelling played for the first time in Boston. He was born near Philadelphia—some say in Pennsylvania, others in New Jersey, and Mr. Schelling, we hear, is inclined in his belief toward the latter state. As a child he played in public, and then he studied in European cities and has for some years appeared with success as a virtuoso in Europe and in South America. He chose Busoni's arrangement of Liszt's "Spanish Rhapsody," and the composition was announced for performance, but Mr. Schelling changed his mind and played Schumann's concerto. This latter work is music of an intimately romantic nature and is more effective in a small hall. There are some who go so far as to say that the concerto is for ladies only, a sneer to which we cannot say Amen; but it is not a concerto that favors a virtuoso in a great hall. Like Chopin's concerto in E minor, it should be brought close to the audience.

Mr. Schelling played in a frank, straightforward manner, rather than with finesse, and his performance was in black and white, not in colors. His interpretation was not to us romantic, nor was it any way engrossing. His technique was adequate; it was, indeed, fluent, and it was displayed with modesty and ease. He will give a recital this week, and there will then be a better opportunity to examine the precise nature of his artistry. Last evening he was apparently at his best in the first movement. He was heartily applauded by the audience.

The first symphony of Brahms, a work which has been both over-praised and unduly disparaged, with its tragically intense first movement and its triumphant close, was welcome to many. The orchestral performance throughout the evening was of a high order of excellence.

The programme of the 17th concert will be different from that announced on the music page of today's Herald. As changed, it will be as follows: A Faust overture, Wagner; Bachrich's transcription of a prelude, adagio and gavotte by Bach; Schubert's symphony in C major. Mr. Campanari, baritone, will sing an aria from Mozart's "Cosi fan tutti" and an air by Gluck.

VECSEY'S FAREWELL.

Youthful Violinist Excites Wonder by His Masterful Technique.

Master Franz von Vecsey gave his third and last recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a small but enthusiastic audience. The boy played Mendelssohn's concerto, Tartini's "Devil's Trill," Wieniawski's "Souvenir de Moscow"; he also played a transcription of Schumann's "Traumerei" after Tartini's sonata, and he added to the programme at the end. Mr. Herman Zilcher accompanied in an able manner. He played these solo pieces: Prelude and fugue in C-sharp minor, Bach; Rameau's "Tambour" and "Rappel des Oiseaux" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13." He, too, was heartily applauded.

There is little or nothing to be added to what has been said in The Herald about this truly remarkable boy. He did not, on the whole, rise to the surprising heights attained by him in his performance of Bach's Chaconne at his second concert, but there was much yesterday in the exhibition of technique to excite wonder, and occasionally the sentiment of the phrase and the authority of expression separated him from boy wonders who have been applauded in Boston, and accounted for the glowing eulogies pronounced in European cities. May this singularly gifted boy be wisely directed in his musical path! May he be saved from the praise and the adulation that have ruined many! Wonderful youngsters have played in Europe and this country, and they soon thereafter disappeared, as shooting stars in August. And there have been others whose fate was more pitiable; they played as a boy when they reached man's estate.

THE MUSICIANS' CONCERT.

The Boston Musicians' Protective Association will give a concert in aid of its charitable fund this evening in Mechanics building. There has been a very large advance sale of tickets. The programme includes popular and classic pieces, among them old favorites, as the "Light Cavalry" overture, selections from "Faust," Reeves' "Second Connecticut March," Sullivan's "Lost Chord" (played by 36 trombones). There will be a military band of 200 performers. The corps of 50 ushers, all members of the organization, are drilled in the duty of seating the expected audience of 10,000. The Boston Elevated has made preparation for the great number of patrons. Doors will be open at 7 P. M.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Ernest Schelling, whose portrait is published on the music page of today's Herald, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The programme will include Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue; Schumann's "Carnaval"; Chopin's ballad in A flat, some etudes, a nocturne, a mazurka and a waltz; and also some pieces by Paderewski, Schubert-Liszt and Liszt.

The programme of Miss Julia Terry's second chamber concert to be given on Monday afternoon in Jordan Hall by the Olive Mead string quartet and Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, will include instrumental pieces by Dvorak, Tschaikowsky and Raff; two solo violin pieces by Coleridge-Taylor (Miss Mead), and songs by Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Luckstone, Goring Thomas and Cowen. Owing to the sickness of Miss Littlehales, 'cellist, Mr. Smalley will play in the quartet.

Miss Olivia Dahl of Christiania, Norway, will make her first public appearance in Boston on Tuesday afternoon in Potter Hall in company with Mr. Ole Bang, who will recite Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." She will sing a group of Norwegian folk songs, and Miss Olga Lyche and Mr. Nickolai Sokoloff will play selections from Grieg's music to "Peer Gynt," arranged for piano and violin.

The Dorchester Choral Society will give its 14th concert on Tuesday evening in the Stoughton Street Baptist Church. The society will be assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, soprano, Mr. Stephen Townsend, baritone, Mr. Carl Barleben, violinist. The society will sing five short pieces.

Mrs. Sophia Bruce, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Helen Hunt, contralto, will give a song recital in Potter Hall, on Monday evening, March 13.

The programme of the third concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, in Jordan Hall, on Wednesday night, will include part-songs by Hatton, Van de Water, Gibson, Bullard, Kremser, Lacome, Foster-Van der Stucken and Wagner. Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, will play pieces by Saint-Saens, Gaudolfo and Hubay, and Mr. John A. O'Shea will play the pastorale and finale from Guilmant's first organ sonata.

"The Omos of Omona," a comic opera in two acts by W. H. Gardner and H. F. Odell, will be performed in Jordan Hall Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 15 and 16, by the Massachusetts Choral Society.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the girls' high school, West Newton street, on Thursday evening. The orchestral pieces will be by Weber, Volpatti, Chaminade, Wagner, Thome Auber. Mr. Daniel J. Murphy, tenor, will sing songs by Coleridge-Taylor and Tosti, and Mr. Frank Eaton, flutist, will play a piece by Demersseman. Mr. Kanrich will conduct.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the Charlestown high school on Saturday evening. The orchestral pieces will be by Lachner, Tellam, Bizet, Thome, Germaro and Wagner. Mrs. Christine Galbraith, contralto, will sing an aria by Verdi and a song by Buck. Mr. Frank Porter, 'cellist, will play pieces by Van Goens and Goltermann. Mr. Kanrich will conduct.

The New England Conservatory orchestra, Mr. G. W. Chadwick conductor, gave a most interesting concert Friday evening in Jordan Hall. Every seat was occupied. The orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist, and members of the Symphony orchestra. The young musicians showed the careful training of Mr. Chadwick and members of the faculty. The soloists were Miss Olive W. L. Whiteley of Kansas City, Mo., a violinist of great promise, and Miss M. Dorothea Thullen, soprano, of Youngstown, O. The programme included Massenet's overture "Phedre"; D

PONCHIELLI AND "GIOCONDA:" REVIVAL OF THRILLING OPERA

MME. SEMBRICH
COPYRIGHT A. DUPONT.

LOUISE HOMER
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MME. NORDICA AS GIOCONDA
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MR. PARVIS, BARITONE.
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ARTURO VIGNA
CONDUCTOR
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ERNEST SCHELLING
PIANIST.

MARIA DE MACCHI
SOPRANO
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Piano Recitals by d'Albert and Schelling—Last Longy and Hoffmann Concerts—Handel and Haydn Building Fund Benefit—Sales of Opera Tickets—Personals.

Beriot's concerto in A major for violin; Elgar's three pieces for orchestra, op. 10 (first time); aria from Bizet's "Carmen" and Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" (composed for the Conservatory orchestra). At the end of the performance Mr. Chadwick was presented with a laurel wreath and baton by the members of the Conservatory orchestra.

THE performance of Ponchielli's "Gioconda" at the Boston Theatre on Friday evening, March 10, by the Metropolitan Opera House company, will be an event of more than ordinary interest. The cast is a strong one—Mmes. Nordica, Walker and Homer, Messrs. Carruso, Giraldoni and Plancon—but this is not all; the opera itself is of singular interest, for the composer was in this instance the forerunner of Puccini, who was his pupil; Mascagni, Giordano, Leancavallo and others of the ultra-modern Italian school.

Amilcare Ponchielli (1834-1886), born at Paderno Fasolare, near Cremona, entered the Milan Conservatory when he was scarcely nine years old—in 1843—and he did not leave that institution until the fall of 1854. Much was expected of him as a young man, but he was timid, distrustful of his acknowledged abilities, and for a time he was content with the modest duties of a band master in small towns. It was as a band leader at Cremona that he saw his first opera, "I Promessi Sposi" (with libretto based on Manzoni's famous romance) produced, and not without success, Aug. 30, 1856. Three operas and a ballet followed, but the composer's reputation was still only local, or rather parochial. Ponchielli began to despair of his future, when, in 1872, an opera house, Dal Verme, was established in Milan as a possible rival to La Scala, and new lyric works were necessary. Ponchielli's "I Promessi Sposi" was chosen and produced, Dec. 5. The opera was much changed for the occasion; the last act and a large part of the first were re-written. We had the pleasure of hearing this opera at Florence in 1883, with Ponchielli's wife, Teresina Brambilla, as the heroine. The music is for the most part in the conventional form of Italian opera of the fifties and sixties, but there is an abundance of fresh melody, there are effectively constructed ensembles, and there are a few dramatic touches that hint at the modern tendencies of the composer's followers, though the modernity of such a work as "Cavalleria Rusticana" is fast passing by reason of its very intensity. The public and the critics were delighted at Milan; "I Promessi Sposi" soon made its way through Italy; and Ponchielli was enthroned among the leading operatic composers of his country.

A ballet "Le Due Gemelle" (1873) followed, and three editions of the piano score were exhausted in three months. A "scherzo comico" "Il Parlatore Eterno," with only one singing character was produced in 1873, and in 1874, a lyric drama "I Lituani" was produced at La Scala with enormous success. The composer's manner showed a radical change in harmonic character, and in his use of the orchestra. When Donizetti's body was transferred to Bergano in 1875, Ponchielli wrote the memorial cantata.

It was on April 8, 1876, that "La Gioconda" was produced at La Scala. The chief singers were Mmes. Mariani-Masi, Biancolini-Rodriguez, Barlani-Dini and Messrs. Gayarre, Aldighieri, Maini.

Source of the Plot.

The libretto of "La Gioconda" was written by Arrigo Boito, who signed his work "Tobia Gorrio."

The plot is practically that of Victor Hugo's "Angelo, Tyran de Padoue," a drama of mysterious doors, poisons, daggers and coffins, which was produced at the Theatre Francais, April 23, 1835, with Mars as Tisbe, Dorval as Catarina, Beauvallet as Angelo Malipieri, Geffroy as Rodolfo, and Provost as Homodel. The play was revived at the same theatre, May 18, 1850, when Rachel impersonated Tisbe. There was a revival before this, in 1837, and Jules Janin then wrote a most brilliant critical review, in which he made merry with dramatist and drama. "Fie on a serious art which thus depends on a key, a flask, a piece of painted wood or pasteboard! Today, to be a dramatic poet, it is necessary to be not only a poet, but, as M. Victor Hugo is to all intents and purposes, an architect, a landscapist, a costumer, an armorer; it is necessary to know heraldry, chemistry, pharmacology, and the art of raising a seige." Other operas founded on "Angelo" are "Il Giuramento," music by Mercadante (Milan, Dec. 26, 1837), "Angelo," music by Cesar Cui (St. Petersburg, Feb. 13, 1876); and d'Albert's "Der Improvisator" (Berlin, Feb. 26, 1902), with libretto by Kastropp owes much to Hugo's drama. Rachel produced "Angelo" at the Boston Theatre Oct. 24, 1855. Sarah Bernhardt revived the drama lately in Paris.

The Dramatic Action.

The lines of Poe describe the story of "La Gioconda":

"And much of Madness and much of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot."

Gioconda is a singer who is in love with a proscribed prince of Genoa, one Enzo Grimaldo, who is hidden among the sailors of the Adriatic; but Enzo loves Laura Adorno, a woman of his country and the wife of Alvise Badoero, one of the chiefs of the Venetian inquisition, and Laura loves Enzo. The villain of the piece is Barnaba, a spy of the inquisition. Then there is Gioconda's mother, who is blind.

Act I. A court of the Ducal Palace, and on one side the Bocca del Leoni, into which were thrown anonymous denunciations to the Ten. It is a feast day, and there is a regatta. Gioconda enters with her mother and repulses the lovemaking of Barnaba. He revenges himself by stirring up the folk against the blind woman, whom he accuses of witchcraft. Enzo defends her. Alvise enters with his wife, Laura, who is masked. He is about to arrest the blind woman and hand her over to the tribunal, when Laura intercedes and saves her. Barnaba notices signs of secret communication and amatory understanding between Enzo and Laura; he therefore dictates a denunciation and throws it into the lion's mouth. Gioconda also has observed the lovers and learned that the woman who has saved her mother is her rival. Barnaba is now alone with Enzo; he tells him he knows his true name, is acquainted with his passion and will serve him and help him in eloping with Laura on the condition that he will not protect Gioconda.

Act. II. The scenes are on the coast of a neighboring island and on a brigantine. It is night. Barnaba leads Laura to the meeting place. Enzo and she are about to set sail for Genoa, but Laura is alone on the deck. Gioconda finds her there and draws her dagger. Laura, in her fright, takes her rosary, and Gioconda recognizes the one given by her grateful mother to Laura when she delivered her from the fury of the folk. The singer now wishes only to save her rival from the jealous husband, for Alvise, warned by Barnaba, is approaching the vessel. She veils Laura with her own veil and puts her in the boat that brought her. "Saved!" she cries; "Oh, my mother, and at what cost to me!" Enzo returns, finds Gioconda on the deck, and learns from her Barnaba's treachery and the husband's approach. A cannon is fired, and sailors hurry with torches. Enzo seizes a torch and fires the ship.

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Horror on Horror.

Act III. The palace of Alvise. The husband reproaches Laura for her infidelity and announces her death; the coffin is ready; she must take poison; he will grant her only a few moments, and leaves her to do the deed. But Gioconda is still watching over the savior of her mother. She enters, takes the vial and offers a narcotic in its place. As Juliet, Laura will sleep in her coffin, friends of the singer will bear her to a place of safety. Now, while Laura should put herself to death, Alvise gives a fete, and with fine and characteristic irony commands the performance of a "Ballet of the Hours," while, as he thinks, the tragedy is enacting in the death chamber. Barbara has told Enzo the fate of his loved one, and Enzo reveals himself to the husband and accuses him before the crowd. The blind woman in turn accuses the spy of having contrived the plot, and he, swearing to be avenged on her, hurries her in the general confusion through a secret door. Enzo by his revelation is now doomed, and Barnaba seeing the despair of Gioconda, again besets her with protestations, and she at last promises to be his if he will save the man she adores.

Act IV. The Orfano canal and the vestibule of Gioconda's dwelling on the isle of Giudecca. In the corner is a bed behind a screen; there is a passage on one side; and in the background the lagoon and the square of St. Mark are seen. The body of Laura is mysteriously brought in and Gioconda thanks her friends and begs them to find her mother, who has disappeared. Now Laura, her rival, is in her power. Should she sacrifice herself to the very end for the sake of this rival, the cause of all her woes? There is poison on the table; the dagger is ready; the lagoon is deep; there is no witness. No, she will resign herself to the happiness of the others. Enzo, freed in some way from his irons, rushes in; Laura awakes, and the two kneel at the feet of Gioconda. They set sail to be happy under another sky. Then the singer remembers her promise to Barnaba. She is about to run away when Barnaba enters and recalls the promise. Her only escape is in killing him or herself. She slays herself:

"Volesti il mio corpo, dimon maladetto!
E il corpo ti do!"

Barnaba rages over her corpse. He shrieks in her ear that he has killed her mother; he laments bitterly that the dead woman cannot hear him, and with a wild cry rushes from the stage.

A French critic reviewing the work made this remark: "I do not believe that the audiences of the Paris Opera would approve such an immoral plot, for it is the triumph of adultery; the heroine falls victim to her filial love; her innocent mother is sacrificed; the crime remains unpunished. If the opera be given at the Opera, we hope that the librettist will see the necessity of a change in the denouement." His remark may well excite surprise and even low ironical laughter, when one thinks of the plots of certain operas given at this temple of virtue before and after 1876. And think of the horrors of the plots of the modern realistic school, plots that are squalid rather than romantic in their horror!

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"Gioconda" in America.

"La Gioconda" was performed for the first time in America at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, by Mr. Abbey's company. Mr. Vianesi conducted and the cast was as follows:

La Gioconda.....Christine Nilsson
La Cieca.....Sofia Scalchi
Laura.....Mme. Fursch-Madi
Barnaba.....Del Puente
Alvise.....Novara
Enzo.....Stagno

The opera was produced in Boston with the same and unusually good cast at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 1, 1884.

It was not heard again in New York until it was produced in English by Mr. Henry W. Savage's company at the American Theatre in March, 1899, with Yvonne de Treville as the heroine, and at the Broadway Theatre in October, 1901, with Adelaide Norwood, a dramatic soprano of marked talent, as Gioconda.

The opera was revived at the Metropolitan, and with great success, on Nov. 28, 1904. The cast was that announced for the performance here:

La Gioconda.....Lillian Nordica
La Cieca.....Edyth Walker
Laura.....Louise Homer
Barnaba.....Giraldoni
Alvise.....Plancon
Enzo.....Caruso

Mr. Arturo Vigna will conduct.

Mr Richard Aldrich of the New York Times in a long and carefully written review of the opera and the performance, after speaking of the brilliance of the cast, the excellence of the performance, the enthusiasm of the great audience, remarked: "Yet the work itself has much that ought to insure it a lease of life on the metropolitan stage, so that it shall not vanish thenee after a few repetitions. * * * There is an abundance of all that goes to make spectacle and to give occasion for the most highly colored sonorities of chorus and orchestra. There is no opportunity neglected for song or duet, sentimental, impassioned or supplicatory. The ballet is brought forward at the times and places where operatic tradition demands it, and the composer has written for it music of uncommon vivacity and piquancy. * * * He (Ponchielli) has avoided the operatic dance rhythms of an earlier epoch, and he has endeavored, though not always with distinguished success, to give dramatic life to his recitatives. He has written for the orchestra with skill, variety and independence. * * * The concerted pieces are stirring and full of animation, especially the finale of the third act in which the composer has shown skill in the graphic portrayal of the situation." As for Mr. Vigna, the conductor—"he secured a performance in which not a dramatic point was lost, not a contrast underestimated, not a pathetic nuance neglected. The chorus sang with uncommon vigor and enthusiasm."

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Ponchielli Again.

Ponchielli struck 12 with "La Gioconda." His "Lina" (Milan, 1877) was a revised edition of his second opera, "La Savojarda." His "Il Figliuol Prodigo" (Milan, Dec. 26, 1880) had great success at that time—Tamagno was the Prodigal—but it had no true life. "Marion Delorme" (Milan, March 17, 1885), with Tamagno as the tenor, was less successful. A post-humous opera, "I Morl di Valenza," occasioned some talk in 1901.

He wrote little except for the stage. The most familiar of these other works is the Garibaldi Hymn (1882). The list includes a funeral march for brass band, "Il 29 Maggio," written for the funeral of Manzoni, a funeral march in memory of Ponchielli's father, a "Military Fantasia," and a romance for soprano, "Eternamente," with piano and 'cello. He arranged the music for an unsuccessful ballet, "Clarina" (Milan, 1873). In 1881 Poncillielli was conductor at the Cathedral of Bergamo.

To the world at large he is known as the composer of "La Gioconda" and the teacher of Giacomo Puccini.

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Hugo's "Angelo."

We have spoken of the revival of Hugo's play, "Angelo," on which "Gioconda" was founded. This revival took place at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, Feb. 7. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows: "Special interest attached to the performance by reason of the fact that the play has not been seen in France for 50 years. When its gifted author went into exile the play went into exile, too, from the Comedie Francaise, where it was being played at the moment, and may be said not to have re-emerged until this moment. There is naturally a fine antique flavor about 'Angelo,' but it has the full beauty of other of Hugo's plays. Its construction shows the master's hand, and its movement is as rapid as any modern composition. 'Angelo' is the Podesta of Padua, in the middle of the 16th century, at the time when it was a tributary to Venice. The Podesta, or Governor, was subject to the famous Council of Ten, who, under the Doge, ruled the affairs of that wonderful state. Angelo had for wife Catarina, and for favorite La Tisbe. The play is full of intrigue and sub-intrigue. The main plot centres about the fact that the lawful wife and the mistress of the ruler of Padua are in love with the same man, a prince of ancient family named Rodolfo. In the wife's case the affection has been quite innocent, and has continued on a platonic basis for some years. The threads become crossed when Homodei, sent to spy upon the governor by the superior council of Vence, begins to take a hand in the game. By feigning sleep and a naivete which he by no means possesses when in the presence of the different personages of the drama, he contrives to get possession of their secrets. Once having this power, he begins to act.

"Rodolfo is introduced into the palace of the Podesta, and is placed in a perilous position, as well as one compromising to Catarina. La Tisbe, by the same agency, is also introduced into the private apartment of the governor's wife. She has her suspicions aroused, and this Catarina with having a love scene between the two women, La Tisbe and Catarina, played by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Mme. Blanche Duprene, is particularly thrilling. Finally, Angelo himself arrives, utterly surprised at this midnight meeting; La Tisbe, however, resolves, notwithstanding that she has an ill-defined kind of jealousy for the woman, to save Catarina and her lover, who has not revealed himself. The husband himself eventually succeeds in learning of the clandestine meeting between his wife and the young prince. He resolves that the latter shall die by poison. Again La Tisbe, though now no longer under any doubt as to the identity of the man who loves Catarina, resolves to save her rival. She doctors the poison so that it becomes harmless; it is La Tisbe herself who dies, stabbed by the man whom she loves, in fury at the thought that she has been instrumental in the supposed death of Catarina. La Tisbe, noble in her death, states the plans that she has made for the safety of the lovers from the wrath of the Podesta.

"It will be seen that the play is full of dramatic situations. It gives Sarah Bernaardt great opportunities, and she once more proves how superb is her command of her art, how eternally youthful she is, and how fascinatingly womanly and natural. M. Desjardins is successful in the title part. It is altogether a noteworthy revival."

LOCAL.

Maunder's cantata, "From Olivet to Calvary," will be performed by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30.

The Ondricek quintet (Messrs. Ondricek, Fiumara, Zach, J. Keller and M. Kunze) and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza will give the 10th Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall on March 5.

Mrs. Raymond Brown will give a musical talk on "Parsifal" in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, March 6, at 3 o'clock.

The Carolyne Belcher string quartet will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, March 16. Mr. Gebhard, pianist, will assist.

The programme of the sixth concert of the Boston Symphony quartet, on Monday evening, March 6, in Jordan Hall, will include Dvorak's sextet op. 48; the scherzo from Cheruhini's quartet in D minor, No. 3; Beethoven's quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. Messrs. Zach, viola, and Barth, 'cello, will assist.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, will give its second concert in Jordan Hall on Friday evening, March 24. The programme will include madrigals by Arcadelt, Palestrina, Dowland, Morley, Pearsall; a motet for double chorus by Bach; part songs by Mendelssohn and Brahms; d'Indy's "Sur la mer," for female chorus, soprano and piano; part songs by Grechaninof, Cui and Taneieff.

HANDEL AND HAYDN.

The ladies of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society will give an entertainment in aid of the society's building fund at Jordan Hall, Monday (tomorrow) evening at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz will give a lecture on "Music in Colonial Times," which will be illustrated by a chorus of 40 members of the Handel and Haydn, who will sing hymns and anthems representing the music of 100 years ago. The singers will wear the old-time costumes. A court quadrille, a dance of the colonial period, will be danced by 16 ladies and gentlemen in court costume. The lecture will be further illustrated by solos sung by Mrs. Flora Provan Varney.

The Handel and Haydn Society has started a fund known as the Handel and Haydn building fund for the purpose of obtaining a home of its own. Having confidence in the long duration of the society—it was established in 1815—it desires a building of its own where it can have a proper hall for its rehearsals, facilities for its large musical library, and rooms for the use of its officers and members. It has entered upon this enterprise hoping for the assistance of all lovers of music and that its many friends will take a pride in placing the society upon a strong financial basis. The amount of the building fund under date of May 23, 1904, was $4639.89. Since that time subscriptions of about $1500 have been added to the fund.

The society furthermore wishes to celebrate its centennial in its own home, and it believes that its ambition will find a ready response from all those who love Boston and her art institutions.

Tickets for the entertainment on Monday evening may be obtained at Schirmer's music store, at Jordan Hall, and through any lady of the Handel and Haydn Society.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The concert to be given at Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, March 5, promises to be one of the most notable in the series prepared by Conductor Wilhelm Gericke in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The continued interest shown in the action of the players in this great organization looking to a provision for their old age is most gratifying and it is pleasant to know that already the subscription and box office sale of seats for the coming concert has assured its success. The selections made by Conductor Gericke for this occasion are all excerpts from the Wagner music dramas and include the introduction to act I. and the first part of act III. of "Lohengrin," the entr'actes, dance of apprentices, procession of mastersingers, and homage to Hans Sachs from act III. of "The Mastersingers," the second part of act I. of "The Valkyrie," and "The Ride of the Valkyries." The sale of seat for this concert continues at Symphony Hall.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer writes concerning Mr. D'Albert, whose only piano recital in Boston will be given in Jordan Hall on Wednesday afternoon:

"Possibly had he chosen, like some of his fellow-pianists, to defy public opinion in matters of dress, or to provoke comment by wearing his hair in an unusual way, more would have been written about him by the sensation mongers. But he preferred to leave some kinds of notoriety to his less scrupulous rivals and to invite no popularity that was not founded on respect. He has not regretted his discretion.

"Fame, in D'Albert's case, has brought fortune in its train, and at 40, after a little more than a quarter of a century of effort, he is rich, even according to mercantile standards. It may be because he feels that he has achieved everything a virtuoso can hope for, that he is now anxious to retire from the concert platform and denote himself, in the full maturity of his force, to composing, instead of interpreting music. If he chooses to withdraw, the public may deplore his act, but it may still hope to get much in the way of compensation from the master. For though it could not quite truthfully be alleged that so far his reputation as a creator of music has equalled his great popularity as a pianist, he has already given the world eight interesting operas, besides 20 or 40 other works, destined to the concert room, ranging from his symphony in F major (composed just 18 years ago), to concertos, and from concertos to songs.

"Mme. Finck-D'Albert is his third wife. Before her marriage she sang with considerable success in the opera houses of Germany. Latterly she has restricted her talent to interpreting her husband's lieder, many of which she will sing at some of the concerts arranged for in this country during the present tour of the eminent composer-pianist. The home life of D'Albert and his wife could hardly be described as 'simple,' in the sense which a fashionable apostle of 'simplicity' attaches to the word, but it is healthy and normal; the life of country gentlefolk who are wealthy enough to indulge their tastes, even when they are luxurious, free alike from ostentation and from the penuriousness affected by some artists. During the spring and winter when not travelling they make Berlin their headquarters. In summer they transport their lares and penates to a villa near the romantic waters of the Lago Maggioro, where D'Albert devotes most of his hours in turn to composing and to the indulgence of his thoroughly wholesome passion for such matter-of-fact sports as cycling and lawn tennis. By way of a change, from time to time, he forsakes music for the study of medicine, in which he has long taken a keen interest. His love of science may in a measure account for the tendency of his musical compositions, which, as he affirms, are expressions of 'artistic truth.' Like others, by the by, he has sometimes found artistic truth less easy to dispose of to the managers than inartistic falsity. Despite his celebrity, he was unable to get 'Der Rubin,' his earliest opera, a hearing on the boards until he had consented to pay the Carlsruhe, management the cost of the production. Fortunately it did not exceed 5000 marks."

GRAND OPERA.

The Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York, Mr. Conried director, will give operatic performances at the Boston Theatre for a week beginning Monday, March 6.

The season ticket sale has been progressing for several weeks. It closed last Thursday night, and is to be followed next Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock by the sale of single seats, at prices for any performance (except those of "Parsifal") ranging from $1 for the gallery to $5 for the orchestra, orchestra circle and first and second rows in balcony. Second balcony tickets will sell for $2 each, and the third, fourth, fifth and sixth rows in the first balcony for $3 each. For the "Parsifal" performances, either Tuesday or Thursday, the gallery tickets will be $2; second balcony, $3.50; third, fourth, fifth and sixth rows of first balcony, $5; orchestra circle, $7; orchestra and first and second rows in first balcony, $10.

Mr. Lawrence McCarty, the lessee and manager of the Boston Theatre, is particular to impress upon all patrons of grand opera that he will do his utmost to protect their interests in the purchase of tickets by diligently excluding speculators.

The repertory will include "Lucia," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," "Les Huguenots," Wagner's "Meistersinger," Johann Strauss' comic opera, "Die Fledermaus," and the long anticipated New York production in German of "Parsifal."

The singers known to the Boston public are Mmes. Sembrich, Nordica, Walker, Fernstadt, Lemon and Homer, Messrs. Salezo, Burgstaller, Dippel, Reiss, Goritz, Scotti, Van Rooy, Muehlmann, Blass, Journet and Pol Plancon. The newcomers are Mme. Maria de Macchi, Miss Bella Alten, Mr. Nuibo, Mr. Giraldoni, Mr. Parvis, Mr. Greder and the famous Italian tenor, Mr. Enrico Caruso.

The conductors will be Mr. Alfred Hertz, Mr. Arturo Vigna and Mr. Nahan Franko. Mr. Luigi Albertieri will have charge of the ballet; Mr. Eugene Castel-Bert will be the technical director, and the productions generally will, as faithfully as possible, be as complete as those given at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

PERSONAL.

The baritone Mr. [illegible], whose portrait is published in The Herald today, will take these parts during the week of grand opera at the Boston Theatre: Monday, March 6, Enrico Ashton in "Lucia"; Wednesday, March 8 Silvio in "Pagliacci." Mme. de Macchi will appear as Santuzza on Wednesday, March 8, and as Valentine in "The Huguenots" on Saturday afternoon, March 11. Mrs. Louise Homer will appear as Lola on Wednesday night, Laura in "Gioconda" on Friday night, and Magdalene on Saturday evening.

Miss Maria de Macchi, who will sing here for the first time, in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "The Huguenots," made her debut at Brescia in "Gioconda." Since then she has sung in Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona and Moscow. She has also been the prima donna at the Verdi festivals in Berlin and Prague. Taurine Parvis studied law and was a barrister before he made his debut on the operatic stage.

Miss Edith Castle of Boston has been invited to be the contralto of the Piedmont Church, Worcester, for the next choir year.

Mascagni conducted the Lamoureux concerts in Paris, Jan. 22, 29. He was praised highly for his reading of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, the "Tannhaeuser" overture, and Berlioz's "Roman Carnival." His leading of Brahms' symphony, No. 2, is described as ineffective, and the performance of pieces by Beethoven and others as "extravagant." Two excerpts from a suite in B minor by Caetani did not please, they are characterized by Julien Torchet as "musiques inutiles—skilfully written, tastefully orchestrated, but without any color or individuality." Mr. Torchet adds: "Mascagni had the good taste to put no one of his compositions on the programme. For this delicate attention he deserves at least a little gratitude."

The end of a tenor. Luigi Maurelli, a once celebrated tenor, died lately at Milan, in the Verdi Asylum. He sang in many cities with success—at La Scala, Milan, in "La Sonnambula" (1872, 1882), in "Semiramide," with Scalchi, in 1881—and he gained large sums of money; but he lost everything, and in his last years sang in cafes and humble taverns of Verona. He was born in 1838.

Vincent d'Indy's new sonata for violin and piano, op. 59, has been published by Durand & Son, Paris.

A life of Anton Bruckner by Rudolf Louis has been published by Georg Mueller of Munich and Leipsic. The book is praised as a biography and also critical analysis of the composer's art.

Robert Eitner, a celebrated music antiquarian and historian, died recently at Templin at the age of 73. He founded, 1869, a society for musical research, and edited its organ, Monthly Pamphlets for the History of Music.

It is said that Mascagni called on Sardou in Paris, at the latter's request. Sardou said he was the first to applaud "Cavalleria Rusticana" in France. We now quote from the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette: "At a certain point the dramatist said: 'How would it be if you, young, and I, old, should work together? If to the ardor of your youth I should unite my long experience of the theatre! What do you say?' 'I shall be only too honored and happy,' was the prompt reply. 'Then,' said the other, 'choose! With the exception of "Hatred," which I dream of having acted in France just as I wish, choose from all my works, they are at your disposal!' Mascagni named one, a favorite of his, one of the older of Sardou's works and not the best known, but which is potently dramatic, and which might inspire a modern composer to great things. And so the compact was made which will, sooner or later, give the world of music and the drama a sensation."

Mr. Richard Henry Warren, who has had charge of the choir of St Bartholomew's Church, New York, for nearly 20 years, who has made that church famous for the character of its music, has resigned his position and his resignation has been accepted.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

"L'Arlesienne," with Bizet's music, was given lately for the 500th time in Paris. The first performance was Oct. 1, 1872, at the Vaudeville. The orchestra was a small one. Bizet's music was first made famous by his arrangement of a concert suite for Colonne's orchestra, and this version has been given at the Odeon since the addition of Daudet's play to the repertory of that theatre in May, 1885. The second suite was arranged by Guiraud from Bizet's music after the composer's death. Daudet's play was produced without success as "The Woman of Arles" at the Broadway Theatre, New York, March 22, 1897, with Agnes Booth as Rose Mamai, and Seidl led the orchestra. An opera, "L'Arlesiana," founded on Daudet's play, music by Cilea, was produced at Milan in 1897, with Caruso as the tenor, and Minnie Tracey was one of the singers.

Ibsen's "Fest auf Solhaug," with music by Hugo Wolf, has been performed for the first time at Carlsruhe.

Organists may be interested in a new organ sonata in C major, "St. Paul, a Character Picture," by Max Gulbins, published by Leuckart, Leipsic.

Heinrich Zoeliner's overture, "Under the Stars and Stripes," was performed at a Philharmonic concert, Leipsic, Jan. 30. Use is made of national melodies, and the work is dedicated to President Roosevelt.

An octet (op. 27), by Paul Juon, for piano, violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn, was performed for the first time lately in Berlin. Certain movements were warmly applauded by the audience but the critics found the piece not in sound chamber music style and too Russian in character, and this leads us to hope the Longy Club will introduce the work here next season.

The Joachim quartet will play in Rome next month in concerts on five successive days, and play all Beethoven's quartets except the B flat fugue, op. 133. Here is an opportunity for a display of Roman fortitude.

Saint-Saens' concert piece for horn, with orchestral accompaniment, op. 94, has just been published by Durand & Son, Paris.

MOZART AND STRAUSS.

The concert (Curtius Concert Club, London, Jan. 14) opened with a performance of Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; this consummate work of art is nearly always in these days despoiled of half its beauty by being played by an orchestra very much too large for Mozart's purposes. Of course he lived for his own day, and he composed for the orchestras of his own day. Such a "mighty monster" as the Albert Hall band, or the Queen's Hall orchestra, or the festival bands, could obviously never have appealed to the artists of that time—we suspect for the very obvious reason that in wishing to make their effects they did not think to make it essential to multiply sound indefinitely. The result was that the beautiful orchestration of this symphony was distinguished in each of its separate parts on Saturday, and the interpretation, consequently, made something which was almost new; the brilliant little passages, for example, for the flutes floated down into the general composition like little separate showers of gold; the whole of the wood-wind, in fact, was given precisely its right proportion of significance; and at the close one really felt that, allowing for some perfectly unavoidable details, we had heard such a performance as Mozart himself would have been delighted to hear. Of course the experiment has been tried before, especially in the operas of this composer. The musician whom ignorant people regard as standing poles asunder from Mozart—we mean, of course, Richard Strauss—has, in our experience, conducted with a Mozart orchestra as fine a series of Mozart's operatic works as one could desire to hear. The point, of course, is obvious. Mozart wrote within a certain circle; being a perfect artist, this circle was made perfect by him. Later composers, with all the advantages, if so they can be called, of increased audacity in the way of straining music to the more difficult issue, have done no more than Mozart, although they have satisfied the complex feelings of our time. It is here that Strauss and Mozart touch hands, because the modern man has taught Mozart to the public, and has also realized himself for the same public. To sum up, the symphony was delightful to hear under just these circumstances. A little hall, a great symphony, but, by the art of a veritable musical alchemist, brought within the bounds of small spaces, excellent players, a most intelligent conductor—here was indeed a place of musical peace and a touchstone of musical beauty beyond compare.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M., 9th Sunday Chamber concert. The Boston Symphony string quartet. Dittendorf's quartet in E flat major; Beethoven's serenade in D major, op. 8; scherzo from Cherubini's quartet in D minor, No. 3; Tschaikowsky's andante from quartet, op. 11, and allegro giusto from quartet, op. 22.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second of Miss Julia Terry's Chamber concerts. The Olive Mead string quartet and Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Entertainment in aid of the Handel and Haydn Society's building fund. Lecture on music in colonial times by Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz, illustrated by solo, sung by Mrs. Flora Provan Varney, soprano, and choruses

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Postponed piano recital by Mr. Felix Fox. Chopin's sonata in B minor, H. F. Gilbert's "A Verlaine Mood," serenade levantine, by Alpherakky, Impromptu by Gabriel Faure, Rosenthal's variations on an original theme, an adagio of Bach transcribed by Philipp, Volksled by Widor, Chabrier's Bourree Fantasque.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Verdi Orchestral Club, Mr. John M. Flockton, conductor. Overture to "Conut of Essex," Mercadante; selections from "Maritana," excerpts from Gounod's "Faust" ballet, Rollinson's "Hunting of the Snark," overture to "The Bohemian Girl," Pierne's "Watch of Guardian Angel" and Afferni's "Mandolinita" for strings, selections from "Babes in Toyland," Rollinson's march, "Jubiloso." Miss Hilda Swartz, soprano, will sing an aria from "Herodiado" and two songs.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Only piano recital by Mr. Eugen d'Albert. Beethoven sonata appassionata, op. 57, Rondo op. 5 No. 2, Rondo a capriccio, op. 129; Schubert's impromptus, op. 90, No. 3; op. 142, No. 4; Schumann's Carneval; Chopin's nocturne, op 9, No. 3; Ballade, op. 47; d'Albert's scherzo, op. 16; Liszt's scherzo and march.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last concert of the Hoffmann quartet: String quartet in D major by Gustav Strube (MS. first time); quartet movement in C minor, Schubert posthumous; Goldmark's piano quintet in B flat major, op. 30 (Mr. Perabo, pianist).

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. First piano recital by Mr. Ernest Schelling.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last concert of the Longy Club: Pastorale, Jean Hure; Schumann's "Fairy Tales," for clarinet, viola, piano; Mozart's concerto in C major for flute and harp; Gouvy's octet in E flat major, Mr. Ferir, viola; Mr. Brooke, flute, and Mr. Schuecker, harp, will assist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventeenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor: Beethoven's overture, "Lenore," No. 3; Bach-Bachrich, Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte; Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The soloist will be announced.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth violin recital by Mr. Fritz Kreisler. The programme will include Bach's concerto in A minor, Beethoven's Romance in F major, Joachim's Variations in E minor, Schumann's "Garten Melodie," an allegro from Tartini's Sonata in G minor, Rameau's Tambourine, Porpora's Menuet, air by Goldmark, Wieniawski's Caprice Tarentelle and Zarzycki's Mazurka.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventeenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Ce 27. 1905

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

Ninth of Series Given by the Boston Symphony Quartet with Great Success.

The ninth Sunday Chamber concert occurred yesterday afternoon at Chickering Hall. The Boston Symphony quartet (Messrs. Hess, Roth, Ferir and Krasselt) played a quartet in E flat by Dittendorf, Beethoven's Trio, "Serenade" in D major, movements from a quartet by Cherubini, and movements from Tschaikowsky's quartets in D major and F major. There was, as usual, a large audience.

The performance was admirable—as a performance nothing more could have been desired. The individual tone of each player, the beautifully blended and smooth ensemble, the concentration of emotional appeal, made the playing of the quartet a delight. There were in the audience, however, radicals who would have welcomed more of the modern music. Everything in the programme was in itself pleasure-giving; but grouped together there was too little variety. After the sweetly tuneful quartet by Dittendorf, Beethoven's beautiful, but overlong, serenade, and the gentle pleasantry of Cherubini, the music by Tschaikowsky was like a bath or the awakening to activity after a dreamless sleep. Even then the "andante cantabile" from the F major quartet might well have given place to some other of Tschaikowsky's works—the hearer craved a passionate recall! This movement, however, is wondefully moving, and it made sufficient impression, receiving more applause than anything else on the programme. It was exquisitely played.

At the next concert the Ondricek quintet and Mr. Emilio de Gorgoza will be heard.

IN HASTE.

The New York Telegram insists that the girl of today is inclined to eat too fast; that she shovels her food in; that she, in other words, stokes. The writer paints a horrid picture of maidens and matrons gobbling at table, with soup trickling down the chin, with solids adhering below or on a side of the mouth. "Daintiness in eating is positively essential, and if circumstances are such that one must swallow one's food rapidly, let the mouthfuls be small."

There are men who cannot endure the thought of seeing any woman eat, no matter how daintily and delicately. Byron's fastidiousness in this respect is well known, but the oriental women, whom he admired warmly, are hearty eaters. Zayu al Mawasif, in the "Thousand Nights and a Night," partook of meat and drink before she concerned herself with the fate of her lover, Masrur, and Burton annotated the incident: "A neat and characteristic touch; the wilful beauty eats and drinks before she thinks of her lover. Alas for Masrur married!" But these oriental beauties are most particular in their manner of eating. They know by heart the traditional canons of table manners, as enumerated by the surprising slave girl, Tawaddud, when she was examined at a wellnigh interminable length concerning her knowledge in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful. Now the traditional canons are these: The Bismallah ("in the name of Allah") and washing both hands; sitting on the left of the hinder part; eating with three fingers and eating of that which hath been only masticated. And good manners consist in taking small mouthfuls and looking little at one's table companion. Bolting one's food is to the Arabians a sign of boorishness. So we find Chaucer singing the praise of the woman dainty at table.

Or turn back to Ecclesiasticus: "Eat modestly that which is set before thee, and devour not, lest thou be hated. When thou sittest amongst many, reach not thine hand out first of all. How little is sufficient for man well taught!"

There have been writers who complained bitterly of time wasted at table. In one of Charles Reade's early novels there is a violent protest against long-drawn-out course dinners, whereas even the chief meal, according to Reade, should be consumed in from twenty minutes to half an hour. William Cobbett also inveighed against such dallying, and quoted with approval the proverb: "Quick at meals, quick at work," which is to our mind a lying proverb. He advised a lover to observe his sweetheart at the table, to see her at work on a mutton chop or a bit of bread and cheese. His words are so curious that they deserve quotation: "She may, and must, suffer the slice to linger on the plate, and must make the supply slow, in order to fill up the time; but when she does bite, she cannot well disguise what nature has taught her to do, and you may be assured that if her jaws move in slow time, and if she rather squeeze than bite the food; if she so deal with it as to leave you in doubt as to whether she mean finally to admit or reject it; if she deal with it thus, set her down as being, in her very nature, incorrigibly lazy." Cobbett practised his preachment; he boasted that on an average he had not during his life spent more than 35 minutes a day at table, including all the meals of the day.

It was once thought that formal course dinners, leisurely eaten, with long waits between the courses, were injurious to the digestion, but certain modern dietetics advise such prolonged and constantly interrupted eating, especially to dyspeptics. Who knows but they may soon swing to the other extreme and recommend bolting? For medical treatment today, as in the period of learned Arabian leeches, is not only largely empirical; it shifts like a weathercock from one extreme to another, and is full of delightfully ironical surprises.

A BAKER'S DOZEN.

Sarah Bernhardt revived Victor Hugo's "Angelo," a drama of mysterious doors, poison, daggers and thoughtfully provided coffins, early this month, and the revival recalled to Frenchmen the queer story connected with the first revival in 1850, the story of a dinner at Hugo's house. There were present the host and hostess and two of their sons, Rachel, the Tisbe—she played the part here in Boston, by the way—her sister, Rebecca; Miss Bracy, a playactress, known in private life—if private life were then possible in Paris—as Mrs. Arsene Houssaye; Mrs. Emile de Girardin, Pradier, the sculptor; d'Orsay, prince of dandies and the dear friend of Lady Blessington; Gerard de Nerval, whose name was Labrunie; Alfred de Musset and a young man named Perree—who was conspicuous above all—he was the thirteenth at table. Rachel was exceedingly uncomfortable and disquieted.

A year later the four Hugos were in exile. Pradier died of apoplexy, and d'Orsay of meningitis in 1852. Young Perree gave up dining forever in 1853. Rebecca farewelled her sister and the world in 1854, and Mrs. Houssaye—scarcely 28 years old—said the last good-by. Mrs. de Girardin died in 1855, and in January of that year Gerard de Nerval hanged himself where now is the prompter's box at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. De Musset died in 1857 and Rachel in 1858; but before her death she wrote, "Laugh, then, and mock, if you please, at number thirteen."

Yet there are flippant persons who mock the superstition. There is, for Karl Blind, for example, who told later in London a personal experience. A guest failed to appear at a dinner and thirteen were to sit down; two of the women insisted on withdrawing, but the gallant Blind, who is nearly 80 years old, wrote "13" on a slip of paper and pinned it to his coat, saying: "If any one is to die now within a year, I have marked myself for the sacrifice." And, of course, nobody did die within the year. Nobody ever does die in such reassuring stories. But Dr. Blind is recklessly brave: he spills salt and prefers to walk under a ladder rather than to go out of his way.

The ancients favored odd numbers and yet thirteen has for eenturies been considered unlucky, perhaps from thought of the Paschal supper. We have read an ingenious explanation. That the idea of one of the thirteen dying within the twelvemonth afterward is founded on the calculations of insurance offices, which presume

t of thirteen persons taken indiscrimi-
tely one will die within a year.
ere is only one objection to this hean-
ul theory, and it is this: The belief
much older than any system of life
surance. There is no need of going
ck to the dark ages. In the merry
d godless days of Charles II. there
as a "fond conceit" that when there
ere thirteen at table one of them
ust soon die. Did not Lady Ossory
o of fright in 1684 because she was
e of thirteen at meat? There are
ndreds, we may say thousands, of
tional and sensible men and women
o respect the superstition:

O never sit down at the table
When the number is thirteen;
And lest witches be there,
Put salt in your beer,
And scrape your platter clean.

The existence of Thirteen clubs shows
e force of the superstition; such
ubs might be said to prove the sound-
ss of the fear, for the clubs are found-
in sheer bravado, as a child swag-
rs and stamps up the stairs to the
rk room which he knows is peopled
ith strange shapes; he stamps to
ighten them away. Such a dinner is,
use the words of a student of folk
re, "a very eloquent and conviucing
ece of evidence that so-called civiliza-
on, enlightenment, culture and all the
st of it have not even yet eradicated
e feeling which has existed in man's
east from the remotest antiquity—
at there is a power, an influence, a
mething passing from certain persons
others which, though unseen, unfelt,
measured and incapable of explan-
ion, at least is dreaded by many, and
rhaps most by some of those who
off loudest and outwardly defy it most
tentatiously."

We sympathize rather with the vis-
or in Rome who took off his hat to
e statue of Jupiter, for, as he said,
ere's no knowing but that the exiled
ity may some day come back into
wer. Not for the wealth of Gol-
nda, not even for that of the Rocke-
llers, would we set sail for an ocean
yage on Friday, and we should pre-
r some other day for a pleasure trip
Machias or Montpelier.—Until we
e we shall strive to see the new moon
er the right shoulder. Nor would
oup and fish and a hot jint and
owsis and wines of rare and costly
ntige, ices and froots from Green-
nd's icy mountains and Injy's coral
rands" persuade us to sit down at
ble with twelve other possible vie-
ms.

Why flout the crystallized experi-
nce and wisdom of the ages? Mon-
igne, the courtier, the world-man, the
hilosopher, the devout sceptic, found
human fancy wholly frivolous or
umor wholly extravagant: "Where
e scale of the balance is altogether
mpty, I let the other waver to and fro,
nder an old wife's dreams. And, me-
emeth, I may well be excused if I
ather accept an odd number than an
ven, Thursday in respect of Friday;
I had rather make a twelfth or four-
enth at a table than a thirteenth;
when I am travelling I would rather
e a hare coasting than crossing my
ay; and rather reach my left than
y right foot to be shod. All such fond
onceits, now in credit about us, de-
erve at least to be listened unto."

Feb 28 1905

Miss Julia Terry'. Given in J

The Olive Mead Quarte and Francis Rogers, E eral Songs to Enjo

The second of Miss Julia Terry's
amber concerts was given yesterday
ternoon in Jordan Hall by the Olive
ead Quartet (Miss Mead, Miss Eliza-
eth Houghton, Miss Gladys North and
r. Ralph Smalley, who played the
ello on account of the sickness of
iss Littlehales) and Mr. Francis Rog-
s, baritone. The programme included
vorak's Terzetto for two violins and
ola, op. 74; Gipsy Song and Dance,
oleridge-Taylor (Miss Mead), andante
Cantabile for strings op. 11, Tschaikowsky, and "The Mill" for strings, Raff. Mr. Rogers sang Schubert's "Aufenthalt," "Ihr Bild," "Fruehlingsglaube," Schumann's "Der arme Peter," and "An der Sonnenschein," Liszt's "O lieb', O lieb," Luckstone's "Come Homo, Beloved," Goring Thomas' "Le Baiser," Cowen, "Border Ballad." Mr. Alfred de Voto was the accompanist. There was a fair sized and applausive audience.

This concert was of an amiable and pleasant rather than stimulating nature. The young ladies played the Terzetto in a smooth and euphonious manner, and Coleridge-Taylor's gypsies, as represented by Miss Mead, were a highly respectable and restful folk. Mr. Rogers' songs were for the most part gently melancholy or tranquillizing, and even the woes of poor Peter gave little occasion for any feeling of acute distress in the breast of the most sensitive hearer. It may again be said that the concert was pleasant, and that the performance of both players and singer was well appreciated by the audience.

The third concert will be given on Monday, March 13, when Miss Beatrice Herford will give original monologues; Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, pianist, will play, and Mr. William Kittredge, tenor, will sing. Miss Laura Hawkins will be the accompanist.

HANDEL AND HAYDN LECTURE

"Music in Colonial Times" by Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz, Under Auspices of Ladies of the Chorus.

There was an entertainment last evening in Jordan Hall given by the ladies of the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society for the benefit of the building fund. The programme consisted of a lecture, delivered by Mrs. Adeline F. Fitz, on "Music in Colonial Times," and illustrated in various ways by members of the society. A chorus of 40 men and women sang early hymns and anthems, there were solo piano numbers, a "court quadrille," danced by eight couples, and a number of songs sung by Mrs. Florence Hartmann, who, at a few hours' notice, took the place of Mrs. Flora Provan Varney, announced to appear, but withheld by an accident. All the singers and dancers were in costumes of the period.

The purpose of the society is to obtain the necessary funds for a building of its own, that its work, its library, and its traditions may have a home fitting the long and honorable record of the organization and its valuable services to the musical development of Boston for almost 100 years. As was stated in the programme, the centennial of the society is approaching, and it is earnestly desired that the projected building may be ready for the celebration of this important anniversary. The ambition is a laudable one, and should receive the support of all those interested in Boston's musical progress and traditions. The society is doing much by its own efforts; last evening's performance was one of various plans by which it is hoped the object may be achieved.

Mrs. Fitz was introduced by Mr. George F. Daniels, president of the society, who made an introductory comment upon the record and aims of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mrs. Fitz spoke of the nature of the music in America 100 years ago, contrasting the northern and southern colonies, the strictly church music, and the dance tunes in vogue among the gentry of Maryland and Virginia. The quadrille was designed to represent the latter; it was accompanied by spinet, 'cello and violin, played by Mrs. Charles O. Lawton, Mrs. Ernest Buffington and Miss Ethel Sparks. This dance was the chief feature of the performance. The choir singing, however, was one of its best features, and the clever leadership of Mr. Odell created genuine amusement. Everything had been planned and rehearsed with obvious care.

Under the circumstances it is a pity that the hall was not entirely filled; but the fair sized audience was interested and responsive.

A CARVER CARVED.

"This chicken is a fowl," said Mr. Johnson, as he hacked and splashed. "You know, Eustacia, there is an old English proverb that when a person finds it difficult to joint a piece of meat he should think of a cuckold, for a Mr. Thomas Webb, carver to a lord mayor of London in the times of Charles the Martyr, as the rising young Jacobites on Beacon Hill call him, was as famous for his being a cuckold as for his skill in carving; hence the proverb. Fortunately, none of our friends are so unfortunate."

"That is all very interesting," answered Mrs. Johnson, "and I hope your conclusion is a sound one, but if you can't find the joints, break off the leg and wing, and give me some white meat, the oyster and a little stuffing. Psyche should have boiled, not roasted, the fowl; but perhaps she wished the extra half-hour for herself."

"You said break," said Mr. Johnson after an angry hack; "that reminds me of the disappearance of good table words and phrases. You know that tea table set you saw in a window in Boylston street, the set all alive with crawling dragons and made for the Mikado, who for some reason or other did not take it—the shopkeeper told me the Mikado said it was too good for him, and he wished an American to have it—I priced it—it cost only $700, and that hardwood tray you bought in Cambridge for $5 is just as serviceable as the salver would be—well, that set or any other set should be described as a tea table equipage. There was the breakfast equipage, there was the tea equipage, there was the toilet equipage and there was even the sick equipage. I remember reading in one of Mrs. Sherwood's novels of a 'convenient and genteel' tea equipage. How much more satisfactory a word than 'service'! But to go back to 'break.'

"You said 'break off the leg.' Unconsciously you returned to an old usage. There was once a fine discrimination in synonyms for 'carve.' Only an ignorant or ill-bred woman would say: 'Help me to some chicken' or hen. A woman of accomplishments would suit the verb to the thing carved: thus she would ask me to break a goose, push a chicken, spoil a hen——." Mrs. Johnson interrupted: "It's not necessary for me to say 'spoil a hen'—you are doing it now." Mr. Johnson grew red: "As I was saying, she would ask me to spoil a hen, sauce a capon, mince a plover. I remember I made a list of these verbs not long ago, and I think I have it here." He took out a wad of papers and bills from an inside pocket. "By the way," said Mrs. Johnson, "I see a gas bill there; how much is it?" "More than it was a month ago, and we were not so much at home evenings. This is the well known paradox of gas: The less you burn the more you have to pay. Oh, here is the list. You spoil a hen"—Mrs. Johnson smiled—"you lift a swan, rear a goose, fract a chicken, unbrace a mallard, unlace a hare, dismember a heron, disfigure a peacock, display a crane, untach a curlew, unjoin a bittern, allay a pheasant, wiug a quail or partridge, thigh a pigeon or woodcock, break a hare, border a pasty. H—m, I don't understand this. The princess says in 'Love's Labour's Lost': 'Boyet, you can carve; break up this capon.' The list says you break a hare, and I've read somewhere that you break a goose. This is contradictory." And Mr. Johnson was at once gloomy.

Mrs. Johnson sighed: "Herkimer, you are not handy, you know. You are inclined to disfigure beef or mutton, as a skilful carver used to disfigure a peacock, and I have seen you lift and throw a duck without really meaning to do it. I think after this I'll attend to the carving. I'll tell Psyche to put the meat here before me. I am sure it will be a relief to you."

Mr. Johnson again became historically sociological: "In days of chivalry a woman of noble birth was expected to carve. Is it not Froissart, or is it Castiglione, who——" Mrs. Johnson looked at him: "Dear, I really wish you wouldn't knaw your drumstick. I asked Psyche to put the bones in the soup stock."

SOME SYNONYMS.

At a dinner given at a New York hotel last week aud attended by fifteen prominent police captains of the metropolis a guest counted ten different words used by these captains in place of "money." The words were these: tin, cush, gelt, rocks, candy, dough, sugar, mazuma, glad wealth, welcome green. Gelter, not gelt, was used by the rogues of New York in the fifties; not one of the other words appears in the curious slang dictionary compiled by George W. Matsall, special justice, chief of police, etc., and published at New York in 1859. Welcome green is a variant of long green. What, pray, is the origin of mazuma? Is it not an importation of our German Brethren? The word "mesumme" is in German slang, and "linke mesumme" means counterfeit money. Singular to relate, the police captains did not use the word graft. Perhaps they have grown sensitive of late. The reader will notice the absence of simoleons, honcs, cold bones and plunks, terms applied correctly to a certaiu number of dollars, as in the sentence: "It cost me two cold bones"; yet simoleons is a word used at times to denote a certain fixed sum.

Think for a moment of the slang synonyms of money. Here are a few of them: The actual, ballast, beans, blunt (for specie), brads, brass, bustle, charms, checks, coal, coliander seeds, coppers, corn (in Egypt), chink, crap, chinkers, chips, corks, dibs, darby, dots, ducats, dimmock, dinarey, dirt, dooteroomus, dumps, dust, dyestuffs, dollars, gingerbread, gilt, gent (for silver), haddock, hard stuff (or hard), horse, nails, huckster, John, John Davis loafer, lour (said to be the oldest cant term for money), kelter, lurries, mopusses, moss, muck, needful, oil of palms, peck, plums, nobbings (collected in a hat by street performers), ochre, oof, pewter, pieces, posh, queen's pictures, quids, rags, insect powder, ready, ready gilt, rhino, rivets, ready John, redge, rhino, rivets, rowdy, scales, salt, sawdust, scads, screen, sends, shigs, soap, shot, shekels, sinews of war, shiners, shinplasters, skin, Spanish, spondulics, spoon, steven, stamps, stiff, stuff, stumpy, sugar, teaspoons, tin, tow, wad, wedge, wherewithal, yellow boys. No doubt contributions from a dozen students of slang would double the list. Thomas Dekker's "Bellman of London" and "Lanthorne and Candle Light," which with "The Gull's Horu Book" have lately been reprinted in a little volume, are a mine of information concerning the slang of the latter part of the sixteenth century and the early years of the seventeenth. Thus to cut-purses of London the purse was the bung and the money was known as shells.

We have omitted such specific London terms as shiners, goblin, quid, finns, foont, deener, pony, quid; see Mr. Chevalier's "Our Little Nipper":

"I'm just about the proudest man that walks,
I've got a little nipper, when 'e talks
I'll lay you forty shiners to a quid
You'll take 'im for the father, me the kid."

An entertaining little volume could be written on the derivation of these slang terms, with illustrative quotations from the flash poets. The English have "peck"; the Germans have "pich, picht and peck." The Viennese "gyps" is supposed to be from th sum," as the German "hora" and "kall" from the Hebrew "hereu" and "kal." The London "oof" or "ooftish" is derived from "auf tische" (on the table), for the sports of Hounsditch would not play cards unless the money were on the table. French slang is rich and picturesque in this subdivision.

And it is to be observed that these synonyms were invented or adapted by those sadly in need of money, not by those who have money to burn, another proof of the statement that poverty sharpens the wits and fires the imagination.

Mch 1. 1905

FELIX FOX'S PIANO RECITAL

Several New or Unfamiliar Pieces Performed, Among Them Rosenthal's Variations—Mr. Gilbert's "Mood-Picture."

Mr. Felix Fox gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a good sized and warmly applausive audience. The programme was as follows: Chopin's sonata in B minor; H. F. Gilbert's "A Verlaine Mood"; Alpheraky's "L'Evantine Serenade"; Gabriel Faure's third impromptu; Rosenthal's variations on an original theme, an adagio by Bach transcribed by Philipps; Wider's "Volklied" and Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque."

Nearly all these pieces were unfamiliar to the average concertgoer; some of them were unknown to professional pianists, and Rosenthal's variations, according to the programme, were played for the first time in this country. Mr. Fox is indefatigable in choosing and preparing pieces that are seldom heard here or in other American cities, pieces also of exotic flavor.

Mr. Gilbert's musical illustration of Verlaine is a "mood-picture" of the 19th poem of the exquisite series "La bonne Chanson," a series addressed to the unfortunate young woman who was persuaded to marry the strange poet, verses written in the happiest period of the poet's squ idly fantastical life. The theme is the j nature on the nuptial

day; the air will be an accomplice of the bridegroom's joy and will make the bride more beautiful; the sky, all blue, will serve as a tent, and at night the sweet air will rustle the bride's veil, and the peaceful stars will smile on the lovers. How much of this idea is included in Mr. Gilbert's music is not told to us. The first line, "It will, then, be on a clear summer day," serves as motto, and probably this particular thought was uppermost in the composer's mind, yet the change in mood toward the end, the modified rapture of expression, might lead one to infer that there was also the thought of the kindly favoring night and stars.

The music is a curious mixture of the unusual and the truly poetic, with conventional or awkwardly expressed sentiment. Thus the chief theme, or the leading melodic thought is commonplace, while it is in a way pretty. The harmonization of this thought, whenever it appears, is of an ordinary character but progressions that are between the appearances of this thought are strikingly unconventional; indeed, they would raise goose flesh on the dry body of a pedagogue, and it is by these very progressions and by the closing measures that Mr. Gilbert succeeds in creating a mood. The music is that of a man who has poetic ideas, fine thoughts; whose technic, however, does not yet allow him full and effective license in expression.

Achille Alpheraky, the composer of the "Levantine Serenade," belongs to the younger Russian school, although he is about 60 years old. He is known chiefly as a composer of songs. This Serenade, as played, had little charm save that of singularity. It should be added, however, in justice to both Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Alpheraky, that Mr. Fox is not a distinctively emotional or impressive pianist, and we believe that Gabriel Faure's Impromptu might be much more effective even when played by a pianist of less technical proficiency than Mr. Fox, but a pianist of subtle mind, a lover of delicate nuances, quite lights, and inviting shadows.

On the other hand, Mr. Fox gave a brilliant performance of Rosenthal's Variations, and he well deserved the recall. Present a technical task to Mr. Fox and it excites him to arduous preparation and leads him on to victory. He has what might be called a technical imagination. He is spurred to his best endeavor by mechanical difficulties that would discourage at the start the dreamer or the man of poetic fancy. The music of these variations is eminently Rosenthalion. The composer's individuality is constantly revealed. There is the thought of crystalline clearness even in the most complex polyphony, incredible lightness and swiftness, marked or tripping rhythm, brilliance that dazzles, and we even now see Rosenthal tossing these variations off with an air of provoking, insolent ease. Mr. Fox is, of course, not Moritz Rosenthal; but the fact that he carried through his task so jauntily was in itself the eulogy of his pronounced acquirements.

Mr. Fox has made long strides in his art since he returned from Europe. He has gained in mellowness of tone and in long sustained passages of song; he has added to his equipment of tonal gradations; he is plausibly emotional at times. His technical proficiency would allow him a much more liberal emotional display. At present there is the suspicion, as yesterday in the song sections of the sonata, that the emotions of the composer are not deep down in the heart of the pianist; that his approach to any revelation of soul is deliberate, or in a way enforced. Mr. Fox has given so much time to technic and with such successful results that he can well afford to give himself wholly for a time to the cultivation of emotion.

THE UNRESPONSIVE.

Mr. Larkins was complaining at the Porphyry of a dinner to which, as he said with an air of no little mystery, he had felt himself obliged to go. "I sat next a dull woman, whom I had never met before, and I exhausted myself trying to entertain her. She would have been happier in an oyster bed, for oysters surely have some means of communication. I showed her my box of tricks; I talked of parsons, theatres, music, bridge whist, books, Europe, but she would not budge from Jamaica Plain, where she lives a blameless and mollusean life. Was I agreeably satirical? She was matter-of-fact and evidently took me in earnest. Was I serious? She stared at me as villagers at the city man suffering from mental overwork and needing rest. She was courteous enough; and when we separated she said with an expressionless face: 'Glad to have met you.' But I was exhausted, mentally and physically, and as I felt the exhaustion coming on, I drank more than was good for me."

It is true that young Larkins did not mention the name of his table companion, but some years ago the listeners to his tale of woe would have voted him a cad. This is an age of publicity, and nearly all the hearers were not without a show of sympathy. Mr. Auger followed with remarks on the course to pursue in such a case. "I suit my talk to the person I address. If I meet a novelist, I ask, 'How's the book coming on? Any roasts on Boston people?' If he's a poet, I say, 'I don't see where you get your inspiration in this weather.' If I sit next a girl, I ask her if the season is gay, and if my companion is a mother, I inquire minutely into the welfare of her children." Thus Auger, only at greater length, nor did he apparently observe that two or three arose and went to another room.

Mr. Ferguson took young Larkins to task. "I do not pity you at all. You are not married, and you are not obliged to go to such meetings of incongruous men and women and servings of made and unwholesome dishes. You are a bachelor and you have your suite of rooms. Do you know what I'd do if there were no Mrs. Ferguson? I should have rooms—one big one, plainly, but comfortably, furnished—with an open fire—plenty of books—and tobacco and various quenchers, and as a rule I should spend my evenings at home. Not as a hermit, crab or elephant. I should give a card, a yearly pass to a few whom I like, or think I might like, just as a theatre issues season passes to some decreed worthy. I should name evenings on this card when it would not be good. I should exercise the privilege of renewing or discontinuing a pass. And nobody without a pass would get inside the door. For the chief aim of life after one is 40 years old is to avoid bores and boredom. If, Mr. Larkins, you persist in going to houses where you are more than likely to be bored, no matter how fond you are of host and hostess, may your boredom be on your own head. You undoubtedly tired the lady from Jamaica Plain. You evidently wished to make an impression on her. If you had taken things easily, she would have advanced her mental feelers and drawn you out to your mutual satisfaction. I should not be surprised to learn that at the breakfast table next morning, when she and her husband were discussing pleasantly the cookery, the guests and the extravagance of the host, she said: 'George, do you know that young Mr. Larkins? He chattered till I thought my head would split. He's either very fresh, or perhaps a little liquor sets him going.' And, let me add, Mr. Larkins, in all friendliness, for I am a much older man, that your description of the dinner is neither courteous toward your host nor toward your companion. The adventures of a small or a great soul among women should not be told in the public room of a club." Mr. Ferguson then said good night. "Bless my soul," exclaimed Larkins, "what ails the old cock? How many high balls has he had?"

A PARISIAN OSLER.

It appears that there are some who still take Dr. Max Nordau seriously, as in the days when his "Conventional Lies" enraged censors and his "Degeneration" was discussed in street car and at dinner tables. He has been talking lately in Paris about his drama, "Doktor Kohn," which shows the wretchedness inflicted on the cultured Jew by anti-Semitism. Nordau says that he is in negotiation with a New York publisher for an English translation of the drama, and that the drama may soon be played; but he cares little or nothing about all this, for he is a bad business man; he takes no interest in anything he has written after his mind is delivered of it; the work is finished, and that is sufficient reward; the opinion of the public does not concern him. Dr. Nordau then dwelt on the importance of clearness of aim and "oneness of purpose" in writing a book. "Even in criminality, the mere firmness of purpose with which the criminal sets about his task is akin to artistic fervor"; an idea that De Quincey advanced years ago, with some brilliance of irony and rhetoric, if we may be so bold as to venture an opinion. Then the sniffer of degeneracy in everything defined art as consisting in a realization of one's self, in developing one's powers and unfolding one's ideas. "I am no believer in that exaggeration of individualism which is now so much the fashion; for it is an exceedingly difficult thing to analyze what part of any man's art is exclusively and essentially his own product."

This is all by way of prelude to a statement of Nordau's that is of pertinent interest in connection with Dr. Osler's remarks which have needlessly irritated so many elderly males and females and provoked public displays of hysteria. Nordau believes that whatever a man has to give to the world he has already conceived by the age of 25 or 30. "By that age his originality must have asserted itself, for it is the same in art as in virility—the period of productivity is the same in both." A man has nothing new to say, as far as art is concerned, after his 30th year. After that, a book, a poem, a drama, is merely a recast of the old mould; there may be a new color, but the shape is practically the same. "It is most exceptional that any man produces more than one or two great books, and a genius appears only once in about every 200 years." This reminds us of the French saying that a man has only one great book in his belly. The second or the twentieth book is only a restatement of his first ideas. At the same time, Dr. Nordau admits the possibility of artistic development after the 30th year, and this is, indeed, noble of him. The man of 30 has the ideas when he may not have the technic of expression. The powers of execution will develop with the years, and then his ideas will be expressed more effectively. Furthermore, age brings experience, judgment, impartiality, calm—though Walter Savage Landor was not calm as an old man. When asked whether a young man should wait for the discreeter years, Dr. Nordau, smiling, put the question by. "It's all a matter of individual temperament." He also admitted frankly that his rule does not apply to science, and he therefore is not fully in agreement with Dr. Osler. He also remarked incidentally that Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has lived and given emotion to generations of Christians by reason of its artistic perfection, not on account of its virtuous intentions. But this book was written after Bunyan was 40 years old, and Nordau's "Conventional Lies" was first published when the author was 34 years old.

It would be an easy matter to name famous works of literary invention that were first books of authors who had passed the 30th year, but Dr. Nordau would answer that the ideas had been developing in the younger brain; thus Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," his first published work, appeared when the author was 36 years old; but to answer with serious face by bringing forward instance after instance in contradiction would be as sensible as to argue gravely against Mr. Labouchere's proposition, advanced long ago, that every woman should be put to death on her 40th birthday. It would be more useful, perhaps, to argue the point made last month by Dr. Duke; one-third of rural laborers in England die of softening of the brain from lack of brain exercise. The intellect of a rural laborer rusts rather than wears out, and they whose thinking capacity is continuously employed invariably live to a far greater age than the average rural laborer. Dr. Duke made this statement in court. The man who had softening of the brain had been attended by Dr. Death—let us hope he had a soothing bedside manner—and the defendant's name was Tombs. Dr. Duke appears to be less of a humorist than Dr. Osler or Dr. Nordau.

Mch 2 1905

The Hoffman Quartet Gives Last of Its Series—Plays Strube's String Quartet in D Major for the First Time.

D'ALBERT'S RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Performance of Sonata Uneven, Some Passages Slovenly, Others Admirably Read — Discouragingly Small Audience.

The Hoffman quartet gave its third and last concert of the season last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Strube's quartet in D major (Ms. First time); Schubert's quartet movement in C minor (op. posth); Goldmark's piano quintet in B flat major, op. 30. Mr. Ernst Perabo was the pianist.

Mr. Strube is well known as a versatile musician, one of unusually thorough training, many accomplishments and wide experience. He has also proved himself to be a composer of technical facility and of more than ordinary invention and fancy. His first compositions played here, while cast in the orthodox mould, were something more than the works of a well educated young man who respected the precepts of his teachers and the wisdom of the ancients. He had his own thoughts, he expressed them in his own way, and this manner of expression was natural to him. His technic of expression became more and more developed and he grew bolder. The music of the radicals and the revolutionaries evidently fascinated him, and he, too, became a radical.

But the ultra-modern form of speech does not seem to be as his own voice. Debussy, d'Indy, Loeffler, Faure write as they hear and think and feel. The hearer recognizes the fact that their music is natural to them and inevitable. Mr. Strube in his latest works seems as one experimenting with fantastical thoughts after he has searched too anxiously for them. He is undoubtedly sincere in his present vein, but his music gives one the idea of infinite labor in the avoidance of not only the commonplace, but of much that has hitherto been respected by even radicals as natural and beautiful.

This quartet, for instance, is irritating in its restless spirit. The restlessness is not that of a storm-tossed soul who finds consolation in open lamentation, in the shouting of his woes or longings; it is futile restlessness; it does not give time for the establishment of a mood; it does not suggest emotions it simply frets the nerves. The Adagio is less open to these strictures. The greater part of it is poetic and lofty. The Scherzo has excellent moments.

On the other hand there are many evidences of Mr. Strube's technical skill and his fine sense of tonal color. His leading of the parts, his mixing of timbres is often truly masterly. The quartet was loudly applauded, and both Mr. Strube and the players were compelled to acknowledge the applause.

One can easily see how Goldmark's quintet made a stir when it was first performed. Some of it seems old-fashioned today, but the second movement especially is good music to hear, although its melody and the character of the progressions may be to some a little obvious. The work has structure, architecture, to use the term affected by certain foreign critics, and this same architecture is sadly missed in many modern works. Mr. Perabo is a discriminating sympathetic ensemble player with an unusually fine sense of proportion. Would that he were heard frequently in concerts of this nature.

The performance throughout the evening was of a high order of excellence. Full justice was done to Mr. Strube's quartet. The players showed a care and an enthusiasm that were a tribute to their talented colleague.

MR. D'ALBERT'S RECITAL.

Mr. Eugen d'Albert gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata appassionata, Romanos op. 51, No. 2, and op. 129; Schubert's Impromptus op. 90, No. 3, and op. 142, No. 2; Schumann's Carneval; Chopin's Nocturne op. 9, No. 3, and Ballade op. 23; d'Albert's Scherzo op. 16, and Scherzo and March by Liszt.

The audience was discouragingly small, but it was enthusiastic, perhaps at first from a feeling of sympathy for the pianist, who certainly should have drawn a much larger body of musicians and music lovers. For Mr. d'Albert is still a pianist to hear, however one may deplore his tendency to pound and ram. It is strange that a man whose tone is often noble pure or exquisite does not realize his occasional coarseness and brutality; that a pianist who gave such a beautiful performance of the first of the rondos, of the impromptus and portions of the Carnaval, should remind one at times of Hercules, "who has had a row with his Missus and is throwing the crockery about." The performance of the sonata was uneven. There were passages that were slovenly, passages that were indifferent, passages that were admirably read. The wonder is that Mr. d'Albert, disheartened by the size of the audience, played as well as he did. After the final rage and fret he was recalled most enthusiastically and he added to the programme.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

The Apollo Club's third concert this season took place last evening

ordan Hall. The club was assisted by iss Marie Nichols, violinist, and essrs. John O'Shea and Grant Drake, anists. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. he programme consisted of songs for horus, including "The Kavanagh," by rederick Field Bullard; a student's song, Lacome; Wagner's "Pilgrim Chorus"; setting of "The Suwanee River," for ritone and chorus, by Van der Stuck- and pieces by Hatton, Van de Water, A. Gibson and Kremser; violin solos Goudolfo and Hubay, and an introction and rondo capriccioso, by int-Saens; and two movements from ullmant's first sonata for organ, ayed by Mr. O'Shea. There was a rge and festal audience.

The whole programme was pleasant. rts of it uncommonly good. The sing- g of the club, generally smooth, ani- ated, carefully shaded, caused even e more commonplace numbers to be udly applauded.

In the piece by Bullard its work was t quite so smooth, for the too loud companiment placed the singers at a tal disadvantage. The work itself, iginally a song, and arranged here for ree voices, aroused considerable en- uslasm, and had to be repeated. It is good ringing song, like other of Mr. ullard's works. There were other en- res by the chorus, and Mr. Mollen- auer was repeatedly recalled.

Miss Nichols player her two solo oups with clear, smooth, lovely tone, owing secure technic, and imagina- on rather than emotion. Her work as thoroughly musical. She was ap- auded with the utmost enthusiasm and lded pieces to both groups.

A FEMALE SENATE.

Some sanguine women and a few still ore sanguine men assure us, with me show of excitement, that the time ll come, must come, shall come, when ere will be female Governors of tes who will appoint females to ice; that there will be females in ngress, females in the Senate. Look- g over Mr. Georges Duviquet's study Heliogabalus, we are reminded of e fact that there was once a female nate at Rome; that it flourished for ime; that it fell.

Heliogabalus was a fine young fellow certain ways. He was the first Ro- n to wear garments of unmixed silk; had a skill in mixing drinks that ould have excited the admiration of e Only William; he raised geese so at his dogs might eat their livers. As cottager at Newport, he would have nazed even Mr. Harry Lehr. Female ffragists should overlook little ex- avagances painted in lurid hues by ur-visaged historians, for this Em- ror was the only one of the line that lowed a woman to enter the Senate "clarissima." He did still more for e cause. He formed a female senate hich met on the Quirinal. His other, Semiamira, was the presiding icer. The discussions were of weighty atters. Laws were passed concerning e costumes appropriate to the street; e decrees of social rank were regu- ted without appeal; all questions of iquette were settled forever; some omen were allowed carriages drawn horses, others were compelled to be iven after oxen or mules. The pre- se ornamentation of shoes was pre- ribed, and not every woman was per- itted to wear gold buckles or straps avy with precious stones.

This kind of a female senate would of true value. There is discussion these sumptuary matters in trade d society journals and in newspapers, t the conclusions are contradictory, perimental, and there is often a note despair. Suppose that, instead of lf-appointed oracles sitting on game- gged tripods and speaking obscurely, ere should be a deliberative body with al opinions! A man, such a one as e late Ward McAllister, might be rmitted to appear before a committee this senate for the sake of arguing gainst the claim of some suddenly rich mily to social recognition, but he ould appear as an attorney, not as a dge. A male dressmaker might be alled to testify concerning a pattern r a shade, but the decision would come rom the senate, not from the man hose judgment is influenced by his tock in hand. Who knows? The big heatre hat might be tabooed forever. senate made up of women from all tates might be the means of levelling lasses, mitigating the evils of snob- ery, removing reproach from the so- alled fashionable pleasures of life.

The Senate of Heliogabalus perished with its founder. After his assassina- ion it was decreed that no woman hould enter into the Senate, and a terrible curse should rest on the head of any advocate of such a legislative body. It is fair to suppose, then, that under Semiamira the proceedings were disorderly and fruitless; that the dis- cussions provoked strife, tearing of garments, clutching of hair. Even American women when they have met together solemnly as Daughters or Grand-daughters or Dames or Great Aunts or Grandmothers, have occasion- ally shown heat and irritation in de- bate.

WHIMS IN COURT.

Again the Earnest Student of Sociology finds material for philosophic thought concerning the phenomena of marriage. In London lies the scene. A comedian, or clown, if you prefer, one Mr. Henry Thomas Walker, known to "guffoons" and all gigglers, snickerers, and ha-ha-ers as "Whimsical Walker," was sued for divorce by his wife on the ground of cruelty and misconduct. He petitioned manfully, on the other hand, for a divorce on the ground that she had been unfaithful to him.

The evidence in support of the wife's charge was of the flimsiest, most disap- pointing nature. Mr. Walker admitted that at times he could be "jolly," but there was no proof of chronic, disgust- ing, tyrannical or dangerous drunken- ness. Nor was there any evidence to show that he had ever exercised his rights as a British spouse by beating his wife with a poker, or hashing her with a chair or a coal scuttle, or throw- ing her down on the floor and then jumping on her. The jury sided with Mr. Walker and gave him a divorce from his wife, with the sum of £150 damages.

The Earnest Student might first of all inquire whether a woman who marries a man self-proclaimed as whimsical has a right to object to his whims, however fantastical or disagreeable they may be. People went and probably still go to see Mr. Walker because he is whimsical. Even if his whims were at first assumed, worn as a garment for the sake of pe- cuniary gain, they are now incrusted, they are a part of him. Had he not been whimsical to his wife, she might well have had cause for divorce as a victim of false pretences. There are women that crave excitement and a con- stant succession of surprises. Such a one would be attracted toward a man famous for his whims. Is it possible that Mr. Walker's stock of caprices and his whimsical inventiveness were at last exhausted? It would seem so, for Mrs. Walker, whose first name is Daisy, turned affectionately toward a comedian rejoicing in the name of Mr. Mark Olive, and exclaimed passionately: "The world is not big enough to part us," and yet according to the testimony of some this Olive must have been an ac- quired taste.

The judge's summing up would also excite the speculation of the eminent sociologist. His lordship, after soaping the counsel on each side, said: "The difficulty which the jury would find was in lifting themselves out of the routine of their own way of living and putting themselves into the place of the actors in this case and their mode of life." Did he insinuate by his choice of the word "lifting" that the Walkers and Mr. Olive lived on a higher plane than that known to the jury? We should like to think so, but the remark sprang prob- ably from a kind of snobbish amaze- ment or pity, as though the judge had said to the jury: "You, gentlemen, as honest, God-and-King-fearing taxpay- ers, and tradesmen, cannot easily be ex- pected to know much about the curious habits and deplorable moral laxity of strolling players, music hall comedians and all the kittle-cattle of the stage. Try, if it be possible, to put yourselves in their place. Imagine that you are a whimsical person or married to one, or are constantly and necessarily associ- ated with the wife of one, as was this Mr. Olive."

If Mrs. Walker turned against her spouse because he was not whimsical at home, there was an answer ready for him: "Daisy, if you fell in love with a Human Ostrich, would you expect him to eat nothing but plates, tumblers and knives when you sat down together at meat? Or, if you married a lion tamer, would you insist on his coming to table in his uniform, with his whip and his hot iron and showing his power over the domestic?" But Mr. Walker did not apparently care to use argu- ment with his wife, nor did he try vig- orously to keep her by his side. It should be remembered that he is a whimsical person.

Mch 3 1905

LONGY CLUB'S LAST CONCERT

The Longy Club, assisted by Messrs. Ferir, viola; Brooke, flute; Schuecker, harp, gave its third and last concert last evening in Potter Hall. The pro- gramme included: Pastorale, Jean Hure; "Fairy Tales," for clarinet, viola, piano, op. 132, Schumann; Mozart's concerto in C major for flute and harp; Gouvy's octet in E flat major, op. 71.

The features of the concert were the Pastorale by Hure, played here for the first time, and the performance of two movements from Mozart's concerto for flute and harp. Jean Hure is a young Frenchman, who is known here to a few by some songs of pronounced individu- ality. He has written a Nocturne for orchestra, which was played early this year in Paris. The Pastorale for three flutes, oboe, English horn, two clari- nets, horn, two bassoons and piano is a work of unusual charm and distinc- tion. The harmonic expression is ultra- modern, but there is no too anxious search after originality, and there are no passages that seem deliberately bi- zarre. The chief theme is frankly melodic, and it is developed with no little skill. The color effects are always interesting and often beautiful, and the finale is as engrossing as it is un- expected.

Schumann's four "Fairy Tales" for clarinet, viola and piano were written only a year or two before his brain was clouded. The third is charged with the exquisite melancholy peculiar to Schu- mann, and, admirably played, it made one forget the dryness of the other movements, which are, indeed, barren of ideas, nor does the occasional torture of rhythm bring any lively interest.

Mozart's concerto was written to order when he was living in Paris in 1778. There was a Duke of Guines, a retailer of gossip, fastidious in his dress. He had been ambassador at Berlin and London and he was welcome at the French court. He loved dearly his daughter and he was passionately ad- dicted to the flute. The daughter, as Mozart wrote his father, was a "mag- nificent" harpist; she played 200 pieces without notes, and her father asked Mozart to compose a concerto so that he and his daughter could display their skill together. Now if there were any two instruments that Mozart disliked, they were the flute and the harp; but he was wise in his generation and wrote the concerto, which was intended to be accompanied by oboes, horns and strings, for which a piano was substi- tuted last night. The daughter took lessons of Mozart in composition and her father sent him in payment three louis d'or, which were returned. The poor girl came to a sad end; she mar- ried a nobleman that year and died in childbirth. The concerto is mild and agreeable music and it was played last evening by Messrs. Maquarre and Schuecker with consummate skill.

Gouvy's octet was written in 1879 and first played the next year in Dresden. Taffanel and his colleagues brought it out in Paris in 1881, and it soon made its way throughout Europe; but the litera- ture for wind instruments in ensemble was not then so rich as it is today. Gouvy was a painstaking musician, whose works at their best are second- rate German rather than French, and this octet is for the most part dry and conventional.

It is not necessary to speak of the artistic qualities of the performance throughout the evening. It was of the high standard that characterizes the concerts of this club, which are among the choicest features of our local mu- sical life. The concerts this season have been varied and of unusual inter- est. That they have not drawn crowded houses is a serious reflection on the musical taste and enthusiasm of the city.

MR. SCHELLING'S RECITAL.

Personality Should Count Much in His Favor—Is Not Yet Developed.

Mr. Ernest Schelling gave his first piano recital here yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme in- cluded Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, Schumann's "Carnaval," Schel- ling's Theme and Variations, Chopin Ballade in A flat, Nocturne in F sharp, two etudes and a waltz; Paderewski's Nocturne, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody.

Mr. Schelling's best playing was in the latter half of the concert. His in- terpretation of Schumann's "Carnaval" was on the whole unsatisfactory. There was not a continuous impression of a kaleidoscopic display, of shifting scenes and characters appearing, receding and reappearing. The expression was too often forced and mannered. His performance of Chopin's nocturne was aesthetically perverse. The halting af- ter each phrase at the beginning and the lack of melodic continuity were ir- ritating in the extreme.

Personality counts for much in these days, and the personality of Mr. Schel- ling should count in his favor. He is modest in action and in repose. There are pianists who remind one of a Ger- man army officer elbowing his way on the sidewalk—of a country notary, the important man of the village—of jug- glers and mountebanks in citizens' dress —of shrewd business men who have turned toward music as an investment. Mr. Schelling has a romantic face—an impressionable young woman might imagine Hamlet playing at the court of Elsinore; and repeat the line of Milton: "Most musical, most melancholy"; but Mr. Schelling is not always most musi- cal, and he shone yesterday chiefly through a display of bravura, as in the Rhapsody, and in some of his own vari- ations, which are interesting and effec- tive. He was most truly musical in the unpretentious nocturne by Paderew- ski. Here he was simple and emotional; here he created an atmosphere.

Mr. Schelling is undoubtedly a pianist of parts, but only of parts. He is not yet fully and roundly developed, tech- nically or aesthetically. His left hand is inclined to strike out "promiscuous like," to borrow a term from the pic- turesque rhetoric of the West. His rhythm is not always sure. Thus in the waltz by Chopin his bass was not as a pulse, and when due allowance was made for poetic elasticity, there was the neglect of the third beat. Without go- ing into details, it may be said that his technique is unevenly developed. It is a technique of brilliant moments, of fits and starts and spurts. It is occasionally brilliant. It was in the higher realm of thoughtfulness, poesy, imagination, that he disappointed yesterday even those who wished him well.

There was a rather small audience, and there was much applause, especially after the variations, the nocturne, the waltz and the rhapsody. Mr. Schelling added at the end to the programme. His second recital will be on next week Saturday.

SECRET INFORMATION.

How did Mr. Carl Joubert find out so much about the private life and character of the Tsar of all the Rus- sias? He has had no heart to heart talk with him, but he has pumped the Tsar's officials and others whose busi- ness has brought them into contact with him. Bomb-throwers are not yet included in the list, but Mr. Jouhert may have conversed with a future as- sassin. Nicholas is a little man, and "like most little men, he is highly en- dowed with self-importance. * * * He is not remarkable for physical or for moral courage, and he lives in a per- petual state of nervous anxiety." When he was in Paris he was badly and constantly scared. He received ab- solution twice a day from his chap- lain. He wore a hidden sprig of garlic as a talisman. A Pope of the Orthodox church used to lick his left eye twice a day. And, therefore, Nicholas left Paris whole, and not in fragments.

Mr. Joubert analyzes the Tsar's nat- ural "modesty" and "humanity," and finds them attributed, not inherent, characteristics of the ruler, who is ruled by others, chiefly by the Dowager Empress, who has a mind of her own, who insisted on the appointment of Pobiedonostseff, Muravieff and the late de Plehve. We have observed that many men of small stature speak with a deep, gruff bass voice. Nicholas may roar and thunder as he pleases, the Dowager Empress is not impressed thereby.

According to the surprisingly in- formed Mr. Joubert, the life of Nich- olas has been saved at least five times by the mysterious and terrible execu- tive committee of the Revolutionary party. He would have been murdered on the day his second daughter was born; a week before he started for France; again in 1901; and two at- tempts were postponed between 1901 and 1903. "Yet the two men who sought to kill him are to this day in his service of the palace." Mr. Joubert makes our blood run cold. He reminds us of Capt. Spitfire, R. N., who haunts the club in the "Book of Snobs," and frightens poor Mr. Minns: "Why wasn't the Princess Scragamoffsky at Lady Palmerston's party, Miuns? Be- cause she can't show—and why can't she show? Shall I tell you, Minns, why she can't show? The Princess Scraga- moffsky's back is flayed alive, Miuns— I tell you it's raw, sir! On Tuesday last, at 12 o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinsky regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve in the yellow drawing room at

the Russian embassay, before the ambassadress and four ladies' maids, the Greek Papa, and the secretary of embassy, Mme. de Scragamoffsky received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, sir, knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley square, for having said that the Grand Duchess Olga's hair was red. And now, sir, will you tell me Lord Palmerston ought to continue minister?" We read Mr. Carl Joubert's astonishing "Truth About the Tsar," and we cry out with Mr. Minns: "Good Ged!"

For Mr. Joubert has summered and wintered with this subterranean Revolutionary party in Russia and been through it with a dark lantern. He knows all the pass words, signs and horrid oaths. The members now have "millions of roubles in London, a sum as great in New York and more in San Francisco and Chicago." Boston may well feel slighted. And this money has been contributed by the Russian people themselves. The members of the party are in every one of the learned professions, in the departments of state, in the palace of the Tsar, in the moujik's hut. There are 3,000,000 of them in Russia alone, not counting those in foreign cities. Some are no doubt walking gaily in Tremont street today. One white ball saves the subject of a death ballot from condemnation. De Plehve's life was balloted for three times before he was condemned, and he was warned three times. "The Tsar was informed that if a hair of the head of Sozonoff (who killed de Plehve) were injured he would surely pay for it with his life. And Sozonoff still lives." Mr. Joubert says that a copy of his own book, "Russia as It Really Is," was put in the Tsar's private sitting room. What effect the book had on Nicholas is not stated. Mr. Joubert should not be so modest. Did he put it there? Is he one of the inner circle? As a story teller he outshines Capt. Spitfire, R. N.

MCH 4 1905

CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

There was a concert last evening in Jordan Hall, given by the chorus and the string orchestra of the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. George W. Chadwick, conductor. Members of the choir of St. James' Church assisted. Mr. Walter J. Kugler was the organist, Mr. Frank Watson the pianist. There was a solo quartet consisting of Miss Gertrude Damon, soprano; Miss Nellie Shebley, contralto; Messrs. Clarence Shirley, tenor, and Percy Hunt, bass. The programme was as follows: "Credo" from the "Roman Festival Mass," in memoriam, Augusto Rotoli; first movement from the serenade in E minor (for string orchestra), Dvorak; two-part songs for female voices, "The Snow" and "Fly, Singing Bird, Fly," Elgar; Haydn's variations from the Kaiser quartet; Rheinberger's "The Night," for chorus, piano and strings, and the finale from Rheinberger's concerto in F major for organ, strings and horns (Mr. Ralph Lyford, organist).

The chief feature of the programme was the first number, the memorial performance of a work by the late Augusto Rotoli. It was a pious and fitting tribute to the memory of a man whose influence upon his community was considerable and whose work did honor to the organizations with which he was connected. The choice of this "Credo" was a happy one, for the work is full of animation, melody and variety; the combination of voices, strings and organ is singularly rich, and there were pages of stirring ensemble. The chorus sang with good volume of tone and generally good intonation; the work of the solo quartet was pleasant. There was warm applause for both the manner and the spirit of the performance. The number by Dvorak was played with great delicacy, with genuine sentiment; it proved one of the most popular pieces on the programme. Elgar's part songs, accompanied by piano and violins, were attractive, even occasionally charming, each hearing, however, of a work by Elgar causes one to wonder at Mr. W. J. Henderson's extremely high rating of this composer. The works were carefully sung.

All went smoothly and was applauded with enthusiasm. There was an audience that crowded the hall, many persons standing at the doors.

FOOD PROSELYTIZERS.

The Herald referred not long ago to a series of articles on the sicknesses, mental and bodily, of the well-to-do, contributed by an acute writer to the Pall Mall Gazette. The latest of these articles is a study of the food faddist, and it is an amusing and sad commentary on the fears and delusions of the [illegible]

The genesis of the food faddist is various. This or that article of food may disagree temporarily with a man. He promptly strikes it off the list, and the process of exclusion finally results in a diet of peanuts, apples and slippery elm water, or of baked toast and a little fish. Because Brussels sprouts once disagreed with us in a German pension, should we swear everlasting abhorrence? Yet so violent was that sickness that we have never dared a second venture. (One writes more freely and with greater conviction from personal experience.) A man gets it into his head that a certain article of food is poisonous to him, or he reads an article directed against liver and bacon, and his imagination restricts his diet.

We once read an article by Armand Gautier, the editor of Science Française—the magazine, we believe, is no longer published. It was a study of vegetarianism. There were a few doubtful statements of facts. Thus, we do not believe that the Egyptians under the Pharoahs were exclusively vegetarians; they ate meat more frequently than other orientals, and were especially fond of veal and goose—meats that induce melancholy. Mr. Gautier came to the conclusion that a man must eat 2½ pounds of bread, 15 pounds of potatoes, half a hundredweight of apples, or more than 3 pounds of chestnuts a day if he wishes to take in the quantity of albuminoids necessary to make up for losses in nitrogen. He therefore recommended milk, cheese and eggs in addition to roots, fruits, nuts and herbs. A race thus subsisting would be sage, gentle, intelligent, artistic and at the same time prolific and vigorous.

Of course, there is reference made by the Pall Mall Gazette contributor to the war in the east. The vegetarians have pointed proudly to the "rice-eating" Japanese; but the Japanese soldiers, unless we are sadly misinformed, are also fed on a kind of dried fish. The contributor does not bring forward this fact; he dwells on the subject of adaptation, and puts this case before the faddist: "Imagine the repletion and inertia of the Japanese soldier if he were fed on the enormous diet of the Russian soldier, and the inanition, emptiness and starvation of the Russian if he were fed on the sparse fare which fills his enemy with energy. Your food faddist will admit that custom and inborn characters profoundly modify men's dietetic necessities; but yet he remains assured that you would be far happier if you only could persuade yourself to live on his diet—macaroni, vermicelli and grapes; cheese, cream and apples; beefsteak and barley water, or whatever it be." But Russian peasants, O contributor, are accustomed to live on vegetables, black bread, milk, garlic and vodka.

The most satisfactory portion of the contributor's article is his consideration of what might be called the uric-acid craze. There are some, perhaps many, who insist that nearly all sicknesses are due to uric acid. They preach this doctrine violently in blood-curdling pamphlets, and the reader at once knocks off everything that contains or may produce the poison—meat, fish, coffee, tea, cocoa, beets—it's a long list. The contributor goes so far as to speak of this "maligned acid"; it is a wonder that he does not characterize it as a sweet boon. The reader finds his own symptoms, real or imaginary, coinciding with those said to be caused by "uric-acidaemia," and with hair on end he lives on prepared foods and regrets that his life insurance is not larger.

They that subsist on a restricted and tasteless diet naturally wish that all others should be as uncomfortable. They would gladly have legislation to this end. Their constant cry is: "There is death in the pot." But the proselytizer has been known throughout the centuries, and the common sense of mankind has answered him in a proverb: "One man's meat is another man's poison."

ORNAMENTED MALES.

There is a prejudice today against the wearing of gauds and jewels and golden chains by the male. The Darwinian theory of selection does not now apply to the lord of creation; for, while the male of a species is splendid, dazzling, in order to impress favorably the female of his kind—witness the peacock and the peahen—man is a plain, drab, rather shabby animal in comparison with woman, who from time immemorial has craved personal adornment and sacrificed devoutly on the altar of fashion. A man in Germany or Russia may be found wearing from sentiment a bracelet or a necklace with a locket, but he does not parade it. The brutally rich may be ostentatious in giving a feast or in endowing a church or in helping a university after the president has wearied them by his importunity—but they are simple in their dress. To wear jewels, to stiffen fingers with rings, is to be an effeminate or vulgar person. In earlier days the bravest and the wisest were sumptuous in dress. A link of a golden chain was tossed to a deserving dependent. Gone are these chains, rings, pompons, seals, diamond-hilted swords, bejewelled snuff-boxes. They lie in museums; or, if they be retained in households, they are shown as curiosities, like a peculiar warming pan or a letter of a distinguished ancestor with words atrociously spelled. When Charles Dickens was over here the gorgeousness of his waistcoats and the cascades and rivulets of his chains excited indignation, and women who wore diamond earrings at the breakfast table or in the street sneered at his taste.

We are afraid that Renodaeus is little read. He loved precious stones for their own beauty; "besides, they adorn kings' crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuff, defend us from enchantments, preserve health, cure diseases; they drive away grief, cares and exhilarate the mind." Mr. Max Beerbohm, who defends gallantly the use of cosmetics and idolizes the memory of George IV., might weave entertaining paradoxes from this praise of jewels. A true man should wear opals to show courage, to defy augury. Hyacinth and topaz, granatus and chrysolite, beryl and chelidonius, carbuncle and chalcedony, emerald and sapphire, pearl and ruby, sardonyx and lapis-lazuli — how the very names glisten and shine and twinkle, sparkle, glow! To carry gems loose in a pocket as you do a knife and a latchkey is to mock the chemistry of the earth; yet Henry Ward Beecher would thus play with them, as a boy with jackstraws. To carry them in a little box with velvety compartments suggests the drummer, the lapidary, the pawnshop. Better to crush one of these precious stones and drink it in viper's wine as a medicament, a stomach jewel, an ornament to the blood, a brain ring, a nerve bracelet.

Poor Malvolio, often misunderstood, especially by play actors! He was a man of parts and breeding who thought nobly of the soul and was driven to puritanical excesses by reason of the outrageous conduct of Sir Toby. When meditating the punishment of the old roisterer, did not Malvolio shape his own conduct on the judgment seat? "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel." How restful, how dignified the action! The disappearance of the snuffbox can never sufficiently be deplored. You are nervous, ill at ease in a street car. Suppose your neighbor should pass you a blazing snuffbox with the remark: "A pretty trifle. It was given to me by the Watch and Ward Society as a slight token of appreciation for my labors in the cause." To stroke a plain, so-much-by-the-dozen watch chain is as stupid as to stroke one's conventional nose. Gold-sheathed penknives, gold-tipped pencil cases are only a vain attempt to ennoble something useful, necessary. Here is true pretence, not to be encouraged. The glory of an ornament lies in the absence of any practical value. The richest man may well prefer a silver-cased watch, but his fingers should be radiant. Jewels thus displayed would lead to the disuse of the unmanly glove and thus to economy.

Jewels gladden the eye and excite envy. They are to be preferred to perfumes, which reflect on personal cleanliness. Here and there a man may be found who has a set of rings for various occasions, and strives for harmony in cravat, jewels, and the occasion of a carefully meditated toilet. But man, as an animal at large, is not discriminative; he may wear from old-time association even a moss-agate ring.

MCH 5

ONE of the chief features of this operatic week at the Boston Theatre will be the production here in German of Johann Strauss' comic opera "Die Fledermaus" ("The Bat"). The operetta is little known here, and yet many admirers of the Viennese composer insist that it is his masterpiece.

The operetta was brought out here at the Boston Museum, March 29, 1880, as "The Lark." The English version was made by Dr. Franc A. Harris and the late Nat Childs. Mr. John J. Braham wrote an orchestral score from the piano copy. The chief comedians were Rose Temple, Alice Carle, J. B. Mason, G. W. Wilson, J. H. Jones, A. Bell.

There are two stories concerning the origin of the operetta. The Viennese tale as told in Ludwig Eisenberg's "Johann Strauss" is as follows: The ingenious French playwrights, Meilhac and Halevy, wrote a most amusing comedy in three acts. "Le Reveillon," which was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, April 12, 1872. Max Steiner, a Viennese manager, bought the right to produce the comedy at the Theater an der Wien, but he changed his mind and wished to sell his right to the manager of the Carl Theatre. The middleman Levy and the manager of the Carl could not agree, so the former advised Steiner to turn the piece into a libretto for an operetta. Steiner handed over the comedy to Haffner and Genee, who worked with Strauss, and the result was "Die Fledermaus," produced at Steiner's Theatre April 5, 1874.

The story as told by Henri de Curzon is a different one. Strauss was in Paris and saw "Le Reveillon." He saw Meilhac and Halevy and begged them to arrange a libretto, so that he could set music to it. They were unwilling. Perhaps they preferred to preserve the piece as a comedy; perhaps they wished their tried collaborateur, Offenbach, to be the musician. Strauss, however, brought out "Die Fledermaus." Again he asked the French librettists for their permission, with a view to a Parisian performance. Again they refused. He then persuaded Delacour and Wilder to write a libretto of a wholly different character, "La Tzigane," and to this he fitted as well as possible the music of "Die Fledermaus." "La Tzigane" was produced at the Renaissance in Paris in 1877. Not till 1904, after the death of Strauss and Meilhac, was Strauss' "Fledermaus," with a libretto based by Paul Ferrier on the comedy, with Halevy's permission, produced in Paris as "Le Reveillon" at the Varieties, and the success was great.

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Story of "The Bat."

The plot is an amusing one. One Eisenstein, a man of practical jokes had played a trick on a notary, Falke at a masquerade ball by compelling the latter, who was costumed as a bat, to walk home in his fancy dress by daylight to the huge delight of all in the street. Dr. Falke naturally is eager for revenge.

The opportunity presents itself. Some time after this ball Eisenstein is put under arrest and sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for an alleged insult to a public official. Falke calls to escort him to jail, but he proposes to him that they should drop in at a masked ball given at the house of a young Russian Prince Orlofsky. The director of the prison is also a merry soul, but he has just been appointed to his post and does not know Eisenstein by sight. Falke, who has promised the prince a good joke to enliven his midnight supper, purposes to bring the jail director and Eisenstein together at this ball under assumed names so that their consternation when they afterward met necessarily in the prison may be great.

Eisenstein has a wife, Rosalinde, and had before her marriage a lover, Alfred. She allows him to visit her in her husband, as she thinks, l[illegible] safely under lock and key. The jailer goes to Eisenstein's house to take away his man and discovers Alfred in a comprising dress of the husband. Chivalric Alfred! Rather than being a trouble to his adored one, he allows himself to be taken as Eisenstein to jail.

The ball at the Prince's is in full swing, and Eisenstein is having the night of his life. He little knows that Falke in his thirst for vengeance has seen to it that both Rosalinde and her maid, Adele, received invitations to the ball. Rosalinde appears masked as a foreign dame of high distinction, and her husband makes violent love to her. He flirts with Adele, and there are all sorts of complications. Eisenstein and the jail director, under other names, swear an eternal friendship.

And what a meeting in the jail when Eisenstein gives himself up a prisoner! The baron of the ball at Count Orlofsky's receives him. "Is he mad? He imagines he is the jailer." And when he gives his true name, Eisenstein, the jailer exclaims: "Still better! I arrested Eisenstein last night myself;

THE BAT" BY JOHANN STRAUSS A FEATURE OF OPERA WEEK

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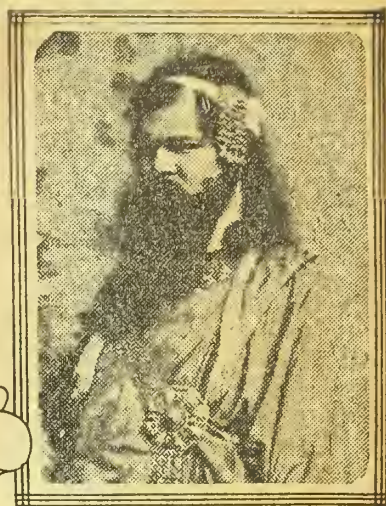

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AS KLINGSOR
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MARIE GEISTINGER.

Two Stories Concerning the Origin of the Operetta—"Parsifal" for the First Time Here in German—Mme. Nordica and Miss Fremstad to Have the Part of Kundry in Turn—Caruso's First Appearance in Boston—Elaborate Productions Under Mr. Conried's Superintendence—Other Musical Events.

was at home with his wife, whom he was embracing." Alfred is brought out, still in his compromising dress. The true Eisenstein is gradually sobered. Fortunately for the future domestic peace of the Eisenstein household, Rosalinde, the prince and the rest of them appear and persuade Eisenstein that the Alfred episode is only a part of the delightful joke played on him.

Although the cast was an excellent one, with the favorite Marie Geistinger as Rosalinde—she played the part in New York in 1881—the operetta did not at first meet with success in Vienna. Not until the sensational success in Berlin did the Viennese appreciate the work. Critics—even Hanslick, the staunch admirer of Strauss—and public were cool, but the news from Berlin warmed them to appreciation.

The operetta quickly made its way and it still holds its position in German theatres. It invaded grand opera houses, first at Hamburg, March 13, 1894, when it was performed by Klafsky, Boetel and other leading singers, for a benefit. The operetta saw its 100th performance in Hamburg and its 200th in Berlin long before its 100th in Vienna.

One of the most amusing scenes in "The Bat" is at the beginning of the third act, where the jailer, Frank, known at the prince's ball as the Chevalier Chagrin, returns the worse for wine to the jail, and reminiscences of the music at the ball show the changes in his mental condition, as he thinks over the events, endeavors to breakfast, reads newspapers, and then falls asleep. This scene was voted in rehearsal a sure failure by Marie Geistinger and Strauss himself, and only at Genee's urgent entreaty was the scene retained.

"Parsifal" Again.

"Parsifal" will be performed here for the first time in German. There will naturally be curiosity to see the production which has won loud praise even from those who dreaded to see the music drama outside of its home, Bayreuth, and had much to say about "sacrilege" before they knew with what care the production had been prepared. We say "see," for "Parsifal" is a fine spectacle even to those who are not moved deeply by music. Mr. Ernest Newman, in his little but excellent life of Wagner, published recently, goes so far as to say that "the spectacular element had a firmer hold of Wagner in 'Parsifal' than it had ever had; and he is dependent upon stagecraft to an extent that revolts the modern dramatic sense." Mr. Newman's summing up of the merits and faults of the work may here be quoted: "Opinions differ greatly over the worth of 'Parsifal.' It contains, of course, scenes of deep interest and music of unparalleled beauty, and there is the old power to delineate characters, such as Kundry, that could never have been conceived by any other opera composer; but the central idea of the drama—the eternal Wagner problem of 'redemption'—is of only limited human interest, and some of the music undoubtedly points to weakened mental powers. This world of magic and temptation and redemption seems vieux jeu now, and will probably become even less and less impressive as time goes on. Still the bulk of the work is profoundly human, and it will live in virtue of the consummate expressiveness of the music at its best. The laments of Amfortas are surely the last word of poor human pain; nor can one imagine the lovely nature painting of the work ever losing its deep appeal. * * * When all that can be said against it has been said, it remains an extraordinary creation; an

its dominant note of love and pity for humanity makes it a singularly appropriate ending to the old master's work."

Two singers will take in turn the part of Kundry: Mme. Nordica and Miss Fremstad. Their conceptions are said to be radically different. Miss Fremstad puts special stress, it is reported, on the fleshly character of Kundry tempting Parsifal in the enchanted garden.

—+—

Miss Walker's Views.

Miss Edyth Walker is a singer of uncommon warmth and power, who made a deep impression here last season by beauty of voice and by the display of vocal skill. She, alas, has been talking to a reporter of the New York Tribune. Singers should use their voices in public as singers, not as theorists. They should be content to stay the other side of the footlights, to be looked at with curiosity and wonder. When they begin to tell the secret of their strength or to explain attitudes of audiences, or to give reasons why the public should like or dislike certain forms or works of art, the illusion vanishes, and too often the one entertaining an illusion finds himself the victim of a delusion. But we hear some one asking impatiently: "What did Miss Walker say?"

Miss Walker began by talking about the comparative advantages of study in this country and in Europe: "Of course it is foolish, and will be foolish for many years, to suppose that one can get a satisfactory training for an opera singer in this country. But the voices are here, and the public to appreciate them. My teacher in Dresden and other famous European teachers have told me that no more beautiful voices came to them than those possessed by American girls. The trouble they find is that the owners of these voices are lazy and want to get in two years what one has to work steadily for for a decade. The advantages of a European training are obvious. One is cheap opera, another is cheap living. After all, you know, most people who do things begin poor, and so cheap living and cheap opera (going to the opera is part of a training) are necessary. Then, too, living familiarly with the language one is to sing in is, I find, an inestimable advantage. I always feel more at home in German than in Italian opera, for instance, because I have lived and thought in German so long. The mere learning of the pronunciation is not enough, I truly believe. Finally, there is the old argument that one gets 'the atmosphere' abroad, and does not get it here. It will be the creation of 'the atmosphere' in America that will signalize our becoming a musical nation.

"Americans are the most illogical people on the globe. We talk and talk about giving Americans a show, and then we fall at the feet of the foreigners. It is not the fault, very often, of our singers or other musical artists that they have a hard row to hoe; it is the fault of the public. * * *

"Look at MacDowell's songs. To me they seem among the loveliest—sweet, pensive, individual and always musicianly. But I don't hear of them in concert programmes very often. Again I think the blame lies not with the singers, but with the public. Singers try to give the public what it wants. It's another example of American illogicalness. But Mr. MacDowell is an American, just the same—another example of the musical possibilities of this nation.

"We do so many things so well," she went on. "Look at 'Babes in Toyland,' which I saw last season. I never saw either in Germany or Vienna so beautifully mounted and well drilled a musical play as that. It would have stunned a German audience. The music was splendid, too. Now, lots of our musical shows do not have music like that, I'll admit, and maybe the public here swallows them just the same; but the fact that we swallowed 'Babes in Toyland' and liked it is a hopeful sign. What we have done we can do again. We can always duplicate the scenic part of 'Babes in Toyland'—which they can't do in Germany. And who knows but some day we can turn out such music consistently? I'm not aware that just at present a great body of first-class music is being composed anywhere. I don't know why the new birth of composers, when it comes, shouldn't possibly come in America, and why the interpreters of this music shouldn't be Americans, too—not all of them, of course, either composers or interpreters, for there is room for everybody, but a good, honest, patriotic percentage of them. If American artists will get over the present American craze to do everything in a hurry, and will go abroad prepared to work long and hard, to live simply and have few pleasures outside of their art, to wait for their reward, the reward will come. We've got to be logical even about our patriotism. Talk won't make musicians; only work. Wishing for them won't make them come. But we should encourage them when they do come, and in this the public has its share to do—which just at present it's not doing as it should do in many respects. But I believe the situation is improving every year."

It will be observed that Miss Walker does not confine her remarks to her own glorification. Thus does she differ from some of her highly respected and respectable colleagues. It must also be confessed that there is much sense in her views. Nevertheless, a singer is more prudent to refrain from public conversation as long as her voice pleases or thrills in song.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of singers who will appear at the Boston Theatre this week, also a portrait of the famous Marie Geistinger, who created the part of Rosalinde in Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermans."

Mr. Frederick S. Converse's orchestral fantasia, "The Mystic Trumpeter" (after Walt Whitman), was announced for performance last night by the Philadelphiaorchestra at Philadelphia. The work is in manuscript and this performance was the first. Music was set to this noble poem—for solo voices, chorus and orchestra—by Mr. George H. Clutsam, an Australian by birth, a year or two ago. Mr. Converse's orchestral piece, "The Festival of Pan," was performed at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Warsaw, Feb. 10, and the Warsaw Morning Courier spoke of it as follows: "The only novelty on the programme was the symphonic poem, "Festival of Pan," by Converse. The author wanted apparently to describe the melancholy of forest nooks and crying nymphs, giving by contrast cheerful and full of motion dancing themes, the representation of gambols and light playfulness of forest sprites, and accompanied by the sound of Pan's enchanted flute. The poem, though modelled in instrumentation and harmonic effects on Wagner's works, made an agreeable impression, owing to charming musical themes." The Polish Courier praised the work as "very cleverly made and skilfully orchestrated."

Mr. Heinrich Conried will superintend in person the preparations for the unusually elaborate productions of certain operas to be performed this week at the Boston Theatre.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M., 10th Sunday chamber concert. The Ondricek string quintet (Messrs. Ondricek, Flumara, Zach, Keller, Kunze) will play Dvorak's quintet in G major, op. 77; andante and finale from Ambroise Thomas' quintet op. 7 (first time); variations from Haydn's quartet. Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, will sing songs by Holmes, Palhadilre, Godard, Dubois, Ruckauf, Rubinstein, Hildach.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor. Mme. Gadski, soprano, and Mr. Theodore Van Yorx, tenor, will assist. Introduction to act I and first part of act III of "Lohengrin"; Entr'acte, Dance of Apprentices, Procession of the Mastersingers, and Homage to Huns Sachs from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; second part of act I of "The Valkyrie"; Introduction and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde."

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Musical talk on Parsifal by Mrs. Raymond Brown.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Opening night of the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Heinrich Conried director. Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Lucia, Mme. Sembrich; Edgardo, Mr. Caruso (his first appearance in Boston); Enrico Ashton, Mr. Parvis (his first appearance here); Raimondo, Mr. Journet. Mr. Vigna, conductor (his first appearance in Boston).

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony quartet: Dvorak's sextet in A major, op. 48; Scherzo from Cherubini's quartet in D minor, No. 3; Beethoven's quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3.

TUESDAY—Boston Theatre, 5 P. M. Wagner's "Parsifal" (first performance in German in Boston): Kundry, Mme. Nordica; Parsifal, Mr. Burgstaller; Amfortas, Mr. Van Rooy; Klingsor, Mr. Goritz; Titurel, Mr. Journet; Gurremanz, Mr. Blass. Mr. Hertz, Conductor. The cast will also include Messrs. Reiss, Alberth, Bayer, Gredor, Mmes. Moran, Braerdle, Jacoby, Lemon, Bauermeister, Poehlman, Alten, Ralph, together with artists and pupils of the opera school of the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company as flower maidens. There will be an intermission from 6:45 until 8:45.

WEDNESDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Santuzza, Mme. de Macchi (her first appearance here); Lola, Mme. Homer; Lucia, Mme. Bauermeister; Turiddu, Mr. Dippel; Alfio, Mr. Giraldoni (his first appearance here). Mr. Franko, conductor. Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci"; Nedda, Miss Alten (her first appearance here); Canio, Mr. Caruso; Tonio, Mr. Scotti; Peppe, Mr. Giordani; Silvro, Mr. Parvis. Mr. Vigna, conductor.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker, conductor.

THURSDAY—Boston Theatre, 11:30 A. M., Wagner's "Parsifal." Kundry, Miss Fremstad, otherwise with the same cast as on Tuesday. There will be an intermission from 1:15 till 2:30.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M., Johann Strauss' comic opera, "Die Fledermaus" (in German). Rosalinde, Mme. Sembrich; Prince Olofsky, Miss Walker; Adele, Miss Alten; Alfred, Mr. Dippel; Eisenstein, Mr. Reiss; Frank, Mr. Goritz; Dr. Falke, Mr. Grede; Dr. Blind, Mr. Bayer; Frosch, Mr. Haensler. Mr. Franko, conductor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" Symphony, Brahms' concerto for violin (Mr. Fritz Kreisler), Beethoven's overture, Leonore, No. 3.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M., Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Gioconda, Mme. Nordica; La Cieca, Miss Walker; Laura, Mme. Homer; Enzo, Mr. Caruso; Barnaba, Mr. Giraldoni; Alvize, Mr. Plancon; Zuano, Mr. Begue; un Cantore, Mr. Dufriche; Isepo, Mr. Giordani. Mr. Vigna, conductor. Act I, Divertissement, "La Furlano." Act II, "Dance of the Hours."

SATURDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M., Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" (in Italian). Valentine, Mme. de Macchi; Urbain, Mme. Lemon or Jacoby; Marguerite de Valois, Mme. Sembrich; Raoul, Mr. Saleza; Saint Bris, Mr. Plancon; Marcel, Mr. Journet; de Nevers, Mr. Scotti. Mr. Vigna, conductor.

Boston Theatre, 7:30, "Die Meistersinger." Eva, Miss Alten; Magdalene, Mme. Homer; Walther, Mr. Burgstaller or Mr. Dippel; Hans Sach, Mr. Van Rooy; Beckmesser, Mr. Goritz; Pogner, Mr. Blass; Kothner, Mr. Muehlmann. Mr. Hertz, conductor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 18th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Jordan Hall, 2:30, Mr. Ernest Schelling's second piano recital. Schumann's fantasia; Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 3; Chopin, three Preludes, etude in A flat, op. 10, nocturne in B major, mazurka, polonaise in A flat; Rubinstein, Barcarolle; Soiree de Vienne, Schubert-Liszt; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 10.

LOCAL.

The programme of the concert of the Carolyn Belcher String quartet, in Steinert Hall, on Thursday evening, the 16th, will include Dittersdorf's quartet in D major; Brahms' sonata for piano and violin in A major, op. 100 (Mr. Gebhard, pianist), and Grieg's quartet in G minor

Mrs. Sophia Warren Bryce, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, will give a song recital in Potter Hall, on Monday evening, the 13th. The programme will include songs by Dvorak, Wolf, R. Strauss, Rubinstein, Cornelius, Black, Ronald, Handel, Ries, Stewart, Jonciores, Chausson, Holmes, Horn, Haydn, and others, and duets by Brahms and Daniels.

The 11th Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall, March 12, will be given by Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton, pianist, and the Strube Orchestral Club, Mr. Gustav Strube, conductor.

The third chamber concert of Miss Julia A. Terry's series will be given in Jordan Hall, on Monday afternoon, the 13th. Miss Beatrice Herford (in her own monologues), Mrs. Langdon Frothingham, pianist, and Mr. William Kittredge, will take part.

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, will give his second piano recital in Potter Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, the 14th.

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, assisted by Mrs. Milo Benedict, soprano; Miss Alice Cole, contralto; Mrs. S. B. Field, pianist; Mr. Fernand Giraudet, baritone, and others, will give a series of recitals ("The Development of the Song Cycle"), at the Tuileries, March 22, 29, April 5, 12, at 11 A. M.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe, baritone, will give the fourth and last of his recitals at his studio, 74 Commonwealth avenue, Chestnut Hill, Wednesday afternoon, the 15th. The songs will be by Henning von Koss of Berlin.

Mr. Anton Hekking will give his third 'cello recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, the 20th, at 3 o'clock.

The last Kneisel quartet concert will be given in Potter Hall on Tuesday evening, the 14th. Mr. Schelling, pianist, and Mr. Keller, 'cellist, will assist. The programme will include Saint-Saens' piano quartet in B flat, op. 41; Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" (by request), and Schubert's quintet in C, op. 163.

Mr. Paderewski will give a piano recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 1.

The Manning Glee Club, Mr. Ulmer H. Manning, director, will give a concert in Potter Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

In the interest of the audiences generally, and in order not to disturb the performances, Mr. Heinrich Conried and Mr. Lawrence McCarty earnestly request operagoers who attend the interpretations of "Parsifal" on Tuesday evening and Thursday afternoon to be in their places some minutes before each act begins. Once the conductor is at his desk, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to seat any one. Interruptions of any sort during the performances of "Parsifal" would be regrettable.

Mr. Felix Fox will give a second piano recital in April.

The city of Boston will give a concert in Curtis Hall, Jamaica Plain, on Tuesday evening. Orchestral pieces by Weber, Bizet, Wagner, Herbert, Doppler, Meyerbeer. Miss Marie L. Lundborg, soprano, and Mr. Rudolph Toll, clarinetist, will be the soloists.

The city of Boston will give a concert in Lyman school, East Boston, on Thursday evening. Orchestral pieces by Lachner, Langey, Strauss, Rubinstein, Doppler, Verdi. Miss E. Cecilia Winter, contralto, and Mr. Tafley Mauch, cornetist, will be the soloists.

The city of Boston will give a concert in the Dorchester high school on Friday evening. Orchestral pieces by Wagner, Carlo-Germano, Strauss, Lecocq, Rubinstein, Meyerbeer. Mr. Avon D. Saxton, baritone, and Mr. Frank Eaton, flutist, will be the soloists.

The concert to be given this evening in Symphony Hall in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra has attracted unusual attention, both from the interest in the object to be benefited and the unusual merits of the programme and the artists to assist in its presentation. A small chorus of mixed voices will assist in a scene from "Lohengrin." The advance sale of seats and those taken by subscription have already assured a large addition to the fund as a result of this concert. The box office will be open today at 1 o'clock.

VICTOR MAUREL.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 17 published this singularly beautiful tribute to one of the most remarkable, in some respects the most remarkable, of latter-day singers:

It is possible here to quote Macaulay. "We have a kindness," said he, for Mr. Leigh Hunt, when he wrote with great dignity and with a very serious sense of style. We have the same kindness—precisely the same kindness—for Mr. Landon Ronald, who at the Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon so beautifully accompanied certain songs which were given by M. Victor Maurel, that one felt that here, indeed, was an artist of extraordinary genius and extraordinary accomplishment. Maurel's rendering of Verdi's must amusing "Quand' ero Paggio" was a thing to remember and to find words for, during many succeeding days, and, for the most part, during many succeeding thoughts. We have a strong recollection of our praise of M. Maurel, when he played "Don Giovanni" so very wonderfully at Covent Garden, that his conception of the part seemed altogether outside the average man's thoughtful conception, inasmuch as he forever created the ideal of the man who, although he could not be described at any point as an absolute gentleman, nevertheless represented himself in that remarkable character before just precisely those people in whom Don Giovanni was interested. Maurel's voice is still extraordinary in its production and in its meaning; never, so far as we know, could such a voice be described as youthful; finely constructed, exquisitely thought out, full of significance, thoroughly complete—here is some description of Victor Maurel's voice; but the man is a master of preparations, and not of any immediate enthusiasms; it should be impossible to imagine Maurel taking such a part as that of the count in "Le Nozze di Figaro." When we say that such a point would be impossible, we do not mean that prolonged study would leave him in the condition of mind as that which Dr. Johnson described as of a man being a "barren rascal." Johnson knew precisely what he was about in his description, and probably his theories of men of his own time belonged to us just as completely as they might belong to contemporary writers and to critics with whom anybody might be intimately associated.

MASSENET'S NEW OPERA.

The special correspondent of the London Daily News wrote as follows from Monte Carlo, Feb. 15, about Massenet's new opera, "Cherubin," produced at Monte Carlo, Feb. 14:

Those who remember that Massenet has achieved no really great success since the production of "Manon"—a little over 20 years ago—may perhaps be excused asking, Is this prolific composer played out? Though his "Griselidis" and "Les Jongleurs de Notre Dame" have been acclaimed in France, neither has gained a permanent place in the repertoires of German, Austrian or Italian opera houses, while "La Navarraise," "Werther" and various other works have found comparatively little favor. It, therefore, is particularly gratifying to find in "Cherubin" the elements of success which have been wanting in several of Massenet's recent operas. In all probability, "Cherubin" will be added to the Opera Comique list at an early date, when it is as certain to please "tout Paris" as it has charmed a Riviera audience—provided the unsatisfactory third act is reconstructed.

The plot is so slight that it is hardly worth more than a passing reference. Briefly, it is as follows:

Cherubin is an idle youth whose time is spent in laying siege to the affections of his lady friends—a form of entertainment which gets him into trouble with his victims, for he flits from one to another. At last, Le Philosophe gains an influence over him, and persuades him to mend the error of his ways. Cherubin promises to do so, but before he keeps his word he jilts Nina for L'Ensoleillad, whose admirer (Le Capitaine Ricardo) challenges him to a duel. The combat, however, is prevented by Le Philosophe, who points out to the enraged Capitaine that a grown man cannot fight a lovesick youth of 17! * * * "Songez, Monsieur, que l'en est au printemps. * * * Que la fille est jolie et qu'il a dix-sept ans." Eventually Nina seeks out her faithless Cherubin, and informs him that she is about to enter a convent * * * "Je ne plure plus. * * * Demain j'abandonne le monde et les miens, earc j'entre au couvent." Enter at this moment Le Capitaine Ricardo and Le Philosophe. Says the former: "C'est Don Juan!" but Le Philosophe simply looks pensively at Nina and remarks, "C'est Elvire!"

Ever alive to the fitness of things, Massenet has fitted to this slight story light and graceful music—music which is always sympathetic as it is appropriate. Perhaps the gem of the opera is the charming "Chanson de Cherubin"—"Lorsque vous n'aurez rien a faire," in which Nina reminds Cherubin that he has said to her: "Le Paradis que je prefere, c'est un cousin a vos genoux * * *" while the duet for Cherubin and Le Philosophe, "Philosophe, dismoi, pourquoi," though strangely reminiscent of "Batti, Batti," is none the less a delightful piece of music. Fascinating, too, is Nina's air in which she sings the praises of Cherubin, while the scene for Le Philosophe and Le Capitaine Ricardo is wonderfully effective. The opera is very simply orchestrated, a single instrument often accompanying the voice; but Massenet is a past master in getting exquisite effects by writing in this manner. It also is noteworthy that he has, in great measure, avoided the tiresome, primitive habit of writing the accompaniment in unison with the voice.

The principal singers were Miss Mary Garden, of the Opera Comique, Paris, who is well known to Covent Garden audiences; M. Renaud, who is also appreciated by those English operagoers who possess discrimination; Mme. Lina Cavalieri, and Mme. Marguerite Carre. Miss Garden was well suited in the music of Cherubin, Mme. Cavalieri did not sing very well, Mme. Carre interpreted with great charm the delightful role of Nina, and M. Renaud's Le Philosophe may be accounted another triumph for this distinguished singer.

ARTICULATION.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 1 reviewed as follows a lecture given in London by Mr. Joseph Clarkson on "Articulation for Singing or Speaking":

"Mr. Clarkson was not exactly original in his ideas so far as the speaking voice is concerned, and with that matter we may deal first. The speaking voice is one which depends to a large extent upon education and upon those elements which naturally belong to the educated classes, rather than to the people who gather their information from the common intervals of street language. The time has now far gone when an educated man needs any sort of training as to the manner of using his voice. His manner of speech, though it may differ essentially, so far as sound goes, from that of his social equal, is practically the same in pronunciation, in significance, and also in the various intervals which one uses in passing words along from one to the other. It is here perfectly absurd to consider the question of accent; some people prefer to emphasize, as in a sort of crescendo, every fifth or sixth word which they utter others prefer a system of level intonation. Between these two temperamental ideas there lies a large ground work which is exploited by perhaps the less emotional among the educated kind; whether such a particular and individual teaching as that given by Mr Joseph Clarkson will at any point improve upon these natural divisions in speech is somewhat to be doubted. One

akes this point of view very much be-
ause the voice has obviously two func-
ons; one is that which lies in the habit
f speech, the other is that which lies
n the habit of song. Now we venture
o say that the habit of speech cannot
e taught through the medium of public
ecturing; the little intonations, the
ips and downs' of the vocal cords in
peech, the tricks which so often indi-
ate a very peculiar sort of family in-
eritance—all these things belong to the
vilization of our own time, and it
ould be, as we think, somewhat of a
ity if all educated people merged
hemselves into a single method of con-
ersation and articulation. We have no
ear as to whether this is ever likely to
appen; in fact, we are absolutely sure
hat it will not. But perhaps redress
ay be found in Mr. Clarkson's views
pon the singing voice.

"Here we are certainly inclined to
hink that he has a sound and a
traightforward theory upon which to
ase his ideas. It is a very curious fact
hat whereas the speaking voice does
ot really depend upon the musical ear,
he singing voice is impossible without
; and it is here, we think, that Mr.
oseph Clarkson has distinctly the the-
ry of which we have spoken, which is
ood in its original basis, and which is
ound in its final working out. We are
ll assured in these days that poetry
ame before prose, that the minstrels
ng to certain tones long before the
rt of prose sentences was invented.
omer ran before Herodotus, and Hor-
ce preceded the great prose writers of
ome. Thus it is that careful prose
peaking is to a large extent, in the
ands of a cultured man, a very much
ore difficult art than the quick recital
f poetry, and Mr. Joseph Clarkson, in
evoting himself to this branch of his
rt, makes, it seems to us, a greater
uccess than in his speaking. At the
me time, it must be pointed out that
s methods, elaborate though they may
em, are comparatively simple; and we
rtainly should advise him to reduce
an obvious minimum all the questions
nd answers which are issued in his
'ractical Guide to Articulation,' in it-
lf a not uninteresting work, to ele-
entary questions and answers. It
eems to us that Mr. Clarkson is really
ning at a more or less universal sys-
m of speech, musical or otherwise;
e various temperaments, the various
shions of the public, clearly preclude
ny certainty as to his arrival at a
ry definite goal. But his method,
hich, after all, depends more or less
pon a universal idea rather than upon
ny individual treatment, has intelli-
nce and thoughtfulness for its basis.
arious songs and vocal illustrations
ere given in the course of the after-
oon by Miss Susie Ensum and Miss
lly Callis, and Mr. Clarkson illustrated
s theories by means of these vocalists
nd a blackboard; so that there was
ever a moment of doubt as to his mean-
g and as to the thoroughness of his
tention. He left us practically per-
uaded of the legitimacy of his views.
* * 'Custodes autem ipsos Quis cus-
odiet'?"

BY SYMPHONY

ree Well Known Works Given—Wagner's "Faust" Overture Is Interpreted with Impressive Dramatic Force.

AMPANARI SINGS UNFAMILIAR AIRS

The programme of the 17th Symphony
oncert given last evening in Symphony
all, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as
llows:

"Faust" overture.....Wagner
ecitative and Air of Thoas from "Iphi-
enia in Aulis".....Gluck
ludo, Adagio and Gavotte....Bach-Bachrich
ia from "Cosi fan tutte".....Mozart
mphony in C major.....Schubert

The orchestral numbers were finely
ayed. The overture by Wagner was
terpreted with impressive dramatic
rce, with true intensity. How the
iginal score, composed in 1839-40, com-
ares with the present version (1854-55)
e have at present no means of know-
g. Wagner himself said that he had
written the instrumentation through-
t, made many changes, given more
nportance to the middle section. It is
e one purely orchestral work by him
at leads the hearer to think that
agner might have been a great com-
ser without any reference to the
era house, a great composer in sym-
honic form.

As remodelled, there are suggestions
the influence of Liszt, and, strange
say, there are passages that might
ave been written, as far as the mood
concerned, by Schumann, who, how-
ver, could not have woven the orches-
al dress. It would be interesting to
ear the two versions in the same con-
ert, just as it would be interesting to
ear the "Polonia," "Columbus" and
Rule Britannia" overtures of Wagner,
ated respectively 1835, 1836 and 1836-37,
hich preceded immediately the "Faust."

The Herald spoke a month or so ago
f a performance of the three in a con-
ert at London early in the year. It is
singular fact that whereas Wagner in
is younger days was a good deal of
sensualist—he played the part with
ndisputable success for many years
hereafter—and was deliberately and ag-
ressively sensual in his opera founded
n "Measure for Measure," there is in
he "Faust" overture hardly a trace of
he peculiar and glowing sensuousness
hat plays a dominating part in his im-
ortant stage works. Whatever passion
there is in the passing musical thought of womanhood, as typified by Grotchen, is cerebral. The struggles here depicted are mental, and the hero is the baffled and despairing philosopher.

The transcription of Bach's violin music was performed with such verve that the applause was unusually hearty and long continued. It was the applause that rewards a favorite virtuoso, and, as The Herald has often hinted, this orchestra is always the true virtuoso assisted now and then by some singer, pianist, violinist. Mr. Gericke called upon the players to acknowledge the applause and twice were they compelled to rise and bow. The same tribute might justly have been paid the wind players after the second movement of the symphony. Such beauty of tone, such phrasing and such accuracy of ensemble are seldom heard in any European orchestra. Perhaps we are all too much accustomed to the uncommon skill and musicianship of the various choirs in this band of players.

The symphony was read and played with marked taste and gusto, and the music, as always when heard under such conditions, made its way straight to the heart of the hearer. When this work, with its sustained gush of melody, its infinite wealth of beauty, seems too long, then it is the fault of the conductor or of the players. As it was performed last evening, no one would have had the symphony shorter. The audience in such a performance shares the intoxication of the composer, the divine drunkenness that comes from drinking deep of beauty, the drunkenness of Nature rejoicing in a perfect day.

Mr. Campanari sang two arias of widely contrasted character which depend, however, for effect on the dramatic situation, on what has preceded and on what is anticipated. In the theatre the noble strains of Gluck, strains charged with bodement, follow immediately the lament of Iphigenia, the priestess, and of the attendants exiled with her. The goddess saved her, yet the fates are not yet satisfied. The strangers will arrive, and Thoas the king will fall a victim to one of them. The solemn stage scene and the awful atmosphere prepare the hearer for Thoas' confession of dread.

But put the King of Taurica in concert dress and let him suddenly begin his recitative, and what is Thoas to the audience, or it to Thoas? So, too, the unfamiliar aria of Mozart demands imperatively the comic situation, the sight of the lovers now disguised tempting the fidelity of their sweethearts. The aria needs not only the scene, the presence of the women, but the action of the comedian, the gestures, the pose, the dramatic exaggeration. Put Leporello with his famous song on the concert stage without the mocked Donna Elvira and the long roll that contains the names of Don Juan's abandoned loves and the effect is gone. So with this aria. When sung in concert it is merely a song, a song cast in the Mozartian mould; the music is no longer hypocritically sentimental, ironically descriptive, malicious in spirit.

This is too often the fate of the operatic artist when he appears in concert. It is a pleasure to hear Mr. Campanari's voice, to note his free delivery, his vocal animation. We remembered the dramatic force and finesse of his Ford in "Falstaff," the part in which he attained a truly dramatic height, and while he sang this air from "Cosi fan tutte" we could not help thinking how admirably he might say the words and interpret the spirit of this fine instance of Mozart's dramatic power in a stage representation of a delightful work.

MR. KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Mr. Fritz Kreisler gave his last violin recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He played Bach's concerto in A minor, a romance by Beethoven, variations by Joachim, the allegro from Tartini's sonata in G minor and pieces by Schumann, Rameau, Porpora, Goldmark, Wienlawski and Zarzycki. Mr. de Voto was the accompanist.

There is nothing new to be said concerning Mr. Kreisler's playing this season. Yesterday one could only marvel anew at the wonderful technique of the musician, and glory anew in the virile emotion of the man. His choice of programme is always admirable; the compositions chosen by him display the finest resources of the instrument and call forth the genuine emotion of the player. Mr. Kreisler's preference for the early works is significant, and he plays them with a conviction, an appeal and at times a passion that make his performance absorbing even to the ultra-modern ear. Whether it be that he gives to these early works a modern form of emotional expression, or, preserving the early spirit, so identifies himself with that as to bring it close to the hearer, is a matter of individual opinion; that seems intimate and personal from Mr. Kreisler which from other musicians seems elusive and far away.

There was not a large audience, but there was most enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Rameau's fascinating little "Tambourin" had to be repeated, and pieces were added to the various groups.

Mar 6. 1905

CONCERT AIDS PENSION FUND

The second concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Symphony orchestra was given last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Gericke conducted, and Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, Mr. Theodore van Yorx, tenor, and a small chorus assisted. The programme was made up wholly of excerpts from operas by Wagner and was as follows: Prelude to "Lohengrin"; first part of the third act of "Lohengrin" (entr'acte, bridal chorus and duet); entr'acte, dance of apprentices, procession of the mastersingers and homage to Hans Sachs from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; second part of act I of "The Valkyrie"; prelude and love-death from "Tristan and Isolde."

This concert was of a more festal character than the preceding one of the season. The programme was more absorbing, the orchestra played with greater enthusiasm, the audience was larger, more brilliant and more responsive. The soloists were warmly applauded; the purely orchestral selections met with almost equal favor. It is a pleasure to add that the pecuniary results were gratifying.

The benefit of the fund and of the concerts given in aid of this fund is not solely to the orchestra itself. Inasmuch as the association for a charitable object brings the members themselves into a closer union and in a large measure aids in maintaining the pride of membership, the subscribers to the concert and the general public gain thereby. Music lovers should aid this fund generously if only from selfish motives.

Even if there had been no thought last evening of contributing to a worthy cause, the character of the concert itself would have given much pleasure. Mr. Ernest Newman remarked not long ago that Wagner was more and more known in England and better appreciated by concert performances than by the comparatively few and expensive performances of the music-dramas themselves. In Boston of late we have had comparatively little of Wagner either in theatre or in concert hall. It is true that "Parsifal" has had due attention paid it, but, with the exception of this work, there have been few wholly adequate performances of "The Mastersingers," the "Ring" and "Tristan," or even of the minor operas. There was one memorable performance last season, that of "Siegfried" as conducted by Mr. Mottl, and reports from New York lead one to anticipate the coming performance of "The Mastersingers" with more than ordinary pleasure. But the music of Wagner is not judiciously distributed throughout the year; there is the short opera season, with here and there a Wagnerian performance, or there is a Wagner concert. To quote the old saw, it's either a feast or a famine. No sane person demands that Wagner should monopolize the stage either in theatre or in concert hall, but it is fair to infer from the interest and enjoyment shown last evening that the Symphony audience and general concert-goers would welcome Wagnerian excerpts on other occasions and in concerts of a miscellaneous programme.

The performance, as we have intimated, was excellent, and often inspiring. Mme. Gadski is well known here as a singer who appreciates the fact that Wagner's music may be sung as well as screamed, and she is able by reason of her voice and artistry to sing with marked effect, where others are impotently violent. Mr. Van Yorx enlarged his reputation in this city. Mr. Gericke and the orchestra may well be congratulated on the success, artistic and pecuniary, of the concert.

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

Ondricek Quintet Gives Fine Performance of Selections for Strings, and Mr. de Gogorza Sings.

The 10th Sunday chamber concert took place yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The Ondricek quintet (Messrs. Ondricek and Finward, violins; Zach, viola; Keller, 'cello, and Kunze, double bass) and Mr. Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, were the musicians. The programme consisted of quintets by Dvorak and Ambroise Thomas, the andante from Haydn's "Kaiser Quartet" and songs by Augusta Holmes, Palhadilhe, Godard, Dubois, Lockruf, Rubinstein and Hildoch.

The excerpts from the quintet by Ambroise Thomas were performed here for the first time—an andante and a finale in waltz tempo, which were the most interesting of the instrumental numbers. The andante contains beautiful and unusual effects, and the waltz is charming. Dvorak's work also gave pleasure. Was it the atmosphere inseparable from the day and hour, or was the programme as a whole slightly monotonous? Everything was in gentle vein. Everything was loudly applauded, even the variations. The performance of the quintet was smooth and effective.

Mr. de Gogorza sang admirably. He has a virile and beautiful voice; his enunciation is especially excellent. His choice of songs was judicious. Godard's "Embarquez Vous" aroused the most enthusiasm. He was recalled repeatedly, and added to his second group the familiar "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

At the next concert the Strube Orchestral Club, Mr. Gustav Strube, conductor, and Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton, pianist, will be heard.

A HOSPITABLE MISTAKE.

The New York Sun mentioned a few days ago the approaching debut of a young man of a well known family as a singer, and added: "Young men with a fair amount of comeliness, well fitting frock coats and unobjectionable vocal organs are able to make a comfortable income in New York nowadays, provided they manage to interest enough women who like a little music with their tea. Mr. —— will attempt to break into this prosperous coterie for the time being."

There is no objection to these vocal sentimentalists at teas, for they that are addicted to afternoon teas know full well what they may expect. An evil is rising above the local social horizon that should be sternly discountenanced. You go to a formal dinner. It is your fate to sit through the courses with a companion whom you have never seen before and are not likely to meet again. She is not aware of your importance, and you know nothing about her, whether she be happy matron, soured divorcee, pathetically hopeful spinster. The conversation is at first tentative, then argumentative. The rest is silence. Your eyes wander and rest on a singularly comely young woman who is evidently being bored by a whiskered egotist. She looks at you sympathetically. After the dinner you will join the ladies: this being interpreted means that you will, by an admirably planned strategic movement, sit by her and coruscate until she becomes emotional and prepared for any tender outburst. But as you, on your way to the sofa on which the suddenly adored one glows and palpitates—her glass was refilled more than once—the hostess intercepts you and says: "Mr. Smithers is going to be so good as to sing some of those delightful French songs. Have you never heard him? Many prefer him to Gilibert. They say his French is just as good, and he sings with even greater expression. Sit down here by me, so that I can see you enjoy him." Mr. Smithers, full of food, and with an extraordinarily high and tight collar, goes through his repertory. There you sit, and just as he has bleated through the third, the desirable one bids the hostess good night and gives you a reproachful glance. Mr. Smithers, inexorable, begins "L'Heure Exquise."

Not only is the singer, however skilful or moving, unable to sing with effect immediately after dinner, but the guests are preventing from a general shuffle in conversation after the long enforced talk with one or two whose company was not of their seeking. William Maginn objected to a fine singer after dinner because he stopped the wine: "a fine-song-singer only serves to put people in mind of tea"; and the learned doctor suggested ways of abating the nuisance: to applaud most vociferously after the first verse, as though all were over, and to say in a loud voice that you like the end of it very much. "It is ten to one but his musical pride will take affront, and he will refuse to sing any more, saying or muttering something savage about your want of taste or politeness." Or, after he has gone through the song and "sucking in the bravo of the people," you say in a clear bell-like voice: "You sang that very well, Mr. a—a—a, very well indeed. Did you ever hear Maurel or Gilibert sing it?" Much depends on the degree of malice with which you charge this apparently innocent question.

To introduce a singer in this way, to spring this surprise, is hospitably meant, but is it not a reflection on the capability of hostess and guests to find entertainment in the display of their own acquirements? A musical party is another thing. You are given fair warning; you can send your regrets; or if you are willing to endure the music for the sake of the supper that comes afterward, you can go early enough to be sure of a comfortable seat at the back of the room, where you can doze during the performance of some cool and obvious classic quartet or admire the shoulders and nuque of the woman directly in front of you. If the music is nervously modern, if the lady be of the gothic order of architecture, there is still the thought that there will be champagne and that it will be good. If there must be music immediately after a dinner, let it be furnished by a talented pianist; for the piano encourages conversation, and both the talkers and those who are fond of music will forget that you and Miss de Jones are whispering together intimately in a recess of the room.

NEW PIPE FOOD.

Mr. Frederick Starr, a professional anthropologist of Chicago, is smoking "marihumana." His colleagues and pupils and some friends of the latter have been allowed to smoke the new

ed, and they pronounce it better than the finest mixture of tobacco, better than any cut plug. It appears that the learned professor went about anthropologizing in unexplored Mexico. There he met a sagacious and friendly Indian chief, who took him to "his abode in the foot hills," and as evidence of hospitality produced pipes and marihuana. Whether the weed will flourish in the Connecticut valley, in Virginia and other tobacco regions is not stated, but it is said that he who has once smoked marihuana will never again be satisfied with tobacco, though it bear the proud motto familiar in the days when a smoker carried his pouch, package of cigarette papers and matches with him: "Or seek no further. Better can't be found." Even the slaves of clear perique chopped from a long thick roll will be turned from the error of their ways by marihuana, which is a tonic, not a stimulant.

Men and women smoked long before tobacco was discovered. When the Mahometans fought the battle that overthrew the city of Alore in the seventh century, they were bothered solely by the foe's elephants. They retired from the field to fill their pipes, and with them they returned to dart fire at the beasts, which fell into dismay. Catlin tells us that the North American Indians smoked before they knew the virtues of tobacco. The Malagasy chew tobacco, but prefer hemp for the pipe. The Egyptians enjoy a preparation of hemp, opium and honey mixed with raisins and smoked in the water pipe. Opium pills made up with toasted betel leaf are to many orientals the one pipe food. The Kaffirs smoke hemp, chiefly because they like it. Was not a pipe found at Braunockstown, county Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull, the skull of one who smoked long before tobacco was brought to the British isles? And there are passages in Herodotus and Strabo that lead one to infer that a plant similar to tobacco was relished by contemporaries of these travellers.

If there were no tobacco, there would still be smoking, were it only for the vague pleasure of the sucking lips, the resistance to the teeth, the smoke that induces meditation, the sacrificial incense. Boys do not consume sweet-fern and rattan merely because they think it is manly to smoke something; the process itself pleases them until they make the daring exchange. This marihuana is warranted not to dry blood or brain; it does not affect the heart; it does not dim the vision. It can be smoked before breakfast and just before going to bed without injury to digestion or sleep. It is better than bread; it is a universal remedy. We should not be surprised to learn that it removes superfluous hair and is an excellent substitute for family butter. No monarch will issue a counterblast against it in the manner of King James, no poet will alternately bless and curse it in whimsical verses patterned on the delightful lines of Lamb. Robert Burton knew the value of the plant so childishly disdained by little Robert Reed: "Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold and philosopher's stones"; but he added: "As it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health; hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul." We see the melancholy Burton writing these words with self-approval, and then filling his pipe. But for marihuana there is nothing but blessing from the mouths of Prof. Starr and his favored friends and pupils. Who will be the first to smoke it in Boston, and what is the postoffice address of the benevolent Indian chief in Mexico?

Mch 7. 1909

The Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Heinrich Conried, director, began last night an engagement of one week at the Boston Theatre with a performance of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Arturo Vigna conducted here for the first time. The cast was as follows:

Lucia ..... Mme. Sembrich
Alisa ..... Mme. Bauermeister
Edgardo ..... Mr. Caruso
Enrico ..... Mr. Parvis
Raimondo ..... Mr. Journet
Arturo ..... Mr. Bars
Normanno ..... Mr. Giaccone

The theatre was crowded from floor to top-gallery with an enthusiastic audience, which was not drawn solely by either Mme. Sembrich or the opera itself; for Mme. Sembrich, favorite as she is, has sung here occasionally in opera to comparatively small audiences, when the opera chosen was caviare to the general, and there is little curiosity or desire in 1905 to hear "Lucia" for the music itself. The opera of the opening night was chosen for the first appearance in Boston of Mr. Caruso, whose fame had long preceded him. His appearance and his success restore "Lucia" to its original position as a "tenor opera," and revive the worship of a tenor.

Of late years the prima donna has held here undisputed sway. After Campanini came Alvary; after Alvary came Mr. Jean de Reszke, and each in turn provoked displays of hysteria and crowded the Opera House. The German tenors who followed Alvary, however boisterous in song or violently grotesque in action, did not arouse enthusiasm; Mr. Van Dyck, a man of singularly intellectual power and histrionic authority, but a victim to Bayreuth's vocal spasms, dislocations and gargarisms, had only the limited following of Wagnerian fetishists; and neither Mr. Tamagno nor Mr. Alvarez, nor Mr. Saleza, nor Mr. Ibos, nor Mr. De Marchi drew an expectant and tumultuous crowd armed with hair-trigger applause to be fired the moment the idol should appear.

Why any tenor should so move women is to some an interesting psychological and physiological problem. One would naturally suppose that the baritone, if well favored in face and body, would appeal to them more forcibly. Yet the student of operatic history remembers that in the 18th century both noble dames and merchants' wives palpitated and wept as they heard passionate strains poured from the mouth of a male soprano or contralto, and, remembering this, he also recalls the lines of Heine: Facts are stubborn things; they are not disturbed by argument or repartee.

The spell of Mr. Caruso is in his voice, not in his face, not in his body. He has not the poetic and yet virile elegance that is said to have characterized Mario, even in his later years; he has not the ebullient youth, free and picturesque activity, winsome face of Alvary; he has not that curious blend of romanticism and gentility that characterized Mr. de Reszke. He himself is aware of his lack of physical charm, a lack redeemed somewhat by expressive eyes, and he caricatures himself adroitly.

When he sings, the only thought of the hearer is that of a wondrously beautiful voice, now persuasive, caressing and wooing, like unto the notes of that instrument heard by the woman in Cuzco, who said to the Spanish soldier that would fain detain her in the street: "For the sake of the Lord, Sir, let me go; for that flute in yonder tower is calling me with such passion and tenderness that I cannot refuse the summons of him who plays it; for love constrains me to go thither that I may be as a wife to him"; and again Caruso's voice is a noble organ, a trumpet call in its mellow brilliance, a voice like unto that of Walt Whitman's tenor: "The orbic flex of his mouth is pouring and filling me full."

This voice of rare beauty, beautiful in its strength as well as in its tenderness, is used with much art, and into this art craft enters. Mr. Caruso does not sing too deliberately to his hearers, but he is aware of every trick and device that can enwrap them or move them. His use of the vibrato to accentuate a dramatic phrase—and how few such phrases are in this pitiably weak opera!—is legitimate; it is sound art. His use of the sob may easily degenerate in time into a mannerism. But why inquire too narrowly into the art of such an accomplished singer? Mr. Caruso is a great tenor, undoubtedly one of the very few great tenors now living, and it is more than probable that his only serious rival is Alexander Bonci, who is a singer of another school. Mr. Caruso was welcomed most heartily last night to Boston, and his appearances in other operas are eagerly anticipated. It will be a long time before we shall hear his like again.

With such a tenor as Mr. Caruso, the opera "Lucia" is given with its fourth act. Of late years a performance of "Lucia" has been only an excuse for the presentation of the "Mad Scene" with the mad lady no longer unpleasantly insane, mowing or gibbering or screaming, or with straw in her hair, but a self-possessed person in an elaborate costume, rivalling the bravura of a flute in an interminable cadenza, with one eye on the flutist and the other on the audience, uneasily expectant of thunderous applause and the fervent "bravo" of the earnest American who is indifferent to Italian grammatical distinctions. As a rule, poor Lucia in this scene is abandoned by the friendly chorus, and is merely a concert singer.

The curtain goes down, and no one inquires concerning her future, or that of Edgardo, the unbidden guest at the wedding, or that of Raimondo, an operatic bore of huge dimensions, or that of the always amusing Arturo, with his amiable inquiry: "Where is Lucia?" The opera is to thousands merely a celebrated prima donna in a "Mad Scene" and she is no longer expected to prepare herself for realistic and thrilling action by a study in various asylums of the insane from love or jealousy. Eleven years ago the tenor Vignas in Mechanics' building insisted on the restoration of his act, but, fearing lest the audience would, as usual, rush toward the doors after the Lucia had trilled her last trill, he advertised through his press agent that he should do himself to death in the sight of the public and sing his swan song. He owed this as a duty to himself, the composer and the hearer; for this last act in which Duprez, the first Edgardo, the tenor for whom "Lucia" was written, thrilled all hearers, was for years the one eagerly awaited portion of the opera, and the theatre was crowded to hear Edgardo's lament as it has been recently to hear the long cadenza of a heroine; and Edgardo has his one great opportunity just before he stabs himself near the convenient tombs of his ancestors.

The opera itself does not call for long consideration. With the exception of the sextet, here and there a melting phrase, and the final scene for Edgardo, there is nothing worthy of the too facile composer, who wrote the trio in "Lucrezia Borgia," the irresistibly dramatic last act of "La Favorita" and the delightful music of "Don Pasquale" and "The Daughter of the Regiment." The chorus, whether in sporting dress or in wedding clothes, is a tedious crowd. There is page after page without a dramatic stroke. Lucia and her wicked brother and the prating retainer with a beard and a bass voice, and the Edgardo of three acts are lay figures, animated phonographs. Yet a modern Italian librettist and a composer, believers in "Verismo," might base a truly dramatic work on Scott's novel, with Edgar's pathetically faithful family servant introduced as a buffo tenor of pining tones. It is not because there is so much "guitar accompaniment" in Donizetti's "Lucia" that the opera is for the most part weak; it is because the melody is seldom dramatically convincing or poignant.

It is a pleasure to state that Mme. Sembrich, in the earlier scenes of the opera, was in excellent voice, and sang with her old time beauty of phrasing and general artistry, which vitalized the sentimental ditties of Donizetti and clothed them in beauty for the time being. In the "Mad Scene" there was again the display of exquisite legato in the passages of pure song, but in those of bravura the effort, not always successful, was too apparent. Mr. Parvis, a young baritone, who sang here for the first time, has a naturally good voice; he sang with animation, and gives promise. Mr. Journet had little to do, but his heavy and phlegmatic voice was suited to his part. Mr. Bars as Arturo was—again Arturo. Mr. Vigna did his best to give meaning to Donizetti's thinly nourished or blatant score. He conducted with a wealth of exuberant gesture, often with genuine effect, and at times boisterously. Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Caruso were again and again applauded to the echo, and the sextet was imperatively redemanded.

Now that Mr. Caruso has made his appearance and "Lucia" is out of the way, there will be an opportunity of hearing the members of this unusually strong company in real operas.

The opera today will be "Parsifal," which will be performed here for the first time in German. The performance will begin at 5 P. M. The first act will end at 6:45 P. M., and there will be an intermission until 8:15 P. M. The singers will be Mme. Nordica and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Goritz and Journet. Mr. Hertz will conduct.

Boston Symphony Quartet Gives Its Fifth in Series—Performance Admirable and Programme Well Chosen and Commendably Brief.

MRS. RAYMOND BROWN TALKS ON "PARSIFAL"

The Boston Symphony Quartet (Messrs. Hess, Roth, Fetir and Krasselt) gave its fifth concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The programme consisted of Dvorak's sextet in A major, for two violins, two violas and two 'cellos; the scherzo from Cherubini's quartet in D minor, and Beethoven's quartet in C major. Messrs. Max Zach, viola, and Carl Barth, 'cello, assisted.

The performance was admirable throughout. The programme was well chosen and of commendable brevity; nothing palled. Dvorak's sextet is pleasant music; occasionally, as in the elegy, beautiful; and again, as in the lighter movements, of a purely popular nature. Even the variations held the attention, largely on account of the performance, also because they are in themselves a little out of the common; that in which the two 'cellos have the theme against a sustained background of the other strings is notably beautiful, and it was exquisitely played. Cherubini's scherzo is among the most charming works of its kind. The quartet by Beethoven is placid, rather somnolent in spite of the "con moto" marks. The performance of the musicians was noteworthy and all were recalled after each number. There was a rather small audience.

LECTURE ON "PARSIFAL."

Mrs. Raymond Brown gave a lecture on "Parsifal" yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her purpose, according to the programme, was to make clear the significance of both story and music to those about to hear the work for the first time. The talk was illustrated by frequent excerpts from the score in piano arrangement, played by the lecturer. To those desiring ardently to "understand" the drama, who have not the time or the initiative to [illegible] themselves by means [illegible] libretto, such a preparation as that offered by Mrs. Brown is convenient and adequate. It was, on the whole, direct, clear, simple exposition; the plot was well told, the relation of words to music carefully preserved, and their mutual significance explained. The speaker followed the wise plan of following closely the movement of the drama as it is presented on the stage, introducing comments where it was necessary without deviating from the line of dramatic continuity. The system with which this was accomplished showed some skill. On the other hand, it might be suggested that while an illustrative use of music is in such a case indispensable, it should be distinct from the spoken discourse; talking against any instrument is an ungrateful task, especially so when the instrument is an open grand piano giving orchestral effects. Again, the general treatment of the subject was inclined to be sentimental, whereas pure exposition should suffice. The question whether "Parsifal" is overrated need not be argued here; in any case, the attitude of the exponent should be impersonal, as in any other kind of introduction. The speaker was of attractive appearance, but showed a voice in need of training and a mannered form of speech. There was a rather small audience.

"ECONOMICAL."

Mr. Charles Jones, a negro, was convicted in a New York court of shoplifting.

"What have you got to say why sentence should not be imposed?" asked Justice Zeller.

"I has nothin' much to say, sah," replied Mr. Jones, "but I jes want you to be economical wif' de sentence." And Mr. Jones got one month on the island instead of three. Let us observe in passing that islands were put by the ancients to more romantic use. There were the islands, the homes of gods and goddesses; there were the Islands of the Blest, the Happy Isles, the Enchanted Isles, the Fortunate Isles. Today islands are the dumping grounds for criminals, drunkards, the poverty stricken, sufferers from loathsome disease.

"Economical wif' de sentence." This entreaty should be remembered and followed by all dispensers of judgment. The opinions handed down today are generally extravagant when they are not timid. The critics speak in hyperbole whether they discuss a book, a picture, a stage performance, a musical work, an every-day event. "Marvellous," "a masterpiece," "incomparable," "heroic," are terms applied at random, as a madman throws about him blazing brands. A novel is written by a western miss of 18 village years and is hailed as a study of the human heart, a psychological romance worthy of Balzac; a new volume of essays should be put on the shelf with the volumes of Montaigne, Lamb and Hazlett; the portrait of Zenas B. Clark, Esq. (in the act of signing a check), is worthy of Velasquez; the symphonic poem, "Yesterday, Today and Forever" (with three gongs in the orchestra), will revolutionize music; and so on. Time smiles for the moment a courteous smile, waits a week or two till the splutter is over, then tosses these mighty achievements into his dust bin, and the crowd makes no protest: it is busy whooping over the still later masterpieces. There is little calmness in the pronouncement of an opinion; there is much shrieking; there are always instances of acute hysteria. Yet students are advised in books on rhetoric to be careful in the use of "very." Nouns must now be invariably qualified, and adjectives must be glowing otherwise the reviewer is cool, dyspeptic, bowelless, a cynic. "Be economical" is a better motto than "Whoop her up boys." The stupid man may not be "incorrigibly" stupid; the treatise may not be "unutterably" dull; the landscape of poor Jones may not be "dismal nightmare."

A SPORT OF FASHION.

Mr. Conried told a representative of The Herald that Boston should have opera throughout the season, not necessarily as given by his company; but there should be an established opera house. There was a brave attempt made here some years ago at the Cast Square, and many still remember the performances with pleasure. The attempt had little fashionable support and the opera was, in this instance, used as a pretext for the display of dress and snobbishness. It was a domestic entertainment. Families contracted the habit of going to the theatre, no matter

what the opera of the week might
The experiment failed for this
ple reason: The prices of admis-
n were moderate and the seating
pacity of the house did not admit of
liences large enough to insure gain.
we are correctly informed, it was
possible for the managers to meet
expenses, for the operas were hand-
nely mounted, and there was unusual
ention paid to detail.

pera is never profitable to a mana-
if it be not supported by the fashion
the town in which it is produced. In
continental cities of Europe there
subsidizing government, city, duke,
ng, Emperor. There is some one be-
d the manager with a full purse and
stic dispositions. In Italy, a mana-
announces a short season, and in
e instances out of ten he either de-
ps with the cash box, and singers
orchestra are left unpaid, or mana-
and company are stranded together.
Mr. Conried in New York has the
port of the rich and the fashionable,
o have their whims and caprices
cerning music, as they have about
ss, out of door amusements, precise
racter of dinners. This society,
minent in operatic affairs this sea-
, was characterized last Sunday by
New York Sun: "A very stupid
indeed, with small ideals and feeble
lectual appetites, without artistic
timent and with infantile taste."
e women naturally object to the
sic dramas of Wagner because the
its are lowered and their costumes
l jewels are not exhibited in the
es. They have a great influence
the choice of the repertory and of
singers. It is not enough for a
ma donna to be an accomplished
ger and actress; she must be a fa-
ite in society, she must have a
ial pull. Yet there is a public which
o quote again from the Sun, "has
yet risen to the true conception of
, the conception which finds its con-
mation of human achievement in
h living and plain thinking, the con-
tion which makes the highest society
t beyond its pale sculptors, paint-
, poets, novelists, admirals, generals,
tesmen and other such common do-
of the world's works, and admits
y bankers, brokers and railway man-
rs, with perhaps an occasional shop-
per"—and this public is concerned
re with what goes on across the
tlights than in the boxes. But can-
bankers, brokers, even railway
nagers and shopkeepers, have a fine
te in opera? Is the gospel of Wag-
to them necessarily a stumbling
ck?

To abuse society for its operatic likes
l dislikes will not bring about a re-
m in the opera house, even if a re-
m be necessary. The sight of bared
ks and shoulders, of gorgeous cos-
oes, of precious stones is part of the
w. It inspires singers; it influences
others in the audience. Opera is not
educational factor. It is not the
hest form of art, for it is complex,
l it makes demands on eyes and ears
l emotions at one and the same time.
is an amusement, and as such it has
n, is, and undoubtedly will be, the
rt of wealth and fashion. There are
among the simple and truly musi-
who would not prefer to see in the
rse of a season a limited number of
eras sung by world-famous singers
d produced with pomp and luxury
n to attend a long series of per-
mances in which the singers were
y painstaking and respectable, with
necessarily inadequate orchestra, and
h an audience plainly dressed, say
shirt waists and outing shirts. Are
not told that even Mr. George Ber-
rd Shaw since his marriage to a
man of wealth has put aside his
ger for the starched linen breast-
te of operatic uprighteousness?

The Boston Theatre is admirably
apted to operatic performances as
r as the music is concerned; the
oustic properties are famous; the
ge is ample. The lines of the in-
rior are noble, but there is no long
r of show boxes, hence there is not
e temptation for women to dress
mptuously from neck to foot. Fur-
ermore, the Bostonian as a rule is a
staid person, who is more interested in music than in the sight of his neighbor's wife. Mr. Conried brings the charge against the people of this city that they have bought only $4000 worth of tickets for one opera that is to be presented here, "while Chicago has already given a sale of $14,000 for the same production." He undoubtedly refers to "Parsifal." Now the sum of $10 apiece is asked for the best seats for "Parsifal," and the humiliating inference is that there are more persons in Chicago with $10 to spare than there are in Boston. Mr. Conried should not taunt us with our poverty. Some of our more adventurous citizens and citizenesses have braved a journey to New York to see "Parsifal." Others have seen it here, as given in English, and have no desire to see it again. Last season Mr. Conried lost money in Boston. He had forgotten to bring with him a real live tenor. This season he has Mr. Caruso, but Mr. Caruso does not sing in "Parsifal." However deplorable the fact may be in Mr. Conried's eyes, the great majority of operagoers go to hear a singer, not an opera. If we are not misinformed, "Parsifal" was performed this season in New York more than once to a beggarly house.

Mch 8, 1905

CONRIED GIVES "PARSIFAL" HERE

The Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried, conductor, performed Wagner's "Parsifal" last evening at the Boston Theatre for the first time in German in this city. Mr. Hertz conducted. The cast was as follows:

Amfortas.....Mr. Van Rooy
Titurel.....Mr. Journet
Gurnemanz.....Mr. Blass
Parsifal.....Mr. Burgstaller
Klingsor.....Mr. Goritz
Kundry.....Mme. Nordica

When Mr. Conried produced "Parsifal" in New York for the first time outside of Bayreuth, The Herald published a long review of that production. The chief singers last night were the same as in the original New York performance, with one important exception—the Kundry then was Miss Ternina; the Kundry last night was Mme. Nordica.

The performance last evening deserved a much larger audience, for, although in a few respects it was not so absorbing as the original production, it was one of uncommon merit in features that would provoke admiration in any continental opera house. The success of this music drama depends in large measure on scenery, mechanical devices, appeals to the eye, and also on the peculiar spirit of the singing actors, a spirit that may be described as quasi-reverential. It is true that the Flower Maidens are actuated by the spirit of this world, and Kundry has a sensual scene; but these contrasting little episodes are supposed to enhance the spiritual value of the work and strengthen the audience in its respect for all the virtues. Furthermore, the music drama has a moral ending, for the Flower Maidens presumably perish, as did those on whom the tower of Siloam fell, and Kundry, after being cooled by exposure to snow and wintry blasts, repents, receives baptism and dies.

The scenery was impressive, and the setting of the third act was one of uncommon beauty. The panorama in the first act was, as a rule, smoothly managed. The destruction of Klingsor's castle was not an effective scene, for a darkened stage hid the sudden transformation, and the views were those of "Before" and "After"; the immediate result of Parsifal's sign of the cross was not shown in its very working.

The processional entrances and exits in the temple and the ceremonies of the Grail were imposing; the costumes were in keeping with the traditions of the drama; and the actors, prominent and humble, moved and stood and grouped themselves as though the fear of Bayreuth was before their eyes.

The one striking difference between the original New York performance and that of last night, without regard to the cast, was the noisy licentiousness of the orchestra. At the Metropolitan this orchestra is lowered and in great measure hidden; at the Boston Theatre it is necessarily exposed. This exposure led to two disturbing results—boisterous, ear-stunning fortissimos, often when Wagner's score did not call for such excesses, and the constant sight of Mr. Hertz in frantic action. When the choir of brass is placed prominently in a theatre, it should surely be treated by the conductor with the utmost care, for in passages where the full strength is required, there will too often be noise instead of sound whether the conductor's name be Vigna, Mancinelli, Mottl or Hertz.

Mr. Hertz did not once make the slightest allowance for this exposure; he invited, coaxed, demanded, compelled the fury and the storm whenever there was the slightest pretext. The singers were often drowned thereby, and the audience was little by little stunned into insensibility for any fine effects. The same fondness for mere noise led Mr. Hertz continually to force the tone of wood-wind instruments in solo passages, and to incite the strings to rasping. Furthermore, there was the sight of Mr. Hertz tossing his arms about continually and like a mad man, in grotesque attitudes, when a look or a gentle motion of one hand would have brought to a truly magnetic and authoritative conductor the desired effect. This fretting and fuming often impaired the grandeur or the beauty of the scene on the other side of the footlights. Nor was the conductor always successful in his attempts to secure accuracy of attack or due proportion of contrasting choirs or single orchestral voices.

Mme. Nordica sang the music of Kundry with much art, and this art was shown in her reserve—rather than in her output. There were times when it seemed as though she were deliberately saving her voice, not venturing to throw it in the face of the orchestral storm. In this she was eminently wise. She sang her first cunningly amorous appeals to Parsifal with exquisite quality of tone and marked vocal skill. The seduction was in her voice, not in her facial or bodily action. After Parsifal recognized in her the handmaiden of Klingsor and the temptress of Amfortas, she was vocally less effective, and this was the fault of the composer rather than of the singer. The part of Kundry is a complex, babbling one to impersonate, and it is not surprising that a singer is inclined to accentuate only one phase of the character.

We saw Materna in 1882 at Bayreuth, the woman that created the part. The chief impression was of a stout person who sang with exceeding loudness. Ternina was dramatic in the suggestion of wildness and mystery in the first act, and in the scene with Klingsor she rose to an appalling tragic height, but she had no sensuous charm, either of voice or of physical magnetism in the scene of seduction. There was no erotic atmosphere. Mme. Nordica is at present histrionically negative in this impersonation. In the first act she was without distinction; in the scene with Klingsor she was well-bred in her expression of anguish and in her repartee to the magician when he was rude to her; her behavior toward Parsifal was marked by the utmost decorum. Even the long and necessary stage kiss was discreetly veiled from curious eyes. No doubt in time this intelligent singer of indomitable courage and perseverance will make the part more thoroughly her own, for it is the habit of Mme. Nordica, by dint of will, by self-directed application, to compel admiration for a rounded interpretation, when at first the salient feature was that merely of pure and flowing or of heroic song.

Mr. Blass has improved greatly as the garrulous Gurnemanz since the first performance in New York. He not only sings with more authority; his impersonation is now broadly composed; there is now a dignity, a gentleness, the suggestion of garrulous wisdom. Mr. Burgstaller in spite of all his Bayreuth mannerisms is a picturesque Parsifal. The manly sonority of his voice, the seriousness of his conception, his faithfulness to art as he understands it, his absorption in the part—these qualities command respect and lead one to forget the purely vocal sins of ommission and commission and certain extravagancies and clumsiness in action. Mr. Goritz was appropriately sinister as Klingsor and Mr. Journet sang the difficult measures of Titurel with much effect. The voice of Mme. Jacoby lent to the charm of the beautiful close of the first Temple scene. The choruses in the Temple were most impressive. The Flower Maidens lacked elasticity and abandon in song and action, although their music was sung with uncommon accuracy and with fine graduations of tone.

We have said nothing of the music drama itself, and we do not propose to enter the lecture field at this late day. There have been concert and opratic performances in Boston. There have been lectures with and without musical illustrations, with and without stereopticon views; books and pamphlets concerning what Wagner intended and what he did not intend are even now published, and no doubt find readers; review after review has been published in the newspapers. The story of "Parsifal" is now as trite, as far as curiosity or need of explanation is concerned, as that of "The Bohemian Girl." We do not now have to do with any social, political or religious theory of Wagner. Opera is not the medium for the exposition of any theory save that of an art theory.

Some may wax hysterical over "Parsifal," and with uprolled eyes declare it to be a divine message. Others, and we are of them, believe the work as a whole to be the last effort of the tired brain of an old man; they find the poem a mere rehash of misunderstood or fantastical metaphysical and religious theories, and, while they recognize the beauty of the temple music and other pages, they remember that the Good Friday scene, the most moving of all, was written years before the rest of the work; they see in Amfortas a suffering human being, but the others are curious phantasms without significance. Types are of little moment on the stage. Only men and women in joy, anguish, sorrow, in scenes of passion, love and death, move or shake the soul of the hearer in the opera house. There are some, therefore, who may, with good cause, find "Parsifal" the weakest of Wagner's later music dramas, and, with the purely spectacular attractions put aside, a colossal and pretentious bore.

The operas this evening will be Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mme. Maria de Macchi (her first appearance here), Mme. Homer, Mme. Bauermeister and Messrs. Dippel and Giraldoni (his first appearance here), Mr. Franko conductor; and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," with Miss Bella Alten (her first appearance here) and Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Reiss, Parvis, Mr. Vigna conductor. The performance will begin at 8 o'clock.

AGAINST BARMAIDS.

A long established British institution is now assailed in the name of high social ethics. There is a crusade against the employment of barmaids, of whom there are about 4000 in Greater London, 27,700 in England and Wales and about 31,000 in the United Kingdom. The Church of England Temperance Society proposes that the services of all barmaids should be dispensed with after a year's notice. The National Women's Temperance Association suggests that she should be abolished by legislative easy stages; that the Legislature should pass a bill prohibiting the future employment of barmaids except those in service at the time when the bill is passed.

But what is the poor girl to do if she be deposed from her place of honor and usefulness? This crusade is evidently in behalf of temperance, not of womanhood. Her tenure of office is at the best precarious. In many public houses they change girls once a month. What work will the barmaid find? For what work is she fitted?

She is by no means necessarily a brazen trollop. Mr. Sala once described the dispenser in the gin palace as "the young lady in the coal black ringlets (like magnified leeches), the very brilliant complexion and the coral necklace"; but this type today is the exception, not the rule. She is often intelligent and capable, honest and straight in circumstances of temptation. No doubt she sees too clearly the folly of man to be easily impressed by his flattery. Indeed, she should have learned discrimination; she should be a judge of character and able to choose wisely a husband. Occasionally she makes a mistake and marries a member of the aristocracy.

We remember a sentence in which the writer speaks of some young women as "barmaidenly in their conception of polished badinage"—a sneering comparison, one worthy of a cad. The conversation of many barmaids in London compares favorably with that of many drawing room dames, and, if we are to believe current London report, the barmaid is much more temperate in the use of pleasantly disguised alcohol. The barmaid has long, hard hours of sobriety behind the counter. We read that the woman of society is obliged to stimulate herself for her day and night whirl of some sixteen hours. "She whirls on alcohol," writes a sociological impressionist, "and when the whirl makes pause a bit, tops up with tabloids to insure repose. From morphia-muddled dreams I am to mark her making progress from nip to tot, and from tot to whiskey-peg. Champagne at lunch must be supplemented with nip, and tot, and whiskey-peg, da capo, to bring her up to tea time, and similar preparation is required before she can face the popping of the corks at dinner. And there are between-whiles before supper, and at supper it is as at dinner, only rather more so. And thus to tabloid time again." The picture is no doubt overdrawn; but the barmaid is not open to such grave suspicion of intemperance. She has every reason, from self-interest alone, to be extremely moderate in drinking or a teetotaler.

Will drunkenness decrease if men serve behind the bar? The theory is preposterous. A comely young woman of pleasant speech may have a salutary influence as she inquires as to the want of a customer. Few men would care deliberately to acquire a foolish jag in the presence of any pretty woman with or without a sense of humor.

DIET AGAIN.

The Herald referred lately to an article published in the Pall Mall Gazette concerning the amazing beliefs and prejudices of food faddists. The said article has made a stir in London; the faddists are raging furiously and the dyspeptics imagine vain things. The anger of a confirmed vegetarian is terrible; the roar of the carnivora at feeding time is as a caressing purr.

Wonderful cures in consequence of a peculiar diet are reported, but there is this curious feature: the one that re-

ports is almost always the friend of the one cured; he does not relate his own personal experience. This one knows a woman who, after stomach tortures for fourteen years and six months, found relief by eating only graham bread, cream and walnuts for a few weeks. Another was saved by eggs and cod liver oil. And so on through the fantastic catalogue of incredible combinations. The eater of salads and fruits, the meat glutton, the experimenter in breads, each has his violent say. One is tempted to believe that England, not America, is the home of dyspeptics.

There was once a cabman in London who flaunted a yellow ribbon. Asked what it meant, he answered: "It means that I eats what I likes, I drinks what I likes, and don't care a damn for nobody." This declaration might be added as a plank to Mr. Josh Haven's platform, "which that gentleman defined some years since to be the liberty of saying anything he pleased about anybody, without considering himself at all responsible." No wonder that, hearing these stomachic wails, certain Englishmen wish all such faddists would join the cabman's society. Thus "S. F." writes: "I don't mind the faddist living on nuts and apples if he thinks it suits his own peculiar digestive organs, but I do object to his making a virtue of it and preaching nuts and apples as if they were the only means of salvation both for body and soul. I know one man who lives on apples only, and gets through about a barrel of them in two days. He is still alive, but he looks as if he wishes he wasn't."

The protestants are bitter against the scientific feeders. They cite the instance of the pig, who does not choose his diet by scientific rules, yet enjoys rude and vigorous health. Furthermore, the pig does not insist that the man who feeds him should live on pigwash and offal. The pig is not a dietetic crank. The sad case of a "friend" is told at length: He always took his temperature just before going to bed; he started the day by swallowing some scientific decoction—it had a peculiarly nasty taste, therefore it was the more invigorating, and his regularity in taking it was the more meritorious; his diet was adjusted by scales; he weighed himself before and after each meal; he had his appendix removed that he might run no risk; he felt so keenly the duty of living to a fine old age that he talked of nothing but his health and did nothing but to attend to his health. Thus did he make a year uncomfortable to himself and to all about him; but one day, as he was out walking and pondering some dietetic problem, he slipped on a piece of orange peel and fractured the base of his skull. Notice that fruit, not meat, brought him to an untimely end. Thus, according to a correspondent, did the poor wretch waste a year.

On the other hand, there are some who insist that dietetics should be the first subject taught in the medical schools. If it should be taught, they say half the existing medical practitioners would starve. "In those ailments due to errors in diet," writes a physician, "there can be no cure but a proper diet." But could learned medical professors be brought to any agreement concerning proper diets? The practitioners by no means agree.

Another curious feature of the discussion is this: A simple and careful diet of any nature is looked on by some as a cross more unbearable than a disease. Listen to this frank declaration: "Meanwhile I shall continue to eat and drink whatever tastes nice—occasionally apples, I dare say, and nuts with port wine, but much oftener boiled mutton and trimmings, sausages, pork pies and tinned salmon, oysters and lobsters, and if ptomaine poisoning or typhoid fever carry me off at last, I shall at any rate die with the firm conviction that I have enjoyed my life a great deal more than if I had confined myself to a 'scientific diet.'" Whose god is their belly.

Mch 9. 1905

SING REALISTIC ITALIAN OPERAS

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" at Boston Theatre—Mme de Macchi, Miss Alten and Mr. Giraldoni Make First Appearance.

Two familiar operas of the modern Italian school were performed last night at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conreid director. The first was Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Nahan Franko conducted. The cast was as follows:

Santuzza ..... Mme. de Macchi
Lola ..... Mme. Homer
Lucia ..... Miss Bauermeister
Turiddu ..... Mr. Bars
Alfio ..... Mr. Giraldoni

Mr. Dippel, announced as Turiddu, was slightly indisposed, and the part was impersonated by Mr. Jacques Bars, an earnest laborer in the operatic vineyard, who has appeared here in minor parts, and as the spy in "Tosca," showed dramatic ability of no mean order. We remember him also as the father in the production here some years ago of "Haensel and Gretel." Unfortunately he is not the man for Turiddu, but he did his best, and the rest is silence.

Mme. Maria de Macchi and Mr. Giraldoni appeared in Boston for the first time. The former is a dramatic singer of genuine power, and her impersonation of Santuzza was one of the very best that have been seen in Boston. She is an artist who is closer to Mme. Blancina-Capelli rather than to Mme. Calve in her conception and composition of the woman stung by the infidelity of her lover and spurred by jealousy to the instigation of the bloody deed. As a singer her voice is rather hard, without sensuous charm, inclined toward shrillness in the upper register, but her dramatic management of the voice and her use of it in moments of passion or of pathos cause one to forget the inherent vocal character. Her action was not episodically intense, not spasmodic; there was a long line of increasing intensity unto the climax of her denunciation of Turiddu to Alfio, and the apparently gentler moments were of such restrained passion that they heightened the general effect. Her conception is realistic, free from melodramatic extravagance; it is not encumbered by the petty and distracting details dear to those who would fain shun the commonplace in their anxious search after realism. She well deserved the hearty applause and the many calls before the curtain.

Mr. Giraldoni is today a famous baritone in his native country. He has created many leading parts in the operas of the younger school, among them Scarpia in "Tosca." The part of Alfio is not one that favors a first appearance. The carter's song is always ineffective and there is no room for the display of vocal skill in the raging duet. As Mr. Giraldoni will be the spy in "La Gioconda" next Friday evening, there will be a better opportunity to judge of his ability. It is enough for the present to say that he is evidently an unusually accomplished operatic actor, quietly authoritative and skilled in finesse. It must also be said that the voice itself suffers from tremolo.

Mme. Homer gave excuse for Turiddu's behavior. The chorus was lusty, and the performance of the orchestra was mediocre in quality of tone, in precision and in observation of the dynamic gradations indicated in the score. When the orchestral performance was not mediocre it was frankly bad. Mr. Franko should be thanked for not allowing a repetition of the intermezzo. On the whole, the performance of the opera was one of unusual interest, chiefly on account of the dramatic skill of Mme. de Macchi and Mr. Giraldoni.

Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" was conducted by Mr. Vigna. The cast was as follows:

Nedda ..... Miss Alten
Canio ..... Mr. Caruso
Tonio ..... Mr. Scotti
Peppe ..... Mr. Reiss
Silvio ..... Mr. Parvis

There was a memorable performance in Boston of Leoncavallo's grim melodrama before last night. There was a tenor by the name of de Lucia, a man with a shrill and white voice, which had not been especially well trained, a man of slight stature and of no great natural physical distinction, who by the display of flaming passion, by the irresistible expression of a tortured mind, by overmastering histrionic artistry moved the audience in the great Mechanics' building till, to use Kean's phrase, it rose at him. This performance was memorable, we repeat, and so far as the swaying of an audience by pure personal force is concerned, it has not been eclipsed. It has not been equalled here in the course of late operatic years. But the performance of the opera itself was not so well rounded and absorbing in all respects as the one of last evening.

Mr. Caruso acted the part with sombre passion and direct appeal, but he had not the artistic frenzy, the remarkable personal magnetism of the otherwise less favored de Lucia. Vocally his performance was head and shoulders above that of any Canio who has cursed his fate and stabbed the woman and her lover before this public. The famous air that ends the first act was delivered with overpowering vocal beauty and passion. But this was the one inimitable and haunting episode in the impersonation.

In the second act Mr. Caruso's action was as an anti-climax, whereas de Lucia dominated the stage and riveted the attention the moment he entered in his ironical costume. His silence was more terrible than any cry of agony. Agony when at its height is mute, said Victor Hugo, and the agony of de Lucia was heart-rending. It should be remembered that in other operas in which de Lucia appeared he did not make amends by any histrionic power for his voice or vocal artistry except in "Carmen"; his Don Jose was superb. Mr. Caruso is a man of many operas.

Miss Alten, who made her first appearance as Nedda, was in many respects charming. She did not accentuate sufficiently the inherent frivolity of Nedda, the linnet-headed. The devotion of Canio to this flippant baggage is one of the ironical touches in the tragedy. The Nedda of Miss Alten, we fear, has a good heart. Mr. Scotti gave a fine reading of the prologue and acted and sang throughout with even more than his accustomed skill. He did not rely so much on brute vocal force as on former occasions. He was more discreet, more subtle and therefore much more effective. The other parts were well impersonated, the chorus sang with fire and vivacity, and Mr. Vigna conducted with the requisite fervor and sensuousness. All in all it was a most stirring performance.

There was a very large and most applausive audience. Mr. Caruso's delivery of his air fired enthusiasm that was not easily quenched. He did not repeat the air, however, and thus dramatic fitness was observed.

"Parsifal" will be performed today with Miss Olive Fremstad as Kundry, and with Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Goritz, Muehlmann, Mr. Hertz will conduct. The performance will begin at 11:30 A. M. precisely. The first act will end at 1:15 P. M., and there will be an intermission of one hour and 15 minutes. All who attend the performance are earnestly requested to be in their places some minutes before the opening of each act.

The opera this evening will be Johann Strauss' "Die Fledermaus." The singers will be Mmes. Sembrich, Weed, Alten, Elliott and Messrs. Dippel, Reiss, Goritz, Greder, Muehlmann, Bayer and Franke. Mr. Franko will conduct. The performance will begin at 8 o'clock. In the second act Miss Enrica Varasi, the first dancer of the company, will dance the charming and popular "Pizzicato" polka of Strauss.

BOSTON SINGING CLUB'S CONCERT

The Boston Singing Club, Mr. H. G. Tucker conductor, gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by the Orpheus Musical Society, Mr. Carl Kaufman conductor, and by Miss Mary Chandler and Mr. Almon J. Fairbanks, accompanists. The club sang a chorale from Bach's cantata "Thou Guide of Israel," Schubert's setting of the 23d Psalm, "It Was a Lover and His Lass" by Barnby, a chorus by Beethoven, and pieces by Gade, G. M. Burdett, Mabel W. Daniels and Henry Leslie. The Orpheus Society sang three part songs by Loewe and J. Schroter, and a folksong, "Annie of Tharon," and a waltz song with piano accompaniment, "The First Ball," by A. Kirchl.

The singing of the chorus under Mr. Tucker was in several points more than usually good; the intonation was true, the attention and response of the singers were careful, there were well calculated effects of light and shade. The attack was not always quite secure, but on the whole the performance was good; it gave pleasure to the hearers, and the singers sang as though they found pleasure in the work. The programme contained a certain variety, aside from the nature of the different works performed, for there were two choruses for women's voices alone, of which Schubert's psalm was the most beautiful music on the programme; works for men's voices presented by the Orpheus Society, ensemble pieces, piano and organ accompaniments. Some of the works were unaccompanied. The Orpheus Society, under Mr. Kaufman, sang with its accustomed vigor and sincerity. Its performances were loudly applauded; at the end of the first group was added the humorous and popular little chorus, "The Beetle and the Blossom," and part of the waltz song was repeated.

There was a fair sized audience, and there was much applause.

THE ANNUAL TRIP.

Within the memory of New Englanders now living, the would-be traveller set his house in order and made his will, for a journey was once a momentous event. He plotted his campaign, as a general in Manchuria. He embraced his tear-stained wife and children as though the parting were the dress rehearsal of the last farewell. During his absence he might as well have been on another planet, so far as communication was concerned. His return was an event second only to that of Lazarus; it was a village date. Thanks were offered in the presence of the congregation. The intrepid one was pointed out in the street. His tombstone was an object of special interest to children who were led to the graveyard for Sunday exercise and pious diversion.

Northern twilights and pomp of cathedrals, tombs of the famous and snow topped mountains, Vatican, Pantheon and Notre Dame, the Dardanelles and Gibraltar, cannibals and shipwrecks, sharks and tanned skins, tropic odors and strange tongues—these stirred some to wandering. Damascus is now no more remote than Terre Haute; Milan and Rouse's Point are halting places for passengers; Carlsbad is preferred to Saratoga. Like Sydney Smith's friend, we all speak disrespectfully of the equator, and a man may plume himself on the distinction of never having seen a European city.

The vacation is short. There is need of sea air. The one released from work is cabined and labelled in a steamship and shot across the Atlantic. One studies the condition of Ireland in a London chophouse; another takes notes on foreign laborers by observing them from the top of an omnibus; a third sees famous pictures and statues, and on his return distinguishes them in his mind by the titles on photographic copies. The citizen of a town in which he is accustomed to hang daily for half an hour suspended by a street car strap on his way to business sneers at the provisions in Berlin for the transportation of human freight. The man who is not interested in politics, who does not know the name of the alderman for whom he voted, who could not tell a foreigner the capital cities of over a dozen states, solves at a glance in bodega or beer hall the problem of a European situation. The French have no home life, because there are so many men in the cafes; the Italians are all extortioners, bandits or the sons and daughters of bandits. "It was such a pleasure to meet some nice Boston people in the Engadine."

A cabin ticket is now bought as one buys a postal card. The chief preparation is a matter of flannel. The adventures are in the hotel, and the first search is for ice and an elevator. The true vacation is taken when one is at work again. The reward of the trip is too often the profound conviction that this country is the only land fit for the habitation of white men. Perhaps the ancients were right in declaring that men should travel, to the end that he might thereafter be content to stay at home.

A WESTERN CARNIVAL.

The ancient glory of the European carnival is departed. Kings no longer rush to Venice to share in scenes of wild gayety. Even in Rome business has sobered the spirit of revelry. In America our southern friends still make merry on appointed and traditional days. The hereditary puritanism, which crops out most unexpectedly and incongruously in New England, puts a sour face on maskers and their antics. Once in a while there may be here in Boston some gathering of artists and their friends who, in an optimistic spirit, describe the affair as a carnival, and thus endeavor to enliven the constitutionally staid and self-conscious. Carnival is to us associated chiefly with crime, thanks to the eye-arresting power of the gifted writer of headlines.

An episode in western life leads us to ask whether we of the East are not too conservative. One may say it's a little early for a carnival, but our western friends delight in being a little before time, and the artistic and business success in this instance warrants what might be characterized as the previousness; for as the editor of the local newspaper justly remarks: "I undertake anything as difficult as a carnival and do the work correctly is a task extremely hard to do, and requires great patience and perseverance."

There was much more than idle mummery, wanton mirth; there was no cruel racing of riderless horses, no blowing of horns, no foolish throwing of flowers or paste pellets. "The lite

features of each evening were y executed and received liberal ap-se" but the triumph of triumphs the "grand advertising drill." The ing ladies" of the town formed "a g, moving mass of loveliness, eful and stately in drill and hes." The wives and daughters of tradesmen and manufacturers did ape the dress and carriage of his dames of stately or dissolute life; were not vague figures of point-allegory; they advertised lovingly business of the man of the house-; they were glorified sandwich-en.

ifty costumes are described, but, we can refer to only three or four. therefore omit names of wearers, the unmentioned may accuse us of iality or prejudice.

r. ——, the expert dentist, was nicely esented by Miss ——, who was at-l in a snowy white costume. Her ume was decorated with teeth and es.

ss —— looked very pretty in a cream which was tastily trimmed with lies and chewing gum. She carried asket of luscious fruit. Her head-s was unique, being an orange skin tered. She represented her father, well known restaurateur.

ss —— wore a butcher's costume hat made of a sausage tray and rib-s. Her hair ornaments were roast gs. She carried a butcher's cleaver. r. ——'s furniture and undertaking ness was appropriately represented his wife, who was costumed in sil-gray silk. She had rows of casket mings around the skirt and looking ses on the waist. She carried a utiful banner of black velvet with emblem of the business.

iss ——, who represented ——, drug-s, was becomingly attired in a dress tissue and wall paper, with a sash sponges and necklace of capsules. banner bore a graduating glass in centre.

f course there was rivalry: The ghter of the other undertaker "wore ream robe tastefully trimmed in ket plates"; but there was no un-nly strife; on the contrary, there a united attempt to advance the iness interests of the town. Such carnival is worthy of imitation ughout the land. Such an affair ourages local patriotism and pride. h town might then say with this nois editor: "Its conception and cessful termination depict another tance of how it may be truthfully d justly said of the ladies of —— t they are much smarter, livelier, tier, more energetic and by far erior collectively or individually n women of most communities."

mch 10 1905

TRAUSS' "BAT" SPARKLING OPERA

he Metropolitan Opera House com-y gave Johann Strauss's operaetta, e Bat" (in German), last evening the Boston Theatre. Mr. Franko ducted. The cast was as follows:

linde.....Mme. Sembrich z Orlofsky.....Miss Weed e.....Miss Alten .....Miss Elliott riel von Eisenstein.....Mr. Dippel ed.....Mr. Reiss k.....Mr. Goritz Falke.....Mr. Greder d.....Mr. Muehlmann ch.....Mr. Bayer .....Mr. Franke

his was a delightful entertainment in y way. There was pleasure for the r of song, the dance and comedy. auss' operetta is not familiar here. ersion entitled "The Lark," with a etto based on the comedy and with orchestral score made by Mr. ham from the piano score was ght out some years ago at the Bos-Museum, but Strauss' work was not ly known here until last night, ex-through excerpts that have been for dancing.

is often said that when members a foreign grand opera house play sing in operatta for some charit-e purpose the performance is labored flat, its lacks go, the fun is leaden, music is sung too seriously, there no truly comic ensemble. The re-ach is no doubt just. But this per-mance was of a far different nature. operetta was carefully rehearsed h picked singers, not for a special asion, but as an addition to the ertory of the Metropolitan. Nor was performance of last night an un-al one merely because grand opera gers were disporting themselves in ght work. No one thought of the vious deeds and established reputa-n of those that took part; the au-nce, which was a large one, was en-siastic over the comedians on the ge as singing comedians in this par-lar work.

o doubt some of them when they be-n their career in a small German atre sang parts alternately in grand and comic operas. It will be remembered that Mme. Materna was for some years an operatta singer, and experience in light opera cannot be too highly recommended to a young and ambitious singer, provided the work be as musical as this "Bat" of Johann Strauss. Here in America, alas, we have graund opera and farce comedy masquerading under the title "comic opera" or "musical comedy."

There was no gracious, that is to say, impertinent, condescension on the part of the singers last night. They entered into the spirit of text and music; they played and sang with gusto; their enjoyment was real and contagious. And what surprises there were! There was Mr. Dippel, for instance, one of the most useful and versatile of tenors in grand opera. He is ready to sing in any one of three or four languages at a moment's notice; it matters not whether the part be Raone, Parsifal, Turidhu, Enzo or Manrico. He always sings earnestly and zealously. He would have been characterized before last night as an eminently serious tenor; lo and behold, he is a gay Eisenstein, playing with the light touch and the rollicking humor of a comedian who had never thought of appearing in operas by Verdi, Meyerbeer or Wagner. There was Mr. Goritz, the melidramatic Klingsor of the afternoon, playing, to the infinite amusement of the audience, the scene of the warden's return to the prison. There was Mr. Reiss, whom we associate with Mime and David, playing the part of Alfred with his customary care and detail. There was no thought of a star; the comedians were all stars, from Mr. Dippel to Mr. Bayer.

Mme. Sembrich was already known here as a singer in comedy, so the surprise in her instance was not so great. She was in high spirits and her singing of the Hungarian song in the second act stirred the audience to enthusiasm. The two songs of Miss Alten, piquantly delivered by this excellent soubrette, the pas seul of Miss Varesi, a beautiful and bewitching woman as well as dancer, and the waltz finale of the second act also aroused true enthusiasm. Applause and laughter punctuated the performance from beginning to end. The orchestra played much better for Mr. Franko than it did in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and he, too, was more fortunate and sure in his conducting. Seldom have we seen an audience more heartily pleased by any musical performance.

And why should Boston be obliged to wait for a grand opera company to produce such an amusing and musical operetta? Why should not companies of singing comedians of less renown be able to give operettas by Strauss and Offenbach and Lecocq and men who have followed them with pecuniary profit to themselves and without burlesquing or straying wildly from the intentions of librettists and composers? The answer of managers would be: "There's no money in it." The melancholy conclusion then follows that audiences are to be drawn to such performances only through the spell of famous names.

It should be added that "The Bat" was handsomely mounted and that the stage management was excellent.

The opera this evening will be Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." The chief singers will be Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Weed, and Messrs. Caruso, Giraldoni, Plancon. Mr. Vigna will conduct. There will be incidental dances in the first act, and in the third act the "Dance of the Hours." The performance will begin at 7:45.

MISS FREMSTAD'S KUNDRY.

"Parsifal" was performed yesterday for the second time in German at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Opera House company. The only important change in the cast was the substitution of Miss Olive Fremstad for Mme. Nordica as Kundry.

The Herald stated in its review of the first performance that the part of Kundry is "a complex, babbling one to impersonate." What it intended to say was that the part is "complex and baffling." Kundry does not babble. She leaves that to Gurnemanz. Kundry in two acts is a woman of few words, and therefore perhaps the most attractive heroine in Wagnerian opera. She has much to say in the second act, but it should be remembered that Klingsor hypnotised her into a state of amorous loquacity.

The performance of Miss Fremstad was one of high artistic merit. She herself was an apparition of rare loveliness. Her costume was something more than Kundry's best gown donned for her ceremonial duties in Klingsor's palace; it was striking and imaginative. Her head-dress, however, might easily be made more effective. Miss Fremstad wisely accentuated the one phase of Kundry's character that is easily comprehended by poor mortals: her sensuous charm when prepared for conquest. Voice, face and sumptuous body generously revealed were used as weapons against Parsifal, who triumphed in this instance out of respect to the wishes of the libretto and with a view to the necessity of a third act. Miss Fremstad sang with marked beauty of tone, musical intelligence, and dramatic appreciation.

This beauty of tone was preserved as long as the music favored the true working voice. The extreme upper tones were inclined to be thin and shrill, but she managed these tones discreetly. Her dramatic action was masterly. Even Parsifal's closest friends feared for him when Kundry made her mute and caressing appeal after the hero had tired himself out by singing about Amfortas and the harm done to him in a like situation. Miss Fremstad is preeminently the Kundry of the second act. In the other scenes her impersonation was less distinguished. She was recalled several times after the temptation scene.

The transformation in the second act was this time worked on a lighted stage. There was a good sized and much interested audience.

NEEDLESS WHITEWASH.

A woman of emotional tendencies, lively imagination and social opportunity who has resolutely lived a sober life may, after the flush and heyday of her beauty, well wonder whether it was after all worth while to pass out of existence as a drab personage, when she sees how historians and essayists and antiquarians dwell lovingly on noble dames of the past who were, not to be ungallant toward the dead, at least somewhat emancipated in their views of life and conduct. It is true that the effort of these literary lovers is to whitewash these sumptuous beauties, to deny the testimony of envious or slighted contemporaries, to turn the light o' loves and murderous ones of the ages into most estimable ladies whose life was filled with charitable works, whose every sigh was a devout prayer. But the whitewashers first feel it their duty to tell at length and with peculiar fervor the deeds of which these women were so unjustly accused.

The Empress Theodora was long ago clothed in virtue, but her restorer to the favorable consideration of the strait-laced took the trouble to quote all the incredible tales told by Procopius and related again in the decent reserve of a foreign language by Gibbon. Lucrezia Borgia, it now appears, was worthy to be the president of a Dorcas society. Mr. Bouche-Leclercq has whitewashed our old friend Cleopatra, and it is a pity that she is unable to read his "Histoire des Lagides." Would she be complimented? Would she find pleasure in her transformation? We doubt it. We see her treating the unfortunate historian as she threatened to treat the messenger from Italy, and lo, Mr. Bouche-Leclercq is whipped with wire and stewed in brine, and smarts in lingering pickle.

The last historical personage to have the garb of sanctity thrown over her filthy rags of unrighteousness is Marguerite of Valois, La Reine Margot. Mr. Charles Merki is the man who has done her this harm in the eyes of all lovers of romance. Marguerite, it seems, was frank and statesmanlike and patriotic, generous to the poor and to all religious orders, and, above all, extremely feminine. And here is the most unkindest cut of all: the story of her excesses cannot be true, for she had the long Valois face and heavy eyelids. Ingenuous Mr. Merki! Yet Brantome praised her beauty, and young Don John of Austria, a man of taste in such matters, showed her the utmost devotion.

The world at large prefers to think of these noble dames as extravagant and melodramatic in their pleasures. Neither the Cleopatra of Mr. Bouche-Leclercq nor that of Mr. Shaw will ever take the place of the serpent of the Nile; Lucrezia will still poison gayly; Theodora will shine infamously on the Byzantine stage; Marguerite will wear the hearts of her lovers in neatly contrived compartments of her girdle; the other Marguerite will hold her midnight orgies in the Tour de Nesle. And even the staidest woman will think of these dames and others of the too celebrated sisterhood rather than of them rehabilitated, cleansed and less romantic.

AN OLD INQUIRY.

The Englishman in search of copy falls back on the old inquiry into the precise nature of American humor, whether the article be really humor, and, if it be, whether it be profitable to the world at large. The fact that certain works by Bret Harte and Mark Twain have been translated into many languages is ignored by the calm analyst. As far back as 1865 Mr. John Camden Hotten, as he called himself, wrote a preface to Artemus Ward's first book. The preface, without the author's intention, was almost as funny as anything of Artemus Ward's. Mr. Hotten's annotations were also amusing. As when he explained "boss": "The terms 'master' and 'servant' grate upon the ears of all Americans." "Occashunly they git mad" had this note: "A common expression in the United States, used in the sense of 'angry,' 'vexed,' as 'I was quite mad at him'; 'he made me mad.'" An American, forsooth! Mr. Hotten was singularly ignorant of his own language. The word "mad," meaning angry, has been used by sound English writers from 1300 to Trollope's "Last Chronicle of Barset." Does not the Psalmist say: "And they that are mad against me are sworn against me"?

A Londoner now pities our condition because, as he alleges, we do not appreciate Punch. We appreciate it when it publishes something worth while. John Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, Du Maurier had no warmer admirers than in this country. The sketches of social life as they appear today seem commonplace or repetitious. The bishop and the curate, the dowager, the heavy swell, the daughter in society and the smart little girl, the amateur sportsman, all repeat pretty much the familiar old lines.

Mr. Harry Furniss, whose behavior after he returned from a sojourn in this country, was inexplicable, for he did not wantonly abuse us for the hospitality shown him, once said: "In America the caricaturists kill the politicians, while the English caricaturists only make them smile." This was not always true of English caricaturists. Gilray and Rowlandson were coarse, brutal and nasty; they spared not the private life of man or woman. In comparatively recent days Matt Morgan's pictorial onslaughts on the present King were terrible in their ferocity. In the matter of political caricature the question of "locus" is most important. The Londoner no more appreciates fully the caricature of the American politician than the Bostonian understands fully the precise point in the cartoon that treats of some English local issue.

The American has got beyond the pun period in jest formation. In Punch the pun is still all important. The most elaborate joke is a play on words. We remember one that set all England alaughing uproariously. Shakespeare said that Hamlet was fat; Mr. Veziu should, then, be the ideal Hamlet, because "he's Wheezin'." Observe how carefully this jest is constructed. The foundations are solid, there is no crack in the masonry; and when the summit is achieved, bells are rung, banners are waved, there is firing of loud-mouthed cannon. Remember, too, how British burlesques for years were stuffed with verbal plums of like brilliance.

The pun has still its defenders, who tell you, with the air of settling the matter for all time, that Plato, Aeschylus, Cleopatra and Charles Lamb were all addicted to punning. Perhaps it is true, as the drunken student in "Les Miserables" asserts, that the most august, the most sublime, the most charming of humanity have made puns, and puns may have been serious factors in politics But Pope and Gay, in their zealous tract entitled "God's Revenge Against Punning," showed the miserable fate of persons addicted to this crying sin in court and town, and Dr. Johnson defined a punster as a low wit who endeavors at reputation by double meaning. Science warns us against the practice for, according to Maudsley, punning is an indication of insane neurosis. Nor is this insanity brilliant: it is not far removed from imbecility, if Maudsley may be believed. No American humorist worthy the name has been willing to rest his fame on such a basis.

mch 11 1905

"LA GIOCONDA" NOT VERY FIERY

Crush of Patrons at Ponchielli's Opera—Nordica Self-Conscious and Inadequate—Caruso's Illness Chastens His Ardor.

MME. HOMER WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT

The Artists Did Not Play or Sing with the Melodramatic Fire That Was Essential to Full Success of the Production.

The Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried director, performed Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" last night at the Boston Theatre. Mr. Vigna conducted. The cast was as follows:

La Gioconda.....Mme. Nordica
Laura Adorno.....Mme. Homer
La Cieca.....Miss Walker
Enzo Grimaldo.....Mr. Caruso
Barnaba.....Mr. Giraldoni
Alvise Badoero.....Mr. Plancon
Zuane.....Mr. Begue
Un Cantore.....Mr. Dufriche
Isepo.....Mr. Gaccone

Ponchielli's one opera that has more than parochial life was produced here at the Boston Theatre early in January, 1884. The singers were Mmes. Christine Nilsson, Fursch-Madi, Scalchi and Messrs. Stagno, Del Puente and Novara. Two of the arias have since been sung often in concerts, and the ballet music has been played here.

The libretto based by Boito on Victor Hugo's "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," is extravagantly melodramatic and arranged with a view to sharp contrasts and curtain effects. Not one of the characters as impersonated last night excites sympathy. They are all moved about ruthlessly in a game of horror to thrill the spectator, who is not thrilled unless the parts are acted and the music sung with blazing Italian fire.

Unless there be this intensity of action and song, the characters are the veriest puppets. Barnaba is our old friend the villain, hissed by the gallery for his atrocious soliloquies, plots and deeds; Enzo is any romantic tenor in love with another man's wife; Alvise is the familiar portrait of a revengeful Italian husband, with a quiet vein of sardonic humor; the Mother is a cross between Fides in "The Prophet" and the mother of the prima donna; Laura is simply the woman who married the wrong man. The adulterous couple run away to a more genial clime; the mother is killed and Gioconda, the innocent one, who is the sport of fate, stabs herself. We like to think of Barnaba and Alvise talking the whole thing over the next day.

Hugo's play is extravagant enough in 1905; and when it was first produced it was called extravagant, though the public was accustomed to supping on horrors; but the great acting of the two women who impersonated the chief parts shook all Paris. (Rachel was the Thisbe (La Gioconda) and Sarah Bernhardt played the part a month or so ago.) Boito's version is not so effective, and since there is music, the action is necessarily less irresistible in its effects.

Ponchielli's music in 1876 and for some years after raised him for a time in the eyes of some to the position of Verdi's rival. But "Aida" preceded "La Gioconda" and how is it with these two operas today? Ponchielli studied the works of Verdi faithfully; he learned from him, and more than once is there evidence in "La Gioconda" of this study. He pondered the methods of composers for the Paris opera, especially Meyerbeer. He was also here and there experimental, and certain formulas of passion, abrupt phrases, sudden cadences of a peculiar form, are of his own invention. These he handed down to the younger Italians. You recognize them in works by Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and especially Puccini, who was Ponchielli's favorite pupil. With this exception the originality of Ponchielli is not marked in "La Gioconda."

Wherever there is a pretext for an aria, duet, trio, he takes advantage of it after the old Italian fashion and without consideration of the dramatic requirement. Few of the set melodies haunt the memory. They are for the most part cast in the old mould. They have not the dramatic stab, the poignant intensity, the emotional quality of Verdi's; they have not the long drawn out sweetness of Bellini's or of Donizetti's, when the latter is at his best. The recitative, a mixture of speech and song, is fashioned after the French rather than after Ponchielli's predecessors. Enzo's famous air, perhaps the most spontaneous melody in the opera, seems episodic, built up of phrases that really are unrelated, and it is without an inevitable climax.

The trio in the first act, the impressive and stirring finale of the third act, and the ballet music are today the freshest and most effective portions of the work. Not that the rest of the music is hopelessly old fashioned; not that the orchestration is without substance and color; but the music of the opera as a whole does not steadily italicize the dialogue, it does not accentuate the pathos or the terror of the situation.

Whether singers of greater dramatic ability than those of last night could vitalize the work as a whole and rivet the attention is another question. The production was in certain ways an elaborate one. The opera was well staged, the groupings were well managed, the color effects in the symbolical ballet were beautiful. There was a serious attempt on the part of the management to produce the opera in a worthy manner. Mr. Vigna conducted passionately, always with an inward fire and at times with a bodily emotion that seemed almost foreign to cool New Englanders. The orchestra was unusually good, and the finale, so far as it and the orchestra were concerned, was most effective. But the leading men and women on the stage did not play or sing with the melodramatic fire and intensity that might have heightened Ponchielli's music and made it for the time being alive and glowing.

Mme. Nordica's voice was not brilliant; it was often thin and colorless, or cold and hard. The part demands an experienced actress of southern fire. It is enough to say that Mme. Nordica was self-conscious and inadequate.

Mme. Homer disappointed in song both in vocal quality and expression, and her action was respectably conventional. Miss Walker sang her music with beauty of tone and art. Her impersonation otherwise was colorless. Mr. Caruso did remarkably well for one suffering from a slight attack of the mumps, but his sickness necessarily chastened his dramatic ardor. Mr. Giraldoni acted the part of the spy with some vigor and a certain finesse, but he seemed at times indifferent and his tremulous voice marred sadly effects that he otherwise might have made. Mr. Plancon sang with his customary skill and was courteous in his vengeance.

The theatre was crowded with an audience that was enthusiastic whenever there was opportunity for such display. The performance was interesting, but it was not thrilling, partly on account of the character of certain musical scenes, but chiefly, we believe, by reason of the lack of dramatic fire on the stage.

The opera this afternoon will be Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots." The chief singers will be Mmes. de Macchi, Sembrich, Walker and Messrs. Saleza, Journet, Plancon, Scotti. Mr. Vigna will conduct. The performance will begin at 2 o'clock.

The opera this evening will be Wagner's "The Mastersingers." The chief singers will be Mmes. Alten and Homer and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Goritz, Blass, Muehlmann, Reiss. Mr. Hertz will conduct. The performance will begin at 7:45 o'clock. This will be the last night of the all too short season.

THE CASE OF CARUSO.

The news that Mr. Caruso, the eminent tenor, had the mumps was flashed to Eastport and the Golden Gate, from pole to pole. There was a panic in the Bourse, for Mr. Caruso is expected in Paris this season. The pillars of Covent Garden were shaken. Vesuvius, in her dismay, threw up a wail of smoke. At Tokio and St. Petersburg there was no thought of war.

If the disease had been acute Bright's, a cruel nervous attack, an irregularity of the heart; if he had been injured by the fall of an elevator; if some rival had tried to poison him with spaghetti sauce; if there had been any heroic feature! The mumps is not a dramatic ailment except to the victim. There are certain uncomfortable or painful sicknesses that excite little sympathy and easily provoke laughter. The mumps! Old Bailey's dictionary defines the word as a sort of quinsy or swelling in the chaps. The word itself is one we do not associate with Edgardo, Canio, Enzo.

"Parotitis" helps some. It suggests something internal, complicated, dangerous. One sees the operating table, the ether cone, the surgeon in his butchering clothes, the assistants speculating as to the recovery. The ancients had no word like mumps, but they knew the ailment and had their approved remedies. They applied soothing and digestive cataplasms, "such as that from barley flour, that from wheat, or from the flour of linseed with honied water, or boiled with the decoction of fenugreek, or of marshmallows, or of chamomile, and that from dock and axunge without salt." Hoarhound with salts was also applied, but juice of linseed was especially esteemed, after a cataplasm of ammoniac was put on, mixed with liquid pitch, bull's fat, bdellium, storax, or hart's marrow. Has any one of these remedies been given the great singer? There is nothing too good for him.

Is Mr. Caruso too blooded? He has the neck of a Roman emperor, and Galen in such instances allowed venesection. But the most convenient remedy would be peculiarly symbolical, and it would appeal strongly to the tenor's marked sense of humor; the application of figs, boiled and pounded.

To give the fig to a person was, as many know, to make a contemptuous gesture, either by thrusting the thumb between two of the closed fingers or into the mouth. This gesture, "the fig of Spain," has always been one of defiance and insult among all nations, and perhaps it is just as well not to inquire into its origin. Mrs. Boffin, who frequently says she doesn't care a fig, would be shocked. To double a thumb in your right hand still averts danger in English provinces. Now, if Mr. Caruso should make the application of figs, he would show his contempt for the evil forces at work, and at the same time reduce the swelling.

Parotitis is irregular for parotiditis, and wise men tell us that in advanced life it is sometimes apt to run into a chronic form. Caruso is young, and he is not exposed to this danger. May he be spared from all the unpleasant consequences that too often follow in the train of this disease. It is a pity that his parotitis broke out in Boston, for he may lay it to our justly celebrated climate. We should prefer to think that some rival, crazed by the roaring and the wreaths for another, cast a spell on him, fixed him with his evil eye, when Mr. Caruso was not on his guard, or had put aside his amulet for a moment.

TWO HEADS.

Some one said recently, apropos of Mr. Pinero's latest play, that Mr. Pinero is now a master of stage technic without fresh ideas; that it is high time for him to associate himself with a much younger man full of motives and suggestion, but without knowledge of the theatre and of stagecraft.

Collaboration has been defined as "a form of enthusiastic friendship to which writers of fiction appear to be especially liable." This sort of partnership is by no means a thing of modern invention. Beaumont and Fletcher and other Elizabethan playwrights mulled over dramas in common as they drank wine at the Mermaid. Some were imprisoned for their joint labors. There are successful instances of literary partnership that will occur at once to every one. Reade and Taylor, Besant and Rice, Erckmann and Chatriau, the Rosnys, who sign themselves J. H. Rosny, Meilhac and Halevy. In France plays and librettos are often signed by two, three, or even four names.

They that favor collaboration insist on these advantages: One author acts as a complement to the other; he cools extravagant fancy, or supplies its lack; he checks diffuseness, lops off superfluities that would distract, gives point to the dialogue, or polishes it, adds color here and there. He may not write a line; but he puts himself in the place of the spectator or the reader and views the thing without personal prejudice; he thus has a better idea of the proportions and values. As a friendly critic in a painter's studio, he points out a flaw in the drawing; he recommends a stronger background, greater brevity in lines, or he complains of certain lights. Two heads are better than one. This depends on what is inside the heads.

Instances in illustration for or against this theory are interesting if not conclusive. The weakest of Charles Reade's more important novels was written with the help of an experienced, wily dramatist. When James Rice died, the novels of Besant lost the delightful flow of high spirits. Neither Stevenson nor Kipling was at his best when writing with another. On the other hand, who can distinguish the work of Erckmann from that of Chatrian, or that of Meilhac from that of Halevy? The latter partnership was dissolved before the death of Meilhac, and neither one seemed to suffer thereby, for each produced excellent work after the dissolution.

Such partnerships, of course, stimulate the curiosity of the public. The reader is sure that this description is by Jones and this analysis of character is by Smith. The heroic scenes are by the latter, and the padding is always by the less prominent of the two—which is not necessarily the case. The judgment of the reader may be laughably astray. Jones may have imitated the inimitable style of Smith; or Smith may have nodded and Jones surpassed himself.

The great novels of the world have been the works of individual writers, unaided except by native mental strength and a sure knowledge of the human heart. Fielding, Jane Austen, Cervantes, Balzac needed no collaborator. The elder Dumas was greater when he was unassisted. It has been said that Shakespeare and Moliere, who helped themselves freely from the works of others, thus wrote in partnership, a euphemism for plagiarism. There was a landscape painter named Harpignies, called the Michael Angelo of trees. He met one day, near a country village, a young amateur at work, who looked annoyed and said to him: "Master, perhaps you don't know that I have reserved this spot for myself." Shakespeare, Moliere, the elder Dumas, Handel, were, to speak by the card, all plagiarists; they took boldly what seemed good to them and made it immortal. In this sort of partnership, only one name appears; the other partners are silent.

MR. CONRIED

Mr. CONRIED is disappointed in Boston. Did he not express this disappointment in a statement to a representative of The Herald, a statement published last Tuesday morning?

"I am not sure that Boston is able to discriminate between a good production and a poor one. There has been one version of 'Parsifal' presented here already, and that has cut into the sale of seats for my production. The public here seems to think that it has seen 'Parsifal,' and I claim that it has not. There are artists in my company who cost more than all of the other company put together; the scenery is new, and the music is the best possible.

"Out in Chicago they have seen the early production of 'Parsifal,' which is to my performance as a chromo to an oil painting, but they have bought out $14,000 worth of seats for my company's production in advance. Now, isn't that encouraging?"

These are not the words of a petulant person; they express the deep-rooted grief of a philanthropist who finds those whom he would benefit indifferent, ungrateful. Incidentally, Mr. Conried knocks Mr. Savage, who had the presumption to produce "Parsifal" here in English before Mr. Conried brought over the simon-pure article—none genuine unless stamped on the blade.

According to Mr. Conried's proposition, a public should refrain from hearing an opera at a moderate price when it will have an opportunity to hear it at a much higher price. The zeal of his house seems to cloud his judgment.

A Short Comparison.

Was Mr. Savage's production a "chromo"? It was not ideal, but neither was Mr. Conried's, if only for the reason that an exposed orchestra, goaded to madness by Mr. Hertz, an enthusiastically acrobatic conductor, screamed and raged. Mr. Savage at least recognized the necessity of a more or less sunken orchestra. His players were in doubt inferior to those of the Metropolitan, but the performance of the latter in this city was at times ragged as well as boisterous, and there was more than one disturbing disagreement between orchestra and singers. The scenery in Mr. Savage's production was more than adequate. The transformation scene in the second act was more effectively worked than in Mr. Conried's performance. The chorus sang as well as the Metropolitan chorus, if not better, and on the opening night at the Tremont the Flower Maidens acted with more grace and animation and sang with more sensuous charm than the girls at the Boston last week. Mr. Putnam Griswold was an admirable Gurnemanz in every respect. Mme. Kirkby Lunn certainly acted the part of Kundry with the reserve, the coolness displayed by Mme. Nordica, but she did not spare her voice. The tenors, inferior to Mr. Burgstaller in vocal generosity, were not so grotesque in action. Mr. Bischoff as Amfortas made almost as much noise as Mr. Van Rooy. The impersonation of Klingsor was the weak spot at the Tremont, for neither of the singers who assumed it gave an effective histrionic impersonation. The minor parts were much more satisfactorily taken at the Boston. On the other hand, Mr. Rothwell was more poetic and imaginative than Mr. Hertz, and his indisputable authority was quite exercised. He did not feel himself called upon to whirl and brandish shrieking arms.

It was not our intention to draw a comparison between the two productions. The Herald in its review of the performance of "Parsifal," published Wednesday morning, made no reference to Mr. Savage's company or stage management. Each performance should be judged by itself, without reference to one that preceded or may follow. But Mr. Conried who introduces the subject. Displeased or grieved because his production of "Parsifal" did not crowd the theatre, he argues that some enemy hath done this. "Mr. Savage produced 'Parsifal' in Boston; his production is to mine as a chromo to an oil painting; therefore people do not wish to see my oil painting." It might be said in reply that the sight of a chromo generally excites one to see the painting.

No. Mr. Conried's enemy in this instance is not the amiable and entertaining Mr. Savage; it is the late Richard Wagner.

The True Foe of "Parsifal."

Wagner, and then his widow and son, were never so commercially

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MR. HEINRICH CONRIED

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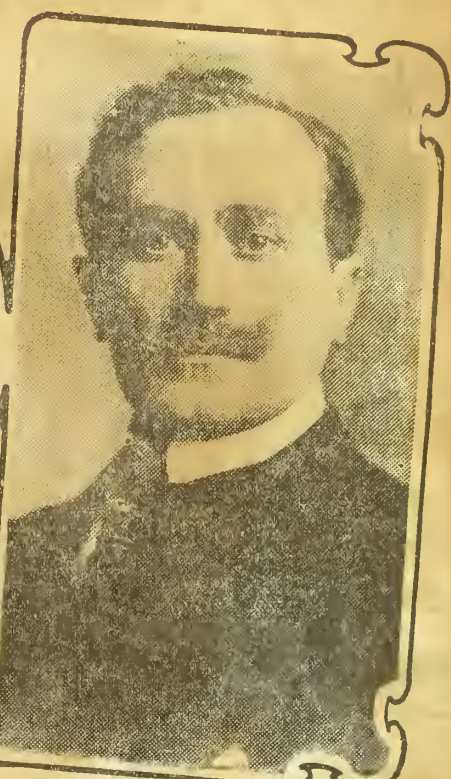

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MRS. SOPHIA BRUCE.

e Savage Version of Parsifal" and the Con-ed Production — A omparison Shows That Some Respects the -Called "Chromo" as Superior to Its Suc-ssor — Pryor's Band at oston Theatre Tonight Concerts and Recitals the Week.

as when in turn they used every to keep "Parsifal" for Bayreuth he music drama demands impera-the pilgrimage, the alleged atmos-the adoring crowd of fetishists, g less in number year by year, ob of gaping tourists. The in-weakness and dulness of the re revealed when it is put on an ry stage and examined as coolly ugh it were a music drama with-y pretension to an ethical or a us mission. As Mr. Ernest New-ays: "All works of art that an evangel have one foot in the from the commencement. * * * anity needs to be instructed as to and convention, society and the ual, marriage and divorce, chas-nd sensuality, the place for that tion is certainly not the opera. as one need concern oneself with t has been written about Wagner eader of thought, one can only at no real guidance can come en who, like him, live among the st phantasms of the political and hical life. We may as well take or earthquakes as suppose that ng will come of maundering for-bout sin and redemption, or talk-ommon sentimentalities about as a redeemer. If Wagner's s are to be taken as tracts, it e said that their premises are un-and their argumentation incon-. It is practically certain that in r 50 years no one will care er they are or are not tracts, and ey will be judged purely and sim-works of art. On this side again ing influences are already seen to work."

their curiosity is appeased, many care to see "Parsifal" a second It was not that Mr. Savage's pro-was a "chromo"; it was because hile the eye was amused, the ear comparatively little to entertain the spirit revolted against the inable preaching of Gurnemanz, onklish asceticism of the libretto, bored and abnormal scene of seduction. "Let me kiss you for your mother," says Kundry to the poor fool, who then remembers Amfortas and is as hysterical as when he was told that the slaying of a swan is an offence against nature and the Deity. This long drama of inaction has little human interest.

Opera-goers, men and women, are not moved by abstract propositions and metaphysical theories put into the semblance of human forms and endowed with a voice. They understand and appreciate Amfortas howling in anguish and remorse. But what to them are Kundry, hypnotized that she may seduce without personal consciousness of her attempt, or Klingsor with his bag of tricks, or the pious fool with his irreverential make-up in the third act, or these women-abhorring knights with their clock-work gait and embracings, or old and prating Gunnybags?

"Parsifal" is a card of surprise in a manager's hand. It wins one game.

As a feature of several seasons it will draw perhaps a certain audience. More than once this season the Metropolitan made a sorry showing when it was performed. Taken on the road, this "sacred drama" may at first win $14,000 from the spiritually inclined Chicagoans; it may move the hardened denizens of Dallas, Tex., to repentance for a fortnight, but we doubt whether it will have an abiding place in the repertory of any company, whether the manager be Mr. Conried or Mr. Savage, or even some more adventurous soul.

LOCAL.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, will give its second concert Friday evening, the 24th, in Jordan Hall. The programme will include Bach's motet for double chorus, "Komm, Jesu, Komm"; d'Indy's "Sur la Mer," for female voices, with soprano solo and pianoforte; madrigals by Arcadelt, Palestrina, Dowland, Morley Pearsall; part songs by Mendelssohn, Brahms, Grechaninof, Cui, and a double chorus by Taneieff. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall.

The 12th Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall, on March 19, will be given by the Kneisel quartet.

Henning von Koss, whose songs will be sung by Mr. Ernest Sharpe at his last recital, Wednesday afternoon, was born in 1855 in eastern Prussia. Educated for the law, he preferred music to a legal career, and finally settled in Berlin. His first song was published when he was about 25 years of age. All of the songs, with the exception of two, will be sung here for the first time.

The fourth annual concert of the American Guild of Mandolinists, Banjoists and Guitarists will be given in Jordan Hall, March 29. The list of artists includes the following: The Harvard 'Varsity Banjo Club; Mr. Giuseppe Pettine, mandolin soloist; George L. Lansing, banjo soloist; the Boston Ideal Club; Curtis Morse, humorist, and a grand orchestra of over 200 mandolins, banjos and guitars, assisted by 'cellos, drums, two violins and flute, and accompanied by the organ at the hall, which will be played by Mr. J. A. Baumgartner.

Tickets for Mr. Ernest Sharpe's last song recital may be obtained of Mr. Newman, Steinert Hall.

Mr. Anton Hekking will give his third 'cello recital in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, the 20th. He will play excerpts from concertos by Sitt and Vieuxtemps, and pieces by Servais, Chopin, MacDowell and Van Goens.

A recital of chamber music, under the auspices of the Faelten pianoforte school, will be given in Huntington Chambers Hall on Thursday, April 13, by Mr. Faelten, assisted by Mr. Hess, violinist, and Mr. Krasselt, 'cellist.

Mrs. Florence Hartman, soprano, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, the 28th. She will be assisted by Mr. Theodorowitsch, violinist, and Mr. Felix Fox, pianist.

Miss Laura Henry will give an organ recital in Berkeley Temple on Wednesday evening, the 22d. She will play pieces by Bach, Schumann, Dubois and Guilmant.

There will be no Symphony concerts this week. The programme for March 24-25 will include Mozart's symphony in D major (K. 504), Grieg's piano concerto (Mr. C. Rubner, pianist), Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" (first time here) and the introduction to act 2 of Richard Strauss' "Guntram."

Mr. John Hermann Loud will give on Monday evening in the Harvard Church Brookline, his 138th organ recital, and the 46th of his free recitals in this church. The programme will include pieces by Bach, Boely, Handel, Guilmant, Brewer, Smart, Widor, Lemmens. This will be the last recital of the present series.

Mrs. Fay Simmons Davis will be the organist of the First Religious Society, Roxbury, Dr. De Normandie, pastor, after April 1.

PERSONAL.

There is a foolish habit in London of announcing a violinist or a pianist on a programme by only the surname, as "Kubelik," "Kreisler," "De Pachmann." Mr. Karcsay, a violinist, assisted Feb. 20 a Miss Marian Coyle, "the Californian contralto." This led Mr. Blackburn to remark that Karcsay, "when one remembers that his Christian name

... by any chance included in a programme, rather reminds one of that famous sect which used to be described in Whitaker's Almanac as 'Christians who object to be known by any other title.'" As for Miss Coyle, she did not impress Mr. Blackburn as possessing more than considerable promise, "for the slight details of her accomplishment were by no means worked up to their proper possibilities, details, we mean, of breathing, pronunciation and of serious realization in connection with the music which she sang." Her feeling for music is described as "primitive."

There are other queer doings in London concert rooms. "It now appears to be the habit of singers to imitate the practice of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, and to carry, as it were, a little prayer book of songs for purposes of reference, a little form of affectation which has grown so popular that perhaps it may be right to suggest that audiences scarcely regard it in these days with much seriousness. Miss Mabel Marx chose to follow this funny little habit."

Mr. Ernst von Dohnanyi was described on a London programme, Feb. 17, as "the great Hungarian pianist." Mr. Baughan made this comment: "I do not think he can be called exactly great, even with the qualification of 'Hungarian,' but it was clear that he has considerably improved."

Miss Ivy St. Aubyn Angove is the sonorous name of a young English violinist, a pupil of Wilhelmi and of Sevcik.

The feminists of Liege should be happy, if they ever can be happy, since a lady has conducted one of the conservatoire concerts in the Belgian city. Her name is Juliette Folville, and she made, we learn, intelligent efforts in a task which might have "given to think" both Richter and Mottl. Curiously enough, the lady's programme contained nothing but overtures—those, namely, to "St. Cecilia's Day" (Handl), "Iphigenie in Aulide," "Don Giovanni," "Oberon" and "Der Fliegende Hollaender."—London Telegraph.

Miss May Rawlinson sang in London Feb. 16, and inspired Mr. Blackburn to this orphic saying: "Her style is distinctly artistic, even though it may not rank as greater than the styles which have been introduced to modern thought by the intervention of such modern teachers as make for our own sentiment, when emotion seems once more to us practically to be one of the central desires of the world. It is a very grave question as to whether emotion in its own line should have so much power over mankind, and also over the desire which always must exist in mankind's expressiveness. It is extremely difficult to distinguish (and we have often made the point before) between that which is purely a matter which may or may not add to one's smaller experience, in the desire to solve some of the great difficulties which art presents to such of us who take a serious interest in the matter, to such of us, also, who care for the discussion of art."

PRYOR'S BAND AT THE BOSTON.

Arthur Pryor and his band will appear at the Boston Theatre this evening for a grand sacred concert. To those who heard this organization, founded and directed by Sousa's celebrated trombonist, the attraction requires no introductory comment. Bands come and go; few achieve the distinction that has fallen to this young American bandmaster and his musicians. His success, moreover, has been thoroughly earned and has been far from a matter of luck or the mere improvement of opportunity, for Mr. Pryor, when assistant conductor of Sousa's band, won his spurs as a leader. He himself will be heard in one of his solos. The other soloists announced for tonight's concert are Miss Cecelia Niles, soprano; Miss Dorothy Hoyle, violinist; Walter B. Rogers, cornetist, late bandmaster of the 7th regiment, New York, and Simone Mantida, assistant conductor of the band, who will perform a euphonium solo.

RIGHTS TO "PARSIFAL."

The movement inaugurated at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, when "Parsifal" was produced for the first time outside the sacred precincts of Bayreuth, seems to be spreading. It appears to be the fact that, during the midsummer of the present year, "Parsifal" is likely to be given in Amsterdam. We do not quite know how the law of copyright extends from Germany to Holland, but it would seem that the sacred influences of Bayreuth have little enough persuasiveness with Mr. Henry Viotta, who is arranging, one learns, for the forthcoming production. We notice, in a contemporary, that certain immediate followers of Wagner, described as "the old guard," are protesting against what they are pleased to call a monstrous project, and are adjuring Mr. Viotta to prove his reverence toward "the last will of the greatest of masters." Such a last will, it seems to us, should have no influence whatever with Mr. Viotta, seeing that the common laws of copyright would, in any case, give to all the world every right of performance within the small space of some nine years. It would be as fruitful to discuss the blasphemy, let us say, of selling Milton's "Paradise Lost" at the present time for the sum of fourpence halfpenny, as to complain of the common law. The cases are exactly parallel; and it is really difficult to perceive why such words as "outrage," "profanity," hoc genus omne, should be applied in connection with a more general publication of the work of a master who died in 1883 than to the work of a poet who was some 200 years his senior.

As a business matter, it was wise that the work should be protected as much as possible in the interests of the Wagner family; so much everybody will acknowledge. But the question of copyright has been so often discussed and has been regulated so definitely by the laws of various countries that the time was bound to come, in the necessity of things, when the work becomes the property of the world. As Macaulay put it in a very striking sentence of his famous speech, which practically altered our laws of copyright in England: "An advantage that is to be enjoyed more than half a century after you are dead by somebody, we know not by whom, by somebody unborn, is really no motive at all to action." In the 18th century, again, Tonson was, of course, the great publisher in England. In connection with this fact, Macaulay adds: "Milton's works are the property of a single publisher. Whoever attempts to undersell Tonson is harassed with legal proceedings." The point once more is apt; for how many people will care to afford, now that the composer himself is dead, to make a long voyage to an exceedingly inaccessible town in order to enjoy the flower of Wagner's genius, when in certain places the original significance of the copyright law has, by a natural age of limitation, ceased to exist?—Pall Mall Gazette.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Two new rhapsodies for piano by Sir Charles Stanford inspired by lines in Dante's "Inferno" were played in London by Mr. Grainger on Feb. 13. The Telegraph said: "A movement, headed with the name of the poet's Beatrice, could scarcely be other than suave and serene, and the thought which pervades the whole of this, the earlier rhapsodie, strikes us as happier than the inspiration which prompted the composer in the later, placed under the invocation of Capaneo."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie is so observant a man and so sensitive a musician that it was a foregone conclusion that his tour in Canada in the spring of 1903 would bear artistic fruit, and the first product is a Canadian rhapsody now being printed by Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, to be produced by the Philharmonic Society at Queen's Hall on the 15th of February. The work is in three movements—an allegro vivace in D in 6-8 measure, leading into an andante espressivo in A minor in 12-8 rhythm, and an allegro vivace in F in 2-4 time. The music is based upon Canadian folk songs selected by Sir Alexander from a collection he made while on tour. With the exception of a piece of minor importance by a Dutch professor, I know of no work of artistic design having for thematic material the old tunes of Canada, and this imparts peculiar interest to the new rhapsody. The first movement is chiefly based upon a popular children's song named "Tenaouch' Tenaga, Ouich'ka," uncanny looking and sounding words which are probably phonetic endeavors to imitate the cries of Indians, since the song commences:

C'etait un vieux sauvage
Tout noir, tout barbouilla,
Ouich'ka!

which suggest an Indian bogey man. Great interest attaches to the principal subject of the andante. This is thoroughly Scotch in idiom, but is allied to old French words. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is of opinion that it was written in Canada. Who was the exiled Scotsman who composed this tune? It is a tune that seems to have come down to us laden with the pathos and experience of centuries. Oscillating between the old modes and our modern minor scale, it is full of unexpected intervals that quicken the imagination to grasp their significance. The song is entitled "Bytown," the old name for Ottawa, and it opens quaintly with the following lines:

C'est dans la ville de Bailtoune,
La lousque j'aite faire un tour.

The finale is principally based on the tune, "A la Claire Fontaine," but the composer has worked in fragments of other old French-Canadian airs. Although the key of the movement is F, the rhapsody ends in the tonality in which it began with the best known melody in Canada, viz., "Vive la Canadienne," given out on the Glockenspiel. The words of this song are of comparatively recent date, but the lively tune—one of the most lively I know—is old.—The Referee (London).

SINGERS IN VAUDEVILLE.

"Lancelot" of the Referee heard the Dumonds, a soprano, a tenor, a bass and a violinist, at the Palace Theatre, London. The musical abilities of the party are above the average. They give a higher tone to the entertainment.

"While listening to their singing and playing, and particularly to the appreciative and hearty applause which followed their performances, thought I to myself, thought I, here is a musical audience who can discriminate; without are many finished and gifted singers and instrumentalists. Why do the latter not besiege Mr. Alfred Butt for engagements? Fine vocalism, the rendering of the best songs by cultured artists, would, without the shadow of a doubt, prove attractive at the best halls. Why is it not provided? Simply because concert artists are afraid that they would lose the esteem of the serious public and concert agents, with consequent loss of engagements and lowering of fees; but why should singing at a music hall lower the status of a vocalist?

"Of course, there are more grades of society in variety theatres than in concert room audiences, and variety theatres vary greatly in their style of entertainment; but I venture to say that the bulk of the audiences at the Alhambra, Empire, Palace, Hippodrome and Coliseum are as refined, steady-going and responsible people, and moreover, are as fond of music as those who attend ballad concerts. Artists of the first rank appear at the latter; why should they not do so at the former? It is indeed only the unthinking prejudice that keeps first-class musical artists out of the best 'halls.' In time past there was good reason for this abstention. A few years ago no lady could ride outside an omnibus, but that was because the means of getting there were inconvenient; but now that a staircase and garden seats are provided mere man in summer time has often to ride inside. Not so very long since the lady who took a hansom risked her reputation, and she who bestrode a bicycle was anathema. But we have grown out of this, and surely it is time that artists should recognize the reputability of our most important variety theatres.

"The movement, however, must come from leading vocalists and instrumentalists. By their appearances they would open up hundreds of engagements to their less distinguished and struggling brethren, and they would, I believe, profit themselves not a little. They would take the best of their art to the people—a Christian work—and they would reach the toilers as well as the loiterers by the way, and if they were true to themselves and did not pander to effect and sensationalism, they would receive a right royal welcome. The noblest in the land go to the variety theatre; why should not the most gifted artists?"

FOR SINGERS.

Mr. Plunkett Greene sang some new songs at his recital in London early in February, and the Referee spoke of them as follows: "The new song-cycle entitled 'A Shropshire Lad,' by Mr. Arthur Somervell, will certainly add to his reputation as a song writer. The little poems, 10 in number, are manly in sentiment, and their spirit has been caught by the composer with a truth that increases their suggestiveness and significance. Although each ditty is complete in itself, the personal tone which runs through the series links them sufficiently together to justify the use of the term cycle. The most attractive are 'When I Was One-and-Twenty,' which contains a touch of humor happily accentuated by the music. 'There Pass the Careless People' has a cynical reflection on woman that indicates the hero of the songs having been jilted by some fair maid. 'The Street Sounds to the Soldiers' Tread' is a striking song conceived in a realistic vein that is sure to appeal to an audience. Tranquil charm and beauty distinguish 'While in the Moon,' and 'Think No More, Lads,' is a rollicking ditty that stirs the pulse, however Reason may shake her head. Except for occasional exaggeration in vigorous passages the songs were sung in a most effective manner by Mr. Plunkett Greene, and doubtless will become popular numbers in his extensive repertory. I was also much impressed by 'Three Traditional Ulster Songs,' arranged by Mr. Hamilton Harty. The second of these, entitled 'My Lagan Love,' is a very fine tune in the old modes, and the delivery of the second verse sotto voce by Mr. Greene was most eerie. The words are gently amorous, but the music imparts to them a ghostly significance that gives one the 'creeps.' The audience, however, so liked the sensation that it was repeated."

Chopin, as a writer of songs, has been insufficiently realized by musicians and musical people; but in a new edition of his "Seventeen Polish Songs. For a Singing Voice with Piano Accompaniment"—the phrase may pass, seeing that it is part of the title page—which has been issued by Ascherberg & Co., so far as London is concerned, and also by Friedrich Hofmeister, in Leipsic, and in Budapest, also in Pozony, belonging as well to the "Universal Edition in Vienna"—his lyrics, for by no other word can they be described, strike one as being most beautiful, tender and feeling, works very much akin to the thoughts of Schumann and to that peculiar theory which time has proved to be right, that the momentary inspiration of a song may possibly be equal to the production of quite a long period of time. It is rather curious to note how in these compositions Chopin showed the fruition of his genius in precisely the same way as he revealed himself in his greater and better known works. In such a song as "Mir aus den Augen," which was written some 75 years ago, the man is almost as modern as the most modern musician of today. A very unimportant series of years divided him from Mozart; but the difference between the two men was so absolute and so complete that one might almost think that many and many a generation had slipped by between the actual death dates of the two men. Mozart, with his glorious and magnificently sane genius, turned the conventions of his musical period into the inspirations of perfect freshness. Chopin, beginning at a later period when the old conventions had been made complete, was a kind of prophet of his immediate future. This has been recognized generally through his Nocturnes, and his other less famous pianoforte work. The time, of course, had not yet come when Henry Field's influence over music was likely to be excessively important. That Chopin took much thought from the work of Field cannot be doubted for a moment; but despite all the unhappiness of his own personal life, he at all events came into his kingdom precisely at the right turn of the wheel. Yet it still remains extraordinary that these very lovely songs should be so little known. The most exquisite work in the volume now issued is that which is entitled, in English, "Poland's Death Dirge," a song which is as poignant as anything in the same genre which Schumann ever created. In it, as it seems to us, Chopin sums up all his delicacy of temperament, flashed across by moments of intense strength. If it may truthfully be said that occasionally he wrote for neuralgic duchesses, it may also be said that occasionally he wrote for giants.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CONDUCTORS IN LONDON.

Fritz Steinbach: Most interesting of all it was to hear Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played under the direction of a conductor who seemed to know exactly the interior sentiment of Beethoven, and who also knew how to bring it forth in a most extraordinarily finished manner. Where Beethoven seemed to think out his music almost in an atmosphere of silence, there you had the pianissimo which came close to absolute quietude; where he spoke loudly, and to the great musical advantage of mankind, there you had the large and grandiose phrases so given to you that it was impossible not to feel the larger sense of humanity which Beethoven seems to have been sent to teach in his greater thoughts on music. Herr Steinbach made one feel the seriousness of this matter by the completeness of his contrasts. We remember a very interesting work written on Rome by Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, which concluded with the words: "And the contrasts were curious." Steinbach similarly makes his contrasts curious, because he feels the difference in mood which might at any moment attack a Beethoven even in the very midst of his inspiration. Perhaps, at times, one becomes just a trifle weary of inevitable comparisons; but there is no doubt about it that Steinbach, in insisting upon his own method, brings out in an extraordinary degree the elemental feeling of a composer. One might even write a philosophical treatise upon such a matter, determining that in this or that mood any composer might write for any public in an extreme activity of thought. That which is more difficult to understand is the middle way—in fact, the Via Media which occupied the minds of the leaders of what was called, in the first quarter of the 19th century, the Oxford movement, and which has been almost the resting place of every artistic mind, whether that mind might tend toward painting, music, literature, religion, art or philosophy. At any rate this fact remains, that seldom has there been heard in any concert room within reasonable experience so interesting a rendering of this symphony as that given last night by Herr Steinbach. The curious part of the whole matter was that the very exactness and accuracy with which each phrase was worked out made all the more toward the success of the work as an actual whole. Steinbach is a great conductor, and London audiences should always be very much interested in his appearances—Pall Mall Gazette.

Arthur Nikisch and Tschaikowsky's symphony: To me it was very interesting to hear the slight alterations made in the actual performance. On the whole, every effect was heightened. The lyrical languor was even more caressing, the passionate outbursts more volcanic, the climaxes more titanic, the colors more vivid than at rehearsal. In one particular the concert performance was not quite so convincing. I refer to the valse movement. It was a trifle too sad and drawn out. Tschaikowsky may have meant that, especially as he introduced the motto grief motive of the first movement. But I rather think he meant the valse to be a contrast to the gloom of the preceding sections, and as heralding the triumph of the last. The quotation from the first movement then becomes merely a passing remembrance of the earlier struggles of the soul to the light. At least this is how I read the music, and I think that Herr Nikisch's original view of it is a little wire-drawn. It seemed to me to conflict with the character of the music. The movement loses its bizarre contrast. The reading of the rest of the symphony would be difficult to uphold in every detail by the score itself, but although quite a personal view of the music, its splendid imagination made it convincing. I should not like to hear a less gifted conductor attempt to follow in the path of Herr Nikisch, however. Disaster in every respect would be the result. Rather than that, the plainest of plain interpretations would be preferable. But Nikisch is not only a virtuoso of the orchestra, and can bring off unheard of effects, but he is also a poet, and makes you feel that all he does has its meaning.—The Daily News.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M. Eleventh Sunday chamber concert. The String Orchestral Club, Mr. Gustav Strube, conductor, and Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton, pianist. The orchestral pieces will be Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, ballet music from Gluck's "Orpheus," a gavotte for strings, Bach, and Boieldieu's overture to "John of Paris." Mrs. Eaton will play Chopin's concerto in E minor and two solo pieces by Schuett.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Concert by Pryor's band.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Third concert in Miss Terry's series. Miss Beatrice Herford will give her two monologues, "In the Box Office" and "A Lady Packing." Mr. Langdon Frothingham will play piano pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Paderewski, Liszt, Brahms and Sgambati. Mr. William Kittredge, tenor, will sing songs by Nevin, Manney, Whelpley, Saint-Saens, Weckerlin, Widor, Caesar Franck. Miss Laura Hawkins will be the accompanist.

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Sophia Warren Bruce, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto. Mrs. Bruce will sing songs by Dvorak, W... Rubinstein, Cornelius, Mrs. Beach, Han... Ries, Stewart, Horn, Haydn and Del Ac... Mrs. Hunt's songs will be by Richard Stra... Ronald, Jonciéres, Chausson and Hol... Duets by Brahms and Miss Daniels wil... sung.

TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 3 P. M. Second recital by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, will play piano pieces by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin and Chopin-Liszt. ... will be assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cus... Child, contralto, and Miss Nina Flet... viola. Mrs. Child will sing Loeffler's "Cl... felee" and "Serenade," and Miss ... Fletcher will play the viola in these ... for voice, viola and piano. Mrs. Child ... also sing Loeffler's "Timbres oubliés" ... "Les Paons."

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Saint-Saens piano quartet in B flat major op. 41; W... Italian serenade (by request); Schubert quintet in C major, op. 163. Mr. Er... Schelling, pianist, and Mr. Joseph Ke... 'cellist, will assist.

WEDNESDAY—3 P. M. Mr. Ernest Sh... baritone, will give his fourth and last recital at his studio, 74 Commonwealth ... nue, Chestnut Hill (Newton Boulev... Songs by Henning von Koss of Berlin. J. Angus Winter will accompany.

Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. ... recital by Mr. Carl Faelten: Beetho... 32 variations, C minor; Weber's sonata ... 24; Schumann's "Scenes from Childh... op. 15; Raff's suite op. 72 in E m... Liszt's Polonaise in E major.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Ca... Belcher String Quartet (Misses Ca... Belcher, Sara Corbett, Helen Reynolds, ...lotte White). Dittersdorf's quartet ... major, Brahms' sonata in A major, for ... and violin, op 100; Grieg's quartet ... minor, op. 27. Mr. Heinrich Gebhard ... be the pianist.

E OPERA WEEK A BIG SUCCESS

Conried's Company Closes En- gement Here with Perform- ces of "The Huguenots" and he Mastersingers."

ERESTING FEATURES OF THE PRODUCTIONS

aikowsky's "Manfred" Given the Symphony Orchestra and r. Kreisler—Operas and Con- rts of Yesterday.

: short season of the Metropolitan a House Company at the Boston tre closed last night with a per- ance of "The Mastersingers." The n, though short, was one of more ordinary interest. Boston became ainted with Mr. Caruso; it heard sifal" for the first time in German; ughed at a delightful rendering of nn Strauss' "The Bat": it crowded theatre to find in Ponchielli's "La onda" traces of the peculiar dra- c spirit and expression that char- ize the realistic works of the mod- talian school.

e audiences were large and appre- ve throughout the week except "Parsifal" was performed. The ld discusses elsewhere, today, the rks of Mr. Conried concerning the of musical taste in this city as n by the indifference toward his uction of Wagner's music-drama. emarks were published in The Her- while he was in town. On his re- to New York he repeated them in intensified form. The article pub- d today was written with reference c performance on Tuesday, other- there would be a tribute to the rkable impersonation of Kundry by Fremstad.

should also be stated that the sformation scene in the second act worked smoothly and on a lighted e at the second performance.

e season was so short and the vari- performances are so fresh in the ds of our readers that it would be ertinent to review it at length. It be said, however, that the strength r. Conried's company was such that e of his finest singers were not d so often or in as important parts nany would have liked. Miss Frem- and Mr. Saleza were respectively in one opera and Miss Walker was rd only in minor parts, which by artistry she raised to perhaps ater importance than was imagined the librettists and composers.

e operas were handsomely mounted; lesser singers were for the most capable; the chorus was unusually d, and the orchestra when it was ored by the conductors was effective. promises of the management were hfully fulfilled. That Mr. Caruso not heard at his best was an un- idable misfortune.

"he Huguenots" was performed yes- day afternoon before a large and ap- usive audience. Mr. Vigna conducted. cast was as follows:

Mguerite de Valois	Mme. Sembrich
Cte de Saint Bris	Mr. Plancon
Vntine	Mme. de Macchi
Cte de Nevers	Mr. Scotti
Ru	Mr. Saleza
Mcel	Mr. Journet
Uain	Miss Walker

he performance gave the audience opportunity of hearing several dis- guished singers, but it was not a c of stars and sticks; on the con- ry, the minor parts were intrusted competent persons, the massive oruses were effective, Mr. Vigna con- ted with appreciation of the score with an authority that was more etly exerted than is his wont. The ra was given with breadth and dig- y, but the performance lacked the al brilliance that characterized cer- n other representations during the t dozen years. Still, there were a striking features, as the distin- shed impersonation of Urbain by ss Walker, whose cavatina in the st act was admirably sung, so far tenal beauty and technique were cerned. Nor was Miss Walker mere- a page with a song; she was distin- ished in the following ensemble and the second act.

ime. Sembrich was in excellent voice d sang the brilliant music of Mar- erite for the most part effectively d certainly to the great delight of e audience. Mr. Plancon's Saint Bris one of his greatest parts. The dig- fied and courtly fanaticism of the Cath- c leader was finely represented, and singing was superb in its dramatic d vocal artistry. The scene of the nsecration of the daggers aroused thusiasm, which was doubled by the rformance of the immortal duet by me. de Macchi and Mr. Saleza. The rmer had ample opportunity to show r dramatic ability. She is, indeed, a ric tragedian of a high order; a oman of emotional intensity who has en thoroughly schooled in the traditions and not hampered by them. Her singing was that of one who knows the meaning of "the grand style." In the duet there was a crescendo of passion that rose to an overpowering climax.

Mr. Saleza, who is pleasantly remembered here, made his reappearance as Raoul. He sang at first in a careful and somewhat labored manner, but he was freer in the scene with Marguerite and in the sextet, and in the final duet, barring an untuneful phrase which affected Mme. de Macchi for a moment, he sang with genuine force. He is a tenor of more than ordinary voice, taste and skill. who has had for some time to contend with discouraging physical disability. The opera was sung by the majority in Italian; by one or two of the principals in French.

The opera last evening was "The Mastersingers" (in German): Mr. Hertz conducted. The performance on the whole was one of unusual interest. The opera had evidently been carefully restudied; pains had been taken with the detail. The orchestra, alas, was too often boisterous, for Mr. Hertz again rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm.

Miss Alten was a charming Eva, the true maiden of Wagner's most human drama. Mr. Van Rooy's intonation was not always flawless, but his conception of the part is now mellower and it follows more closely the approved tradition. Mr. Burgstaller's Walther is sympathetic, and Mr. Goritz's Beckmesser is strongly individual. The ensemble was so good that to particularize would be invidious. There was a large and applausive audience, but the theatre was not crowded. The cast was as follows:

Hans Sachs	Mr. Van Rooy
Pogner	Mr. Blass
Beckmesser	Mr. Goritz
Walther	Mr. Burgstaller
David	Mr. Reiss
Eva	Miss Alten
Magdalene	Mme. Homer

"MANFRED" BY SYMPHONY.

Concert Was One of Most Interesting and Impressive of the Season— Kreisler Praised.

The programme of the 18th Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

"Manfred" symphony	Tschaikowsky
Concerto in D major for violin	Brahms
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3	Beethoven

It is not too much to say that this concert was not only one of the most interesting and impressive of the season; it was one of the noblest exhibitions of orchestral and virtuoso skill that have been given in the series for some years. The programme was well arranged. The performance was continuously engrossing.

Tschaikowsky's "Manfred" is now familiar to the Symphony audiences. We learn from the composer's correspondence how hard he found the task imposed on him by his friend Balakireff, how often he was tempted to put it aside. He wrote to Mrs. von Meck: "The work is so difficult and complicated that I myself am for the time being a Manfred." The hearer is often tempted to find Tschaikowsky of the tortured soul in this dramatic symphony, Tschaikowsky in Manfred's garb. He himself was doubtful about the future of this composition: "My 'Manfred' will be played once or twice, and then it will disappear; outside of a handful who go to the symphony concerts, no one will happen to hear it. It is only the opera that brings us nearer to the people." There was opera in Boston last week; but how often were dramatic operatic effects as striking as those worked by certain pages of this symphony, effects the more poignant because they were without the addition and also the distraction of scene and situation and human beings playing to the eye?

The symphony has its weak spots, no doubt, and it would be easy to say this or that about them; but when all has been said, it is the work of a great man. It is not the equal of Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, which is to us his masterpiece, a work of higher and more sustained imaginative flight than the now more popular "Pathetic"; nor is it to be classed with the "Romeo and Juliet" fantasia. But the best portions of it are very human and of tragic intensity. Mr. Gericke's reading was unusually dramatic and stirring, and the orchestral performance was one to be remembered. This may also be said of the performance of Beethoven's overture.

Mr. Kreisler's playing of Brahms' concerto is to be placed by the side of his performance of Beethoven's concerto four years ago, and there is no higher praise. Whoever wished before this concert that Mr. Kreisler had chosen another work forgot immediately his disappointment or his prejudice. The violinist's artistic individuality and his rare gifts and attainments vitalized and glorified the music that to some is for the most part dull and inert.

mch 13 1905

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

The 11th Sunday chamber concert took place yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The programme was given by the Strube Orchestral Club, Mr. Gustav Strube, conductor, and Mrs. Jessie Downer Eaton, pianist, and consisted of Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture, the romance and rondo from Chopin's E minor concerto for piano and orchestra, orchestral pieces by Gluck, Bach and Boieldieu, and two piano solos, a theme with variations and the waltz, "A la Bien Aimee," both by Schuett.

This concert was one of unusual interest. The advantage of hearing an orchestra in a small hall has been much discussed, but there is seldom an opportunity to hear a professional performance of this nature, where purely orchestral pieces are played. Many orchestral works can be adequately interpreted only under such conditions. The programme yesterday was well chosen with regard both to the acoustic properties of the auditorium and to the general interest in the works themselves. Mr. Strube conducted with a careful appreciation of all conditions. The charming gavotte by Bach, for strings alone, the most satisfying of the orchestral pieces, was played delightfully, with firm tone and spirited movement.

Mrs. Eaton played with pleasant effect. Her best work is in passages requiring lightness of touch, general prettiness, rather than emotion; thus she played the two pieces by Schuett with truer effect than the romance from Chopin's concerto. The finale of the concerto, which calls for certain of Mrs. Eaton's chief resources, went with lightness and grace, and was much applauded. Mr. Strube's careful balance of tone between orchestra and piano deserves special mention. There was a large audience. At the next concert the Kneisel quartet will play.

THE RETURN.

Mr. D. F. Wilberforce, born in West Africa, educated in the United States, and for twenty-five years a missionary in his native land, has joined the devil worshippers, taken to himself several wives, and in other ways allied himself to the forces of darkness. He has therefore been dropped from the rolls of the church that made him a minister. So the story goes. What possible excuse has this mission worker for his deplorable conduct?

Think for a moment of the peace and joy of his irresponsible life henceforth. He and his companions believe that "Early to bed and early to rise" is a foolish saw. Thus is a man made lumpish, unfit for the pleasure of living. Mr. Wilberforce will be at liberty to chat affably and smoke until the dawn. What is known as the night fever will possess him. Healthy children are savages, and they are not willing to go to bed. In the morning he will watch lazily his wife, possibly two or three of his wives, anointing themselves with palm oil. He will eat his breakfast in the open air with other men; and what a breakfast! Yams, sweet potatoes, plantains, rice now and then, cooked mangrove-oysters pulled from the tree, fish, palaver sauce, a fowl or some other form of meat—porcupine, ground hog, bush pig or bush cow. He will drink deep draughts of palm wine and smoke many pipes: and then he will snooze, or talk at the club, to resume smoking and drinking; or he may go a-hunting. Thus he kills time till evening. Occasionally he will visit the town to sell the skins of animals and buy rum. At 6 o'clock he will eat his evening meal, and then comes the time for really serious drinking, to the accompaniment of story telling, wild laughter and practical jokes. About midnight he may go to bed, a real bed; for the poorest have standing bedsteads.

The women are not so unattractive. They range between dark brown and cafe au lait, and since Mr. Wilberforce has returned to the life of the patriarchs he can feast his eyes on the two types, the large-boned and heavy-limbed, and the delicately formed, with small heads, oval faces and beautiful almond-shaped eyes. He will look at them languidly as they waddle about in consequence of the metal rings worn between the knee and the ankle. Marriage is a civil contract. The wife first married is truly No. 1. She rules, nor does she view the younger with sour eyes. Woman is by no means downtrodden. She has formed there a secret order, a woman's rights association, powerful, and limited only by a heavy initiation fee.

That Mr. Wilberforce has become a "devil worshipper" is true only in part. The Supreme Deity, the First Cause, of these Africans is an impersonal being, too sublime a one to interest himself in human affairs. Under him are two agencies, one the beneficent god, the other the devil, or the destroyer. Special honor is paid the latter on account of his power. Such worship has been known among the so-called highly civilized. Is it not natural that Mr. Wilberforce, having lived so long with the people from whom he separated himself in belief and in conduct of life, now returns in his advanced years to the views of his childhood and his ancestors? So the successful city man of country birth finds himself at last yielding to the persuasi voice of the farm on which he was reared. He soon falls into the ways of the villagers: he soon has his accustomed seat in the store; he cuts his bit of cheese, tells his story, and in answer to a question adjusts his hand to his ear and says, "How?"

IMPRUDENT RHETORIC.

A singular case of world interest has been decided in a London court. The influenza was raging when Mrs. Carlill read in a newspaper the advertisement of a company that promised to give £100 to any one who should have the disease after buying and using one of its balls according to the printed directions. Mrs. Carlill bought and used. She inhaled a preparation of carbolic acid regularly —three times a day for two weeks—yet her self-disinfection was in vain, and she caught the influenza. Then she demanded the forfeit, and the company said "Nay." One of the grounds of the refusal was that the plaintiff did not take the carbolic acid into her system at the office of the company, but this condition was not in the advertisement. An action was brought, the justice tried the case without a jury and directed a verdict to be entered for the plaintiff for the stated sum with costs.

There were four questions of law and fact. First, there was a contract. A promise was publicly made and in print to give every person who followed the directions of the company and then caught the influenza the sum of £100, and the statement was also made publicly that the company had placed a large sum of money in a specified bank to meet possible claims. This advertisement to be binding did not require a stamp. Again, the offer was not a wager, and the agreement was enforceable by action. The justice framed a definition that will interest all sports, dead game or otherwise: "If either of the parties may win but cannot lose, or may lose but cannot win, it is not a wagering contract." The company could not win, for the buyer never promised to pay money or do anything if the preparation protected her from the disease. There was therefore no wager. Finally, the contract was not an insurance.

This story may be used in pointing more than one moral. The judge said that sensible persons might be sure that the company was not in earnest when it made the proposition; on the other hand, "such advertisements do not appeal so much to the wise and thoughtful as to the credulous and weak portions of the community." We do not agree to this statement of the learned judge. A sick man for whom the regular practitioner has done little will consult in his anxiety any one that practises in the side streets or the lanes of the profession. A friend tells him of a nostrum that cured him; he tries it and often with relief, or he goes to an Indian medicine man; or electricity is a help to him; or a countryman who has the gift of the laying on of hands is consulted. Men of education and shrewd sense have at times been greatly benefited by persons without the pale. Whether in these instances the patient did not do much to help himself, whether his faith was not quickened by the natural authority or magnetism of the "interloper" or "dangerous practitioner," is a question that does not here enter into the discussion.

Let us suppose that the company was wholly sincere in its belief in its preparation. There was no evidence to show that there was any deliberate attempt to swindle or to prove that the preparation could not ward off the disease. The company, however, was too confident in its belief in the efficacy of the compound. It backed its confidence with a promise, which it should have been ready to fulfil after the purchaser was doubly afflicted. Perhaps the promise was only sheer exuberance of rhetoric. In a way, it was a bluff, and the customer was expected to throw down his hand. This teaches the value of calm, chaste diction in advertisements. The writers of them should read Virgil, not the

passionate rhetoricians, who throw about purple phrases as a juggler plays with gayly colored balls. It is a good thing to arrest the attention of a reader, or to lure him on by an incongruous anecdote, historical allusion, amusing prelude or profound philosophic dissertation, but a promise of pecuniary reward in case of failure, while it may hit the reader, may also turn out to be a boomerang and injure the one that threw it.

mch 14 1905

SONG RECITAL IN POTTER HALL

Mrs. Sophia Warren Bruce and Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt Render Programme Comprising Large Variety and Range of Selections.

Mrs. Sophia Warren Bruce, soprano, assisted by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, gave a song recital in Potter Hall last evening. Miss Lida J. Low was the accompanist. There was an audience of fair size. The concert was opened with duets by Miss Daniels. Mrs. Bruce sang songs by Handel, Ries, Stewart, Dvorak, Wolf, Rubinstein, Cornelius, Mrs. Beach, Horn, Haydn, Dell'Acqua. Mrs. Hunt's songs were by Richard Strauss, Landon Ronald, Jonciéres, Chausson and Holmes.

Mrs. Bruce has a naturally good voice and a certain and ineffective fluency. Her intonation at first was impure and her singing of the first groups was without distinction. She did better later in the evening, and by her interpretation of Mrs. Beach's song, which won her a recall, she showed that she should have confined herself to music of a light and tripping nature, which demands chiefly an amiable animation in delivery.

Mrs. Hunt sang with commendable differentiation in sentiment, and her interpretation of Ronald's "Evening," the best of a series of four songs by the Englishman whose real name is Russell, was truly and artistically emotional. She gave the song the dignity of a scena. Her singing in the group of songs by Strauss was marred by a tremolo, which was afterward too often in evidence, but in a less degree.

MISS TERRY'S CONCERT.

The third chamber concert in Miss Terry's series was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The programme as originally prepared included Miss Beatrice Herford's monologues, "At the Box Office" and "A Lady Packing"; piano pieces by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Paderewski, Liszt, Brahms, Sgambati, played by Mrs. Langdon Frothingham; and songs by French and American composers to be sung by Mr. William Kittredge, tenor. Mr. Kittredge was prevented from appearing by sudden illness, and Miss Herford added two monologues and Mrs. Frothingham a group of piano pieces to the programme.

The entertainment gave much pleasure to the audience. Miss Herford's monologues are well known here, and her amusing and good-natured exposure of the petty foibles and the inconsequential reasoning of her sex on sundry occasions provokes laughter and at the same time leads to self-examination. She is a gentle, not a disconcerting, humorist. Mrs. Frothingham played fluently and at times brilliantly. The concert was of a somewhat intimate nature, and it was on that account an agreeable departure from a strictly professional affair.

The fourth and last concert of this series will be given Monday afternoon, the 20th, by Miss Lera Little, contralto; Miss Nina Fletcher, violin, and Mr. Louis Bachner, pianist. Mrs. Eaton will be the accompanist.

SUPERFLUOUS MOTHERS.

"What shall we do with" is a familiar phrase that introduces many curious queries. It is followed by "our ex-Presidents," "our old shoes"—many might answer, "we wear them"—"our daughters," etc., etc. There is now discussion in England over the question, "What shall we do with our mothers?" "A London lady" states that in these days no one asks a mother and her daughter to a dinner party or to a visit at a country house. "A London lady" is vague; she reminds us of the "prominent gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned," but makes startling disclosures concerning politics, finance, mysterious murders or gives sage advice that suggests a venerable beard and calm and judicious spectacles. "A London lady" is perhaps a copy-hunting journalist with luxuriant whiskers, of the kind vulgarly characterized as Piccadilly weepers, but let us listen to her in explanation of the inhuman distinction shown by hosts and hostesses in their invitations.

"It is considered that, if both were invited, the female element of one family would be too large in proportion to the number of the company. Now if a girl has the great advantage of being motherless, and therefore of being chaperoned by a father who is a widower, then invitations flow in in a continuous stream. She and her father can visit and dine as a couple, but with a double advantage from a social point of view. Again, in the case of a girl with a mother, a young man cannot come to call without feeling the speculative eye of the mother fixed upon him. If she remains in the room and tries to make herself agreeable, she overshadows the daughter; if she goes out of the room it looks as though she were forcing a tete-a-tete between her and the visitor."

These points are not well taken. The "London lady" might have called attention to the fact that many men have been taught from their youth up to examine the mother with scrutinizing eyes before wooing the daughter. The young man may see in the mother his wife when she will be 40, after, say, twenty warm summers and more hard winters of married life. The girl herself might readily be excused in certain instances for preferring to enter into the campaign without such doubtful and too visible and audible aid.

In these days of female independence the daughter still needs the advice of a mother to weave the net, to enmesh the victim, to repair the broken threads if he escapes. It is the mother that knows the weaknesses of men. She can encourage the faint-hearted to a declaration; she can turn his flippant amusement into serious intention. There are certain things necessary to success which no girl of conventional training can bring about unaided. It will be remembered that even the emancipated and ingenious Miss Rebecca Sharp regretted more than once the lack of a mother. There is a freemasonry among mothers who are about to enter their daughters for a race; they feel a lively interest in the rivals; they find pleasure and excitement in plotting and counterplotting; they dispel the prejudices of a youth's mother who looks with suspicion on any forward maiden or pathetically designing young widow who would fain rob her of her heir and pride. In countries where there is a franker civilization the mother is still indispensable. Thus in Circassia she attends to the diet and daily life of her daughter, that she may be sleek and comely and desirable in the market.

It has been said that no one fears "the match-making propensities of a father." This is probably true. Men are easily deceived as to the worth of the exposed and proffered goods. Mr. Thomas Hardy's Etheldberta was not assisted materially in her campaign by her father, although as a butler he had peculiar opportunities for studying the character of man. The male parent may express an opinion off hand concerning the eligibility of a suitor, but he has not the detective eye of his wife, the eye that never sleeps.

The English and the American girls are now so independent that they can do without maternal advice. They rely on their own attractiveness and judgment. The presence of a mother handicaps. In America parents have long stood in awe of their children; but is the reserve force of the British matron only a characteristic attributed to her by novelists? Can she no longer demand that, where her daughter is, she, too, will be? Does the daughter insist on going to dinner, or to the country, without her mother, when by chance the latter is also invited? Let the mother be firm; let her heed not prayers, tears, threats; let her remember the words of Frank Stockton: "Nothing is so terrible as a parent at bay."

BOSTON'S DOOM.

Mr. Conried is still talking. Boston is no longer on the operatic map. It may serve as a way station for a brilliant season in Haverhill or Bangor, but operatically this town is a waste place, as Tadmor in the wilderness. The only singing here will be the hoots of owls and the whooping of satyrs. Mr. Conried will not again "incur the expense of carrying 279 people, the cost of transporting scenery, costumes and baggage, of additional hotel bills and a thousand and one incidentals." He did not wish to visit us this season, but he felt it his duty to give the city one more chance before he condemned it to utter darkness forever.

The theatre was crowded when "Lucia" and "La Giocouda" were performed; but Mr. Conried was not satisfied. "Even at these performances the attendance was nothing like what we had a right to expect from the great musical centre and the Hub of the artistic universe." What would the gentleman have had? Spectators, listening, crowded in the lobby, or huddled in the aisles, or perched on the chandeliers? There was no other place for them. Insatiate Mr. Conried, insatiate in his zeal for art!

Not only is Boston populated by gross and material persons—"there are not enough there who care for really good music to make the venture pay"—this is of itself a matter for sackcloth and ashes, for civic self-humiliation—but "there does not seem to be enough society in Boston" to make opera a social entertainment. A crushing charge, but we fear it is true. The wretched herd that crowded the theatre two or three times, and was very large save at the performances of "Parsifal," was absorbed in the music. It did not chatter, it applauded, it honestly enjoyed that which was good, it more than once was enthusiastic in its joy. Such is not the behavior of men and women who go to the opera for social entertainment. The society directory of Boston must be revised. Only the names of those who subscribed to the season of a week will hereafter be admitted.

Mr. Conried, during his short stay, learned much about the character of the Bostonian, and, as an earnest student of sociology, his visit was rewarded. Not only is the Bostonian an unoperatic and unsocial animal, but he is peculiarly stingy, hard-fisted, near, close. "I was also informed that in Boston even the wealthiest persons look at a dollar twice before they spend it." This is because the Bostonian is myopic, Mr. Conried. A person of accuracy in business relations and strict integrity, he does not wish to seem knavish by making a mistake as to the precise figure on a bill. Damn his eyes, if you will, but not his heart.

"I was told by several influential Bostonians that I was quite right in my determination not to take the company there hereafter." This is a proof of the traditional courtesy of the Bostonian. These "influential persons" no doubt saw and heard Mr. Conried in his state of disappointment and they tried to soothe him. "I won't come here again!" What folly it would have been to indulge in labored argument. The "influential Bostonians" said, "You are right, Mr. Conried"—and thus possibly enlarged his disappointment. Then they hurriedly made their escape.

mch 15 1905

MR. GEBHARD'S PIANO CONCERT

Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Miss Nina Fletcher, viola, gave his second concert yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. The programme included these piano pieces: Mendelssohn's "Serious Variations"; Schumann's "Grillen," "Des Abends" and "Aufschwung"; Liszt's "Liebestraum," Liszt's transcription of Chopin's familiar Chant Polonais, and Chopin's Ballade in G minor; two "Poems" by Loeffler for voice, viola and piano—"La Cloche felee" (Baudelaire) and "Serenade" (Verlaine); and two "Poems" by Loeffler for voice and piano—"Timbres oubliés" (Kahn) and "Les Paons" (Kahn). The two "Poems" for voice, viola and piano were performed a second time as the close of the concert. There was a large and much interested audience.

Mr. Gebhard's selection of solo pieces was excellent, when viewed in connection with Mr. Loeffler's "Poems." The concert throughout, with the exception of the "Chant Polonais," was one of moods and suggestions. Mr. Gebhard played delightfully as soloist and in ensemble, with romantic spirit and beauty of tone.

Mr. Loeffler's "Poems" are by no means new. The music to the verses by Baudelaire and Verlaine was first heard here in public in November, 1897, and that to the free verse of Kahn in April, 1899. Only a singer of artistic nature and purpose could be persuaded to sing such music. These "Poems" present uncommon technical difficulties, for the voice is treated as any orchestral instrument, though not with so much fine understanding or respect. The singer must be constantly on her guard against errors in rhythm and against impure intonation.

In the "Poems" with words by Baudelaire and Verlaine the free viola wars almost constantly against the singer and more than once is the dominating voice. Add to this that the verses by Verlaine are ungracious in the mouth of a fair woman and that the poems by Kahn are without definite meaning to even the majority of intelligent Frenchmen. Furthermore, there is not a trap laid for applause in the four "Poems," which will be for a long time caviare to the general. The meaning of Baudelaire and Verlaine is plain enough, but the aim of Gustave Kahn seems to be, as Mr. Gosse said of Mallarme, "to use words in such harmonious combinations as will suggest to the reader a mood or a condition which is not mentioned in the text, but is nevertheless paramount in the poet's mind at the moment of composition." "Les Paons," with Mr. Loeffler's music, is a tone picture evoked by a piano with the impressionistic verse recited by a voice in heightened speech, and the title of this picture might be "The Lady and the Peacocks." Mr. Loeffler is strictly accurate in calling these compositions "Poems," not songs. The voice contributes to the general impression, to the suggestion of a mood.

We have spoken of the difficulties in performance. It may be added that the poems are richly worth the labor of preparation. "La Cloche felee" is one of Mr. Loeffler's most poetic inspirations. There is a wealth of exquisite detail, but neither the thought of distant chimes in the murky night, nor that of the flickering hearth-fire, nor that of the bell with cracked voice faithful as the old sentinel, is so accentuated that it disturbs the pervading sentiment of ineffable melancholy, the regret of a disappointed and worn-out soul. And so, in the first of the poems by Kahn, the one impression of impressions is that of exquisite timbres, forgotten by others, almost forgotten by him of the supersensitive soul that alone heard them and now vaguely remembers, although there is italicization of the songs of love and the flights of birds in unlikely skies, of "the gold worked by Mongolian gold beaters, and of old gold of old nations." This is, indeed, music apart, the music of a singularly endowed painter in tones, who has heard harmonies of shuddering joy and consoling sorrow borne to him from some far-off, unvisited, unattainable country.

The performance was one of uncommon beauty, impressiveness and imagination. Mrs. Child did much more than sing the strange melodic lines and add the charm of her voice to words that are themselves melodious. She showed an intimate appreciation of the poets and Mr. Loeffler's intentions; she, too, was impressionistic in her art; and so near was she to poets and composer that it will be henceforth impossible to think of this verse and this music without the association in the memory of the singer with a voice now silvery, now violet, now grave and again as golden as are the timbres heard by Kahn and preserved in harmonies by Loeffler.

Mrs. Fletcher played the viola with the soul of an artist-poet, and Mr. Gebhard, by his interpretation of the piano part, completed the impression of something rare and beautiful.

LAST KNEISEL CONCERT.

The Quartet Assisted by Ernest Schelling, Pianist, and Joseph Keller, 'Cellist, in Potter Hall.

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Messrs. Ernest Schelling, pianist, and Joseph Keller, 'cellist, gave the sixth and last concert of its 20th season last evening in Potter Hall. There was a large and applausive audience. The programme included Saint-Saens' piano quartet in B flat major, op. 41; Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" (by request); Schubert's quintet in C major, op. 163.

Saint-Saens' piano quartet is now years old, and many of its pages sound still older. It is easy to recognize the technical grip of the composer on his subject, the ease with which he accomplishes his work, but the thematic material itself is not rich and the characteristics of the quartet are

n elegance and the blib display of itable acquirements. The music erficial, without heart and without he expression of plausible emo- The only opportunity given the is for brilliance, and Mr. Schel- no doubt recognizing this fact, ontent with it and did not at- to sound any incongruous note of ent.

's "Serenade" seemed less spon- sly piquant than at the first hear- s it not possible that the peculiar of this music is in the first sur- and that familiarity brings the on of a laboriously contrived Surely, nothing new or undiscov- as revealed in the second per- ce.

ecdless at this late day to praise eiscls, yet it may be said that certs this season have been con- s by greater breadth, dash, spon- than in the preceding years extreme polish and refinement he more noticeable and distin- g features. It is only to be re- that the concerts were not more ber.

following composers have been nted at the Kneisel concerts this Bach (1), Beethoven (1), Brahms nverse (1), Debussy (1), Dvorak vdn (1), Locatelli (1), Mozart (1), aens (1), Schubert (1), Schumann ngartner (1), Wolf (2).

ollowing works were performed first time in Boston: Bach's (?) in G minor, Converse's quar- A minor, Weingartner's piano nd Wolf's "Italian Serenade." ssisting pianists were Messrs. Damrosch, Josef Hofmann, Er- helling, Felix Weingartner (his pearance in Boston) and Arthur .

A TALE OF PASSION.

oung man went to the summer e of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox ort Beach, Ct., on March 11 and e had come to marry her. He old that she was drinking deep ts of the glorious air of Cali- and was already married. At e burst into tears and went his without leaving his card. He a red bandanna about his neck rried a bundle tied with strings ther bands.

e may laugh at this story and e belated suitor a crank. To us known amorist is an idealist, a or of the romantic and chivalric The red bandanna does not dis- t us; it is not a discordant note. Newcome waved a yellow han- furiously after his denunciation n Jones, and he, too, was an . No doubt the young man in his bundle something more nial for the wedding day.

had never seen the modern face to face; he had read her f longing and poems of passion d worshipped her afar off. He oked on the portrait that adorns lume of her advice to clubmen, ed wives, disappointed spinsters, us mothers and others sadly in f admonition or encouragement, swore to himself, "that woman my bride." So Cuchullin, when by Scathach the Queen if he any woman, answered, "Yes; " and she was the wife of the of Fairyland, but Scathach did ow this, and she bit her under d saw Cuchullin lying dead at et "with the red blood spilling he whiteness of his breast." The wn, like Arthur Rimbaud, may net in some northern city and at t festival all the women of the t painters, but to him there was ne, and her first name was Ella. ssed by play actresses and sing- omen, the untitled queens and sses of metropolitan society, the ers of pork packers, barons of d copper and oil and railways. n on trial for murder were to ithout fascination. The sweet f a Salvation Army girl framed tishly by the bonnet of her uni- as to him only as a meaningless He walked for miles, subsist- the humblest fare, sustaining l by repeating lines of glowing in which the daughter of the poured out her longings and gs for an affinity. Her picture er before him. And all the time t were leading him away from

n he learned that there was a Wilcox he burst into tears. Was nmanly? Was this pitiably He had never heard of a Mr. . He had never read of her as . W. Wilcox, as he had never f a Mr. Sappho. He was pre- to pay her the highest compli- ment that is in the power of man to pay a woman; he was prepared, yes, eager, to marry her. There was no suspicion in his heart that he might disappoint this ardent creature. His youth was in his favor, and perfect love casteth out fear. It matters not what his occupation may be. He was prepared to abandon it, to serve only as a source of inspiration. There are weak creatures who pursuo play actresses with offers of marriage, that they, too, may be in the limelight, or they are in love with a character impersonated by the adored one. Such a wooer wishes to wed Ophelia or Juliet or Viola or some heroine of a modern drama or operetta. But this young man was drawn to Short Beach by a woman's individual soul as revealed in imperishable verse.

> Drink, and the world drinks with you.
> Swear off, and you drink alone.

(Somehow this does not sound right, but we quote from memory.)

The young man wept. We are not told whether he dried his eyes on the red baudanna, or whether, with wet cheeks, he is now headed for California. We surely have a right to look forward to another poem.

> A marvel,
> Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,
> Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
> Clothed with the wind's wings.

May we suggest "The Red Bandanna" as an appropriate title?

SUPERIOR PRONUNCIATION.

There are meu who plume themselves on special and useless information. One, who would be violently sick on a Nantasket boat, can tell you the tonnage of ocean steamers and warships. Another retails surprising statistics about ropes and glue. These and their like are of great boring capacity, tenacious button-holders, and of untiring voice. Furthermore, their airs of superiority irritate all laborers of high or low degree. Fully abreast of them, if not o'ertopping, is the purist in the prouunciation of English proper names. You speak carelessly of some well known politician, play actor, essayist, novelist, poet, and you are aware that Blimberton has his eyes on yon. Unless you are thrice bound in brass, you falter toward the end of your sentence. He does not interrupt, he does not immediately correct you; but a few minutes afterward he will repeat the same name with an enlightening and educative twist, and the true Blimbertonian pronunciation will be italicised. You rise to the bait. "I notice that you pronounce Hichens as though it were spelled Hickens. I supposed it was pronounced Hitchens." Blimberton smiles his superior smile, which in a land where men and women were obedient to nature would lead to his instant death by strangulation, dagger stroke or pistol ball. "In England they call him Hickens." As a matter of fact the name of Mr. Robert Hichens is pronounced by the bearer, his family, friends, Londoners who do not know him personally, and by the provincial ass within the gates, as though it were spelled Hitchens. Blimberton is simply bluffing. He argues from the premise that an Euglishman never pronounces his name as he spells it.

We heard him at the Porphyry discoursing in his most compassiouate manner on the ignorance of those who do not pronounce Hogarth as though it were without the final "h." "All well educated Englishmen omit the 'h' in pronunciation." They do nothing of the kind. Both the famous artist and the family into which Charles Dickens married are known as Hogarth. In this instauce Blimberton lost an opportuuity for a lecture, to be delivered standiug and with lead pencil fingers on a buttou. The fonnder of Hogarth's family was undouhtedly Hogherd, from his calling, a guarder of swine, just as Stoddard includes the remembrance of the old "stot" or bullock-herd, just as Shepherd, Wetherhead, Goddard, Coward, Yeatman, Calvert and Calverd came from pastoral callings. The uame then became Hogart or Hogard. William Hogarth's father Richard probably spelled his uame Hogart, and Sala, in his entertaining study of Hogarth and the period in which he flourished, intimates that the painter in his early days called himself "Hogart." Sala quotes from Swift's terribly ironic poem, "The Legion Clnb"—

> "How I want thee, hum'rous Hogart,
> Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art"—

and argues that Hogarth was so called when Swift first heard of him in London in the early days of George I., and the Dean took with him to Dnblin this name in his memory. But in the edition of Swift's works now before us, an edition published at London in 1765, the name is spelled "Hogarth." It should be remembered that spelling was not in those days a fine art. Swift or Pope might easily have written "Hogard," "Hogart," "Hoggert." The young Pretender himself wrote his father's name "Gems" for James. Hogarth published a book and left manuscript notes of his life and we find queer spelling in them and in titles of his engravings, "lyes" for lies, "milicia" for militia, "nuckles" for knuckles, "pitty" for pity, and so on. Thus in the dedication to Frederick the Great of the "March to Finchley," he preferred "Prnsia" to Prussia. Here was Blimberton's chance. Today the immortal inventor of "Marriage a la Mode" is known to all educated Englishmen as Hogarth with the final "h" clearly pronounced.

Even such simple names as Andrew Lang and Swinburne have a foreign sound when they issue from Blimberton's mouth. He reminds his victims of a bitter critic of German literature. An American talking with some students at Kneist's in Dresden—the only place in Germany for years where a steak or a chop was cooked on a gridiron, not in a frying pan—concluded his passionate argument as follows: "You Germans have only one poet worth talking about—that's Go—ethe, and you call him Skiller."

mch 16 1905

MR. FAELTEN'S RECITAL.

Programme Interesting Throughout and Big Audience Applauds Enthusiastically.

Mr. Carl Faelten gave a piano recital last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall. He played Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations in C minor, a sonata by Weber, Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood," a suite in E minor by Raff, and Lizst's E major Polonaise. Mrs. Reinhold Faelten made introductory remarks on the programme, and was warmly greeted. It will be seen that the programme was somewhat unusual, although in outline and arrangement it followed convention.

The choice of Weber's sonata was a noteworthy departure from the average programme; the interest aroused by it was two-fold, for the work itself gave pleasure. Mr. Faelten's work is too well known here to require extended comment. Its chief characteristic was, perhaps, expository clearness. In passages of sentiment the player was thoughtful rather than emotional, although the familiar "Traeumerei" and the two final numbers of Schumann's suite were played with genuine effect. The programme was interesting throughout, and the performance was enthusiastically applauded by an audience that crowded the hall.

THE LATE MARQUIS.

The Marquis of Anglesey died at Monte Carlo, where he had purposed to enlarge his doled-out income by exploiting an infallible system that would break the bank. It has been said that only two systems may really be trusted; one is safe within its limitations. It is to quit after having lost or won definite sums, previously fixed, and to stick to the resolve when the time comes—and in this is the difficult part of the system. The other is a certainty—not to play at all. The marquis did not break the bank. Death held the winning card.

The marquis was addicted to theatrical entertainments, but he will be known among the titled of England as a prodigious dresser. The list of his overcoats, boots, suits to fit every occasion, pyjamas, cravats, canes and umbrellas, has already been published in The Herald. His dandyism seems to have been chiefly a matter of dress. He was not the ideal dandy; he is to be classed with the Berry Wall of former years, with Alexander's friend, Agnon, who wore gold nails in his slippers; with Alcisthenes, the Sybarite, whose best coat was of such richness that on the day of Juno's festival it was exposed to the veneration of the crowds who annually repaired to Mt. Lacinium from all parts of Italy, rather than with Beau Fielding, Beau Brummell, Beau Nash, the Prince de Ligne, Count d'Orsay. You cannot imagine the Marquis of Anglesey figuring in the scene described lovingly by Doran. When Beau Fielding passed down the Mall at the fashionable hour, there was a flutter. "O'Carroll," he would then say to his servant, "does my sword touch my right heel? Do the ladies ogle me?"

"It does, sir. They do, sir."

"Then, O'Carroll," would Fielding exclaim aloud, "let them die of love and be damned!"

"What a perfect gentleman! What a delicious creature!" chorused the ladies.

"Ay, ay!" cried the beau. "Look and die! Look and die!"

The marquis knew not this sublimity of foppish arrogance; he was Carlyle's clothes-wearing man, "Whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes."

Barbey d'Aurevilly, himself an extraordinary dresser even in his honorable poverty, a novelist, essayist, critic of equally extraordinary power, wrote a book entitled "Du Dandysme et de Georges Brummell." He would never have inscribed the name of Anglesey on the title page of such a treatise. He compared the fatuity of Richelieu with the dandyism of Brummell, and fatuity is the word he would have applied to the poor marquis. For, according to Barbey d'Aurevilly, true dandyism is wholly a condition of being, and one is not a true dandy by his clothes alone: it is a condition of being composed of an infinite number of unances; and he would have, in pursuance of this theory, declined to acknowledge Fielding and Nash; they were, in his eyes, only beaux. Or, take the Count d'Orsay, who looked like some gorgeous dragonfly, skimming through the air; he indulged in perfumed baths, and had a gold dressing case of such enormous size that it required two men to carry it; his dandyism was something more than a matter of splendid but harmonious dress and elegant manners: he was an artist, wit; his company was welcomed by the cultured and refined; he was a faithful and loving friend. Neither Brummell nor d'Orsay was merely a tailor's advertisement, a genteel sandwichman.

It is well that this essential difference between the sublime dandy and the man of clothes should be understood, so that there may be no false valuation. We do not disparage the late marquis as a man; we only wish to class him properly in his chosen profession: an anxious dresser with an undirected taste as a collector.

GLOOM IN MAINE.

The legislators of Maine have looked unkindly on cider, and ranked the juice of the apple with wine, raging strong drink, ale, porter, beer and other febrifuges and comforters. Were they influenced by the dictum of old Burton: "Cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected"? Have they consulted the Arabians, who spoke unfavorably of apples? Miss Dinah, if she passes the line of the district, will have to go without her cider, and a little more cider, too. The etymology of the word may have led the sages to their stern conclusion: middle English, sidre, and the word represents the late Latin sicera, used by the Vulgate and Christian writers to translate the Hebrew "shekar," intoxicating liquor, the "strong drink" of the Old Testament, from "shakar," to drink deeply or to intoxication. O how far we are from the cider mill of the peaceful village, the mill dear to our hoyhood!

Perhaps they read Bishop Alcock's remark in 1497 that John the Baptist never ate flesh and drank no wine or cider. But as cider is not forbidden in the Bible by name, is not its use in moderation allowable? Such was the reasoning of the chaplain in Newgate when Mr. Jonathan Wild proposed a bottle of wine to cheer their spirits. "Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you

must drink, let us have a bowl of punch—a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture."

Was there no ciderist in Maine to make an effective protest? English noblemen in the seventeenth century prided themselves on their taste as ciderists—a good word, and so is cidermaster, far better than "a manufacturer of cider"—which suggest adulteration and disagreable mechanical processes, whereas the cider should be thought of as coming from the apple as milk from the cow. Worcester, Eng., was famous in history as "the queen of the ciderland," and Macaulay did not hesitate to record the fact. Think of the associations with the cider cellars of London, glorious potation-shops. We are speaking of cider, not ciderkin. "Of apples they make a drink called cider, and a smaller drink beside with water and the refuse of the apples strained; a good drink to cool the thirst of the poor laborer." Is not ciderkin a better beverage than wood alcohol, which bites and kills even in the prohibition district? The lusty men of Henry Fielding smoke their pipes over pots of cider-and. What was this "and" with which they laced the apple-juice?

Perhaps cider has slain its thousands, but so has well or cistern water. Quote not the instance of wicked King John, who died at the Abbey of Swineshead from immoderate indulgence in stewed pears and new cider. Had he let the pears alone he might have lived to rejoice in greater enormities. Cider wine, cider with sugar and flavoring spices, is an abomination; it disturbs the stomach and disarranges other bits of the human clockwork. There is a wealth of terms: cider-cheese, cider-hairs, cider-horsing, cider-pound, cider-wring, cider-mare, cider-muck. These must now be as Sanscrit in Maine towns. What would a bright-eyed schoolboy in Camden or Machias make of this sentence in examination: "There idn port better for pheasants than cider-muck: they'll bide and diggy so long's there's a pip aleft"? "All talk and no cider" will be an unmeaning phrase, as will "the hard cider campaign." If only bottled cider were forbidden, there would be no just cause for complaint. Cider should be served in a pitcher and quaffed from thick tumblers or old-fashioned goblets. We like to think of the Devonshire farmer who, with his help, on Twelfth night eve, goes to the orchard with a large pitcher of cider! Encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink thrice this toast:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Hence thou mayst bud and whence thou mayst blow!
And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
And my pockets full, too! Huzza!

What cider remains is thrown at the tree. Here is recognition of the individuality, of the soul of the apple tree. Here is romance in farm routine. What will now be done with the trees in Maine? Deep apple pie with no bottom crust and with an inverted cup in the centre—such a pie baked in a knappy is not to be despised. Pandowdy, too, has its peculiar glory. An apple eaten in bed before the candle is blown out is salutary and comforting. But apples were made first of all for cider. If there is to be no cider, should not the tree refuse to bear? Let the juice be upon the heads of the legislators. If wood alcohol and Jamaica ginger stimulate buoyant youth and tottering age in Maine, the deserted cider presses may well laugh with glee, and the despised trees dance a delirious rigadoon.

A play, "La Petite Milliardaire," in which Mr. Henri Dumay collaborated, is produced in Paris, which leads "Percival" of the Referee to make this snippy remark: "M. Henri Dumay is too much of a Frenchman to be a real American, and too much of an American to be a real artist."

The Oxford Magazine extends a welcome to Prof. Osler by printing the following epigram, which was found written in blood on the walls of the old Clarendon building:

"Brother! I am sixty-one,
So my work on earth is done.
Calms should follow after storm,
Reach me down the chloroform."

mc-17-1905

STRING QUARTET WAS RESTLESS

Pleasant Concert of Chamber Music Was Given Last Evening in Steinert Hall by the Carolyn Belcher Organization.

The Carolyn Belcher string quartet (the Misses Belcher, Sara Corbett, Helen Reynolds and Charlotte White), assisted by Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. The programme included Dittersdorf's quartet in D major, Brahms' sonata in A major for piano and violin, op. 100; Grieg's quartet in G minor, op. 27. There was a good sized and appreciative audience.

The Herald praised last season the spirit and the enthusiasm of these young players. The same qualities were observed last evening, but it is a question whether they were not too restlessly displayed in the performance of the old-fashioned music of Dittersdorf. There is a quartet by this master—the one that is more frequently played—with a strikingly modern episode in Hungarian gypsy fashion that admits of fiery, passionate delivery; but this quartet in D major is of 18th century formality throughout. The period of Dittersdorf was one that shunned or knew not very emotional music. No doubt the men and women were human beings—the memoirs of the time give ample proof—but any violent emotional display in music would have been considered bizarre or not genteel. The restlessness and the intensity of the players last night seemed incongruous; for Dittersdorf's simple measures are tolerable and to be endured only when played with quiet elegance and an air of fine breeding. There is no use in trying to inject passion into inherently passionless music. As a result there was too often an unmeaning scesaw between forte and piano and nervous crescendos led to nothing. The error—and we think it an error—was one of aesthetic interpretation rather than of technical deficiency. In other respects the performance often gave pleasure, although the players should strive earnestly after euphony even in passion. It may also be said that even a display of incongruous intensity in Dittersdorf's music is preferable to an exasperating placidity, the expression of a milk pan ready to be skimmed.

Grieg's quartet is a severe test of technical proficiency and imaginative interpretation. The performance was, of course, not ideal, but it was intelligent and at times poetic.

Miss Belcher and Mr. Gebhard played the sonata with understanding and effectively. The sonata itself is one of Brahms' most genial chamber works.

MODERN TALK.

"Well," said Dr. Johnson, "we had good talk." "Yes, sir," answered Mr. Boswell, "you tossed and gored several persons." Some might say that good talk is impossible where there are monologists, as Johnson, Macaulay, Parson Smith. The talk of the three named is still eagerly read, but the monologists of today are shunned. An Englishwoman complains that the chief reason of the decay or the disappearance of conversation is this: Few persons are capable of listening intelligently. She adds that women are better listeners than men because they are trained to it, as the males of the family insist on taking the lead. She knows a woman in whom all confide, for when she was at home she had a brother constantly falling in love and aching to talk about his successive sweethearts. "She got into the habit of saying nothing but 'Is she?' in a deeply sympathetic voice, at intervals of a quarter of an hour, and this training had stood her in good stead for the rest of her life."

Perhaps much of the talk at dinner and after dinner is not worth close attention. Another Englishwoman complains of the limited vocabulary of the modern young man, who has only seven live words at command, of which four are the following: "Rot," "rotten," "rotter" and "rotted." She deplores the poverty-stricken language of society. "I happened to use the word 'metamorphosis' at a dinner table, and the lady next to me said: 'Gracious! what a word! What do you mean?'" But the talk at English dinner tables and in drawing rooms is familiar to us all through the painstaking labors of Thackeray and Trollope, satirists and literary photographers. The talk ranges from the hee-haw variety to labored flippancy.

There are perhaps too many good talkers among us for pleasurable listening. The wits are in, not out, and all will be atalking. A man begins a good story, but you know one that is better, fresher, more to the point. You do not hear his tale, you do not appreciate his art in the telling, so impatient are you to display your skill and fire your epigrammatic gun. Jones has no patience with either of you, for he has much to say. A nervous hostess is incapable of listening. Such is her anxiety over the cookery, the service, the disposition of her guests; but how few good listeners there are among women when they are not necessarily somewhat preoccupied. You know that you are uncommonly entertaining, but Mrs. Golightly's eyes wander, she interrupts, she is irrelevant in her interjected exclamations and phrases, she almost yawns. It is as though you were didactic, prolix, a drooler. There are absent-minded persons, as the one described lately in the Referee. A pompous person, one who thinks it his duty to "form and express an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects," was explaining to him why a certain play was not faultless, and he ended with: "And that is why I say that the second act is not so good as the first." There was silence for a moment; then the absent-minded one asked, "Who did?" "Nobody did anything; I was explaining to you my reasons for saying that the second act is not equal to the first. You do not appear to have taken it in, so I'll tell you again." He went all over the ground a second time. After the cessation of sound, the absent-minded one mildly asked: "Oh! Where was this?"

The best talk is when the sitters together are few and old friends. There may be only a few words interchanged, but there is the congenial Newfoundland dog feeling. Robinson may not sparkle, but he is a good sort. Smith has radical ideas, and his remedy for social evils is a millionaire hanging from a lamp-post; but in daily life he is a gentle soul. In such society there is respect or tolerance for each other's talk and silence. No one is trying to make an impression. No one is self-conscious. No one is rude by reason of his shyness.

AGAINST PEARSON.

Mr. Pepper of Lexington, Ky., was married at Springfield, O., on March 15. The bride, as are all brides, is described as "an unusually attractive young woman." Her parents objected to the match. Mr. Pepper is 59 years old; he weighs 240 pounds, and he is 6 feet 2 inches in height. His bride is 30 years old; she weighs 130 pounds; she is 5 feet 6 inches in height; she has black hair and eyes. We are not informed as to the color of Mr. Pepper's eyes or as to the precise state, color or arrangement of his hair.

There are pleasant associations with the name Pepper, and we are not surprised that the bride was drawn toward the "multi-millionaire," who has coined his drachmas by manufacturing the wine of the Kentucky country. There was Prof. Pepper, who did surprising feats of magic and raised ghosts. There was Mr. Harry Pepper, a sweet singer of English ballads. The name is honorable and old. It was originally "le Pepperer," and a surname of occupation, as Saltman, le Mustarder, Soper, Savonier, le Saucers. We have known only one Pepper that brought disgrace on the family, the intoxicated man who called on Artemus Ward in Virginia City and said he was an editor. "Knowing how rare it was for an editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said, 'What name?' 'Wait!' he said, and went out. I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside. In ten minutes he returned, and said: 'Pepper!' Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it, and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away."

No, the bride's parents could have had no objection to the name. Was Mr. Pepper's age or height or weight the cause of the hitch, not to say aversion? He is 110 pounds heavier, eight inches taller and twenty-nine years older than his wife. Thus is he better fitted to fight the hard battles of life, and he has had more experience, although a woman of 30 is surely as old as the man of 40, so the difference in age is only nineteen years.

The reluctant, disregarding and now forgiving parents should read the report of a lecture on biometrics delivered about a fortnight ago by Prof. Karl Pearson at the Royal Institution, London, who supports their view. He and his assistants have by their researches under the kindly eye of Mr. Francis Galton demolished the long approved theory that men and women are instinctively brought together as mates through opposite mental and physical characteristics: the short man weds the tall woman, the fat woman yearns for the thin and lantern-jawed, the hirsute brunette courts the spectral blonde, etc., etc. Prof. Pearson has proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that mate tends to mate with like; thus a blue-eyed man is more likely to marry a blue-eyed wife than if he were brown-eyed; that short men tend to marry short women; silent men prefer the taciturn, and so forth. Further more, Prof. Pearl of the University of Michigan insists that the same is true of animalcules known as the paramoecia, interesting creatures about one-hundredth of an inch in length. "A paramoecium of a given size tends to mate with another of the same size." The inference is that here is a universal law of nature.

Suppose the Pearsonian theory to be true—and we confess that we do not believe a word of it—there still remains the question: In how far is this homogamy conscious and deliberate? As an English commentator, to whom Mr. Pepper is unknown, remarked: "Darwin himself thought that sexual selection came into play only when the aesthetic and perceptive faculties were highly developed; but no one would accuse a paramoecium of having an aesthetic sense." It is not necessary to pry into this statement of Darwin. Let any trained observer look about him. Is it not true that the majority of married men he knows have wives of more or less marked physical and mental contrasts? According to the Pearsonian theory, the parents in the modern instance were right. But true love mocks at all such theories and as we firmly believe, is often inspired by contrasts, unappreciated perhaps at the time. Ask any young man to describe his sweetheart. Will you obtain from him any precise description of her? He may show you her photograph, "but it does not do her justice; you never would know her by it." How many men after twenty years of marriage can tell the color of their wife's eyes, even when those eyes are not dimmed by trials, cares, sorrows: even when they still mislead the morn?

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mc-18-1905

MARTIN-TERRY RECITAL.

Large and Friendly Audience Fills the Huntington Chambers and Is Pleased.

Miss Josephine Martin, mezzo contralto, and Mr. H. Nelson G. Terry, tenor, gave a song recital last evening in Huntington Chambers Hall. Miss Adelina M. Connell was the accompanist.

The programme included Gluck's "Che del Mio," Bononcini's "L'esperto Nocchiero," Chaminade's "Reve d'un Soir," Tschaikowsky's "Toujours a Toi," Bemodin's "Reine de la Mer," Saint-Saëns' "Soeur Anne," R. Strauss' "Traum durch die Daemmerung," Koptiale "Der Lichtstreif," a Scottish ballad, "Aye Wakin', O," and Mrs. Beach's "Spring," for Miss Martin; "Every Valley" from Handel's "Messiah," Puget's "Adoration," Catherine's "Souvenir," Tosti's "A Sera," a Scottish ballad, "McGregor's Gathering," Hawley's "Sing Me a Song," Hawley's "Awake to Love" for Mr. Terry; and Neidlinger's duet, "O That We

e Maying." There was a large and dly audience.

ss Martin sang Gluck's beautiful air a fine appreciation of the inherent lment. She preserved the long dic line; her interpretation had the sic repose that suggests vitality, not iness, and there was the thought of rlying passion. There were also ts of technical excellence, as in her agement of breath and in her com- d of pure legato. In the groups of s she was often interesting and at s eloquent—as in Saint-Saens' ur Anne," but her tones which had n so much pleasure in the air by k were too often thin, without qual- and the hearer was easily persuaded imperfect tone production forbade display of a naturally rich and ious organ.

Terry sang the air by Handel with xcellent command of breath for a g singer, but his performance wise was commonplace, and his ng of the text was as matter-of- as a patent-office report. He is not ar enough advanced to sing songs hich there is a call for emotional ay.

NATURE FOR THE RICH.

e octopus throws out unsuspected s and the trust-busters may well lismayed. The Portland dealers that the price of lobsters will in- bly be raised now that the whole- dealers along the coast have en- the combine. One of them re- ed: "Lobsters are a luxury; not essity. The rich epicure only will ffected by the price; the poor man n't have lobsters." Oh, doesn't he? used to have them. Are there no epicures? Furthermore, there is of the formation of an oyster . Will the clam escape?

s the lobster designed by the tor only for the rich? The thought eposterous. In the sturdy days of republic lobsters were eaten with id of a jack-knife by villagers on avern stoop or on the stage re- ng from the railway station. Lob- a luxury? They are to many a sity. Let us not have class divi- , lower, lower-middle, middle, up- middle and upper, distinguished by indulgence in food.

t this talk about lobsters and oys- for the rich may well seem to the nist a sign of the approaching when the gifts of nature will be for the very rich, when those of rate income will be obliged to sus- life on manufactured articles of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam used this e in one of his "Cruel Tales." A official wandering in the forest ontainebleau found a cottage in h Daphnis and Chloe were living. welcomed him with unaffected tality. He answered: "I like thing that is natural, and I gladly own with you." But Chloe sighed said that they had hunted vainly arch of nature. The milk on the could be swallowed, but it was out of sheep's brains; the bread adulterated, there was chalk in heese, the eggs were artificial and rted by the million from America, offee was an imitation of chicory, wine had not one drop of grape , the cigars were also imported America—paper leaves steeped in coction of nicotine extracted from ana buts. Even the trees about were in reality dead; the sky was d by electric rays, smoke, air- ; the nightingales, frightened by notive whistles, sang no more. If should go to dwell by the sea, the ght of the ocean cables would dis- them; oil was used to appease the of the waves—the sea was no r natural. The Alps were pierced unnels, and cars ran to the snow- summits. There was no longer nature for Daphnis and Chloe. The al went back to Paris, lighted a ine cigar and began to meditate. came to the conclusion that the of nature is a dream not to be zed by the simple and poor; that Daphnis and Chloe were to have milk, bread, butter, cheese, wine, ath a true sky, they could not be- to live their humble life under a ly income of 25,000 livres. Science, the official to himself, has put the , essential, and natural things of beyond the reach of the poor.

his tale is not wholly fantastical. citizen of moderate income finds e secluded spot on the coast or in ountain region where he and his ily may have a restful home for the summer months. For a year or two they are happy in their simple way. Suddenly the flamboyantly rich descend upon them with the yachts or golf links, casino, clubhouse, equipages with prancing, dock-tailed horses and clanking chains. There is pervading unrest. The villagers naturally sell their garden stuff to the reckless with the purse. Prices rise in all directions. The simple are crowded out. Soon throughout New England the enjoyment of nature will be chiefly for the rich. The time may soon come when men, women and children of moderate means will be obliged to put up with imitation lobsters and oysters, just as at present pure milk, fresh eggs and fruit are beyond the reach of many.

MISSTATEMENTS.

We regret to find two misstatements of fact in the editorial columns of the New York Sun.

The Sun of March 17 said: "Manuel Garcia, who gave the first performance of Italian opera in New York in 1825, was born in Madrid on March 17, 1805, and is still alive in London. He is 100 years old today. His preservation is due to the fact that he abandoned the pernicious habit of opera singing more than half a century ago, and so escaped acquiring an ambition to sing Wagnerian roles. May he live long and prosper. That will be the wish of all devotees of bel canto."

The Garcia who first gave Italian opera in New York was Manuel del Popolo Vicente Garcia, famous singer, singing teacher, manager and composer, not the Manuel now living in London. The former died at Paris in 1832. The Manuel now in London is his son, and he and his mother and his sister Maria, afterward world-renowned as Mme. Malibran, were in his father's company in New York.

The Sun of March 16, in an editorial article commenting on the musical taste of Boston, stated that the people of this city stayed away from the operatic performances given here last week by Mr. Conried's company. As a matter of fact, the Boston Theatre was crowded at three or four performances, and there were large audiences at the other performances, with the exception of those of "Parsifal."

It may interest the Bostonians who paid $10, or refused to pay that sum, for hearing "Parsifal" at the Boston Theatre, to learn that the highest sum asked by Mr. Conried for hearing "Parsifal" in Kansas City is $4.

The statement has been made lately that Mr. Savage lost money here by his production of "Parsifal." The fact is that he netted over $8000. The curiosity of the West to hear this music-drama as given by Mr. Savage's company at a reasonable price is keen. A week at St. Louis brought in $36,000; and there was the sum of $4450 in the Des Moines house last Monday night.

A FALSE SHAME.

A hair dresser in New York was arrested lately for attempting to treat a head medicinally. He told the patient that she had "stagnation of the scalp." He pulled out one of her hairs, put it under a microscope and applied medicine. Then he told her that a full treatment would cost $25—which was strictly professional on his part: indeed, any confirmed specialist would wonder at his moderation.

Why has not a hair dresser, or barber, if you prefer, a right to prescribe for threatening baldness or for any disease that the scalp is heir to? In the old days there were hundreds of good, familiar, household remedies against loss of hair, and physicians never thought of complaining concerning any infringement of rights. Open at random one of the popular books on medicine published in the sixteenth century and you will find on the page at least one prescription for alopecia. We try our fate with Lloyd's and lo, we read the following: "Burn the head of a great rat and mingle it with the dropping of a bear or of a hog and anoint the head." Think for a moment of more complex prescriptions recommended by the ancients. A patient's head was washed with nitre, then scrubbed with a woollen cloth till it was fiery red, then anointed with vervain pounded with vinegar in the sun or with alcyonium burnt and pounded with lamp oil. The shells of sea urchins were mixed with bear's grease. A mixture of pepper, hedge mustard, rocket seeds, white hellebore, the gall of a bull, of a goat, or of a hog, and still more unpleasant ingredients was highly commended. Crito's remedy came high: Take the dried stomachs of five hares, roast carefully in an earthern vessel, add the third part of myrtle tops, fruit and juice of acacia, of sweet briar, of maiden hair, pound together and sift through a small sieve; add the grease of a bear and of a seal; pound, and preserve in a leaden vessel. At the time of using add very fragrant ointment. The patient should bathe freely and have a moistening diet. Liquid pitch, tar water, cantharides, musk, amber, red arsenic, cupping, leeching, all manner of local stimulants and rubefacients—what has wretched man left untried, advised by the regular practitioner! If a hair dresser is not competent to prescribe for baldness, who is? Was not the microscopic investigation by this Camille Francois in New York according to the rules of practice? It should be remembered that the patient made no well founded complaint of malpractice, injury to hair or scalp, for she was a paid detective of the County Medical Society.

Why should so many men fear loss of hair? Neither Julius Caesar nor the prophet Elisha liked to be called baldpate. (By the way, it is a curious fact that bears whose grease is a remedy against baldness tore forty-two fresh youngsters who mocked the pate of the holy man as he went up from Jericho to Bethel). The bald have for centuries been looked on suspiciously as amorists, from Galba, Otho, Domitian, to the connoisseurs in the front row at the comic opera. Aristotle discussed this interesting point. But what man, however noble his life, escapes calumny? There are those whose general architecture demands a huge and polished dome. They should never have head-hair. Judges, statesmen, great financiers, philanthropists, philosophers—who does not like to think of the world shapers and world benefactors as impressively bald! Let the wild men of war, as the Wild Man of Borneo, whose death we noted a day ago with the tear of sensibility, let the world-shakers and disturbers cultivate hairy luxuriance. Let the pianist and the violinist flaunt box office and lucrative locks in the face of the public—yet was not von Buelow pretty bald when he last visited us? The artist's strength may be in his hair, for he is an interpreter, not a creator. Creation, deep and concentrated thought heat the head, and hair is consumed and wastes away as flax in the flame. It is true that there may be incongruous baldness, as when a man's head runs up to a peak. For such unfortunates are strange remedies prescribed; but there is a baldness that is noble, the fit symbol of a great soul and an illustrious life.

m. h. 4. 19

Mr. Ernest Newman's Discriminative Little Volume; Extraordinary Essays by Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump; A Columbia Professor as Pianist at the Symphony Concert; the Choral Arts Society's Second Concert; Recitals by Messrs. Hekking and Gallico.

THE Herald quoted lately, apropos of the performance here of "Parsifal" by the Metropolitan Opera House company, some passages from Mr. Ernest Newman's "Wagner." This volume, in a series entitled "The Music of the Masters," is published in this country by Brentano of New York. It is a small book—there are only 208 pages—but it cannot be praised too warmly as a valuable contribution to Wagnerian literature.

Mr. Newman was already known as the author of important works: "Gluck and the Opera," "A Study of Wagner." He has just been appointed music critic of the Manchester Guardian, a journal of metropolitan importance, though it is published in a provincial town. Not long ago he sent to the Musical Courier (N. Y.), to which he has contributed, the following sketch of his life:

"Born, Liverpool, Nov. 30, 1869. Childhood's years uneventful; was one of those intolerable little nuisances who rake in prizes every year at school, day and Sunday. After ordinary school went to Liverpool College. Got silver medal for divinity. Dog now wears this round his neck and is hugely proud of it. Great are the uses of divinity. To the careful religious training I had in those early years I attribute my subsequent lapse from the bosom of the church. Studied for Indian civil service. Health broke down. People at home scared at idea of profession where brain was needed, so went into a bank. Health improved. Interested in social and political movements; miscellaneous reading; wrote on literature, science, philosophy. Did long essay on Gluck, and one on Wagner. Worked at book on history of banking and theory of money and credit. Began teaching singing, after much hard study of it. Early in 1903 offered place on staff of Midland Institute of Music at Birmingham. Still at institute. Am a regular Jonah; any paper I get on is lost. National Reformer, Free Review, University Magazine, The Musician, The Chord, Weekly Critical Review, all have perished in consequence of my assistance. Chief objects in life (1) to do something new in theory of banking and credit; (2) to do a history of modern music in which it shall be studied all along in connection with the art, literature and social conditions of the various epochs."

The volume of which we now speak is not a biography of Wagner in the conventional meaning of the term. No one will learn from it about the details of the composer's life. There is a chronological table with dates of chief events (birth, marriages, etc.), dates of composition of works and of their first performance. We venture to say that the reader will derive from this book a clearer idea and fairer estimate of the personal and musical character of this remarkable man than if he should wade through more pretentious volumes. Mr. Newman's own words might stand as a motto on the title page: "To criticise Wagner, be it said at once, is not necessarily to disparage him, only one does no good by blinding his eyes to the truth."

The Essential Wagner.

Mr. Newman undertakes to present the essential Wagner. The plain man's interest is primarily in Wagner as a musical dramatist. Wagner the sociologist, historian, economist, philosopher—"almost all might be swept away without the world losing very much." The insane Wagnerite—and such still existgoes so far as to proclaim him the equal of Aeschylus as a dramatist, of Goethe as a profound poet, of Schopenhauer as a philosopher, if not superior to them all. Mr. Newman quietly says, for he is not given to screaming even in the discussion of Wagner: "A few enthusiasts still go on proclaiming that Wagner was a great thinker, but their number diminishes day by day; and, without any disrespect to them, one may say that their tributes to the excellence of Wagner's thought would be more convincing were their own reputation as scientific thinkers a little more surely established." Nor does Mr. Newman waste time and ink in examining into the metaphysical and other talk of this most talkative composer. He takes this sensible stand: A work of art endures or disappears according to the amount of art there is in it. "You will not save a piece of inferior art by tacking a superior moral to it; nor—which is still more important—will you make a piece of good art any better or weightier by finding in it the most admirable moral or social lessons. And so we do not care for Ortrud's relation to politics or her view of the sociological scheme of her period; we ask, is she artistically alive? Is she a woman, not a personified abstraction?" Mr. Newman quotes some of the fearful and wonderful discoveries of commentators. Many of us have been amused and bored by Mime, the dwarf, without the knowledge that he is "the craft which finds its best soil in the church, impressing every one in early youth, before judgment is ripe, with the belief that it is a spiritual father and mother." To argue seriously with such commentators is a wicked waste of breath. "Kindly laughter is perhaps the best criticism upon the too solemn Wagner interpreter."

Varying Influences.

It is understood by many that Wagner was from the beginning a man of determined artistic theories, who pressed on indomitably toward a long fixed goal. As a matter of fact, he was for years the veriest weather-cock. He for a long time followed a leader. When he learned Greek, he was bound to write Greek plays. He became acquainted with Shakespeare and he immediately perpetrated a drama compounded of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," and then, hearing the music to "Egmont," resolved to write music for his own play.

REVIEW OF RECENT BOOKS ON WAGNER AND HIS WORKS

CORNELIUS RUEBNER PIANIST.

APPARITION OF VENUS IN SAINT-SAENS' "HELENE".

PAOLO GALLICO, PIANIST.

Influenced by Mozart, he composed a piano sonata; by Beethoven, a concert overture and a pastoral play. The romanticism of Weber and Marschmer spurred him to write his opera, "The Faries." He went as a conductor to Magdeburg and followed "the lead of the young bloods who preach anarchy and free love and generally paint the town red." He turned materialist and sensualist and composed his opera, "The Novice of Palermo," founded on "Measure for Measure." "It is clear from sundry hints in his prose writings that Wagner was hardly a model of propriety at the time; and in 'The Novice of Palermo' he gave himself up to the very congenial task of 'glorifying free and frank physicalism' and having a fling at what he called 'Puritan hypocrisy.'" The French appealed to him, and he turned his back on Beethoven, looked toward the Paris Opera House; hence his "Rienzi." He was crazy over Paris as the art centre of the world, but when he was not immediately enthroned there he saw as in a glass the hollowness of the Parisian opera ideal.

Perhaps he would fare better in Germany, so he went back: "with hot tears in my eyes, I, poor artist, swore eternal fidelity to my German fatherland." "Rienzi" was accepted for Dresden; "an ardent, yearning patriotism woke within me, such as I had never dreamt before." Beethoven's ninth symphony reconciled him to the composer, and he wrote his "Faust" overture; but in 1834 he forswore his allegiance to Weber. When he began to know Hafiz he leaped into the air and shouted: "The greatest of all poets." To quote Mr. Baughan's words: "As he grew older the strain of self-assertiveness in him, particularly in musical matters, became stronger, and we find him marking out one or two distinct paths for himself and keeping to them consistently; but even to the end he was most susceptible to all the changing intellectual currents that swept around him, and given to deducing a world-philosophy from the condition of his own nervous system at the moment. When he found that a vegetarian diet suited him better than a flesh diet he proposed that the northern races should migrate from their present habitat into other parts of the world, where the climate would permit them to be pure vegetarians."

In other words, Wagner was not unlike cer in others of the great. He grew slowly, now assimilating, now rejecting. As for inconsistencies in theories and beliefs and practices, he might have answered in Walt Whitman's speech:

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well, then: I contradict myself;
I am large, I contain multitudes."

Wagner's Early Operas.

Mr. Newman discusses the operas in order. "Rienzi" shows the slowness of Wagner's mental growth, and there is little in it of the Wagner whom we now know. There is very little of enduring worth either in the music or the drama. Of course the believers in Wagner's plenary inspiration will not agree to this. The libretto of "Rienzi" is theatric, not dramatic. "It takes the populace much less time to kill the nobles and settle the fate of Rome than it does to come down to the footlights and sing about it. We notice, too, the first signs of that crude theatricalism that mars some of Wagner's later works. We cannot discuss here his theory as to the importance of appealing to the eye in drama as well as to the ear. To a certain extent he was right, but his own taste in these matters was sometimes rather puerile, and he took very seriously a number of stage presentations that only amuse the unduped mind—the pantomime dragon in 'Siegfried,' for example. In 'Rienzi' we have feeble appeals to a primitive theatrical sense in the gladiatorial combats and games, and in the raw symbolism of the Goddess of Peace appearing—'followed by maidens, some in ancient Roman attire and some in that of the middle ages'—and reconciling the ancient and modern Romans, a process indicated by the 'ancient Roman maidens exchanging their ornaments with those of the middle ages.' All this kind of thing is very crude and 'betrays' anything but 'the genuine dramatist.' Genuine dramatists see life through other eyes than these; they indeed reach the spectator through a visual representation, but they do not confuse the essentially dramatic with what is 'effective' in the merely theatrical sense."

Mr. Newman adds a footnote: "Wagner suffered all his life from delusions as to the didactic value of some of his theatrical exhibitions. * * * Allegorical painting is bad enough, but an allegorical theatre is a tiresome abortion. It was the same half-baked dramatic sense that made him fancy Siegfried and Wotan and Brynhilde and the rest of them 'represented' this, that or the other moral quality. Dramatic and fictive characters should 'represent' simply human beings. The claim of King Lear and Mme. Bovary and Don Quixote and Figaro to be considered artistically alive is not that they represent any social force or political movement, but are clearly seen and veraciously conceived specimens of the humanity we know, drawn in the round and to the life." The music of "Rienzi" has moments of exaltation, but its chief interest is historical, and there is the rhythmic monotony in the declamation that disfigures "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin."

Egoistic Promptings.

Wagner was constantly hard up, and he was disgusted by the failure of the public to understand his serious intentions. A sensualist by nature, his nervous system knew the inevitable recoil. He was a prodigious egoist, who imagined his own cause to be that of the human race. He confounded his own psychology for that of the world at large. In "Tannhaeuser" he tried, as he says, to escape from the world of mad sensuousness to the "unknown land of pure and chaste virginity," a land for which, Mr. Newman is sure, he had no great liking in his more exuberant moments. "It was just the recoil from the boudoir to the monastery that 20,000 men in the street take at frequent intervals in their lives." He felt the need of more sympathy and love, and "Lohengrin" was the result. He found society around him rotten, because it did not appreciate his operas, and so he imagined Siegfried, the type of the true human being. Thus did he sing in turn his own joys and sorrows, and make aesthetic generalizations from his own particular artistic nature. The real Wagner begins to be seen in the "Flying Dutchman." The defects of this opera are easily seen. If the Dutchman, Senta and the sailors are alive, Daland and Erik are the merest stage puppets. But why this pother about Senta as "the woman of the future"? "If she is, it makes the art of the thing no better, and if she is not, that makes it no worse."

In "Tannhaeuser" we see Wagner's fondness for setting visibly before the spectator all the details of a scene. One yawns or smiles at the portentous solemnity of the Landgrave and some of the minstrels; the pages tramping with the cup that contains the names of the rival singers; "the stage tomfoolery of the plucking of the harp as accompaniment to the song." Then there are the tawdry tableaux in the Venusberg, the "solemn nonsense" of the cloud-picture of the Rape of Europa. "The explanation is probably as I have suggested—that Wagner's own imagination was relatively feeble and uncertain when not backed up by the visible representation of things."

It is in "Lohengrin" that the real Wagner comes into view—"the musical Titan, the magician who can do what he pleases with us, the great builder of tone-palaces, the like of which the world had never yet seen." On the poetical side it compares well with the average opera, but badly with the real drama. Frederick and Ortrud smell of the footlights. The swan and dove were taken by Wagner too seriously. The final transformation is downright triviality. The empty metaphysics and their sociology are merely "the stage expression of what a very bad time Richard Wagner had in Dresden, and how very much he would have liked people to understand him better and love him more. * * * The best tribute to the magic of Wagner's works is that they have survived the commentaries on them of Wagner and his friends."

The "Ring" was also born out of Wagner's personal need and longing. After his flight from Dresden he was in wretched health. There was a "huge whirr of intellectual machinery" in his head, but nothing came of it. In his study of himself he came to the conclusion that he was not free, so he created Siegfried. He was unhappy with his wife Minna; therefore he worked out a theory of the need for "change and renewal" and turned the lawful wife Fricka into a bore and a Mrs. Grundy. "The wise man will read all that Wagner and the commentators have said about the moral intentions of the poem and then quietly forget most of it. Wagner meant the 'Ring' to teach many lessons, and for those who like this kind of thing this will be just the kind of thing they will like. But it really gives us no particular pleasure to learn that Siegfried is 'the human being in the most natural and blithest fulness of his physical life,' etc. * * * One gets very weary of all this Teutonic moonshine, particularly of the perpetual sentimentalising about redemption through love. Had Wagner left no letters and no prose works we should have been spared many acres of pseudo-philosophy from his worshippers—for it all comes from the prose, not from the operas themselves. If the 'Ring' contained nothing more than this philosophizing, it would not have lived a day. But it has something more and better than that. It is beyond all comparison, the biggest thing ever conceived by the mind of a musician. * * * It is too big to be perfect; but in its inevitable imperfection it is greater than the bulk of smaller and more formally perfect things. * * * Just as in 'The Ring and the Book' we have the com plete Browning, so in 'The Ring of t Nibelung' we have the complete Wa ner; and the complete Wagner, so see is something at which the world st remains astounded."

Other Influences.

The Wesendonk correspondence, pu lished lately, throws light on t genesis of "Tristan and Isolde." Wa ner's stage tragedy was always t particular and personal tragedy, r or imaginary, of the moment. It l been said that "Tristan" was concei under the influence of Schopenhau but Wagner's diary while he was w ing the music drama shows t Mathilde was the inspiring cause. Newman says of the long duet: "I the very delirium of love, an orie paradise seen in a hachisch dream. whole gamut of the lovers' ecstasy ranged through—satisfaction, madn languor, the joy of life, the longing death." He does full justice to magnificence of the work, but he says truly, of the love-death scene: is quite certain that here, as in m other places in the score, the orig conception was orchestral, and the v had been fitted to it, as in 'The Ri in the best way the composer c manage. This, indeed, is the one ous flaw in all the work of Wag prime * * * but it is, perhaps, only serious flaw in "Tristan and Iso which as a whole is without compa in music. * * * Nowhere is his tho regarded as mere cerebration, so tense and so continuous; while the mal handling is more sure, more ad able, than people had previously tho to be possible in opera."

As "Tristan" acted as a purgati Wagner's spirit, so the convalesc and the friendship of King Ludwig Wagner into the mood to write Mastersingers"—"the incarnation composed beauty, of serene wisdo deep and tender reflection upon The antithesis of 'Tristan' in other respect, it is like that wo its easy yet unapproachable ma its sure, sustained flight into a of the upper air whither no one els follow. * * * And 'The Mastersh has one commanding excellenc smells of the good brown earth an life, untainted by any tedious physic. These very human men women are much more precious than the personified abstractions th shows himself so fond of elsewhere want no pseudo-philosophical com aries on 'Tristan' and 'The Maste ers'; they can be pressed into th vice of no economic or sociologica ory."

A chapter on the miscellaneous is followed by one on "Parsifal," which The Herald has already in preceding Sunday articles. Mr. man ends by this tribute to W "For the combination in one org of beauty of phrase, inexhaustibl inspiration and sheer weight and deur of conception, there is no or will compare with him except Other men may surpass him l point or that, but none of the so rich a general endowment as far as can be seen at present, hi vulnerable point is that so often attention to in the preceding the frequent inability to weld th and orchestral parts into a homog substance. He saw his pictur network of salient musical n needing to be handled quasi-sy cally in the orchestra; this g herence and continuity to the or tissue, but often made the voc look like an interloper, so crud with such obvious labor is it p upon the orchestral part. It is p that this is a defect inseparab opera as he conceived it."

It should be added that Mr. N tells clearly the story of each the operas and adds helpful, tracing themes in notation, a chapter on "Bibliography." Mr. Newman characterizes Mr. life of Wagner as still easily fi most readable and best all-rou

on Wagner in any language. There is a regrettable omission in this bibliography; Mr. Newman is evidently unacquainted with the excellent and consistently sane and accurate life of Wagner by Mr. W. J. Henderson.

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In Striking Contrast.

Two little volumes published in this country by G. Schirmer of New York—"The Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal" by Mrs. Alice Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump—are in striking contrast. Boston has seen these interesting ladies face to face, for it was on March 18, 1898, that the two members of the London Wagner Society gave a curious talk to some persons, a thrilling Wagnerian entertainment in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Cleather and Mr. Crump were then members of the "Universal Brotherhood," whose object was "to study ancient and modern religion, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of nature and the divine powers in man"—a most praiseworthy undertaking which requires, however, much time and best health. We remember Mrs. Cleather, who was dressed like a beautiful aesthete, and spoke with the air of a martyr nearing the stake. She told many things, and she told a sad story of an ill-bred tenor who, at dinner parties in London, sang into his goblet until the glass was shivered to atoms—just the man for a heroic Wagnerian part. She told this story in illustration of Wagner's theory that music can move objects. Mr. Crump had his charts and he talked pleasantly about the "thread-soul" of the music-dramas, the Rosicrucian mysteries, the law of compensation, and the evolution of the race. There were stereopticon views, and a piano and a cabinet organ were played emotionally behind a screen. These pretty little volumes were written by these persons. A column or two could easily be filled with their surprising statements. Thus "Wagner had lived all his dramas in his own heart and mind, and such was his power of creation that in the drama of 'Parsifal' he has been able to convey to us, in an incomparably moving and convincing manner, the beauty and necessity of the purest morality." Only, then, by dissolving the Wesendonk household and annexing to himself the wife of von Bülow could he truly understand the purity of Parsifalian purity.

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Miscellaneous.

Mr. Gustav Kobbe's "Wagner's Music-Dramas Analyzed," with the leading motives, published by G. Schirmer of New York, is a carefully prepared and very instructive work by a well equipped writer. Mr. Kobbe is not blind to Wagner's errors as a dramatist. Wotan, except in the noble scene with Brünhilde in the finale of 'The Valkyrie,' is a bore. He is Wagner's one failure—and Wagner's failure was on as colossal a scale as his successes were. Wotan is the chief of the gods, a race marked out by fate for annihilation. Working in the shadow of impending destruction, he would, one might suppose, bear himself with a certain tragic dignity. Instead of this, however, he is constantly bemoaning his fate, and hence strikes one as contemptible rather than as tragic. Moreover, even if his laments of grief were tragic, instead of ridiculous and wearisome, we could readily clothe with god-like dignity a character who pursues the female sex—human, semi-divine and purely human—with the persistency of a mythological Simon and has reared a numerous family, each member of which would probably find considerable difficulty in identifying his or her mother." The volume is one of real value.

Die Meistersinger," with introduction, notes and vocabulary, by Prof. W. C. Bigelow of Amherst College, published by the American Book Company, is a text book for schools or colleges. Wagner's play is treated as any comedy by Terence or Aristophanes, or tragedy by Sophocles. The editor believes that, notwithstanding the incomprehensiveness which must necessarily attend the study of a drama by Wagner though the text alone, there is time and place in the American college curriculum for the study of such forceful and epoch-making works. "The Mastersingers" is distinctively German, and like Lessing, Goethe and Schiller, Wagner created a language for his own purpose. The play defines the contrast between the idealism and the materialism that characterize the German race. There is an introductory chapter concerning the Mastersingers as a body known to history. The stage directions are printed in English; the explanatory notes of a grammatical nature are put at the bottom of the pages, and the vocabulary will be of use to those whose college days are behind them. Is Prof. Bigelow's edition used as a text book at Amherst? If so, Mr. Conried should visit the hill town with his company.

Mr. George Turner Phelps' "Parsifal, an English Text for the Score, Together with the German Poem," published by Richard G. Badger of Boston, shows the devotion of this Wagnerian enthusiast to "the supreme Dramatic Imagination of the 19th Century." Mr. Phelps has attempted to make a translation which can be sung "without change of Wagnor's notation and without violation of the emotion demanded in any stage of dialogue and 'business.'" The text is presented "not as perfect, but as practicable." The book is a singular example of the most painstaking labor. See, for instance, the translation on pages 45-54 of the Flower Maidens' chorus.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, who will be the pianist at the Symphony concert this week, was born Oct. 26, 1853, in Copenhagen. His father, a German by birth, was a music conductor, and he held a government position. Mr. Ruebner studied with Gade and Reinecke. He played at first at Baden-Baden, but in 1892 he went to Carlsruhe to conduct the Philharmonic Society. In 1904 he was invited to take the position at Columbia University, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Edward MacDowell. Mr. Ruebner has composed a symphonic poem, "Festival Overture," a piano trio, songs, piano pieces and a fairy ballet in three acts, "Prinz Ador," which was produced at Carlsruhe in 1903.

Mr. Paolo Gallico, who will make his first appearance here in a piano recital this week, was born at Trieste May 13, 1868, and played in public when he was 15 years old. After three years of additional study with Epstein at the Vienna Conservatory, he took the highest honors. He gave concerts in Italy, Austria, Russia and Germany. His home is New York, where he has lived since 1892.

The picture of the apparition of Venus in the second scene of Saint-Saens' latest opera, "Helene," is from a sketch by Rene Lelong.

The Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 26, said of Mme. Teresa Carreno: "This pianist has an extremely virile temperament in all her interpretations of great works; this is to say not so much that her purpose is virile, but rather that her strength of wrist and her manner of playing seem, every now and then, to contradict a gentler element which makes her artistic interpretation, when it happens to be at its best, quite noble, but which at other times seems a little overstrained. For example, her interpretation of Chopin, in his sonata in B minor, was, perhaps, rather overdone; for it is curious to find how many women pianists exceed the masculine sentiment of Chopin, even as that wonderful composer misinterpreted the sentiment of masculinity in his own achievements. It naturally follows that, in dealing with Schumann, Mme. Carreno was scarcely so interesting, if only because of the fact that she knows not the very curious and up-to-date treatment of Schumann for which his work absolutely clamors. When we say up to date we mean the ideal of the present generation. Schumann wrote ahead of his time so much that Wagner himself is more likely to lose his modernity than is Schumann. Mme. Carreno's interpretation of the Beethoven sonata, which is famously known by the title of 'Appassionata,' was one of the least engrossing things of her concert. With all her feeling for that which is strong, significant and determined in music, it seems to us that her instinct rather mars her musical thought. She attempts Beethoven from the man's point of view, and is compelled, it would almost seem, to give up that point of view because Beethoven was so intensely strenuous in the stern and austere line of art which he marked out for himself that he practically allows no feeble element to enter into his musical aspirations. We cannot refrain from recurring to the fact that, in the case of one well known literary craftsman, in all his references he has never ceased to compare Mme. Carreno to such artists as Rubinstein and Von Buelow, a matter which is supposed to prove how curious is the influence of such a player as this, who never fails in power, strength and what the Italians used to call attacco. It is no wonder, therefore, that, in her dealings with both Schumann and Chopin, her work became rather rhetorical than poetical, and that, in Johnson's fine words, she was rather inclined to be high in flight than long on the wing."

A letter from Kansas City informs us that the highest price asked there by Mr. Conried for the performance of "Parsifal" by his opera company is $4.

LOCAL.

The Olive Mead string quartet will give its only concert of the season in Potter Hall on Tuesday night, the 28th, at 8:15. Mrs. Beach, pianist, will assist.

The violoncello recital by Mr. Anton Hekking, which was announced to take place in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, March 20 has been postponed to Monday afternoon, March 27.

A concert will be given by the city of Boston in Franklin school, on Tuesday evening. The orchestral pieces, conducted by Mr. Kanrich, will be by Wallace, Tollan, Herbert, Lecoq, Handel, Mendelssohn. Mr. Sheridan Kilby, baritone, will sing an air from "Il Trovatore" and Molloys "Postillion." Mr. Frank Eaton will play a flute solo by Demersseman.

The 13th Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall, March 26, will be given by Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, and Mr. Gilbert, baritone.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang, conductor, will give in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 4, a concert of unusual interest. Gustave Charpentier's "Vie du Poete" will then be performed for the first time in America. The chorus will be assisted by Miss Isabelle Bouton, Mr. Edward Barrow and a full orchestra. This work will be sung in French. Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" will also be performed for the first time here with an orchestra. The solo singers in this work, which will be sung in English, will be Miss Bouton and Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child. The Wagc Earners' concert will be on Monday evening, April 3.

Single tickets may be obtained for the concert of the Choral Art Society in Jordan Hall on Friday evening at the box office of Symphony Hall, at Herrick's, and of the secretary, Mr. Charles G. Saunders, 95 Milk street. The programme is one of varied interest, including as it does madrigals by famous ancient writers, a motet for double chorus by Bach d'Indy's "Sur la Mer" (composed in 1888) and part songs by Gretchaninoff, Cesar Cui and Serge Taneieff. Alexander Gretchaninoff is an unfamiliar name here. Born in 1864, he studied at the conservatories of Moscow and St. Petersburg. He was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff in composition, and the list of his works includes an opera, "Dobrynia Nikititsch" (Moscow, 1903), a symphony and other orchestral pieces, two string quartets, songs, church music and piano pieces.

MR. PADEREWSKI.

Mr. Charles A. Ellis takes pleasure in announcing that Mr. Ignace Jan Paderewski will give a piano recital in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 1, at 2:30 o'clock. This is Mr. Paderewski's sixth American tour. Mr. Paderewski sailed from Marseilles on May last for Australia. He had it in his mind to go to the Antipodes by way of Siberia and Japan, but the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war put an end to that idea, and he went directly to Australia, where he gave concerts for six months. It was his first visit. He was delighted with the country and the people and will go to them again in the next few years. He had intended to come to America in 1906, but he decided in October to return to Europe by way of this country, and Mr. Ellis arranged a tour for him. Mr. Paderewski landed in San Francisco on Dec. 12. A series of recitals in that city and up and down the Pacific coast, and then he started East by way of the gulf states, playing in many southern cities he had never before visited.

Since then he has given recitals in the middle West and in the East. In Chicago, on the 11th, he gave a concert in the new Orchestra Hall. Not only was every seat taken, in addition to 200 seats placed on the stage—all the police would allow—but over 700 people were turned away. Carnegie Hall is practically sold out now for his recital in New York on the 25th, and this is the story which is found in nearly every city and town in which he has played.

The sale of tickets will open at Symphony Hall on Friday, March 24, at 9 A. M.

APPROPRIATE DRESS.

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, March 13, 1905.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

My friend and I had a bit of an argument yesterday as to the proper way to dress for a performance of "Parsifal." He, a pronounced optimist, hopefully opined that an evening coat was the thing, looking forward triumphantly to the hour of its close. I, of the opposite temperament, maintained that a garment more in harmony with the opening hour of this prolonged musical ordeal—say, a frock coat—would be more seemly, and that the undue duration of the event thus appropriately entered upon was no affair of mine. I am fixed in the opinion that the sun should never shine upon a dress coat, save when it is distended by the person of a waiter, and my friend is no less assured that the garment that can adorn a wedding and lend dignity to a funeral is ill seen at more belated ceremonies, whatever the circumstances.

We therefore jointly pray of your omniscience the last conclusive word on this subject.

C. E. FRANCISCO.
T. C. EUGENIO.

This subject has already been thoroughly discussed. We do not favor any change of dress in the lobby between the first and second acts, for the peculiar atmosphere that is indispensable to the success of "Parsifal" might thereby be affected. Inasmuch as several leading citizens have told us that hearing "Parsifal" was hard work, we suggest overalls and a tin dinner pail. The latter might be used to carry an opera glass or for its foreordained purpose. —Ed.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder played Loeffler's "Morceau Fantastique" for 'cello at the 14th concert of the Philadelphia orchestra March 11. The Public Ledger said of him: "This distinguished musician, whose tone is so full and rich, bowed yesterday with a freedom and a verve that any one who knows his playing only through his suppressed work with the Kneisel quartet must have found most significant."

The Ledger said of the work itself: "There will doubtless be a variety of opinions expressed, but it is unquestionably one of the most interesting and important compositions for violoncello and orchestra that we have heard. After all, how few compositions of real interest there are for 'cello soloists. This one is essentially modern and entirely French in its suggestion, mystic, curious and, in many of its movements, exceedingly beautiful, with its strange poetic flights and its unusual and striking intervals. Rich and warm in coloring and unusually full in orchestration, its melodies are not always immediately apparent and its values are undoubtedly very uneven. Certain passages, interludes, in which the solo instrument is not heard, seem quite exalted, while passages of some trivitality follow, so that the work, as a whole, is not altogether satisfying. There is a certain current of orientalism running through the work that is an added charm and, most important of all, it affords the soloist almost limitless opportunity for the display of virtuosity, as the 'cello part is one of the most exacting."

Sir A. C. Mackenzie's new work for the Palace, London, is in the nature of what, in the old days, was called an "Interlude." This form of entertainment became quite the fashion at the public gardens "over the water," and occasionally a thin little volume of interludes, once popular at Bermondsey Spa, may be found lying forlorn upon book-barrows. Of course, there are respects in which Sir Alexander's work differs from the transpontine model, but, like the old pieces, it is brief, occupying 30 minutes only. The title, which may be changed, is "The Knights of the Road," the chosen period being 1740, when the chivalry of Dick Turpin and Jack Straw was at its height. Dialogue, as well as music, enters into the structure of the piece. Of music there are six numbers—three songs, and as many ensembles—and a new scene has been painted. The libretto is the work of Mr. Henry Lytton.—London Telegraph.

Debussy is making his way even in London. Mme. Blanche Marchesi sang three of his songs there Feb. 13. Two of them were "Chevaux de Bois" and "Mandoline" and the latter was imperatively redemanded.

Saint-Saens' new "Caprice Andalous" for violin and orchestra was played in London on Feb. 16 by Johannes Wolff, to whom it is dedicated. The Referee was disappointed: "A few lines at the head of the score, comparing Cadiz to the pistil of a flower, gives rise to expectations of melodic beauty which are not realized by the music; but the themes, being based on Spanish songs, possess character and suggest the stamping of heels, and waving of arms, and dark flashing eyes. Moreover, the melodies are deftly treated and daintily orchestrated, and the solo violin enjoys itself immensely, particularly at the close, in which it executes a delirium of counterpoint."

The Pall Mall Gazette says of Mr. York Bowen's "Concert piece" for piano, clarinet, horn and string quartet performed in London early this month: "Mr. Bowen is thoroughly appreciative of the character of each instrument for which he writes; the result is that one feels in such a work as this the sentiment of unity among vastly different kinds of instruments. This surely is one of the ideals of writers who devote themselves to chamber music; it is, to all intents and purposes, for one who is well acquainted with the details of the orchestra, a comparatively easy matter to evolve works which may be written aimlessly around certain instruments; but that interior knowledge of the exact value of the sound given out by any particular instrument is a very rare gift, and Mr. York Bowen assuredly possesses it. The final movement of this particular work is exceedingly fine and noble."

"TAILLEFER" IN NEW YORK.

Richard Strauss' "Taillefer" was performed for the first time in America by the Oratorio Society of New York on March 14. Mr. Frank Damrosch conducted. The Times said of the work:

"Strauss' 'Taillefer' is brief; in its musical interpretation of Uhland's ballad it goes straight to the point, with much dependence on a brilliant and noisy orchestra for its effect. Its outlines are broad and simple; the themes on which it is based are easily grasped. Their development is chiefly symphonic. The orchestra has much to do in presenting a graphic background, and there is a crashing representation of the battle of Hastings On the whole a noisy piece, but the freshness and spirit in it have their effect."

The Sun took a different and a hilarious view: "This work was composed by the industrious Mr. Strauss in the last months of 1902 and the first of 1903. It was produced at Heidelberg in the latter part of 1903 as a sort of thank offering for a university degree. The gentleman about whom Mr. Strauss has wreathed his latest clouds of instrumentation was a trouvere who obtained from William, Duke of Normandy, permission to strike the first blow at the battle of Senlac. Singing songs of Roland and Charlemagne, Taillefer rode forward, tossing his sword into the air and catching it with all the deftness of a jongleur, and carved his way through several doughty knights before he fell pierced by a hundred wounds. The opening which he made in the foeman's line was the gate to victory. The version used by Strauss, however, is that of Uhland, who, being a good German and having respect unto the sentimental tendencies of his people, gave the tale a happy ending. Taillefer is an esquire and he sings all the day. William likes singing and asks who it is that carols so blithely. Taillefer, being something of a diplomat, promptly announces that he could serve better in a higher station, and so he is made a knight, and the duke's sister informs herself in the scene by of her chamber, that he is the finest knight of them all. William goes to England with his army. At the battle of Hastings Taillefer strikes the first blow, but lives to hear the duke, now William the Conqueror, say:

'Come now, my gallant Taillefer and drain a cup with me!
Thy song hath often cheered me, made pain and sorrow flee.
Natheless, the strain thou'st chanted on Hastings' field today
Shall never be forgotten, but fill my ear alway.'

"Doubtless the unsuspecting reader has visions of a composer enamored of the conception of a singer filling the earth and sky with beautiful melodies, but the unsuspecting reader knows not Mr. Strauss of Munich. This composer is afflicted with largeness of view and had a big festival in mind when he began this work.

"He wrote to the editor of the London Musical Times:

" 'As at these large festivals there are generally huge orchestras employed, I do not see why the wind instrument players should merely double their parts. Therefore I intend to write independent parts for them all, and I have ordered from Paris some special manuscript paper of 40 staves.'

"It was the battle that dwelt in the mind of the composer of the Heldenleben. He felt that in his former work he had made his battle too mild, and all for the want of independent parts for the wind and 40 staff paper. This time all was to be appropriate and the battle of Hastings should be heard afar. Something had to be done to explain it all, so the composition took the form of a choral ballad. The chorus tells the story and solo voices are employed to speak the speeches of the personages in the narrative. The first theme is of a song character and this reappears at the end of the composition in a chorale form with telling effect. It is one of those tricks for which Strauss is famous. After writing for a time in an incomprehensible jumble of sound, noise and confusion, he suddenly puts forth a straight tune, whereat the populace marvels greatly and exclaims: 'What a grand climax.' 'Taillefer' to be brief, is an orchestral piece with explanatory text. The tone painting is entirely instrumental. The voice parts, especially those for the soloists, are ineffective. In one or two spots in the choral numbers they are good. The instrumentation is huge and intricate. Trombones labor to stertorous gaspings, and piccolos shr'

wildly ... [illegible] are hammered in a way which suggests that William's forces stopped in the heat of battle to shoe their horses. Violins indulge in whirring figures suggestive of whizzing arrows. Drums bang and thump incessantly. This battle is the real Strauss article. While it was going on the veterans of the Oratorio chorus stared in shocked amazement at the indecent antics of the orchestra. If any one can find anything uplifting or inspiring, or even superficially beautiful, in this composition, he is a discoverer of much skill."

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3.30 P. M., 12th Sunday Chamber concert. The Kneisel quartet will play Bach's quartet in G minor; the Romanze from Grieg's quartet in G minor; two movements from Debussy's quartet in G minor, and Beethoven's quartet in B flat major, op. 18, No. 6.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., fourth and last of Miss Terry's series of chamber concerts. Miss Lena Little, contralto, will sing Gluck's "Vieni Che Poi Sereno," Scarlatti's "Violette," Loeffler's "Timbres oubliés," Ropartz's "Berceuse," Faure's "Roses d' Ispahan," Hue's "Par la Fenetre" and Pessard's "Bonjour, Suzon." Miss Fletcher, violinist, will play Bach's suite in E minor and Wieniawski's polonaise in A major, and with Mr. Louis Bachner, the first movement of Lazzari's sonata for violin and piano. Mr. Bachner will play pieces by Brahms, Chopin, Debussy and Leschetizki.

WEDNESDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M., Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's first "Lenten Season" recital.

Berkeley Temple, 8 P. M., organ recital by Miss Laura Henry. Bach's toccata in C major, Schumann's canon in B minor, Dubois "Nuptial Benediction" and "Fiat Lux," and Guilmant's "Lamentation" and sonata in D minor, No. 1.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M., first recital in Boston by Mr. Paolo Gallico, pianist. Beethoven's sonata in E major, op. 109; Schumann's "Papillons", "Alceste" music, Gluck Saint-Saens; fantasie, etude, scherzo by Chopin, and pieces by Field, Raff, Schubert-Liszt and Paganini-Liszt.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gericke, conductor. Mozart's symphony in D major (K. 504). Grieg's piano concerto, Rimsky-Korsakoff's musical picture "Sadko" (first time), introduction to act II. of Richard Strauss' "Guntram." Mr. Cornelius Ruebner will be the pianist (his first appearance in Boston).

Jordan Hall, evening, second concert of the Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich, conductor. Madrigals by Arcadelt, Palestrina, Dowland, Morley and Pearsall. Motet "Komm, Jesu, Komm" (in double chorus by Bach; part songs by Mendelssohn and Brahms; "Sur la Mer" for female voices, with soprano solo and piano, by Vincent d' Indy; part songs by Gretchaninoff and Cui, and for a double chorus by Taneleff.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 19th concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CONSERVATORY CONCERT.

In Jordan Hall Friday evening, before a large audience, a recital was given by students of the advanced classes of the New England Conservatory of Music. The programme included organ pieces by Guilmant and Fink, played by Messrs. Look, Stevens, Lemont; piano pieces by Bach, Schumann and Liszt, played by Miss Ross, Miss Bridge and Miss Bly; arias by Tschaikowsky and Parker sung by Miss Thomas and Mr. Seaman. The concert was greatly enjoyed. On next Tuesday evening Henry M. Dunham will give an organ recital in Jordan Hall.

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SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT

The Kneisel Quartet Attracts Larges Audience of the Series with a Fine Programme.

The 12th in H. G. Tucker's series of Sunday chamber concerts took place yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The Kneisel quartet made its second appearance at these concerts, playing the following programme: Bach's quartet in G minor, the romance from Grieg's quartet in G minor, two movements from a quartet in G minor by Claude Debussy, and Beethoven's quartet in B flat. There was present one of the largest audiences of the series; the walls were lined with people standing.

The generally conventional programme was played with the quartet's accustomed finish. The performance of the works by Bach and Beethoven requires little further comment, for this music is not deeply emotional, nor can any performance of it be especially stirring; it is tranquil, and induces meditation rather than a glow. To the general audience, Grieg's romance proved most pleasing—a piece full of sentiment and pretty turns, charmingly played by the quartet. The gem of the programme, however, was the exquisite music of Debussy. How different was this, in suggestion, from the solid Teutonic works, or the surface sentiment of Grieg—how remote the atmosphere! The hearer was transplanted from his state of somnolent content, coaxed out of his New England shell.

The charm of Debussy's music is as inexplicable as it is irresistible; its rhythmic effects are more than a matter of mathematical progression; its emotional effects are strongly stirring and unsettling. The two movements were played with much imagination, with perfection of technical detail. The performance was altogether such as to emphasize the need of more such music on our programmes.

For the next concert, the last of the series, Mr. Charles Gilibert, baritone, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, are announced.

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PRIVATE LIVES.

A book entitled "The Private Lives of William II. and His Consort" has been confiscated by order of the civil court at Berlin. The book is described as scandalous and dirty and dull. If it is dull, no one should protest against the action of the court. Confiscation will not put an end to the sale; the book will still be sold under the cloak, for the title will allure all garbage sniffers, who look on "private" and "indecent" as synonyms. The volume will stand on a shelf in the "Inferno" of a public library to be consulted years hence by some painstaking, grubbing historian, biographer, sociologist.

The incident in Berlin suggests two thoughts: The difficulty of destroying a printed book of scandal and the inevitable misrepresentation of rulers' lives by the survival of such biographies and memoirs.

Take, for example, Hadrian Beverland's "Peccatum Originale." The author was imprisoned for writing it; the book was burned; Beverland afterward made a curious and remorseful apology for having written it, in which he begged any person who had procured a manuscript of his, privately or in any manner, to return it to him, so that he could destroy it himself. Occasionally there are vague references to this and other books by Beverland published in the seventeenth century, as though they were impossible to be found, but three of them are now before us. Look over Gabriel Peignot's "Critical, Literary and Bibliographical Dictionary of the Principal Books Condemned to the Fire, Suppressed or Censured," and you will see how futile is the attempt to destroy a book, to kill its life forever. The catalogue is a long and singular one. More than one good book has had its bitter persecutors, and more than one edition of the Bible has been suppressed—for a time. More than one of these books burnt by the hangman or confiscated still remain to disappoint the prurient who find the eagerly anticipated reading tiresome or impossible, so harmless, dry or dull are the contents.

In all ages persons have read with delight any slanderous record of the daily life of their rulers or of rulers before them. They argued and still argue that when a king is divinely appointed his court must know atrocious secrets. The weak and the naturally depraved exult in the exposure of the frailties of the mighty, and when the lives of the latter are clean and wholesome yet the gapers and the foul-minded welcome any malicious gossip, any specific or vaguely derogatory accusation, however preposterous it may be. There are unfortunate readers today who judge the court life of England for a period of years by the various volumes of "Mysteries" written by Reynolds. Books entitled "Mysteries of Victoria's Court" or "The Secret Life of Queen Victoria" have been sold furtively on the European Continent. Miss Muhlbach's rubbishy and scandalous romances of life at German courts were once reviewed seriously in this country as works of historical interest. Not long ago a Pole found readers in all parts of the world for his revelations concerning the court or social life of sundry European cities. Think of the sensational biographies of Ludwig II. It would seem as though the "true life" of any distinguished person must necessarily be written by an accomplished and impudent liar. The popular idea of the Emperor Tiberius, of that cruel and debauched monster, is derived wholly from Suetonius and Tacitus. Mr. J. C. Tarver, in his plausible defence of Tiberius, declares the two sources of information to be wholly untrustworthy, for Suetonius was only a scandalmonger and Tacitus was a bitter and insincere pamphleteer.

Mr. Tarver's views may be correct or incorrect: it matters not. But for years to come the Tiberius known to the world at large will be the gloomy and sensual tyrant at Capri. We are now told that Richard III. was a mild and benevolent King, and on the whole not at all an ill-favored person, but the partisan pamphleteers and Shakespeare's play, which mirrored popular belief, shaped a tyrant who is still regarded by the great majority as the true monarch. There is a more striking instance, that of the Empress Theodora. Was she the monster of iniquity described in the "Secret History of Justinian," by Procopius? Did Procopius write the outrageous book attributed to him? If he did write it, was he not a most contemptible liar? These questions are still discussed. Scholars and historians may dismiss the book as an infamous romance or a collection of indecent anecdotes; they may clear Procopius of the reproach of authorship, but the harm remains. Theodora will long be the wanton and ferocious pantomimist and Empress invented by Procopius or some unknown chronicler of miserable scandal and imaginer of naughty needs and put on the stage by Sardou. Of what avail is her defence by Charles Diehl? And so it will be with the "Private Lives" of the Kaiser and his wife. There will be hundreds to wag the head, chuckle and say: "I thought so all the time." But Wilhelm II. is more fortunate than Theodora: his latest biographer is a dull fellow; Procopius wrote an entertaining book.

OF WILD MEN.

The death of Wimo, the Wild Man of Borneo, brings with it to many recollections of the simple pleasures of boyhood. No matter how unpretentious the procession of the strolling circus, no matter how shabby and dejected the one elephant, or how mangy the roaring monarch of the forest in the visiting menagerie, there was always a Wild Man of Borneo in a state of violent activity. Not even the scepticism of a parent could make the boy believe that this wildness was largely a matter of make-up, that the wild man's birthplace was Philadelphia or Harlem and not some forest or cave on the far-off isle. Had the wild man come from Sumatra or Java or Ceylon, he would not have thrilled the spectators to such a pitch of timorous ecstasy. Borneo! How mouth-filling the name! How it haunted the memory! And today no student of colonization can persuade us that there are tame men in Borneo.

There have been other wild men. There is the one seen at stated intervals in Indiana, who, when pursued, runs nimbly up a tree, pulls the tree after him and disappears. There is the Wild Man in Maine, who, once or twice a year, frightens villagers by suddenly appearing, unclothed, yelling blood-curdling yells. We accept him, not heeding the insinuation that he is a victim of the prohibition law, or to be classed as a creature of fable with the giant moose. We believe that Connecticut boasts of its wild man, a cave dweller, who occasionally wanders in the woods and utters incoherent remarks. But what are they in comparison with the famous emigrants from Borneo?

Nor are the wild men of former centuries to be ranked with Wimo and Plutano. There was a child found near Cassel in 1334 who had lived with the wolves, and long afterward declared that if he were allowed he should prefer to live with them than with men. Pieces of wood were fastened to his body to keep him upright, so strong was his inclination to run on all fours. The two savages who were found in 1719 running over the Pyrenees after the manner of quadrupeds were fine fellows in their way. We note, also, the apparition of a wild woman near Frauenmark, about 18 years old, plump, robust, and her skin very brown. Misguided philanthropists took her to a hospital, where various meats that had been dressed were put before her. She scorned them, but tore and devoured with avidity raw flesh, the bark of trees and different roots.

Then there was Peter, the Wild Boy, found in a wood near Hameln in 1725, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss, an ideal vegetarian. Taken to the court at Hanover, he saw George I. at dinner, and immediately ran away, climbed a tree and sat there till the tree was sawed down. A sensitive soul who could not endure the sight of knife play at dinner! In 1726 he was taken to England, given an allowance of £30 a year, and placed on a farm near Berkhamstead, where he died in 1786. At first he had no ideas, wore clothes with evident uneasiness and slept on the floor in a corner. Mark his degeneration through civilization. When he was 15 years old he still fed much on leaves, particularly of raw cabbage. In 1782 he not only ate flesh, but had acquired a taste for beer and even for spirits, especially gin. He ate onions like apples, was 5 feet 3 inches in height, and he wore a beard. "Gin," said Lord Monboddo, who visited him, "is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice." If he heard music he clapped his hands and threw his head about in a frantic manner. Naturally good-natured, he would run after anybody who vexed him and make a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. An interesting person, who no doubt deserved the article written by Dr. Arbuthnot, entitled: "It Cannot Rain but It Pours or London Strowed with Rarities." Arbuthnot used poor Peter for satirical copy. Answering some who insisted that the wildness was feigned, he said: "This calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character to copy this true original of nature." We also learn from Arbuthnot that Peter could move his ears and turn them toward a sonorous object, in which respect he resembled Hercules when devouring his victuals, Crassot, the philosopher, the son of one Cinna, Justinian, two men at Padua seen by Vesalius, and others mentioned by the celebrated Mr. Bayle in a footnote to his article on Hercules.

But Peter was as a smug and orthodox citizen in comparison with any Wild Man from Borneo.

mch 21 1905

MISS TERRY'S CLOSING CONCERT

Violin Music, Piano Solos and Songs with Miss Little, Miss Fletcher and Mr. Bachner as Interpreters, Given in Jordan Hall.

The fourth and last concert in Miss Julia Terry's series was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The audience was one of fair size. The programme included the first movement of Lazzari's sonata for violin and piano (Miss Nina Fletcher and Mr. Louis Bachner); Bach's suite in E minor and Wieniawski's polonaise in A major (Miss Fletcher); a prelude by Chopin, Debussy's Arabesque in G major, a ballade by Brahms, a nocturne by Chopin, and a toccata by Leschetitzki for piano (Mr. Bachner); and these songs: Gluck's "Vieni che poi sereno," Scarlatti's "Violette," Loeffler's "Timbres Oubliés," J. Guy-Ropartz's "Berceuse," Gabriel Faure's "Roses d'Ispahan," Hue's "Par la Fenetre" and Pessard's "Bonjour Suzon" (Miss Lena Little). Mrs. Dower-Eaton was the accompanist.

The features of this concert were the performance of the excerpt from Lazzari's violin sonata, and the violin playing of Miss Fletcher. Sylvio Lazzari is not a familiar name here to concert-goers, yet he is a composer of some repute. The prelude to his opera "Armor" has been played in Chicago, where they were inclined to consider the title a misprint for "Armour"—such is the local pride. Lazzari has written a pantomime, orchestral music—one of the compositions is a gallows piece entitled "A Night Effect"—chamber music, etc. We are under the impression that one of his chamber works has been played here. He was born at Bozen in 18.. studied law in Austrian and Bavarian cities, and then went to Paris, where he studied music with Guiraud a...

Franck. As he is a doctor o
o he should know that there may
efts of formulas and moods as of
efined melodic and harmonic
ht; but perhaps he considers his
ns imitation of Cesar Franck in
rst movement of this sonata as a
te tribute to his master. What is
In this movement is not original in
ht or expression, and when Laz-
leaves Franck's guiding hand, he
les and is lost in unimportant
itions. Held firmly by Franck,
ives a momentary pleasure, but
s soon forgotten in the recollec-
f Franck's infinite superiority in
evelopment of the thoughts which
original with him. At the begin-
of the performance there was a
of precision in the ensemble, but
there was more firmly knit sym-
y.

s Fletcher is a rarely gifted violin-
Young as she is, she displays
motional qualities and an individ-
y of expression that is poetically
ous, while it is controlled by pure
le taste. Her performance is al-
engrossing and still more may
nably be expected of her.
singer and the players were
warmly applauded.

FRENCH CLAIMS.

e English, with insular eye look-
oward France, have long accused
atives of lack of bath tubs, appre-
on of soap, home life and outdoor
s. Yet there will be an exhibition
907 at Paris devoted exclusively to
s that demand physical strength
nimbleness, and Mr. Octave
ne, who has written in a charming
er about the fan and the glove,
insists that all English sports
nated in France. Tennis was for
s peculiarly a French game; as
croquet and hockey and even golf.
et is "le criquet"; for the game of
se" consists in defending two sticks
"riquets" with a curved stick against
wler. Football is only the old
te" or "chote" played for eight
ries in Brittany, Picardy and other
ch provinces. "Sport" itself is an
viated theft from the French verb
esporter." How would Mr. Uzanne
in this curious fact: "Sport"
ing "jeu," "esbat," "deduit," "recre-
," "gallerie" is in Robert Sher-
's English-French Dictionary pub-
d at London in 1672; but "desport-
" is not in Randle Cotgrave's French-
ish Dictionary published at London
573—the one edited by James
ell.

nnis was undoubtedly a French
. How vexed was Henry V. when
Dauphin sent him a set of tennis
! (The incident, recorded by
nshed, and introduced into Shake-
e's play, is probably fictitious.)
in the old stories in France about
s, the game is sometimes confound-
ith "panne," as in the tale of the
shearer who loved "tennis" with
a love that he wrote a ballad about
nt when he was old and sick, he
ated, had his work reviewed by a
inican, and the wicked sport was
allegorized. Montaigne's brother
of a blow received while playing at
s; a ball hit him over the left ear;
was no bruise or mark, and yet
aptain died within six hours. The
Montaigne argued from these "fre-
t and ordinary examples" that a
cannot forego or forget the remem-
ce of death: "And why should it
ontinually seem unto us that she is
ready at hand to take us by the
rut?" The game was played in
ce in the fifth century, but no
t it came from the East, as polo
from Persia. In England they
d it hard, for Charles II. used to
eighed to see how much flesh he
ped with each set, and on one occa-
he lost four and a half pounds.
as not an exclusive and aristocratic
, for hatters and joiners played in
's reign for a crown.

ow about the other games claimed
he French? Is Mr. Uzanne's as-
n well founded? Croquet is sup-
l to be a dialect French form of
het," diminutive of "croc," crook.
in some modern French dialects the
has the meaning "hockey stick." It
ssible that a form of the game was
n long ago in Brittany. The game
introduced into England from Ire-
not from France, in 1852, and an
turner in London made a set of
et implements for use near Dublin
t 1835. Croquet is not unlike
h," a sport of Dutch origin played
ngland in the fifteenth and six-
h centuries and prohibited by many
successive statutes. The etymology of "cricket" is uncertain. Perhaps "cricket" came from "criquet." The first mention of the word in English literature was in 1598, and at first the bats were hockey sticks, and the ball was bowled along the ground. Strutt believed the game was an improvement on "club ball," but there is no reason for his belief. As for football, it was played years ago in Cochin-China, and by the peculiarly ferocious and remorseless Malays. In England it was known in the fifteenth century and probably long before that. The word "golf" is commonly supposed to be an adoption of the Dutch "kolf," but this supposition has been vigorously disputed. Pinkerton—not the detective with the sleepless eye—thinks the word came from the Islandic "golf," the Latin "pavimentum," possibly because the game was first played in paved areas, which reminds us of the derivation of Noah from the Chinese Foki: You change Foh to Noah and cut off the final "i." By the way, the pronunciation "goff" is a genteel affectation, an attempt to imitate the Scottish pronunciation "gouf." Hockey is an old and honorable game. Cowper, who had a hard time at school, spoke of boys playing this entertaining sport at Olney: "They call it hockey, and it consists in dashing each other with mud, and the windows also." The game was played long before Cowper sang the praise of tea and read "Tom Jones" aloud to his adoring women. Does any one remember Jacob Abbott's "Caleb in Town"? Rollo has eclipsed the glory of Caleb, yet the latter was in his way a delightful prig. We find in the record of Caleb's adventures: "Now, a hawkey (sic) is a small, round stick, about as long as a man's cane, with a crook in the lower end, so that a boy can hit balls and little stones with it, when lying upon the ground. A good hawkey is a great prize to a Boston boy." But the origin of the word "hockey" is uncertain. Dr. Murray mentions the old French "hoquet," and at the same time shakes a dubious shake of his head. Nor is he certain that Cowper's sport is the fine old game. Orientals played it on horseback and called it "polu."

It looks as though Mr. Uzanne is rashly patriotic. Even if all these games are of French origin, the fact remains that French schoolboys have for years been reproved by French educators for their lack of interest in all athletic sports. Nor is the "savate" of the French roughs a decent substitute for fighting with fists.

BET? OR WAGER?

There has been much said and written of late about the evils and also the economic benefits of gambling and betting. We read not long ago in the New York World that England is "a prey to a betting fever that astonishes the foreign observer, and, in the opinion of serious thinkers, bids fair to wreck the whole race mentally and morally." So Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" has not worked a reform, and the sooner birds replace men in England and come into their inevitable right of succession, the better. But when a writer says that the word "bet" is a vulgar word, not to be used by pure-lipped women and clean-lived men, hands of inquiry may well be thrown up.

There was an English antiquarian, Capt. Grose, who compiled a singular and entertaining book entitled "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." The word "bet" appears in the second edition (1788), and is defined: "A wager"; "to bet" is "to lay a wager." Was "bet" in 1788 a slang word? In John Pickering's "Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America" (1816), we find "wage, to lay a wager, to bet"; and the comment is: "The English use the word 'to bet.'" These two passages seem inconsistent.

Greene, in a satirical tract published in 1592, speaks of "old soakers, which are lookers on, and listen for bets, either even or odd." It may be said that Greene's pamphlet is full of slang. But the poet Drayton spoke in 1614 of "an even bet" whether Warwick or Queen Margaret would win; both Pope and Byron used "bet" for "wager," and Charles Kingsley mentioned bets on races, "which are practically quite harmless."

Shakespeare, it is true, preferred "wager" the noun; the substantive "bet" occurs only once in his plays; but he distinguished the synonyms in a striking manner. Osric, the fastidious and affected courtier, says to Hamlet: "The King, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses." Hamlet, a moment after, answers Osric, the "waterfly": "That's the French bet against the Danish." The word "wager" is used by Shakespeare nineteen times in the plays. Is Hamlet's choice of "bet" a rebuke of Osric's mincing speech, as when one says: "I'll go to bed," after some prude has announced her intention of "retiring." Justice Shallow exclaimed: "John of Gaunt loved him well and betted much money on his head." Shallow was a pompous old dodderer, but he was not addicted to slang.

The Bible sheds no light. Neither "bet" nor "wager" is found in it, although Samson bet with thirty companions that they could not solve his riddle, and he lost the stakes, "thirty sheets and thirty changes of garments," by reason of his wife's treachery.

Why did Capt. Grose class "bet" as a vulgar word? Here is a possible explanation. He was a convivial soul in his younger days, a "good fellow," a crusher of chirping cups, and all true sports of his roisterous period could answer Burns' question: "Ken ye aught of Captain Grose?" At last the captain wearied of wet nights and painfully dry mornings, and in his graver years he pondered the familiar speech of tosspots and menfish. He remembered how bets took the place of arguments, of the quarrels that followed refusals to pay, the noisy and sometimes bloody scenes in taverns, dives and boozing-kens, and the word "bet" seemed as vulgar to him as the drunken fools who had it so often on their lips. Or perhaps, in his enforced acquaintance with the gentry, he came to the conclusion that "bet" was a low word, just as there are some today who live in a "residence," not a house; why buy "neckwear" and "footwear."

In America bet is and should be the preferred term. Of what force would the familiar and characteristically American phrase "You bet!" be if it were changed into "You wager!" The latter phrase would be feeble, ineffective, meaningless. But you hear "You bet!" and you appreciate the spontaneity, resolution, terseness. There is no doubt in your mind; there is no appeal from the decision; there is no repartee. A thunderbolt has been launched—as from the sky.

mch 22 1905

HIS PREDECESSORS.

The itemized list of the clothes worn, or at least looked at, by the late Marquis of Anglesey is still publishing in country papers. We have looked westward expectantly for an expression of opinion from Bath-House John of Chicago, but the oracle is dumb, no doubt from stupefaction.

Yet the marquis had humble predecessors. There was the Rev. Mr. Hagemore, who lived a blameless life in Leicestershire. It was his habit at night to lock up his servants, then go round his premises, let loose his dogs and fire his gun. On the morning of Jan. 1, 1764, as he was going to release his servants, a big dog fawned on him so affectionately that Mr. Hagemore was thrown into a pond. The water was breast high, and, although he gave out lusty cries, the servants could not go to his assistance. He was drowned, a victim to his system. Truly, an unpleasant beginning of his new year. This Mr. Hagemore had thirty gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, eighty wigs (though he always wore his own hair), fifty saddles and so many walking sticks that a toyman offered £8 for them. Mr. Hagemore had also an incredible number of farming implements and 240 razors.

Then there was Mr. William Evans of the county of Anglesey, cut off in the flower of his 75th year because a boon companion, a rare humorist, put an infusion of jalap into his drink. Mr. Evans for years collected wigs and walking sticks. In the heyday of his youth he loved in turn three amiable beauties, and to prove his lasting attachment he left by will to each of them a cane and a wig.

It may not be generally known that Victor Hugo had over 300 pairs of trousers. The story is a singular one. The great poet is still in France the first of Frenchmen, and the poorest worshipper would sell all for a personal relic of his idol. About three years ago a Parisian told his concierge that he had secured for f.30 a genuine pair of trousers worn by Victor Hugo. The market at once became lively; buttons were sold at a franc apiece; pieces of cloth at prices according to size; a whole leg at f.100. At last some one, cursed with an exact memory, called the attention of Hugolators to the fact that the great man did not wear trousers with huge checks. Two or three compared notes and found that each one had a whole right leg. Nor had Hugo worn 300 pairs, the total number sold by the enthusiastic Parisian. We are not informed as to whether each fictitious pair was provided with accompanying suspenders, and as for that important matter, little has been said about the braces of the marquis.

ACROSS THE TABLE.

Uxoriousness is especially disagreeable at dinner, whether the guest be named Jones or Legion. If Jones is present as a house friend, he neither wishes to hear the creaking of the domestic machinery nor to see the greasing of it. We know a man who asked a friend home to dine with him. The food was atrociously bad. The wife sat crowned with thunder. Did the host apologize for that which was too cold or too hot, too sour or too stale? Not a bit of it. He smiled continuously, was sparkling in his talk, and plied his guest with wines, cordials and strong liquors. The guest admired the exhibition of nerve and drank freely. Suppose the host had been making excuses: "The cook must be in love. You know the old proverb about salt, ha, ha, ha. Dearie, I must speak to the meat man about this joint: he generally sends us the best in the market. I am surprised that these potatoes are soggy; they come from the Cape; I had three barrels sent up last October. Our cook is famous for her sauces; I don't see why she failed today. There's a good deal of grip in the air, and servants are human, you know, ha, ha, ha."

Nor does a guest enjoy seeing host or hostess pressing each other to eat some particular dish. Mr. Johnson dined informally not long ago, and was seriously disturbed because the host insisted that his wife should taste a meat that she disliked. "What an unreasonable prejudice! Come, you must get over it." "But, George, you know I don't like goose." This game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock was played until Mr. Johnson became restive, and told the following improving anecdote gathered by him in taking notes for his magnum opus, a truly stupendous work: "Man, as a Social and Political Beast." (Vol. 1 is now in press.) An amiable and affectionate wife was unable even to see veal on the table, however it were prepared, without being sick, so sick that she had to be borne from her seat to bed. The smell of veal produced the same terrible effect. Her husband thought he would cure her of such an unnatural antipathy, so one day without her knowledge a small quantity of veal broth was put in beef soup and given to her. She tasted a few drops; her hands fell, she turned pale, her eyes rolled wildly, and she was seized with convulsions frightful to look upon. The husband then thought that by eating veal he would gradually accustom his wife to the use. Lo and behold, her love for him was turned to loathing. She could no longer endure the sight of him. He was to

her as veal, and his presence threw her into convulsions. A separation was inevitable.

Mr. Johnson told this pathetic story with dramatic force. The hostess was much affected, but the host said: "Johnson, this isn't veal, it's goose; and it's good. Dearie, I insist, you must at least taste it."

MEAN WAGES.

For many years the word Sepoy brought to the mind only one picture: that of the mutineers in India strapped to the mouths of cannon and blown into small pieces by the English in the course of their work of beneficent civilization. Now we are told of a case of mild mutiny, or, rather, protest. "Nimepunce a day for killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder," wrote Birdofredom Sawin when in Mexico, remembering how in the hardest times he "ollers tetched ten shillins" for slaughtering for Deacon Cephas Billings. The Sepoy of a Punjab regiment publishes an exchequer statement. He receives nine rupees a month and finds it hard to pay six rupees a pair for boots, and five for a suit of khaki. He mentions incidentally the fact that there is an increase of vacancies in his regiment, and there is also a slackness in recruiting. The Sepoy intimates that it is up to Lord Kitchener, whose name is truly a surname of office, as that of Cook or Kitchenham, and Pottinger represents the once common Le Potager, the soupmaker. But what can a Kitchener do if he be not provided with plenty of good stuff for his pots and pans and spit and gridiron? The trouble is with the steward, not the kitchener, and in this instance the government is the steward. It is said that the spirit of thrift is abroad in Pall Mall.

The record of wages paid soldiers, mercenaries, in all ages would make an entertaining book. No wonder that plunder was ever before the soldier's eyes, as the bottle of hay before the ass' nose. The book would be a collection of tables of mean wages. It was not given to every poor devil to sack a city. They that entered the service under a cloud, jilted by a girl, desperate, at their wits' end, criminal—what pay did they receive by the month under Hannibal or Alexander, under the great Tartar or wept over by Xerxes? And there were some who tramped and slaved and died for glory. Again we hear the voice of Birdofredom: "This goin ware glory waits ye hain't one agreeable feetur," especially when boots and khaki are so high and the wages of glory so low.

Mch 23, 1905

MISS HENRY'S RECITAL.

A Varied and Interesting Programme of Organ Music Given at Berkeley Temple.

Miss Laura Henry gave an organ recital last evening in Berkeley Temple. Her programme consisted of Bach's toccata in C, Schumann's canon in B minor, two pieces; "Nuptial Benediction" and "Fiat Lux," by Dubois; Guilmant's "Lamentation" and sonata in B minor.

The recital was interesting, both programme and performance giving manifest pleasure. The programme was wisely made, for it was sufficiently varied in character, and was, besides, so commendably short that there was no occasion for satiety. It is singular that a good performance on an organ, an instrument so rich in tone and resources and so stirring in its effects, should fail to command an audience as large as that to be found at the average (and mediocre) recital in a concert hall. Last evening's audience was small, although the conditions should have attracted all music lovers.

The entire programme went well; it is needless to specify as to the several numbers. Perhaps Guilmant's "Lamentation" and the romantic wedding music of Dubois received most applause, though parts of the sonata also aroused enthusiasm. The audience was interested and responsive.

A FORGOTTEN TRAVELLER.

The Herald mentioned a night or two ago a forgotten book by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, "Caleb in Town." Does any boy today thrill with excitement as he reads the surprising adventures of Marco Paul, narrated by the creator of Rollo, Rollo's father, Jonas, Mr. George? Marco was a daring lad, as some will remember, who explored the jungles and scaled the sky-kissing peaks of wildest Vermont, braved the perils of the raging Erie canal, visited, awe-struck, the Springfield armory, and did other mirifick things. He was attended by Mr. John Forester, his cousin, a young man of 19 years, who knew everything and some other things, and talked in the manner of Dr. Johnson's "Rambler." The books were approved by parents, for they were wholly free from pernicious sensationalism and son corroding amatory episodes, although the author admitted in the general preface that he had endeavored to enliven the narrative "and to infuse into it elements of a salutary moral influence by means of personal incidents befalling the actors in the story."

Once on a time Marco and Mr. Forester visited Boston. Their arrival was a momentous event, for fifty-six pages of the little volume are devoted to it. Before they reached their boarding house in Franklin street they passed through Franklin place, which was, "in the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eyes of a stranger." But we anticipate. On their arrival in town a lady took a seat in the carriage, which Forester thought he had already secured. Forester, always a perfect gentleman, yielded the seat to her, but she did not thank him. Marco did not think that she was "much of a lady," but Forester moralized: "It depends upon whether our object in showing a kindness is to do good or to be thanked for it. If our motive in giving up our seats was the hope of being thanked for it, we have certainly failed. She may have been grateful, though she did not express her gratitude." The lady's descendants are now living here, but the men of today are still more philosophical—they are callous.

The intrepid travellers passed by and wondered at "a magnificent building with a granite front"—the Tremont House. Marco wished to go into the State House "to see them make the laws," but the prudent Forester thought it would be better to go to the top to see the view. They saw "a noted crossing," where the Tremont road, Washington street, and the Providence railroad "all passed together through the same vicinity." Marco gaped at the size of the Roxbury omnibuses. He was informed by his guide, philosopher, friend, that Roxbury was three miles from Boston; "very few people get in or get out by the way." The boy fished for perch and flounders from Long wharf. He saw the Common on the night of a celebration, when there were fireworks; boys fired "India crackers," and there were "well-dressed citizens, whose countenances indicated satisfaction and pleasure." Yet there was a baser element: "Now and then a group of sailors or rude boys came crowding by, disturbing the quiet of the scene by singing or loud vociferation." After the show the visitors listened to a crier in front of the Old South announcing children lost and found. Marco and Forester went to Bunker Hill and peered at the criminals in South Boston. But are not the deeds of the strangers recorded at length in "Marco Paul in Boston"?

The book is a queer one, stilted in language, full of wise saws, intolerable no doubt to any healthy boy of today, who would be tempted after ten pages to kick Marco and pull Mr. Forester's glossy hat down over his all-seeing eyes; but the older boy reads and sighs, for Boston must have been a comfortable and quiet dwelling place in the year when Marco hid his fishing pole under the shrubbery of the inclosure in Franklin place.

KNOWN BY THEIR FEET.

There is much doing in the musical world. In one and the same day we learned that Mr. Bronislaw Hubermann, the violinist, cut off the thumb of his right hand while shaving himself at Monte Carlo. This speaks volumes for the incisiveness of his attack, but had he been playing his fiddle or the game provided thoughtfully by the Prince of Monaco for his many guests, the sad accident would not have occurred. Men go to Monte Carlo to be shaved, not to shave. We were also acquainted with the fact that Mr. Eddy, the well known organist, after twenty-six or twenty-seven years of wedded life, came suddenly to the conclusion that the temper of Mrs. Eddy and his own temper were incompatible. The surprising statement was also made that Calve and Edouard de Reszke are to sing in London in opera "at ordinary theatre prices." And we also learned that Mr. Fred J. Titus, once the proud husband of Edna May, is now the still happier husband of Miss Maud Lillian Rice, known on the stage as Miss Maud Harlow. popular keyhand

The present Mrs. Titus is generous in her appreciation of her predecessor: "I taught Miss May to sing when she was preparing for a part in 'The Girl from Up There.'" (Wait till we hear Miss May's side of this story.) But this pedagogic generosity did not of itself ensnare Mr. Titus. The present Mrs. Titus remarked coyly to the reporter: "You will remember that I won the chorus girls' small foot contest recently."

We were told not long ago that character readers believe the sole of the foot to be as good an index of personal traits and the individual destiny as the palm of the hand. Hence, the superficial may say, the second marriage of Mr. Titus. The Psalmist declares (Ps. cxlvii., 10) that the Lord "taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man." Observe there is nothing said about an aversion to pretty feet. Isaiah represents the Lord as vexed by the daughters of Zion, "mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet." No doubt they indulged themselves in a species of Grecian bend. The objection was to the mincing and tinkling, not to the feet themselves.

But do wooers of 1905, mindful of the foot as an index to character, say to the adored one, "Let me look at the sole of your foot," as they would ask to examine the palm of a hand? Pretty feet have their uses. They have served the poets with comparisons to mice and smiles; they plant primroses and violets where'er they tread, and so on and so on. The perfect woman of the Hindus has a little foot like a lotus. Let poets and novelists have their say; let Sir Charles Bell exclaim: "There is nothing more beautiful than the structure of the human foot"; we nevertheless do not believe that reading character by the foot will ever be popular in parlor or boudoir. Even the amatory fetishist worships the encasing boot rather than the foot itself.

Sir Richard F. Burton has much to say about the peculiar charm of the oriental woman's foot. It lacks the development of sebaceous glands that afflicts Europeans. When Maymunah, the Ifritah, described at entrancing length the fair body of the Princess of the Islands and the Seas and the Seven Palaces, he spoke of it as resting on two feet, "narrow, slender and pointed like spear-blades, the handiwork of the Protector and Requiter. I wonder how, of their littleness, they can sustain what is above them." The eastern foot is singularly prehensile; a woman can catch a mosquito between the toes. We have read strange tales of armless women, as Magdalene Rudolph Thuinby, who performed all offices with her feet; thus she played at dice, threaded a needle, drank, combed her hair and fed herself and her child; but what one of us would be enamoured of such a miracle of proficiency? We are not drawn toward Miss Duncan, who delights Parisians, Greeks and Berliners by her classic dancing with bare feet and legs. The wisdom of the experienced and the sage leads to the conclusion that a foot is never so attractive as when clothed in tightly drawn stocking, one in harmony with or in artistic contrast to the color of the skirt, and shod in a coquettish, alluring slipper. Cleopatra, unstockinged, or in rubber boots, is not the girl for us. We spoke to Mrs. Johnson last Sunday concerning this very matter. She smiled—and she confirmed and riveted our opinion for all time.

Mr. Titus, as a man of taste, admires the feet of Mrs. Titus. These feet, crowned in competition, now exist only for him. The thought that he wooed her, knowing her character by the said feet, is unnecessary, indeed preposterous.

March 24, 1905

PAOLO GALLICO'S PIANO RECITAL

Prominent New York Musician Makes His First Appearance Here in Jordan Hall—He Is Thoughtful and of Fine Taste.

Paolo Gallico gave his first piano recital in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The programme included Beethoven's sonata in E major, op. 109; Schumann's "Papillons"; Saint-Saens' Caprice on Ballet Airs from "Alceste"; Chopin's Fantasia in F minor, etude in A flat, scherzo in C sharp minor; a nocturne by Field, Rigaudon from Raff's op. 204; "Hark, Hark, the Lark," Schubert-Liszt; "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt.

Mr. Gallico has made New York his home for some years. He was born at Trieste, appeared at an early age in public as a pianist, and then studied in Vienna. He gave concerts in Europe cities before he came to this country.

He is a pianist who respects the limitations of his instrument. He does not endeavor to convert it into an orchestra or a brass band. In this respect he at first went, last night, to the other extreme, as in his performance of the sonata, which was spineless and without substance, ineffective, very like the tinkling of a mechanical piano for parlor use. After this disappointing performance he often gave pleasure by display of clear technic, musical conception, and a peculiar refinement of expression.

He individualized the composers. Both Schumann and Chopin were tone poets each with his own and haunting voice, and in the performance of the caprice there was the suggestion of the antique spirit of Gluck and also of the modern French elegance that is as a gloss on the music of the older master. Mr. Gallico is evidently a thoughtful musician of fine taste. Among thunderous pianists he is as a minor poet, but his song is his own and it gives legitimate and unfeigned enjoyment. He was warmly applauded.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The programme of the 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall this afternoon, Mr. Gericke, conductor, will include a symphony in D major by Mozart, composed in Prague and without minuet; Grieg's familiar but always interesting piano concerto—the piano part will be played by Mr. Cornelius Rübner, a Dane by birth, but of German descent, and now at the head of the music department of Columbia University; Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko," a musical picture, and the introduction to act 2 of Richard Strauss' "Guntram." "Sadko" will be performed here for the first time, and we are inclined to think for the first time in America. It is programme music, illustrative of an old folk legend of Novgorod. Sadko, a famous gusli player, becomes on voyages to Asia for the sake of merchandise. The ship on its return home is becalmed, and lots are drawn as to who will be a propitiatory offering to the sea king. Sadko is chosen by lot and thrown overboard with his gusli. He sinks to the palace of the king of the sea, who is celebrating the marriage of his daughter to the ocean. The king commands Sadko to play on his gusli. The music sets them all adancing, and the sea rises and roars, till ship and crew go down. Then Sadko breaks the strings of his gusli, and there is again a calm. The work is one of Rimsky-Korsakoff's earliest, but he revised it in 1897. The prelude to act two of "Guntram" is of a festival nature.

IN THE EAST.

Foreigners have been saying pleasant things about the London climate. Benedite, the conservator of the Luxembourg Museum, finds London to be a true dwelling place for an artist. "I get marvellous effects of atmosphere. The fog gives you richness of tone, the strange lights. There is that in the atmosphere that seems to neutralize the most glaring colors. You must see London and its fogs properly to understand Turner." And Mr. Marcotte declares that the London climate pre

he requisite absence of sunshine is system, which flourishes in "its y shelter, as if it were a fern."

the other hand, certain English are inveighing bitterly against the viud, as a ruffler of temper and er of temperament. Throat spe- s go further. "Whether the pa- be tuberculous or a hay-fever sub- he effect is just the same; summer inter alike, the east wind finds the spot." It is strange that they do ote Henley:

the poisonous East,
continent of blight.
maleficent Influence released
he most squalid cellarage of hell,
nd-Fiend, the abominable—
angman Wind that tortures temper and ght—
slouching, sullen and obscene * * *
sman at his bench, he settles down
grim job of throttling London Town.

T. Osborne Dixon quotes the old

hen the wind is in the east
'is neither good for man nor beast,

nsists that in all lands the east makes children peevish and and women irritable; that pho- hers and tennis players have no singers cannot sing, writers can- write when this wind blows. y invalids are practical anemo- s. They will tell you at once there is any 'east in the wind.' known a case where a weather- gave the lie to such an assertion nting to the west, but further in- ation showed that the person was e, while the weathercock was Mr. Dixon inquires into the ry of such effects. Is there any ce of terrestrial magnetism on l magnetism? No one knows. ast wind bloweth and thousands

re are Bostonians who at regu- recurring intervals break out in ambic eulogy of this city's bless- blessings, and address the east n heightened prose or ode or son- beneficent. No doubt this wind d much to do with shaping the ter that is mocked, but inwardly , by inland paragraphers. There thers who will side with Mr. , and they groan and grumble unable to leave the nipped town. hem that Dr. Johnson moralized and more than once to the tune: y man, however he may distrust f in the extremes of good or evil, at least struggle against the y of the climate, and refuse to e his virtue or his reason to the variable of all variations, the es of the weather," and they will to sayings of the great bear, show that he was as susceptible hers to climatic conditions, as he wrote: "I thought myself assistance or obstruction from asons, but find the autumnal blast and nipping, and the fading an uncomfortable prospect."

Roman poets may now have de- ld the genius of the east wind as l or wanton, and now as impetu- ut the testimony of all others is mous. In Palestine, according to el, the east wind withereth all s, just as Cowper speaks of it as nhealthful one "that searches bone of the infirm." Did not wn Lowell describe a nature "so d in sunshine that the east winds ical or intellectual) of Boston as- it in vain"? Such natures are than black swans. Philosophize may, our spirits are in sympathy the air wherein we breathe and

A NOTE ON MUSTARD.

David Paulson of Hinsdale, Ill., ssed lately a meeting of the Cook y Institute on causes of drunken- Said Dr. Paulson in thrilling "Highly mustard-seasoned food other factor in the making of ards, and the young man who a ham sandwich and seasons it mustard is laying the foundation drunkard's life." The doctor is a t for our friend the Historical er, a picture to stand by "Luther Diet of Worms" and one of Pat- Henry in his celebrated act.

what are ham sandwiches for? t mustard seed mentioned most tfully in holy writ? It is true the consumption of ham sandwiches, with or without mustard, is not commended by prophet, psalmist or historian, but neither is that of sweetbreads or clam chowder.

What do the physicians of the ages say to Dr. Paulson's statement? Seth shakes his head and declares that mustard promotes the digestion and distribution of the food. Rhases recommends it with "thick articles of food," and ham sandwiches, worthy the name, are cut thick. There is Dr. Muffett, the celebrated author of "Health's Improvement": "I commend the use of mustard with beef and all kinds of salted flesh and fish." And it should be remembered that mustard in those days was still more fiery, for the condiment in its present form was not put on the table until 1720, when a woman named Clements, living in Durham, hit upon the idea of grinding the seed in a mill and treating the meal as flour is treated. Her mustard was approved by George I., and she made a considerable fortune.

"With beef and all kinds of salted flesh and fish." There is a peculiarly beautiful relationship between corned beef and mustard, and between a ham sandwich and mustard. In Shakespeare's time mustard was evidently spread on pancakes, for Touchstone knew a knight who swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught. "Now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good." Was this the Tewkesbury mustard famous for its thickness? O, for a slab of mustard on a hunk of bread and chunk of meat! Perhaps, after all, it is the ham that Dr. Paulson chiefly disparages; but what would not unmustarded ham do to a young man? The more refined cannibals always smear long pig with mustard. The medicinal properties of this condiment have been praised by the learned in all ages. When chewed, it produces a discharge of phlegm; it is a suitable gargle for enlarged tonsils — German singers always eat plenty of mustard on their cheese—it benefits epileptics "and rouses those who are in hysterical fits, and is useful in lethargic patients when applied as a cataplasm to the shaved scalp"; it aids the spleen; it cures baldness, clears the countenance; if you have a leprous patch, rub it with mustard; a powder of mustard and figs relieves deafness and noises in the ears; if your eyes are dim, rub them with mustard juice and honey. The prudent housewife has a mustard pot always within reach; the experienced traveller always has one in his pocket. Where did Dr. Paulson study medicine? What does he put on his ham sandwich? Cream? Molasses? Does he not know that if mustard be drunk fasting it makes the intellect good? He should drink a pot or two.

An honorable condiment! Is not the old device of the arms of Dijon, "moutarde," and not "moutmetarde"? Is there not dispute concerning the etymology of the word? Does "mustard" come from "nasturtium"—"quasi nasi tortium," or nose-torment—then "nose wort," then easily "mustard"? or from "moult me tarde," a motto at Dijon, where jars were thus marked—hence "moutarde" and "mustard"? The dispute over this etymological question is in itself a proof of the esteem in which mustard has been held. We do not say that Dr. Paulson should be debarred from active practice, yet some action should be taken by his colleagues. Suppose he were to be condemned to eat ham sandwiches for six months without mustard. Otherwise he may yet blaspheme against horse radish or celery.

ERRONEOUS JUDGMENTS.

A workman in New York state bet the other day that he could drink a quart of brandy at a draught. He drank and fell down dead. We remember the case of a steamship passenger two or three years ago who wagered before he left Bremen that he would drink daily two litres of brandy while the voyage lasted. The steamer came into port, but one of its passengers had been tossed overboard. In two days he drank more than a gallon, but delirium tremens attacked him on the night of the second day.

There have been prodigious drinkers, and once, when we were more or less interested in things pertaining to the flesh, we drew up a catalogue of famous tosspots. Phago put down comfortably nine or ten gallons of wine a day, thus surpassing the record of the Emperor Maximinus, who stopped after the seventh. Promachus drank four gallons at one bout, and was not the worse for wear. Nor should Proteus be ignored, who, at a feast given by Alexander, drank a bowl holding two gallons "clear off, to the surprise of the company, then, filling it again, he took that off also." But let us leave the ancients. Mr. John Hamilton of Cincinnati not long ago drank ten quart-caution of beer, ten glasses of whiskey, ten glasses of gin and ate two dozen hard-boiled eggs in one night. He should have abstained from the eggs, for, though he was a roustabout and enjoying rude health when he began his last night's work, the deputy coroner was obliged to perform an autopsy. Sad, too, was the fate of the Englishman who drank at the Bull Inn, near Tunbridge Wells, a quart of Hollands in the space of three minutes and a half, for a trifling wager. They found him curled up in a state of insensibility in a neighboring field. He had 11½ minutes more in which to win his bet, but he preferred eternity. Another victim of misjudgment was Sir Daniel Donnelly, pugilist and landlord. In February, 1820, after swallowing an incredible number of tumblers of punch at one sitting and then half a bucket of water, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life. And these are only random instances from a catalogue as long as the one which Leporello unrolls for Donna Elvira.

The great moralist did much harm when he said brandy was the drink for heroes. Gargantuan beer drinkers, though a little damaged, often live to a ripe age. The three-bottle-claret men frequently outlived their expectant heirs. Brandy burns; it dries the brain, or it punches holes in the stomach; it does not irrigate and soothe. We knew an American exiled in Geneva. Perhaps the sight of Mt. Blanc or of English tourists got on his nerves. Perhaps he was driven frantic by the tinkling of music boxes or the blare of orchestrions manufactured in Calvin's city. Whatever the cause, he was in the habit of drinking two quarts of brandy a day. He had been a handsome athlete; he had followed Garibaldi's red shirt. When we saw him he did not feel fit till he had finished his second quart. His face was a mask, white and ghastly.

Mch 25, 1905

SECOND OF CHORAL ART SOCIETY'S

A Diversified and Interesting Programme Given Under Conduct of Mr. Wallace Goodrich, Which Marks Out True Place of Society.

The Choral Art Society, Mr. Wallace Goodrich conductor, gave its second and last concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. The programme included Arcadelt's "Ilbianco e dolce Cigno," Palestrina's "O che Splendor," Dowland's "Come Again, Sweet Love," Morley's "Now Is the Mouth of Maying," de Pearsall's "Lay a Garland" and "Caput apri defero"; Bach's motet for double chorus, "Komm, Jesu, Komm"; Mendelssohn's "Abschied Vom Komm"; Brahm's "All' Meine Herzgedanken"; d'Indy's "Sur la Mer" (chorus for female voices, with soprano solo and piano accompaniment), Gretschaninoff's "Autumn," Cui's "Spring Delight" and Taneieff's double chorus, "Von Land zu Land."

The programme was one of uncommon variety and interest to the student and admirer of old madrigals and motets and to the curious lover of contemporaneous music, orthodox or free in form and expression. Dowland was a poet as well as a musician, and old Fuller described him as "a cheerful person passing the days in lawful merriment," but there is a pleasing and quaint melancholy in his musical gayety, the delightful blend common to the time and, perhaps, unnoticed by men and women then living who could not hear in anticipation the major and minor as known to this generation. Morley was another of the noble line, for there was a time when England was a singing nation, and its glory did not fade until Mistress Purcell kept its greatest composer waiting at the door a raw night when he was heated with wine from late sitting at the tavern. The genius of Purcell is little known here, though we are obliged to listen to music by Sir Edward Elgar and other sirs and doctors of music. Would it not be possible for the Choral Art Society to produce some of the anthems, or even a scene from the stage music of England's one musician of indisputable genius?

D'Indy has composed comparatively little for solo voice or chamber chorus. A few songs, a cantata, "St. Mary Magdalene," for solo and female chorus; "Deus Israel," a motet for six voices unaccompanied; "Sur la Mer," performed last night—these are all; for "The Ride of the Cid," performed by this society last season, is more pretentious, and d'Indy himself reckons it among his orchestral works. "Sur la Mer" is dated 1888. The music has color and mood rather than melodic charm.

The Russians have composed much chorus music with or without accompaniment, and we should no doubt hear more of it were not the text in many instances untranslated. There are choruses from Borodin's opera "Prince Igor" that are published in detached form and with a French text; there are choruses by Cui, Kopyloff, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Sokoloff, Grodzki, Liadoff, Zolotareff—to quote only from the catalogue of one publisher. It is to be hoped that the Choral Art Society will receive such support that it can explore with rich results musical fields that are just beginning to be opened to the concert-goers of this city. Many of these works by old Netherlanders and Englishmen and by modern composers are best sung by a small, picked and almost individually drilled chorus. The Handel and Haydn has its own peculiar province; so has the Cecilia. The Choral Art Society should be as firmly established.

There was a large and very applausive audience. The performance throughout was interesting and often excellent. That of Dowland's charming madrigal was especially engrossing, as was the atmosphere of d'Indy's composition.

The next concert of this society will be given in December.

SILENT DIPLOMACY.

There was some disappointment in Paris when the new British ambassador, Sir Francis Bertie, made no speech at a banquet given there by the British Chamber of Commerce. When his health was proposed by a French baron of high degree, Sir Francis bowed and smiled and said not a word. His reticence was explained. He is a diplomat of the old school, who believes a speech should be made only when the government commands it.

The old diplomat, like the old family lawyer, a storehouse of distressing secrets, is now a figure of historical romance or play. He still takes snuff, employs beautiful women as spies, shows his false teeth, and is devilish sly for the amusement of reader or spectator. Or he is reserved, mysterious, a sombre liar. The ambassador of today is a joyous, social creature. He is here, there and everywhere. He talks continually, now at the dedication of a window in a cathedral, now at a meeting of the Bellows Menders in London. He is witty, eloquent, sociological, literary, a good table man. He is as familiar as any playactor. His candor is that of a child. He blurts out the intentions of his government, for it is the fashion in these days for a diplomat to be frank, whereas once the diplomat that told the truth deceived completely his colleagues.

Yet, Sir Francis is a true diplomat, for he purposes to keep open house on a grand scale in the Faubourg St. Honore. There is house cleaning in the famous hotel, which was once the home of Pauline Bonaparte. The tapestries are being repaired; the ballroom has been redecorated. There will be entertainments worthy of Lord Lyons, who kept twenty lackeys on service in the entrance hall, a double line of powdered and silk-stockinged footmen, and down this line the bravest visitor passed not without inward trepidation. And the dinners! Perhaps a sauce or a pudding will be named after Sir Francis and preserve his memory. Old-fashioned diplomacy was directed against the colleague's stomach, and this is the one characteristic

of an otherwise forgotten art that is still fresh and efficacious.

A MATTER OF DEGREE.

A Bostonian now in the West sends to us a copy of the Daily Oklahoman of March 18, and calls attention to the "Society Department" of the said journal. His purpose is to awaken mockery and derision, but we believe with good Duke Theseus that "never anything can be amiss, when simpleness and duty tender it." Why should there not be society news in Oklahoma? And why should the record of doings in that society be laughable or unworthy the study of the Earnest Student of Sociology?

What is the leading paragraph in this record of March 18? Is it a description of a "smart" affair with an annotated catalogue of the costumes? Is it some humorously malicious account of the escapade of a high-flyer? By no means. "The Kindergarten Mothers' Club of the Washington school met at the kindergarten at 3 o'clock last Wednesday. It was a social meeting. The mothers brought their handwork and chatted and stitched. After the business session the children had a fine time with their games. The ladies all voted the afternoon a great success." We see Mr. Roosevelt smiling on the scene. Such a meeting is more to the nation than "court amour, mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball."

Nor are literature and art neglected in this town that encourages maternity. "The Club Rennaissauce (sic) met Thursday. The lesson was ably led by Miss Wand and proved to be very interesting. Her paper on Greek culture was very much enjoyed, as was also one by Miss Avey on 'The Sculpture of the Parthenon.'" Cavil not, O scoffer, and ask not what the Parthenon has to do with the renaissance with two "n's." Oklahoma has its Copley Society, and three ladies are already chosen to prepare the year book and programme for the coming year. We also note with pleasure that, although the day was very disagreeable, a goodly number responded to the roll call at the meeting of the Shakespeare Club. A spelling match between the ladies of the First Baptist Church and those of the First M. E. was announced for last Thursday.

"Methodists and Baptists jes' goin' along,
Ring those charmin' bells!"

Social life has its lighter side in Oklahoma as in Boston. Guests from Guthrie were entertained by Mrs. Gerson over Sunday. Mr. G. W. Johnson was expected home from a round of visits. Miss McCoy, "a gifted pianist" of Guthrie, stayed over for the Malek concert. In a word, there is the potentiality of a metropolitan season in this new town. It's all a question of degree. An event that sets the Back Bay aflutter-ing would not interest seriously the Faubourg St. Germain; the inhabitants of the air are not impressed by the costume of the Marchioness of Three Stars; nor do the oldest families of Hockanum Ferry watch the stir in and about an ant hill. The gifted pianist of Guthrie may have only a newspaper fame in the local musical world; but are there not "newspaper singers" in London, Paris, Boston and New York, parlor singers who advertise themselves socially? In society a man is important chiefly to himself; at the same time we read with equal pleasure of the diversions of Mr. G. W. Johnson, fresh from social triumphs in Burlingame, Kan., and of Mr. Harry Lehr or Mr. Lispenard Stewart. We are glad that they all enjoy themselves. We approve, and envy them not.

TWO STRIKES.

Students of the labor question should read a description by Maurice Lair of the miners' strike in Westphalia, a strike that has brought many German coal orders to English owners. Mr. Lair's article is published in the Revue Bleue (Paris). These strikers of Westphalia, land of ham and pumpernickel, are model men; they abstain from schnapps and rioting. Mr. Lair reminds his readers that in 1889 the miners' wives tearfully begged their husbands to go back to work; now they encourage them in their striking, and treat men that still work as traitors. There is at present a truce, but Mr. Lair believes the conflict irrepressible, and that it will soon be resumed. The capitalists, according to him, are tyrannous, and their trust, designed to make competition impossible, looks on workmen as "negligible quantities."

The great strike at Warsaw has a comic side. A rich Hebrew named Bergmann founded a Jewish Industrial Home, to provide, among other charitable purposes, a daily dinner for poor Jewish children of from 6 to 14 years of age, a dinner of soup with meat in it, bread, sugar and tea. On Friday each child receives about five cents to take the place of the meal on Saturday, when the home is closed. On a recent Friday the children came as usual, and told the officials that they were going to strike. They demanded two pieces of bread instead of one, four lumps of sugar instead of two, and ten cents instead of five. Refused, they marched angrily out, without their dinner of the day, and also declining to take the customary five cents. As the old birds sing, the young ones twitter. Unfortunately, in the southern, and, we fear, in some northern, states of this country, children have a more serious cause for striking. There was a children's crusade; will there some day be a children's strike? In the latter the influence of the parents would be thrown against them, for are not these children bread winners?

BRAINS BY WEIGHT.

Prof. Karl Pearson lectured lately at the Royal Institution, London, on heads. Has a man of a large head necessarily a large brain and, therefore, a large mind? The popular idea favors the large head, the dome of thought. Yet the unconscious reasoning may be fallacious. Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, in the prefatory note to a learned chapter on the head and skull and some unusual structures of them, indulged in language that would excite the admiration of a southwestern audience craving impassioned oratory. He reasoned with pinwheel eloquence that since the head is the seat of the mind, Nature, therefore, hath been solicitous to lodge this noble guest in safety by defending it from casualty by a thick wall of bone. He might have argued that the finer the mind, the thicker the bone; therefore, Mr. Abraham Parsons, familiarly known in Berkshire county as "Abe the Bunter"—he departed this life five years ago—must have had an unusual mind, for he could crack grindstones with his skull. What a mind Mr. William Everhardt of Norfolk, Va., must have, for a pistol ball—32-calibre, to be exact—was fired at a distance of twenty feet plunk into the middle of his forehead and flattened itself against the bone.

Do not school teachers set an undue value on the size of a pupil's head and expect the more from him? How often we see the weight of some villainous murderer's brain given with marks of exclamation at its heaviness. Prof. Pearson's lecture should be distributed in pamphlet form. Then even the little wretch known derisively as "pinhead" may have a fair chance at school and at home.

In the first place, brain-weight and skull-capacity do not correspond accurately and observers are able to form only rough estimates of the weight of the contained brain. The weight of the brain does not vary with intelligence, but with nature and age; it lessens from the moment the boy turns into a man. But is it a fact that the taller and the heavier a man is, the bigger, as a rule, his brain? Yet giants are simple, silly creatures. In fairy tales they are easily outwitted and come to a violent end through their incredible fatuousness.

There is a kind of man who asks you to try on his hat. It slips down to your nose. You feel foolish without knowing why, and he laughs immoderately and says to the bystanders: "I seldom meet any one who can wear my hat." You at once suspect yourself of a feeble mind: you are irritated: the lookers-on pity you, but no one of them risks the trial. Mr. Chatterton Blow, the man with the big hat, struts for a moment. Yet when you are alone and in self-communion you say to yourself: "That fellow Blow always was an ass. Why should he have such a big head?" Prof. Pearson brings comfort to you and discomfiture to Mr. Blow, for the professor has inquired into the brain-weights—corrected for age, stature and body-weight—of a series of Cambridge (Eng.) graduates, and into the intelligence of some 6000 children. In the former examination the results were inconclusive; the result of the latter inquiry tends to show that there is only the slightest, if any, relation between brain-weight and intelligence. Take Jeremy Bentham; he was physically mediocre in every respect. Dante's skull—the one they are sure was Dante's—has been studied: the conclusion is that his brain-weight was about 100 grammes less than that of the average Englishman. "Prof. Pearson's own brain-weight is inappreciably above the average." Did he conduct the experiments in this particular instance?

The conclusion of the learned man is this: "There is a complete failure at present to discover any substantial relation between skull-capacity, or size of head, and intelligence, provided we confine our attention to the same class, i. e., individuals of like nurture and education, within the same racial component of our mixed population." It also follows, according to his reasoning, that the way to guess at a man's intelligence is to study the records of his parents and grandparents; for it is quality, not quantity, of brain that tells, and quality is a matter of inheritance. But how about the brains of Dante's parents and grandparents? What is known about his mother, except that her name was Bella? Dante's father had a son by another wife. Was this Francesco conspicuous in any way? Is not genius often apparently accidental? But here we run up against Mr. Francis Galton and his theory of Eugenics.

"SADKO" PLAYED BY SYMPHONY

Rimsky-Koraykoff's Musical Picture, a Pretty Fancy, Highly Colored, Is Given for the First Time in Boston.

Cornelius Ruebner, Pianist of the Occasion, Plays Grieg's Romantic Concerto Unromantically and Uninterestingly.

The programme of the 19th Symphony concert given last evening in Symphony Hall, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Symphony in D major (K. 504).....Mozart
Piano concerto in A minor.....Grieg
"Sadko," a musical picture..Rimsky-Korsakoff
Prelude to Act II of "Guntrum".....R. Strauss

However well this little symphony of Mozart may be played as regards euphony, proportion, general finesse—and it was played exceedingly well last night—the work is nevertheless ineffective in Symphony Hall. It would undoubtedly be a pleasure to hear it, and works of a like nature, performed by a small but carefully chosen band of players in a hall no larger than, say, Chickering. Then the old music would have more than a historical interest. It is true that large orchestras were assembled occasionally in Mozart's period for special occasions—orchestras of 200, and even of 400, were not wholly unknown in Vienna—but these conditions were rare, chiefly in aid of a pension fund for musicians. The orchestra of the opera house in Prague, where this symphony was probably first performed, included only six violins, two violas and two basses. No doubt other strings were added for concert purposes, but the symphony was designed for a small orchestra in a comparatively small room.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" was played here for the first time, and we have been unable to find any record of a previous performance in this country. It is one of the composer's earliest works. Written about 1867, it was played in Germany as early as 1876. The composer revised it in 1891. When it was performed in Vienna, at a time when Rubinstein was held to be the great Russian composer, the only one worthy of consideration, good Dr. Hanslick wrote a violent article against it. He found bombs and nihilism and the general upheaval of society, law and order in this little piece, which now seems to us all fanciful and pretty.

A composer of rare gifts once said to us that he was born hating Weber; Hanslick was born for the purpose of hating programme music in general and Russian programme music in particular. "Sadko" is by no means a great or imposing work. Rimsky-Korsakoff himself does not probably take it so seriously; but the music is fanciful, highly colored, characteristic, a picturesque illustration of an old legend of Novgorod.

The work is simply a picture; the thematic contents are in themselves of slight value, there is little or no attempt at any development; the picture is impressionistic. The piece was played in the appropriately fanciful spirit and Sadko thrown overboard, and Sadko playing on his gusli, that the Sea King and his guests bidden to the wedding might dance, and the roar of the thereby excited Ocean, the bridegroom of the Sea King's daughter, were all brought vividly before the sympathetic hearer. It is not unlikely that any one who finds "The Thousand Nights and a Night" a bore, and legends of any country foolishness will wonder why this musical picture "Sadko" was produced here at all after so many years. The music last night gave pleasure to many and Mr. Gericke was obliged to bow his acknowledgments.

The piano concerto by Grieg is still one of the concertos worth playing and hearing, for, unlike some of Grieg's music, it has more than a parochial interest and it has breadth and haunting sensuousness. It should be played in a most romantic spirit, often as though it were an improvisation. Mr. Cornelius Ruebner, who made his first appearance in Boston, is now at the head of the music department of Columbia University. Is it possible that he was chosen as the pianist of last night's concert ex-officio? Mr. Ruebner was at the head of a music school in Carlsruhe before he was called to Columbia; he taught the piano and he composed music. He may be a prudent pedagogue; his music is no doubt written in approved orthodox fashion, but he is not the man to play Grieg's concerto. His technic was evidently acquired in the black walnut period of the art, and it is now warped and cracked.

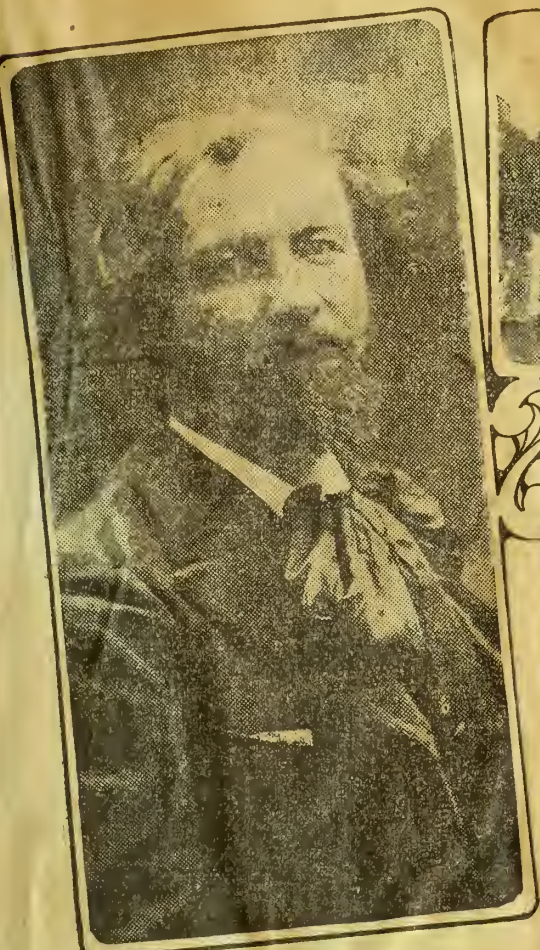
A technic that is not always fully adequate may be sometimes forgiven when there is a fine exhibition of aesthetic feeling or of a prevailing poetic spirit. Mr. Ruebner's interpretation was inherently unromantic, matter of fact, prosaically uninteresting. Seldom have we heard such an uninspired and jejune performance of a beau' l and imaginative work. Mr. Rue er was courteously welcomed and applauded.

The Symphony Drama to Be Produced by the Cecilia on April 4; a Strange Blend of Wild Romanticism and Vulgar Realism; Sketch of the Socialistic Composer; Paderewski's Recital and Other Musical Events of the Week.

THE Cecilia Society, Mr. J. J. Lang conductor, assisted by Miss Isabel Bouton, Mr. Edward Barrow and a large orchestra, will produce Gustave Charpentier's "La Vie du Poete," a symphony-drama in three acts and four scenes, in Symphony Hall on Tuesday evening, April 4. (The wage earners' concert will be on Monday, April 3.) The event will be one of more than ordinary importance, for the work will be then performed for the first time in America. Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" will be performed at the same concert.

Charpentier's "Vie du Poete" was composed at Rome and sent from there with the suite, "Impressions of Italy," as the customary guaranty of good faith on the part of a prix de Rome, for that honor was awarded to Charpentier in 1887. The symphony-drama, with poem by the composer, was performed for the first time at the Paris Conservatory, May 18, 1892, with Mme. Tarquinie d'Or, Miss Wyns, Cossira and Grimaud as the chief singers. Colonne conducted. The performance was a solemn ceremony in the presence of the Academie des Beaux-Arts. The music made a deep impression, and Gounod wrote to

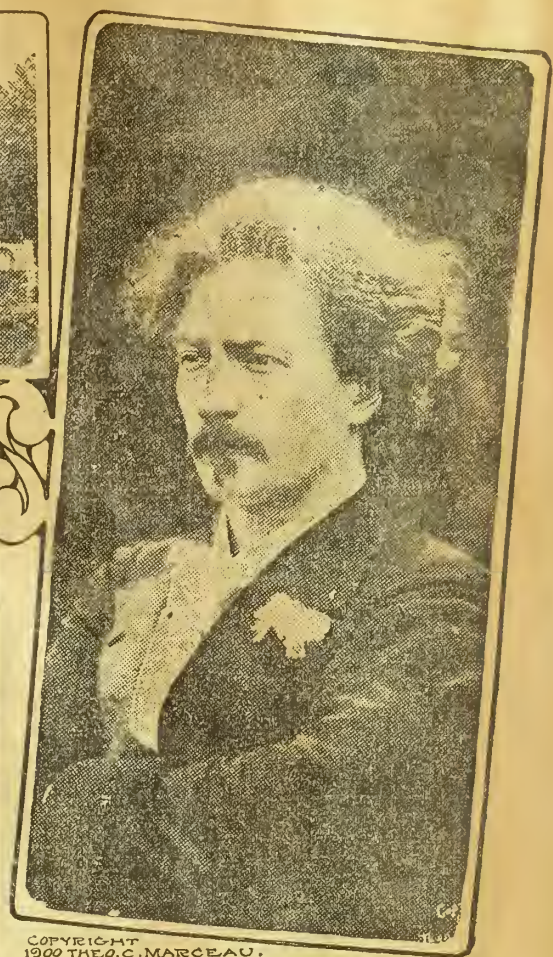
FIRST TIME IN AMERICA OF CHARPENTIER'S "POET'S LIFE"



GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER

PADEREWSKI'S VILLA.

PADEREWSKI AT 12.



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IGNAZ PADEREWSKI.

LUCILE McCONVILLE, 'CELLIST.

...o Charpentier: "I must assure you ...ce of the lively interest with which ...musical members of the institute ...d and read your 'envoi' entitled ...Poet's Life.' There are such salient ...ties of thought and sentiment, con... and poetry, intelligence and ...in it that it is a true and great joy ...e to tell you how happy we have ...for you and how satisfied as acade...ns."

...s performance excited even Ber..., who was then manager of the ... He went the next day to Char...er and said: "I'm going to bring ...ut at the Opera." The composer ...ht the remark a joke in bad taste. ... I mean it," said Bertrand. "It ... in three weeks with the revival of ...a.'" There was unforeseen trou... Certain musicians of the orchestra ...obliged in this work to go on the ... and therefore the orchestra in... on the indemnity provided for ...cases by the rules and regulations. ...manager would not assume the ... and Charpentier was miserably ... Although the letter then wore ...air, he spent no time in tearing it; ...nt to the musicans, some of them ...mpanions at the Conservatory, and ...d with them: "Do you wish to ...preck me as I am coming into port? ...nce make an exception and play ...ut any claim of indemnity. Make ...appy." They talked the matter ... and consented. The symphony... was performed at the Opera June ...1. Colonne conducted, and the solo ...s were Mme. Fierens and Heglon ...lessrs. Vaguet and Renaud. "The ... Life" was performed afterward ...e Chatelet concerts, Colonne con...

...: Jan. 29, Feb. 5, 19, 1893, March ...5, Nov. 26, Dec. 3, 1899, and Feb. 12, ...5. It was performed in January, ...y the Bach Society of Heidelberg ...first time in Germany, and at the ...festival of the Allgemeiner ...her Musikverein at Frankfort-on-...In May 29, 1904, with Minnie Nast ...nil Gerhaeuser as the solo singers ...hilipp Wolfrum as conductor. It ...lso been performed in various ...t provincial towns, as Lille, Mar-... Nancy.

Character of the Work.

...work, dedicated to Massenet as ...d teacher, is a singular one, sin...n subject and in expression. It ...lend of belated romanticism and ...ive realism.

...first act represents the poet be... life full of faith and enthu... He strives to sing; he invokes ...a of beauty, which unveils itself ...pears in all its radiance. In the ... act he begins to doubt his own ... He questions in his anxiety the ... but there is no answer; night ...on, indifferent to him. The third ... in two scenes. In the former, ...et, now desperate, crushed by ...ndeur of that which he feels but ... express, blasphemes frantically, in spite of voice from above, which promise him better days in the future. The second scene is at the Moulin de la Galette, Montmartre. The poet seeks forgetfulness in the hideous din of the dancing room. A drunken crowd howls street ditties, with which the clangor of a wretched orchestra is mingled. There are obscene cornets, the distracting vulgarity of rattles, the shouts outside, wild cries, the coarse laughter of a brazen baggage, who invites him to the orgy, while purer and spiritual voices recall to him the enthusiasm of his earlier days. At last, mad with grief, he rushes headlong into excesses to drown his discouragement, his despair.

The symphony begins with an orchestral prelude, which brought to the mind of a contributor to the Guide Musical the poet of dishevelled hair, the poet of 1830, whose brain was a volcano in eruption. The prelude begins with a short and incisive theme, which, perhaps, characterizes the spirit of the poet, and, though undeveloped in any technical meaning of the word, appears often in the course of the work. It is not treated thematically, it does not appear disguised; it simply appears. The prelude has a gentler theme, which is also employed later. The first act, "Recollection," opens softly and mysteriously with a chorus built on a well defined theme: "Gentle Light, My Prayer Flies Toward Thee." The chorus increases in power, and a melodic thought is added, expressed alternately by solo soprano and by tenor: "Burn, O My Soul, Burn Always, Voluptuous Flame." The "Incantation" follows, and there is the thought of a fragment of the initial theme in the choral motive, "Come, divine flame." This initial theme reappears at the end of the chorus. Voices and orchestra rise to "The Land of Dreams."

Act. II: "Doubt." The first section opens with a chorus, "Night, Calm and Tender Night, Dost Thou Hear?" There is the suggestion of Whitman's "Huge and thoughtful night." The theme is first exposed by the 'cellos and violas, then there are entrances of solo voices, interrupted by the orchestra. This chorus is heard in the Montmartre scene. The poet voices his complaint. The answer is a vague and ancient cradle song. The poet's cantilena is followed by a short descriptive orchestral passage. Over shuddering strings is heard the flute, as a nightingale, and horns sound faintly afar off.

Act. III., scene 1: "Impotence." The scene begins with a rapid orchestral allegro. The basses grumble chromatically and a strange motive played by the brass is interrupted now and then by a lament, which is the theme of a following chorus of despair. There is a lull, and the organ has its slow and solemn say. The poet will not hearken to the voices of consolation. There are furious trombones, and the chorus curses and blasphemes the Creator, until the malediction becomes fainter and fainter through the very dejection of the poet. Scene 2. The Montmartre Festival begins in a wild polka rhythm. There are orchestral reminiscences of former motives. A scherzo theme is joined to this polka. The poet is revealed by the theme: "Be Cursed, O Perfidious God." Then the chorus of the tender night returns, but it is not blended with the dance music. Another polka is played behind the scenes by a boozing-ken orchestra of piccolo, cornet and saxhorns, and a ditty popular in the time of Gen. Boulanger is also played behind the scenes by another orchestra of brass, to portray the passing military retreat. These motives are worked together, and there is then a new theme, the first notes of which are taken from those of the chorus. "Be Cursed"; it now has a joyous character, it increases in its intensity and becomes heroic. The polka rhythm returns and the poet invites the girl in her rags to laugh her mad laugh. "This girl, whose mocking laugh is as an insult to the poet's reveries," according to the writer whose analysis of the work has been used freely by The Herald, "is a personification of the ignorant and bestial mob, the enemy of all that is far above it." In the midst of the orgy, the mystical chorus, "Gentle Light," returns. There are disjointed words of the poet; the trollop's laugh is heard as from a distance, and then there is silence. "A drum is rolled plandrum as of a slackening and then arrested pulse. Three sobs are feebly exhaled by voices pitying the poet; a chord from the strings—and this is all."

The Man Himself.

The career of the man Chapentier may explain in a measure the singularity of this early work. The companion "envoi," "Impressions of Italy," has been played in Boston. It is music without a "tendency," without any polemical or socialistic aim. It is delightful music to hear; it is the work of an imaginative man peculiarly sensitive to melody, rhythm, color. Yet it might be justly said that the composer of "The Poet's Life" is the real Charpentier.

He was born at Dieuze (Alsace-Lorraine) on June 25, 1860. His parents moved to Turcoing after the Franco-

Prussian war, and he entered the music school of that town as a pupil of Stappan a violinist. He was poor, and in order to earn his living he worked as an accountant in a spinning factory. Afterward he went to Lille and entered the conservatory, where he made for himself such a reputation that the municipality of Tourcoing gave him a pension of f.1200 to study at Paris. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1881, and took violin lessons of Messart and harmony with Pessard. He was obliged to perform military service, and on his return to Paris he became a pupil of Massenet. He took the prix de Rome in 1887 with his cantata, "Dido," performed Oct. 29, 1887, at the Salle de l'Institut.

Prix de Rome in 1887, and his first genuine success was his opera, "Louise," produced after long delay and bitter struggles in 1900! It was Ernest Legouvé, who sang in his libretto, "L'Amour Africain," the misfortunes of these crowned musicians:

> Oyez les tristes contretemps
> D'un melancolique jeune homme,
> D'un jeune homme de soixante ans,
> Que l'on appelle un prix de Rome.
>
> Listen to the wretched plight
> Of a melancholy man,
> A young man of sixty years,
> Whom they call "un prix de Rome."

"The Poet's Life" led Charpentier to Montmartre, and he is still the celebrant musician of that famous hill, dear to students, working people of all classes, artists, light-o'-loves who dance gayly toward the hospital or the prison for women. After "The Poet's Life" came a strange set of songs, "Impressions Fausses," performed at a Colonne concert March 3, 1895. The composer was inspired by two of Paul Verlaine's poems, "La Veillee Rouge" and "La Ronde des Compagnons." The anarchistic music met with lively opposition, which was met in turn by warm eulogies of the mastery in workmanship. In "La Ronde des Compagnons" Charpentier interpolated as a gloss on Verlaine's poetry, for the chorus of prisoners, verses of the "Marseillaise" and cries of "Hum, Vaillant, Sh!" "Hum, Henri, Sh!" "Hum, Ravachol, Sh!" As Gustave Robert wrote, the poetry of Verlaine, charming by the gentle irony of its melancholy, was turned into a sort of declamatory hymn of anarchists. "Not that I blame Charpentier for having socialistic, anarchistic or any other theories he may choose to entertain, but I wish that he would expose them on a more opportune occasion." The solo singers were Taskin and Cheyrat.

Still more extraordinary were the "Trois Poemes Chantes," "Chanson du Chemin" (Camille Mauclair), "Jet d'Eau" (Baudelaire), and the third, which was heard with frenetic applause and fierce hissing, "Les Chevaux de Bois" (Verlaine). They were sung by Auguez, Claeys, Galand and a chorus at a Colonne concert Nov. 24, 1895.

Charpentier left Montmartre for a moment to pay homage to a painter whose art was most remote from his. The "Serenade a Watteau" (poetry by Verlaine) was first performed at Charpentier's own house before a circle of friends. It is written for tenor solo, six female voices, string quartet, mandolins, two harps, two flutes, a Mustel organ and a tambourine. It was performed Nov. 8, 1896, the day of the inauguration of the monument to Watteau in the garden of the Luxembourg. The singers were Charlotte Wyns and Maugniere. The piece was performed for the first time in concert at Colonne, Nov. 29, 1896. "R. D. C." wrote in the Guide Musical, "The melodic accent is lacking in both accuracy and freedom." The success of the Serenade was indisputable. The Academic Palms were offered to Charpentier, who refused the honor. "First play my music," he answered, and thus referred to scores which were ready but over which no manager would look.

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The Work-Girl as Muse.

Auber said of Felicien David, who was a confirmed orientalist, that he wished he would get down from his camel. Many in Paris, when Charpentier's "Coronation of the Muse" was performed, prayed him to come down from Montmartre. In 1898 he proposed himself as the director of a new theatre-lyrique and that year saw the production of his "Couronnement de la Muse," which, written the year before for a Montmartre festival, was finally produced at the Grand Theatre, Lille, June 5, when Blanche Dassonville was crowned as the Muse, Duffaut, a tenor from the Opera, Paris, represented the Poet, and Blanche Mante represented Beauty. Charpentier's idea was that each year and in each town a Muse should be chosen from work-girls and crowned solemnly. The piece was announced for the 14th of July, that year, the national fete at Paris, but it was postponed on account of the rain, and it was performed in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, July 24. In this piece, made for the open air, Charpentier gave full vent to his socialistic ideas.

This work is of an extraordinary nature. As it looked backward toward "The Poet's Life" and forward to "Louise," and as it is most characteristic of Charpentier, it deserves our attention. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote a description, published July 25, 1898: "The Muse of Paris, Mlle. Ernestine Curot, is a work-girl, chosen this year from a great number of candidates for her great personal charm and stringent virtues to represent the ideal aspirations of the great city, more particularly in reference to the centenary of Michelet. She is not exactly beautiful, but has the retrousse prettiness of the typical Parisienne. Her apotheosis being concurrent with that of Michelet, the great revolutionary historian, who celebrated the glories of work, there was a vast attendance of work-peoples' associations and syndicates to do honor to the event. In the Place de l'Hotel de Ville the crowd was enormous. Only a few seats had been reserved for privileged guests of the municipality around the vast stage upon which the ceremony was to take place. The programme was divided into three portions. First of all, a march was performed by a really admirable orchestra conducted by Charpentier, in which all the old cries of Paris were introduced. Charpentier was himself the composer. Only very few of these old 'crics' still survive, and an effort was recently made (fortunately unsuccessful) to induce the prefect of police to prohibit them altogether. 'Achetez la crevette, elle est bonne, elle est belle' (Buy the shrimp! She is good, she is beautiful), 'chand d'habits' (the equivalent of 'old clo') 'avez-vous des chaises a rempailler?' (Chairs to mend?) 'limandes a frire?' (lemon soles for frying), still exists; but, 'eau de vie, brandevin, et la dragee au bout,' 'lait, lait, lait, v'la la nourrice au lait,' 'mon frais saumon, mon frais eabillaud! J'ai ce qu'il vous taut' (my fresh salmon, my fresh cod; I have got what you want), and countless others are with the neiges d'antan. The modern crier is less musical than his ancestor, a less complicated artist. An air in 'Fernand Cortes' was actually appropriated by an intelligent hawker of ink. Felicien David, the composer, stole one of his most successful motives from an itinerant cheesemonger. Halevy composed 'Quand paraitra le pale aurore' after hearing the cries of 'Belles bottes d'asperges' (fine bunches of asparagus.) But 'all that was in the olden time long ago,' as Poe says.

"M. Charpentier's music charmed us all this afternoon. As the last chords died away, the Muse descended the steps of the Hotel de Ville, accompanied by the two lesser Muses, Miles. Eugenie Belin and Amelie Chasselin, and mounted the stage. A troop of little street children, costumed in rags, surrounded her, carrying baskets of flowers in their hands. The ceremony was nothing if not symbolical. Then the 'criers' of Paris exhorted the crowd to come and admire the Muse, and a ballet began—the Ballet of Pleasure, danced by artists from the corps de ballet of the opera. In the midst of the dancing appeared Beauty, personified by Mlle. Mante, of the Opera, who expressed in pantomime her desire to give eternal form to the efforts of Humanity. She was followed by a group of poets, who assured the Muse that they found her very charming (all this in pantomime, of course). Beauty thereupon crowned the Muse with white roses; and then Suffering, dressed as a Pierrot, made his appearance, this role being filled by that admirable pantomimic artist, M. Severin. He expressed, first of all, the eternity and the consequent hopelessness of Suffering, appealing to Heaven, then to the pity of man, whose egoism he denounces and then revolts against, dreaming of a possible revenge, amid the clamors for justice which burst from the throats of others like himself, though the triumphant march of victims toward the ultimate attainment of happiness still continues. But his hopes of a millennium are chimerical. Suffering can only cease with the human race. A choir, however, announces the arrival of the Muse of Happiness, who clasps the enchanted Pierrot by the hand, and Suffering sinks at her feet in adoration. The next scene was extremely pretty. It had been arranged by the well-known artist, Roedel, and consisted chiefly of a sort of allegorical procession in honor of Michelet. Behind Michelet's bust figured History and Poetry, two young ladies. In front of the bust were a young man and a young woman representing Youth and dressed in the fashion of 1830. They turned over the leaves of a vast book, the history of France, and, as each leaf was turned, persons dressed in costumes of the period passed by in procession, and finally grouped themselves at the back of the stage. The delegations of workmen, schoolmasters, students, freemasons, and choral society then paced before them. This was the conclusion."

(The Pall Mall Gazette correspondent might have added to his list of composers who utilized street cries. There is the vocal piece "Les Cris de Paris," by Clement Jannequin of the 16th century. Some say that a "Ballet des Cris de Paris" was danced in the reign of Louis XIV., and that the Grand Monarch himself took part in it; but the score has not been found. Adolphe Adam introduced the "moan of labor"—"Ohe! Ohe!"—used by the boatmen of the Seine (No. 5 of eight male choruses, "Les Metiers"). In 1857 Georges Kastner published his "Cris de Paris: Symphonie humoristique," an elaborate score of 171 pages, as a supplement to his learned and curious essay, "Les Voix de Paris.")

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Opposing Voices.

Of course, there were protests against the crowning of a work-girl with such an attendant hullabaloo. Mr. Pierre de Breville wrote a keen and amusing article, which was published in the Mercure de France. He asked who the chosen woman might be, the saviour, the inspirer. She stretched out her arms toward humanity to give it hope. Is she the working-girl, the incarnation of honest labor? Does she content herself with being pretty? Is she Mimi Pinson, or simply The Woman, or a little Goddess of Reason? Or is she the daughter of the people, the humble flower of French fields, the soul of France, the folk song? "No, in spite of her indecision, she declares herself to be a more definite person. She is 'Parisienne sculptee dans de l'eternite (?), and to finish troubling us in our ignorance, she appears in company with a Pierrot with a plastered face, with a poet in a bobtail coat, in the frame of a public place, on a sort of laic altar of red hangings adorned with golden fringe, surrounded by dancing girls in short petticoats, with students, gymnasts, and without doubt, Freemasons, who constitute the background of every modern procession. In short, the conception of this work, where realities and allegories are mingled incoherently, remains enigmatic. There is a leit-motif in this score. No one is exempt from it, and it is the cry, 'Voila l'plaisir, mesdam's!' and the composer could not make a more happy choice. * * * There is an apotheosis of vegetables, of all the vegetables, because the carrot itself is not forgotten. * * * M. Charpentier has kept himself from the customary brutalities in the finnl apotheoses, and has terminated his work by a gentle recall of 'Mourons pour les p'tits oiseaux,' while the chorus breathes a last 'ah! ah!' (this time it is consolation and hope), which leaves us under an impression of serenity that is almost religious. It is fitting, above all, not to attach too great importance to this work, whole sole musical pretension is doubtless to reveal in solemn fashion the love of the composer for the people. This is evangelical, and may lead to the deputies; it may attract also the public attention, and this is human."

On the other hand, no less a composer than Alfred Bruneau wrote: "It seems to me at the same time charming and significant, this idea that M. Charpentier has had of ennobling the gayety of our stated festivals by the beauty of a virile music and the grace of a young woman; to marry, in the grandest square of Paris, the two supreme poesies of our city—the radiant and delicate poetry of art and work to the yelling and magnificently brutal poetry of a joyful mob. The spectacle is a pretty one, this spectacle of the gay working girl of the faubourg solemnly chosen Muse by her fellow-shopgirls, the patroness for some hours of the city, the symbolic queen of consolation, inspiration, hope and love, who, interrupting the clamor, the rush and the bustle, all the coarse amusements, sometimes egotistical, of the holiday strollers, proclaims solemnly in imposing, ascending symphony and song the eternal and sovereign power of toilsome and fertile life. In this score you feel the true soul of the street palpitate, with strident calls of costermongers, menders of chairs, of fish sellers, rag pickers, launched forth by trumpets from the highest windows of the municipal palace, solo, then intercrossed, and taken again by the orchestra in exquisite harmony; its clever ballet of Pleasure, its delicious fanfare of the Muse, gentle and deific, whose children from the top of the Maison commune repeat ingenuously the theme; its chiming of bells, distant or near by, in response or blend; its full and vibrant instrumental and choral phrases; its picturesque developments; its character of rude frankness, and at the same time of robust tenderness; its religious and triumphal peroration—this score is animated with a spirit that is superbly of the people. Here we have nothing to do with the customary cantata, the useless and odious cantata that has been ordered, to the necessities of which the free fancy of Charpentier would not have submitted."

Charpentier achieved fame and fortune—he had been miserably poor—by his "Louise," a musical romance in four acts, produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Feb. 2, 1900. The story, written by him, is of a working girl of Montmartre, over whom the city of Paris casts a mighty spell. She leaves her home to live with Julien, a painter. Remorseful, she returns and is forgiven; but the routine of a simple household bores her. The city, seen from Montmartre, calls her to it. Julien reappears, and she goes with him, and her father, broken-hearted, curses Paris, which has robbed him of his child. Miss Rioton created the part of Louise. The opera is still exceedingly popular in Paris and in the provinces, and it has made its triumphant way through Germany. "Louise" is said to be the first opera of a trilogy.

Since the production of "Louise," Charpentier has been busy in the production of his opera in German cities and in curious experiments in developing the musical taste of Parisian young dressmakers and milliners. Thus, in answer to his entreaties, on April 30, 1900, seats in the third and fourth galleries of the Opera Comique were given without price to 400 dressmakers that they might see the struggles and emotions of Louise. Furthermore, he has been instrumental in the preparation of concerts in which such girls have taken part, and the workgirl is still crowned in this or that department town. Charpentier is still on Montmartre, still a socialist in his music, and some might strike out socialist and insert anarchist.

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A Mild Appeal.

It is to be hoped that the Cecilia will be encouraged substantially in the production of such works. Some delight in saying that Boston is not a musical city —Mr. H. T. Finck stated recently in the New York Evening Post that Boston was no more musical than Rome (Italy, not New York)—and the indifference shown at times by the public when a new work of importance is produced might lead the stranger within our gates to believe the truth of the charge. One might be tempted to infer that the announcement of a novelty discourages concert goers, who, if they should go, might be obliged to form their own opinion about its merits or faults. There was voting in Philadelphia lately for the programme of the last concert this season of the Philadelphia orchestra (March 25). Sixteen hundred and seventy persons voted. "Richard Strauss, Cesar Franck and Vincent d'Indy, the very modern of the moderns, had more votes than were given for all of the 10 works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Brahms." This was with reference to the choice of a symphony from those played this season. The one that received more than one-third of all the votes was Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic"

It is not a question of whether Charpentier's "Poet's Life" is a great work, a mediocre work, or an extravagant, yet futile, work. The question is whether there are enough true and catholic lovers of music in Boston to welcome the production of a work that has excited attention in Paris and in other cities to reward the Cecilia and Mr. Lang for the inevitable drudgery and anxiety of such a production, to enlarge their own experience, to broaden the musical horizon of the town.

Mr. Alfred Bruneau wrote of "The Poet's Life": "On his return to Paris the composer rented a room on Montmartre, and there, as elsewhere, grew passionately fond of that which was about him, of nature, of that which he saw, heard, felt. The exaltation of heart and sense to the dawn of work and love; the soul's contemplation of accents of mysterious weight, accents of interior voices; the desire of the ideal, of the unknown, where the divine flame will be kindled; doubt in the swift and splendid night, where all is fleeting music; leaf of grass, tree, star; the fear of time, whole silence hides the triumph on the death of hope; impotence, the dreaded, frightful, terrible impotence of a soul whirling in emptiness and cursing God; degrading, raging drunkenness, increasing while the open-armed wanton laughs and yells, while the appeals of the past and the future are remembered and mingle in the orgie; nobility, baseness, pride, cowardice, are expressed with extraordinary vehemence and astonishing force, in the symbolical drama, 'Vie du Poete,' which, by the way, is not at all suited to the stage. Charpentier came willingly under the influence of the socialism and the mysticism of La Butte."

These are not the whirring words of a mere rhetorician drunk with patriotism. It is the deliberate judgment of a composer of more than ordinary ability and imagination, of a critic whose writings are distinguished by discrimination, sanity and unflinching devotion to art.

LOCAL.

Recitals will be given by the Faelten Pianoforte school in Huntington Avenue Chambers on Thursday evening, April 6, and Saturday afternoon, April 8. The programme will include ensemble pieces, an exhibition of fundamental training and solo pieces. The composers represented will be Foote, Haydn, Hummel, Karganoff, MacDowell, Martucci, Moszkowski, Mendelssohn, Raff.

The Ollve Mead string quartet will give its only concert this season in Boston on Tuesday evening in Potter Hall, when Mrs. Beach will be the pianist. Tickets for this concert may be obtained at Symphony Hall until Tuesday evening.

The second public rehearsal by the pupils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Litchfield at the Hollis Street Theatre will be given on Monday afternoon, April 17. Miss Helen Philba and Miss Sarah Eaton will be heard in a vocal dialogue of the old school by Guiseppe Gerli, "The Challenge of the Nightingale to the Lark!" Miss Charlotte Grosvenor will be heard in "Faust" selections. A scene from "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be contributed by Miss Sarah Eaton. Miss Grosvenor will also appear in a scene from "La Forza del Destino." Tickets may be obtained from Manager L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall, under whose direction the rehearsal is given.

Mme. Melba sailed for Europe yesterday. Mr. Gilibert, a distinguished member of her company, will sing at the chamber concert this afternoon in Chickering Hall.

"The Seven Last Words of Christ," a cantata by Dubois, will be sung by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

The pupils of the New England Conservatory School of Opera will give a performance at the Boston Theatre Tuesday afternoon, April 11. Mr. Oreste Bimboni will conduct. There will be a full chorus and orchestra. Scenes from "Carmen," Bizet; "The Masked Ball" and "Aida," Verdi; "Haldeuil," Bimboni, and "I Falsi Monetari," Rossi will make a varied bill and show the capacity of the leading pupils. The public perfomance is the fifth annual even in the history of the school, and promises to rival in interest those which have gone before. Its proceeds will be devoted to the free scholarships in the school of opera, and subscriptions may be received and seats will be allotted in the order of arrival until Saturday April 1. The box office sale at the Boston Theatre will open on Monday morning, April 3.

The Kneisel quartet and Mr. Arthur Foote gave the Yale University chamber concert at New Haven on March 29. The programme included Mr. Foote's piano quartet in C major.

The People's Choral Union will be assisted at its concert, April 16, in Symphony Hall, by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Katherine Ricker alto; Mr. Clarence Shirley, tenor; Mr. Charles Delmont, bass; Mr. Herman A. Shedd, organist; Miss Edith Snow, accompanist, and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Mme. Tsilka will lecture on Monday evening on her captivity with Miss Ellen M. Stone. A musical novelty "Echoes from the Balkans," by the Rev. W. W. Sleeper and Mrs. Mary Sleeper Ruggles, contralto, will then be introduced. "Mme. Tsilka, when a child of 10, was greatly influenced by Mr. Sleeper's music at the time he was a missionary in Bulgaria." It was this music that led Mrs. Beach to compose her "Balkan Theme and Variations."

PLEASANT CRITICISM.

Something so exquisite that it can hardly be touched with the profane breath of criticism came and went at Mendelssohn Hall yesterday afternoon. It was called a song recital, by Philip Coudert, but such a commonplace epithet of musical commerce should not be applied to anything so precious. Songs by Victor Harris, H. T. Burleigh, Reynaldo Hahn and Jules Massenet floated away into the purple chambers of memory, together with some little things by Schubert and Grieg. Half forgotten visions of a delicate youth singing plaintudes in stained glass attitudes flit in the gloaming. The echoes of a voice are heard, thin and far, like the horn of elfland faintly blowing. But no more at present. The rihald muse is over come and sinks to meditative silence. New York Sun, March 22.

PADEREWSKI'S RECITAL.

sole recital which Paderewski ive in Boston during his present will take place in Symphony on next Saturday afternoon at o'clock. This recital will be his this country since he landed in Francisco from Melbourne on Dec. d he has 14 or 15 more before he et sail for Europe, where he ex- to rest tho whole of the summer. he will devote a few months to osition before he appears before ublic again.

en Mr. Paderewski is doing con- work he never touches pen to pa- nd when he is composing he goes s piano only for recreation. His are now in such shape that it nost likely be four years before n find time to return to America. in truth, is his general scheme, ne to America once in four years, has been an unexpected combina- of events which has brought him once in three years the last two

programme of the recital on Sat- will be as follows:

ia, op. 17.....Schumann
a, op. 7.....Schumann
, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2, Beethoven
ions on a theme by Paganini, op. 35, Brahms
, G minor, op. 23.....Chopin
tudes, Nos. 12, 7 and 3, op. 10...Chopin
a, B minor, op. 33, No. 4.....Chopin
e, B major, op. 62.....Chopin
, C sharp minor, op. 39.....Chopin

UILD OF BANJOISTS, ETC.

concert of the American Guild of ists, Mandolinists and Guitarists rdan Hall next Wednesday even- attracting more than usual in- on account of its novelty and the nence of the teachers who are ers of the organization.

guild was formally organized in n four years ago, when the first l concert was given in Tremont le. The second concert was given iladelphia, and the third in New The present concert is the fourth. ims and objects of the guild are: to advance the interest of the ments in their literature, music manufacture; second, to set a ard of competence and establish her average of ability among the rs; third, to provide a bureau of rity on technical and other ques- relating to these instruments and study. There are at present over embers, all of them teachers of wledged reputation. The officers resident, W. J. Kitchener of New secretary and treasurer, C. L. , New York; executive committee, Odell and G. L. Lansing of Bos- William Foden, St. Louis; Fred C. , Philadelphia; Samuel Seigel, York, and Frank S. Morrow, Har- g. A banquet and convention will d at the Hotel Langham at noon y of the concert.

artists for the concert Wednes- evening are: Giuseppe Pettine, lin soloist; G. L. Lansing, banjo ; H. F. Odell, mandolin soloist; ngham mandolin orchestra, Lan- mandolin orchestra, the Boston Club, the Harvard 'Varsity Banjo nd Edward P. Ellicott, entertain- d an orchestra of 228, the largest r of these players ever gathered er, including 126 mandolins, seven las, two 'cellos, flute, drums and and organ at the hall. This or- a will be under the direction of Odell and G. L. Lansing.

PERSONAL.

Fair Play," Newark, N. J.: The l does not publish anonymous let-

rederick Fairbanks, an American th, gave his first piano recital in n, March 7. He was born in this y in 1868, but early in life was southern France. When he was went to Germany to pursue his l studies. From 1897 to 1899 he at the Dresden Conservatory. rs. Cesar Thomson, Godowsky riedheim have been giving con- n London.

Georg Henschel will conduct the t of the London Symphony or- on April 11.

Pall Mall Gazette of March 7 said tor Herbert, apropos of his Sere- or strings, after it had character- as a "quite exceptional and ex- nary work": "It is none of our o prophesy at which point Mr. Herbert will finally reach his ut we do know that his formula t which is neither new nor old, is something between the formula comic opera written by Offenbach e comic opera written by Sir Sullivan. The very great clev- of Mr. Herbert is shown by the at he, knowing somewhat inti- both the meanings on the part n composers, should have thrown own idea of the spirit of things, that are possibly commonplace, that are very often pretty, yet that may mean anything or g, according as you listen to ven though this is work that sel- an impress you as being great. hless, we must have a kindness r. Herbert, who seems to give f up to music as a diver throws f into the sea. Such a one has tality of the world in its less r forms at his disposal, and the s a diver, even if he brings up sure. It is not necessary to pur- e comparison."

Blackburn said lately of a sing- ondon: "Her musicianly feeling er-chorded by that most pardon- f faults—a too great desire to ."

RKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Bonneck will give in Washington, on the 28th, a lecture-recital on lgian composer, Lekeu. The programme will include Lekeu's violin sonata and unfinished piano quartet.

The programme of the final concert this season of the Philadelphia orchestra, last night, was chosen by ballot and it included Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," overture to "Tannhauser." Grieg's piano concerto was played by Mr. Friml.

In spite of the protests of the Wagner family and a number of prominent German musicians, Viotta, the director of the Wagner Association of Amsterdam, will produce "Parsifal" there in June next. The title part will be sung by Burgstaller or Forchammer, and if no German singer is available for the part of Kundry the part will be taken by Mme. Viotta-Wilson, the wife of the director.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 3:30 P. M., 13th Sunday chamber concert. Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, will play Granom's Sicilliano, Tartini's variations on a theme by Corelli, Ries' "Romance," Wieniawski's Scherzo-Tarantelle and the andante and finale from Mendelssohn's concerto. Mr. Charles Gilbert will sing Gounod's "Priere," Pierne's "Serenade," Lemaire's "Madrigal," Urgel's "Les Evantails," Lalo's "L'Esclave," Louis's "Petit Noel," Hahn's "Offrande," Lalo's "Aubade," Gounod's "Envoi de Fleurs," Massenet's "Crepuscule," Faure's "Les Berceaux," Chaminade's "L'Anneau d'Argent," Pfeiffer's "Malgre Moi."

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 4 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Alice Eldridge.

Union Church, West Newton street and Columbus avenue, 7:45 P. M. Lecture. "Story of My Captivity," by Mme. Katerina Tsilka, with Bulgarian music. "Echoes from the Balkan," by the Rev. W. W. Sleeper and Mrs. May Sleeper Ruggles, contralto.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M., third 'cello recital of Mr. Anton Hekking. Andante and finale from Sitt's concerto; andante and finale from Vieuxtemps's concerto; Servais's Fantaisie Caracteristique; Nocturne, Chopin; Romance, MacDowell; Scherzo, von Goens. Mr. Max Herzberg will be the accompanist.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by the Olive Mead quartet, with Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist. Quartet by Haydn, Saint-Saens piano quintet in A minor and Schubert's quartet in D minor.

WEDNESDAY—The Tuileries, 11 P. M., second of Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's Lenten song recitals.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., festival concert by American Guild of Mandolinists, Banjoists and Guitarists.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Brahms' "Tragic" overture, Tschaikowsky's violin concerto (Mr. Karl Barleben, violinist); Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" (first time), and Hubert's symphony in E minor, No. 2.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., song recital by Mrs. Florence Hartmann, soprano, assisted by Mr. Theodorowicz, violinist, and Mr. Felix Fox, pianist. Massenet's "Il est doux" and songs by Bizet, Franck, Massenet, MacDowell, Chadwick, Grieg, Clough-Leiter, d'Hardelot. Grieg's sonata in C minor for piano and violin, first movement from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Tschaikowsky's theme and variations for piano.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., piano recital by Mr. Paderewski.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 20th concert of the Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Mch 27 1905

SUNDAY CHAMBER CONCERT.

Charles Gilibert and Miss Marie Nichols Soloists at Last of the Series.

The 13th and last of Mr. Tucker's Sunday Chamber concerts took place yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mr. Charles Gilibert, baritone, and Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, were the soloists. Miss Nichols played Tartine's variations on a theme by Corelli, the andante and finale from a concerto by Mendelssohn, a scherzo and trantelle by Wieniawski, and pieces by Ries and Granom. Mr. Gilibert sang Gounod's "Prayer," Pierne's "Serenade," "The Fans," by Urgel; "The Serenade," "The "Dawn," by Lalo; Massenet's "Twilight," Pfeiffer's "Malgre Moi," and songs by Lemaire, Louis, Hahn, Gounod, Faure and Chaminade.

The concert was a rare delight. Miss Nichols was in the vein, and played with technical nicety and a beauty of tone that made the sustained passages notable. Her performance of the "Sicilliano," by Granom, and of Ries' "Romance" was distinguished for its firm, sweet singing tone and musicianly phrasing.

Mr. Gilibert's performance was all that he has led his hearers to expect. He was not in best voice yesterday afternoon, but he sang with an artistry, a sincerity, a grace that swept all before it. The apparent ease of his performance is as deceptive as it is delightful. Art is intricate, but its goal is simplicity—that is, an effect of simplicity; however manifold the process, the product must show only the purpose, the appeal. Rare indeed is the artist who has so put technique behind him as to attain this effect. Mr. Gilibert attains it; whether his theme be that of Lalo's "The Bondmand"—half sweet, half bitter, wholly sad—or the motive of the fatuous and infatuated lover in "Gilles' Song," which he added to the programme, his appeal is direct and irresistible. It may be added, by the way, that the latter song was a chief feature of the performance, being sung with rich humor, and so much eloquent expression of face and gesture that even those who were unfamiliar with the French words laughed in sympathy. For the rest, it is almost impertinent to specify about the programme. Most of the songs have already been made familiar here by Mr. Gilibert, whose repertory, if not an extended one, is so superior that one delights in hearing it repeated. He was warmly applauded, and recalled again and again. There was an audience that crowded the hall.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Tucker plans a similar series of concerts for next season. It has been

en in certain quarters are eager to t him, because they feel that Sanford coach practically insures a winning am.

VERNE'S REGRET.

It is said that the late Jules Verne had one great regret: he was not a member of the Academy, he was not one of the Forty, who might be called the temporary immortals. What schoolboy in any country has not heard of Jules Verne? How many undergraduates or professors in our universities can give a correct list of the Academicians? Verne should have been contented with his world-spread glory. Thousands associated him with Daniel Defoe, and what greater honor is there awaiting a writer of tales of adventure?

Why was the creator of Mr. Fogg, Dr. Ox, the captain of the submarine boat—was it Nemo?—and other cool-headed heroes not comforted by the thought of the great refused? He was with Balzac, Gautier, Baudelaire, Flaubert, the elder Dumas, Daudet, Verlaine, Zola and many of lesser general fame but of indisputable talent. Of the distinguished non-Academicians mentioned, Zola was the only one who anxiously courted the honor, and even some of his warmest admirers do not like to think of him running about, making the customary calls, worrying over the result of the election. If Verne really wished a chair so much, why did not the Academy receive him? There are men of science among the Forty; perhaps they were envious of the popularity of his pseudo-science; perhaps they were not wholly sure of their own attainments and feared the personal acquaintance of one that boldly dared. It is not likely that Mr. H. G. Wells would be heartily welcomed at any congress of scientific persons. Dr. Ebers, the novelist, was frowned on by grave Egyptologists. If Verne had not dabbled in science or invented his own science, he might have slipped in; but in that case he would not have been Verne, nor would his name be now as a household word wherever boys read, whether they be young or old.

ROYAL WHISKERS.

A London contemporary, commenting on portraits of bearded monarchs and rulers, is of the opinion that kings wear beards because they have no time to shave, on account of the pressure of state affairs. We prefer to think that royal duties are not so burdensome; that it is with the average king as with Jones and lettuce:

> Jones likes his lettuces undrest.
> D'ye ask the reason? 'Tis confessed
> That is the way Jones likes them best.

The Czar of Russia may be excused easily for his choice of a beard. For him there is no safety razor. The King of Yvetot was shaved lovingly by a faithful subject, and he slept peacefully, no doubt, during the operation. No wonder that the king's barber is usually a man of rank. One of them in India married an English woman; she was rather fussy about position and precedence and all that, and had definite ideas as to the distinction between aristocrats, gentlemen, men and persons. She soon found out her husband's office—then, quelle surprise! to use the phrase of the volatile French.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on bearded and unbearded kings, states that there is no saving of time with a beard; it is the other way; and it adds: "The proper entretien of the appendage takes as long as, if not longer than, it takes to shave. It may be comfortable and convenient, but it is not economical." What is the proper care of the beard? We do not mean a beard of extraordinary growth and wildness, one that tempts the fowls of the air to nest therein; we speak of a reasonable beard, whether it be silky or of the blacking brush variety. Does the Pall Mall Gazette maintain seriously that the daily, ordinarily decent attention to an ordinary and decent beard consumes as much time as the process of shaving? The poet Campbell reckoned that a man of 70 years who has shaved daily has spent time enough for the acquisition of seven languages; but such reckoning is vague. Southey did not theorize; he made some practical experiments, and came to the belief that the average time required for shaving one's self is about nine minutes. The time thus spent in a year will amount to fifty-four hours and thirty-six minutes. He himself shaved, but he anticipated the Pall Mall Gazette's objection by admitting that some time must be bestowed on a beard, if one be worn; it must be trimmed occasionally; "it must also be kept clean if you would not have it inhabited like the Emperor Julian's; and if you desired to have it like Aaron's you would oil it." He argued, therefore, that a cleanly person might as well shave, as far as there is any question about time wasted.

Kings would not waste time if they were to shave. The process leads one to meditation, and it is a quickener of the memory. As you rub in the soap, all sorts of things come into the mind. You remember a book you loaned two years ago; you will write to the borrower that very day. As you prepare or use the razor, ideas occur, a promising business adventure, an epigram, a color scheme, a motive for a scherzo. Or you observe after a certain age the tissue changes, and are reminded of mortality. After the razor is put away, all these ideas, purposes, resolutions are clean forgotten until the next time of shaving, so that, if an autocratic ruler were to grow humane as he shaved himself, his benevolence would be only as barber shop talk.

Kings are like other persons in this: they wish to present a comely appearance to the eye. They have been known to be changeable, experimental in the matter of facial decoration. The Kaiser Wilhelm once sported a beard. He came to the conclusion it was not becoming, so off it went, and there is now only the impressive and carefully trained mustache. Does he stiffen it with a cosmetic, or does he sleep o' nights with what is known in the fatherland as a "schnurrbartbinde"? Monarchs are often obliged to dress absurdly for state occasions; they are forced to don an unbecoming uniform out of compliment to a neighboring ruler, so that they chafe and perspire; or they are covered with gewgaws that they inwardly are amused by, for kings sometimes are not without a sense of humor. Let them have some liberty in the matter of beard. The old idea of a king was that he could do as he pleased. Let the modern ruler, the one weighed down with cares of state and galled by ceremonial gyves, wear Galway sluggers, Piccadilly weepers, a chin beard, mutton-chops, a walrus or a poplar mustache, or even Cape Cod zymos. Will he be less a king by the absence or the presence of a hair or two?

Mch 28 1905

MISS ELDRIDGE'S PIANO RECITAL

Miss Alice Goodall Eldridge, who was prevented by sudden sickness from playing at her concert announced for Feb. 10 in Steinert Hall, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon at the Tuileries. There was a very friendly audience of good size. The programme included: Pastorale and Cappriccio by Scarlatti, Beethoven's Rondo in G, Brahms' variations on a theme by Handel, R. Strauss' "Traeumerei," Leschetitzki's Barcarolle in A flat.

Miss Eldridge is a young girl, so young that she might fairly be called a child, yet she was not brought forward aggressively as a child wonder. It was probably the purpose of her teacher to give her the opportunity of playing before an audience, and to inform the friends of the little pianist as to her present musical proficiency. It was, then, a mistake to insist on a performance of Brahms' variations by a child. The piece itself is only barely endurable when it is played by a master of technic and interpretation. It is hardly necessary to say that it is far beyond the present mechanical grasp and aesthetic comprehension of Miss Eldridge. She has a true musical talent, and she has already a technical proficiency that enables her to give pleasure other than that which follows gratified curiosity, provided the piece she plays is one that

does not call for any deep emotional display. She should guard herself against spasmodic accentuation and also against the regularly occurring emphasis that is without meaning and is a sorry substitute for genuine musical or rhetorical expression. She is a young girl of much promise, and it is to be hoped that she will be wisely trained and directed in her studies. Now that she has gratified the curiosity of her friends, the place for her for several years to come is the practice room, not the concert hall.

A CIVIC LOSS.

Many who do not know the members of the Kneisel quartet personally are sorry to learn that they will soon make New York their dwelling place. The announcement of this change of residence, hard on the heels of Mr. Conried's denunciation of Boston as a city without musical taste, leads some to wag heads ominously. "Boston is not what it used to be. Distinguished painters were not encouraged here, and they were obliged to move to New York. Now the musicians are beginning to leave us. The Kneisel quartet has long been a Boston institution. Now only the Symphony orchestra and the Handel and Haydn will distinguish this city in America, for the names of the other musical societies are little known outside the gates." It is true that the Kneisels, by the display of their art, have made this city envied throughout the United States and even in London, but to say that the musical glory of the city departs with them is to play Jeremiah without just cause. There are fine musicians left in Boston, as there are painters of the first rank.

The interest taken in the movements, in the private lives of the Kneisels shows the fascination still exerted over many by those that do things on a public stage. If a distinguished lawyer chooses to move to another city, he is missed by his clients and his friends. If a clergyman sees the finger of providence pointing to a larger salary in New York or Chicago, his congregation mourns the loss. The Kneisels have individually warm friends and pupils, but hundreds who are not on speaking terms with any one of the club, and many who do not care much for music, heard with regret the news of their approaching departure, and were at once sensible of a diminution of civic fame. Mr. Kneisel says, and he no doubt believes it, that he and his associates will really be in Boston as much, if not more, than before, for this season the life of the Kneisels has been one chiefly of railway travel and concerts. Concerts in the neighborhood of Boston will henceforth be arranged with a view to concerts in this city, and therefore, Mr. Kneisel argues, he will be here for a longer time and without interruption. This is kindly meant, but the fact remains that the Kneisel quartet will no longer be "of Boston." It was here that the fame of the quartet was slowly established; it was here that the opportunity was given its members for this establishment of fame; nowhere today is this organization held in such high honor and affection. The departure is, indeed, a civic loss. The Kneisel concerts next season and, let us hope, for many seasons to come, will be welcome visitors. "Visitors"—that is the unpleasant word; for these players will then be among us, but not of us. New York will have the glory.

HARMLESS HABITS.

Dr. Scott, professor of Greek in Northwestern University, told his class a few days ago that the great scholars of the present were not those who study early in the morning. The ancients, he said, studied in the early morning only because they had no kerosene, gas, electricity. Thus he echoed De Quincey, who affirmed that in Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor the ancients went to bed like good boys, from 7 to 9 o'clock: "Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow, but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight." But are these statements to be taken without salt? We know from Libanus, who lived in the early years of the fourth century, that Antioch had plenty of house lights and probably some sort of street lamps: "The night with us differs from the day only in the appearance of the light; with regard to labor and employment everything goes on well. Some work continually; but others laugh and amuse themselves with singing." We also know that at Rome the forum was lighted for games at night. Did not Shakespeare's Brutus read by a taper within his tent? Nor was this light one of the dramatist's sublimely reckless anachronisms, for Plutarch says of Brutus: "He thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and, looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look."

The same journal that reported Dr. Scott's remarks brought the news that the students of Mt. Holyoke College are trying to get the faculty to allow them to sit up. "My best time for studying is between 10 and 12 P. M.," one girl says, and another gives the more important reason that she could keep her skirt binding in shape and her stocks washed and fresh if she could have an hour or two more at night. Shades of Mary Lyon!

The Herald some time ago discussed eccentric habits of certain authors and students: how Mr. Thomas of the French Academy meditated in bed, with drawn curtains, until noon, then arose and wrote down his thoughts; how the celebrated Mr. Cujas wrote and studied flat on his belly; and it described sympathetically habits of other great and good men addicted to literary composition. Let us now add that Mezerai, the historian, could write only by candle light, which he used even at summer noon. Varillas, another historian, could work only in full sunlight. The best hours for writing cannot be laid down for all alike; to make rigid laws were as foolish as to prescribe a fixed diet to twenty patients. The Rev. Albert Barnes wrote his notes on the prophecies, gospels and epistles before breakfast, and, when it was possible, in a summer house in his garden. Other sound and orthodox commentators prefer midnight, when the house is quiet. The thoroughly normal, unspoiled man can work better, without doubt, before noon, provided he eat a light and reasonable breakfast, although there are a few wretched beings whose brains do not move unless the stomach receives fuel of fruit, eggs, coffee, rolls, bacon or steak, marmalade, toast, buckwheat cakes and syrup and some other things. There are some whose brain is clearest, whose wit is nimblest, between 10 and 12 P. M. There are few who can write anything worth reading between 2 and 6 P. M.

It is all a matter of habit. It should also be remembered that there are literary fetichists. If Wagner composed most fluently when he was in gorgeous, almost effeminate dress, Magliabeechi, on the other hand, could not write unless he were clothed in a brown blouse that reached his knees, patched trousers, a shocking bad hat, a snuff-stained cravat and a dirty shirt, that was not changed till it became a thing of shreds and patches. As for the girls at Mt. Holyoke, they simply wish to sit up—a wish common to all children, Arabians and African savages, as yet untainted by civilization.

FOR THE LITIGIOUS.

There are persons born to enrich lawyers. They are naturally, inherently, inevitably litigious. They are lonely and unhappy when they are not maintaining or entering into a lawsuit. When they are not in court or hoping to be there they discuss eagerly any legal proposition. For the benefit of such we call attention to three foreign cases lately discussed.

There was trouble in an English railway carriage over the old question of the open or shut window. A member of the stock exchange insisted that the window should be open; it was his right, he said, for he sat facing the engine. His position, therefore, gave him the right to enjoy unglassed view, air, dust and cinders. There were three other city men in the carriage; they protested, and, using brute force, triumphed, but only for a time; for the gentleman from the stock exchange put his foot through the shut window. In court he characterized the other three as "invalids," and snorted in his indignation; nevertheless he was fined £4, with damages and costs. Alas, what boots it!

The second court scene was in Scotland. A widow brought an action on behalf of herself and her small children against the Scotsman, which had stated that her husband had committed suicide, a false statement, as she alleged. Had she legal ground for such an action? The French law, we are informed, permits an action to be brought by the relatives of a dead person for defamation of his or her character after death. In this Scottish case it was held that the action would not lie unless there was some injury, other than pain to the feelings, caused to some one living; as if, for example, the libel suggested indirectly that children were illegitimate. But Lord Young held that a widow may have a claim for injury to her husband's reputation by a slander uttered after his death.

The man that goes to a restaurant, eats and drinks of the best, and when the bill is presented answers with a smile that he has no money is a familiar character. He was severely censured in New York only last Saturday and bound over for good behavior, although a companion had paid the bill. Sometimes this unwelcome guest escapes punishment by reason of his incredible impudence, like Mr. Dando in one of Thackeray's sketches, who, after eating and drinking voraciously, was insulted by the mere suggestion of any indebtedness; he would slap his chest and roar at the waiter: "My name is Dando; I never pay." But what is the remedy against such shameless ones in London? The offence is not a false pretence, it is not larceny by a trick. "It is not a false pretence 'by conduct,' as it was when some one dressed as an undergraduate in cap and gown went into an Oxford shop and obtained goods." The landlord gives credit like any shopkeeper, and, of course, he can sue for it civilly. If the shameless one showed money to the waiter before he ordered, there would at least be a representation that he was able to pay, but it would not be false. In London the unpaying guest is brought up for obtaining credit fraudulently, under a debtors' act of 1869, which was passed without the slightest reference to such a case. Now, suppose the landlord should keep in his employ a stomach specialist, armed with a snake-like tube and the rest of the pumping apparatus. Would the host have cause for action if the apparatus were set to work in him against his will? And how would the landlord gain by the operation, except in the fun of watching the process?

A DRAMATIC NOTE.

Dr. Washington Sullivan read a paper on "The Ethical Functions of the Drama" not long ago in London. He read for over an hour, and when he suggested it was time for him to stop, the audience did not say "Amen," but "Go on." This lecture was not read to long-haired men and short-haired women, who are unable to sleep nights on account of their burning desire to elevate the stage. to the O. P. Club at the Criterion. Dr. Sullivan's contention was thus summarized by a London reporter: "There is no absolute standard of ethics, and no absolute standard of art, because both ethics and art are strictly en rapport with the Ideal, which is indefinable. There is, however, such a thing as moral obligation; and misery and ruin are the consequences of departures from the ordained orbit of duty. All art is in intimate association with the laws that govern human conduct, and a work is not a work of art unless it is conformable to these recognized laws of conduct. No one who has not worked in a spirit of consecration to august things can be called an artist; and only one who has so worked will do work that will live."

It is interesting, in connection with this, to note that Dr. Sullivan referred to Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as a great work of art, by reason not only of its minute delineation of character and mastery of stagecraft, but of the power with which it teaches the lesson of the futility of all hope for the social future of a woman like Paula. But could not Paula have been happy with her husband and without other society? Possibly not, for Mr. Tanqueray was a sad prig. Let us also note the fact that Dr. Sullivan ranks "Charley's Aunt" with the plays of incalculable moral value, because it provokes hearty laughter "without offering even a suggestion that is amiss."

Is it possible that they take a higher, more idealistic view of the stage in London than in Boston or New York, in London, the home of musical comedy? Early this month the Trilogy of Aeschylus was performed there by Mr. Benson and his company, and the theatre was packed, not with fetishists, for some tittered when the inadequate Clytemnestra illustrated in pantomime the three deadly blows she gave her husband, but with deeply interested hearers. There was more than one performance of this tragedy, nor were they under the auspices of a university or any learned society. Would the Trilogy have a run in Boston? The version of "Agamemnon" made by Henry William Herbert and published in Cambridge fifty odd years ago might be used effectively—but would the box office smile?

A momentous battle fought near long obscure hamlet makes the name of the place famous for at least a century. So the announcement of a world-interesting fact glorifies a hitherto neglected people. What has the word Tasmania meant to Smith, Jones, Johnson and the rest of us in Boston? Nothing, absolutely nothing. When we are informed that the daughters of this island command in Melbourne and Sydney hotels twice the salary of the average barmaid on account of their superior loveliness, the word Tasmania has an irresistible charm, and the land itself is as a loadstone.

Certain protestants—and in this instance every Bostonian should be a protestant—will find comfort in "Smoke Prevention and Fuel Economy," by Messrs. William H. Booth and John C. Kershaw, published recently by Constable & Co., London. The subject treated is the abolition of smoke from boiler furnaces. The leading text is this: "We say emphatically there is no need for smoke. Its production is evidence of neglect of simple laws of chemistry. Smoke can be prevented, and every one should help to enforce the law which says, 'Thou shalt not smoke.'"

They tell queer stories in Paris about Gen. Stoessel and his officers on the ship that brought them to Marseilles. The returning Russians are accused of sleeping in their boots and dolmans, of maltreating the saloon carpets and the ship's stewards; and few of them were sober for twenty-four consecutive hours. They all had plenty of money and the bar was busy night and day. But these Russians were tired of glorious inaction or defence. They wished to attack something.

Ranvalo, the captive Queen of Madagascar, who lives in Algiers and receives £30,000 a year from the French government, asks for a raise, and one of the reasons for the demand is that she has not had a new dress for two years. This is another instance of the doubtful advantages of civilization. In happier and freer days a queen of Madagascar needed a new dress. Occasionally she changed her beads.

Converts are always the most fervent. A straw hat was observed in Holborn circus, London, at 11:55 A. M. on May 13. But one straw hat does not make a summer.

Mr. N. O. Nelson of St. Louis, millionaire against his will," said lately in an offhand manner: "You know and know that the hardest job a man can have is living up to a big income." Mr. Nelson, we don't know, but we are willing to learn.

We are pleased to note the courtesy of King Victor Emmanuel toward ex-B. B. Odell, Jr., of New York. The King gave Mr. Odell a seat by his side and conversed entertainingly with him.

s to say, he did not bore him, and may easily be the most terrible es, for there's no running away him. He alone has the privilege pping the conversation, of with-g. The victim's only remedy is dination.

Mch 29. 1905

AMBER MUSIC N POTTER HALL

ert by Olive Mead String artet Largely Attended—int-Saens Piano Quintet, with s. Beach Pianist.

Olive Mead string quartet (the Mead, Houghton, North and Lit-s) gave its first public concert in last evening, in Potter Hall. I. H. A. Beach, pianist, assisted. was a large and applausive au-The programme included 's quartet in G minor, Saint-s piano quintet in A minor (op. 14), hubert's quartet in D minor (op.

performance of the young ladies aracterized by euphony, a good of proportion, and rhythmic feel-ough the latter was at times less nced. The first two movements quartet by Haydn were played lly well; the minuet and the might have been more sharply ed, but the performance as a would have been creditable to a of more experienced artists, e interpretation of the slow ent had genuine beauty of senti-

-Saens' piano quintet is 50 years though it was not performed un-. It seems in some respects It is a work of uneven merit. not the fashion in Paris 50 years r a young composer to write er music, and it is to Saint-Saens' eredit that for years he strove y way to cultivate a love among ces for chamber as well as purely tral works.

quintet is chiefly interesting to-reason of the many suggestions of the greater Saint-Saens that come; for although this com-may justly be called an eclectic, ere is a certain individuality in ecticism. The hearer last night w reminded of figures of accom-nt in "Samson and Delilah," passages in the third symphony, ain of measures in the symphonic

e are passages of excellent work-p and there are many that are cially effective. Perhaps the an-is the freshest and finest move-The scherzo, though it offers a t and thankful task to the pian-cks ideas, and the finale, with gal introduction, is labored and . The quintet as a whole seems c, scrappy. Mrs. Beach played tly and with understanding, but ung ladies of the quartet were mpathetically disposed than in artet by Haydn, and there was ir part an absence of the requi-sh and elegance that might have he music plausible.

ROYAL FRUIT.

Earnest Student of Sociology think of Edward VII. of Eng-Defender of the Faith, enjoying olorado seedless apples, welcom-e continuance of the American n, exclaiming, not "De-lighted!" elicious!" King Alfred with his King John with his stewed pears w cider, King Edward biting into ple—all are scenes for the brill-t of our friend the Historical r. Let us hope that Edward will ere, that he will eat one or two at breakfast; or, if they do not h the traditional marmalade and and eggs, just after he is put to A healthful fruit, in spite of the gs of sundry ancient leeches and phers. Kings before Edward he value of it, and even tavern-ng Prince Hal, used to stewed , put a dish of apple-johns before ck Falstaff in the mad days of and Pistol.

re were good apples in the period kespeare, and in that of Gerard, r in "chirurgerie." Their names come down to us: Pomewater, 's Ditch, Queening, Pearmain er or winter), Codling, Carra-Leather-Coat, Lordling, Pippin, -Sweet—all, of course, with seeds. escendants of these apples may e used in divination, though on All Hallow even, it makes no difference whether the apple eaten by candle light, while the maiden combing her hair looks in the glass, has seeds or not; but the seedless apples will now be in fashion, will be "the utter." They will be eaten, no doubt, at court ceremonies in the good old fashion, without the genteel impertinence of a knife. Noble dames may yet disguise themselves as apple-girls and carry the basket, as in the sportive days of Grammont. Colorado will be a name in London to conjure with. And all this will make for English health.

CELIBATES?

The American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, founded in 1894, incorporated in February, 1905, is now a fact, not a theory. For a villa in Rome has been purchased, there is an assurance of an endowment fund of $1,000,000 for its future maintenance and the trustees gave the incorporators a dinner in New York last Saturday evening. This academy provides a post-graduate course of instruction for architects, sculptors, painters and musicians in Rome. The beneficiaries are chosen annually by competition from advanced students. The course of study during the term of three years includes, in addition to the residence in Rome, travel in certain countries, as Italy, Greece, Sicily.

It is a singular fact that, as the Americans are founding an academy in Rome, the French, who have had an academy there for years, are talking of abandoning it. There are painters and musicians, some of them "prix de Rome" men, who believe that the sojourn is a waste of time, a hindrance rather than a help in an artist's career. The discussion in Paris has been lively and not without a touch of acrimony.

One thing should be clearly understood here at the beginning: Is this honorable sojourn in Rome for Americans only for celibates? Within a month an interesting case has been brought before Mr. Carolus Duran, who is now director of the Ecole de France at the Villa Medici. The story is worth telling at length. Mr. Pech was awarded the first grand prize for music in 1904. He was at the time betrothed to a young woman whom he would have married had he not been obliged to leave Paris for Rome. Soon after his arrival at the famous villa he began to petition for permission to marry the one left behind. Mr. Guillaume, who was then director, would not assume the responsibility. The musician then addressed the officials of the Fine Arts in Paris. They showed him their hands bound by the long established rule: Celibacy is imposed on the pensionaries. Mr. Pech again addressed the institute. It was reported that Mr. Carolus Duran would be less formal in his administration, but the officials at Paris were still firm. Mr. Pech did not ask that his bride should be admitted to the villa as a lodger and boarder; he asked that he might live outside, but keep his room at the villa for purposes of study. Unable to overthrow the rules and traditions, Mr. Pech has asked for his dismission; he prefers to give up the honor and the advantages that he may marry. Romantic and impatient youth! And now the young man to whom the second grand prize was awarded will probably take the place of Mr. Pech, although this is not yet settled.

Are the American academicians at Rome to be allowed the encouragement and solace of a wife? At the risk of seeming ungallant, we believe that they should be celibates for the prescribed term. We speak not in prejudice, to use the language of Sir Thomas Broune, nor are we averse from that sweet sex, but is it not reasonable to infer that more concentrated and better work will be accomplished by one free from distraction or possible care? A delay of three years is not so long even to an amorist, and the architect, painter or musician at the end of that period will be a fuller and more capable man, both for art and matrimony.

THE USEFUL HORSE.

The third annual parade of the Boston Work Horse Association is appointed for May 30, but the announcement of conditions and prizes is already made. The entries close on the 1st of May. It will be remembered that the sole object of the association is to improve the condition and treatment of work horses by inducing owners and drivers, and the public generally, to take more interest in their welfare. It should also be remembered that a dock-tailed horse is classed with the sick and the lame, and will be excluded from the parade as unworthy of attention or honor.

The work horse is, after all, the true equine hero. His glory surpasses that of a foaming and prancing battle charger, of the pride of private stable or race track. Nor is the usefulness of the commonest horse confined to his ordinary day's work. The ancients knew many wonderful things about this animal, which are, perhaps, still appreciated by gypsies, but by them alone. For example, the fresh, raw blood of a horse is venomous; but if horse's foam be mixed with ass' milk and quaffed freely, as some misguided persons pour down beer, it will kill venomous worms. Nothing could be fairer than this. If a horse be shod with an iron wherewith a human life has been taken, that horse will be very fast. This is worth knowing. And if a bit be made of the same iron, "the horse that hath it in his mouth will be made tame and easy to be handled; yea, though he be never so wild, stubborn or given to biting." Nor need this bit be a curb. No family should be without a horse. Even flat dwellers should keep one handy for domestic use. (It will take up no more room than a grand piano.) For the hoof of a horse burnt in a house drives away mice; the tooth of a mare placed on the head of a madman frees him immediately from his raving; the tooth of a yearling colt laid on the neck of a baby makes its teeth come painlessly; but beware of harboring a horse whose ears bend toward the neck, for then it is mad and no companion for children.

These are well authenticated facts, but we are not so sure about the bone like a dog's tooth that is said to be in the heart of a horse, and driveth away all grief and sorrow from a man's heart; nor do we understand how a tooth pulled from the jawbone of a dead horse can show the full and right number of "the sorrows of the party so grieved." There are also doubting Thomases who shake the head at the statement that, if a sword, knife or spear point be fired red hot, and then anointed with the sweat of a horse, the weapon will be venomous and without antidote or remedy.

Such qualities will not, it is true, come out prominently in this grand parade of labor; but well informed and thoughtful judges will quietly take them into consideration, and even a comparatively shabby animal, if there be such in the procession, will find favor in their eyes.

The News-Leader of Richmond and Manchester, Va., incensed by the prudery of certain officials of Richmond in connection with prints, circulars and billboards, calls attention to the outrageous coat-of-arms of the state of Virginia. The most conspicuous figure in this coat-of-arms is a female, whose coat of mail catches her about half way between the waistline and the knee. "The costume is not unlike that of the girls in 'Woodland,' whose pictures were decorously draped when displayed on our fences. So now the question is whether the victorious virgin of the Virginia coat-of-arms is to be put in long skirts wherever and whenever she appears in this city, and required to cover her neck and arms and conceal the lines of her figure. Her skirt is briefer than that of the average ballet and chorus girl, and, according to the purest standards as recently presented here, she is lewd, suggestive, an affront to the women and snare to the men of the community. Furthermore, she has her foot on the throat of a prostrate male person—a most indecorous and unladylike attitude and performance. Justice Crutchfield and Judge Witt are the authorities on female draperies and figures. Let us have the police take into custody the Virginia virgin wherever she may be found, and have her passed on for a test case."

Mr. Richard M. Underhill of a New York county lost a large farm, which would have been left to him by an aunt, had he only obeyed her wish and abandoned the use of tobacco. Now he has full opportunity to chew the matter over. If he had only waited till his aunt's death, he would have a farm on which he might raise tobacco.

Mch 30. 1905

WITH EITHER HAND.

Here is Sir James Sawyer in solemn lecture encouraging Englishmen to use both hands—not only to grab with both hands, but to swing a stick with the left, to have the watch pocket now on the right side, now on the left, to alternate the parting of the hair, to hold the soup spoon firmly with left or right and at times with both; thus, says Sir James, we might attain in a few months to "fair ambidexterity," and in a few years to the full use of each hand. Well meaning, if somewhat platitudinous, Sir James! He argues as though man were not naturally ambidextrous.

Many and curious are the discussions on this point, from that of the learned leech of Norwich to that of Charles Reade with his violent pamphlet, "The Coming Man." The former admitted the favoring of the right hand among many nations, gave instances and smiled. "All which do seem to declare a natural preferment of the one unto motion before the other; wherein notwithstanding, in submission to future information, we are unsatisfied unto great dubitation"; yet Sir Thomas Browne concluded that man was naturally free-handed, nor was he wholly persuaded of the fact that the left eye of a hedgehog fried in oil procures sleep, while the right foot of a frog in a deer's skin is a remedy against the gout. He whimsically disputed the propriety of saying there is a right or a left side, nor was he impressed by the alleged fact that the right claw of a lobster is the bigger. Sir Thomas had a delightful time writing this essay. We doubt whether he ever laughed uproariously; his portrait does not show a hee-hawer; but it has the inscrutable smile of the Monna Lisa, and that smile was surely on the physician's face when he wrote concerning popular beliefs and vulgar errors.

Reade was boisterously amusing. He saw the coming man, the man rescued in time from "parroted mothers, cuckoo nurses and starling nursing maids, with their pagan nursery rhymes and their pagan prejudices against the left hand." It is all man's own doing that he is lop-limbed and unlike the fox, raccoon, lion, ape. To prove this proposition Reade wrote furiously, and reminded, in so doing, the reader of the old disputant: "Mind, yer, I ain't arguin'; I'm a tellin' yer." He collected facts from the homes of the four winds, bound them tightly into a hard and solid bundle, which he then threw with the force of a catapult at any objector. He consulted gymnasts and pugilists and took their evidence, and here is his love for the prize ring delightfully revealed. With what gusto he told of the left-handed blows in the Heenan-Sayres fight. When Heenan met King "he would not play Heenan." He would not hit. A spectator mocked him. Let Reade tell the story: "He gave a snarl at his commentators, took a spring and knocked his opponent into the air so that in falling his head struck the ground first and he did not come to time, and there the fight ended by the rules of the ring. I saw this blow given. It was a left-handed blow." Note the Homeric directness of Reade when he was thoroughly interested in his subject. Nor was Reade merely reminiscent or boisterously assertive in this pamphlet: he gave sound practical advice.

Inasmuch as war is still regarded by many sages and devout persons as a beneficent institution, there is all the more reason why man should be ambidextrous. There is warrant for this in the Bible. Saul used the sword

with the left hand, for he was of the tribe of Benjamin, mighty warriors like unto the long preferred caste among the Japanese; and among this tribe of Benjamin a certain number of left-handed were chosen: "Every one could sling stones at a hair breadth, and not miss."

But how varied and pleasing combing of the hair or shifting of watch in pockets will lead man to the indifferent use of either hand is a secret locked within Sir James' breast. That so many men are lop-limbed is absurd, unnecessary, disadvantageous. It is a curious fact, however, that the earliest use of the word "ambidexter" in English was derogatory. An ambidexter was one who took bribes from both sides, and then a double dealer. As there are still natural ambidexters, who deal a blow, write a letter, fill a pipe with either hand, so there are unhandy persons, clumsy with each hand, men of ten thumbs, known as ambilaevous. Down in the district of Maine and in some parts of New Hampshire they speak admiringly of a citizen as "a good two-handed drinker," an alcoholic ambidexter who tosses his glass with both hands. Far more to be avoided would be the ambidextrous sporter of an umbrella, for as borne today by either the one-handed or the ambilaevous it is a dangerous, lethal weapon.

MR. SHAW AGAIN.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, it is said, does not think highly of Americans. They have pirated his early novels and committed other ungentlemanly actions. We bear him no resentment: on the contrary, we like to read and hear about him, for, like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, he is a "most amoozin' cuss." And clever! He himself has said it more than once. He repeated this statement a few days ago in London when he lectured on education. He also told his audience that he was a boy wonder; he read without learning his letters, and an irreverent reporter added, by way of parenthesis, "there are critics who say he writes on the selfsame terms."

Mr. Shaw's theory of education is simple. A child is a nuisance to society. This is the working hypothesis, and Mr. Shaw, in advancing it, went beyond Charles Lamb, who contented himself with saying that children were unwholesome companions for grown persons. Since the child is a nuisance, parents hasten to rid themselves of responsibility by handing children over to servants and schoolmasters, and when the holidays come round they keep away from them or encourage them to visit other people. The schoolmaster looks on a pupil as a customer, a mere source of income, and his school becomes a boy farm. He is a play actor of preposterous claims: he pretends to be perfect. "He exacts from his pupils perfect truthfulness and entire obedience, the one being the attribute of the Deity, the other being the quality of an ideal motor car. Thus he becomes a tyrant, a rascal, a footling pedant." Why footling?—"a selected idiot, a liar, a torturer practising the malicious art of punishment, an abandoned hypocrite, a malicious impostor"—Mr. Shaw stopped only for want of breath.

It appears that he contradicted himself. Home is the proper place to bring up a child, yet a school is to be tolerated because the child is then free from the narrowing influences of a home. Mr. Shaw improved the occasion by saying he was no Christian—whereupon half the lights went out, and after order was restored the lecturer returned to his subject. Schoolmasters should be paid by the state. "Any man who laid it down that this or that creed or philosophy was the right and only one ought to be incontinently hanged." (We have heard it suggested that the hanging of any man who has over $500,000 would tend to ameliorate the condition of society.) What should be taught at school? The three R's, the use of the time table and the ready reckoner, the knack of getting off a street car in motion, the art of electioneering, fortune telling and one universal language. We should add to this the knack of catching a street car or railway train. When Reggie and Esme, in "The Green Carnation," were in the railway carriage, Esme called attention to two elderly gentlemen missing the train. "They are doing it rather nicely. I think they must have been practising in private. There is an art even in missing a train, Reggie. But one of them is not quite perfect in it yet. He has begun to swear a little too soon!" The child should have plenty of time for himself; he should be taught the principles of every religion in the world. If he afterward fails in his duty, there is always the police force.

How much of this is to be attributed to Mr. Shaw? Was not the reporter prejudiced? Something in our heart tells us "Yes." For observe his closing comment: "At the end the audience were invited to ask questions, but they seemed more anxious for fresh air than anything." Waive the question of whether an audience is "they." Mr. Shaw should come to Boston. An hour of him would not be enough. Lights would not be turned down on him, nor would there be the distracting thought of fresh air outside. Can he not be persuaded to give a course of Lowell lectures, chiefly on himself?

A man died lately in the north of England and left an estate of nearly £1,000,000. The fact that he began life as an office boy leads the Pall Mall Gazette to advise parents not to waste time and money by sending their boys to schools and universities to learn Greek and to be worried by other fuddy-duddy attainments, but to make them office boys at once. All office boys are, as we have no doubt, prospective plutocrats. That probably is why they patronize other people with the affability of conscious opulence. There was a time in America when the rich railway president began life as a waterboy in a train. He watered the passengers of the road and later the stock. As water is now seldom carried through trains in the northern states, what are the bright-eyed boys doing to get their start on the golden road?

A Paris financier says that the Russian church favors the continuance of the war. "She has been behind the recall of Kuropatkin, upon whom she looks with disfavor, and she is intriguing in the interests of Grippenberg. It is largely because of the animosity of the church toward Kuropatkin that that general is now in such ill-favor at St. Petersburg." Of course, this financier is a gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned. We think we see and hear in him our old friend Mr. Blowhard.

Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish says that if you wish to live to a ripe old age you should give up bathing, eat beans and violets and never get excited. To give up bathing is within the reach of the humblest. Beans are cheap and cheerful. But violets come high. Could the deep thinker about Mazdazanism not recommend a less expensive flower? Perhaps he speaks of the violet symbolically, for to dream of it denotes advancement in life. How about garlic? It also is odorous.

The municipality of Venice will put a marble commemorative tablet on the house in the Zattere where Ruskin lived, and there will be much ado about him in the Doge's palace on the occasion of the international artistic congress in Venice next September. And tourists will go gayly to and fro on the canal steamboats that would ruin Venice forever in the gentle scolder's eyes.

It appears that there was much imitation shamrock in London on St. Patrick's day. Many wore clover or chickweed, unconscious of the sham, an emblem from Kent, not Ireland. One man was seen wearing a bunch of parsley. The cup of Ireland's sorrow is now full.

According to the Rev. Joseph A. Milburn, the "atmosphere" of "Parsifal," in Chicago, was "sacramental." Mr. Conried found it auriferous. And to each in his way the atmosphere gave ineffable pleasure.

mch 21 905

MEMORIAL SERVICE HELD.

Relatives and Friends of the Late Mark Hollingsworth, Who Died in Jamaica, Pay Last Tribute.

A service was held yesterday afternoon at the house of Mr. Z. T. Hollingsworth, 135 Newbury street, in memory of his brother, Mark Hollingsworth, who died on the island of Jamaica, March 16, after a long and painful sickness, which he bore with sweetness and courage. Relatives and friends met together to pay the last tribute of affection. The service was a simple one. Dr. James de Normandie read passages from the Bible, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and he made the prayers. The burial was at Milton. Mr. Hollingsworth was 51 years old. He leaves a widow, the daughter of the late Joshua M. Merrill.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor, will be held in Symphony Hall this afternoon. The opening piece will be Brahm's "Tragic" overture. Mr. Barleben, a member of the orchestra, will play Tschaikowsky's violin concerto. Hugo Wolf's "Italian" serenade for small orchestra will be performed here for the first time, although a version of this piece for string quartet was produced here by the Kneisels early in the season and repeated at their last concert. The symphony will be Hans Huber's second, in E minor. The work is sometimes called the "Boecklin" symphony, because the music was suggested by certain pictures of that painter.

HIS OWN PORTRAIT.

The English journals bring the particulars of the Garcia centenary. The cable informed us a fortnight ago that the old singing teacher had been crowned with many honors at the rooms of the Laryngological Society, but now we have a full report of the complimentary proceedings. Sir Felix Semon, in addressing Mr. Garcia, soaped King Edward VII. from head to foot. He announced the fact that the King had conferred on the illustrious old man the honor of the commandership of the Royal Victorian Order, and was sure that "the assemblage would recognize in this act a new token of the King's invariable kindness and appreciation of all that was good." After representatives of Spain, Germany and laryngological and medical societies in all parts of the world had bad their complimentary say, came the supreme moment. "Mr. Garcia was then presented, amid a scene of the greatest enthusiasm, with a strikingly faithful portrait of himself, painted by Mr. John S. Sargent, and subscribed for by over 800 friends and numerous medical and musical societies throughout the world."

Why should a portrait have been chosen as the token of affection and respect? Mr. Garcia is now over 100 years old, and, even if his eyes are not dim, what possible enjoyment will he derive from gazing on his painted self? There is the honor, one may say, of having sat for Mr. Sargent. But so many have sat for him. There is no disputing Mr. Sargent's strength, yet one might ask if, in this instance, he studied his subject until he had discovered some unamiable characteristic, and then made this characteristic dominant. They tell of an American who sat for Mr. Sargent. After the picture received the final stroke the victim looked for a long time, at first earnestly, then sorrowfully, and at last he lifted up his voice: "Mr. Sargent, I knew I had two sides to my nature, but why did you choose that one?" Let us suppose that Mr. Sargent painted Garcia lovingly; the question still comes up, What pleasure or comfort is it to a man to receive as a gift a portrait of himself? If the portrait represents him as younger, he must mourn the departed years; if it is realistically contemporaneous, there is also cause for sorrow. A gold watch and chain, a service of plate, even the old-time tribute of a gold-headed cane—these have convertible value, or they may be used. A bank president may accept a portrait, knowing that it will be one of a financial line, hung in the directors' room after he has passed away and is careless about notes and deposits. Is it not possible that Mr. Garcia would secretly have preferred an automobile?

A CENTENARY.

It is proposed that the centenary of the birth of Hans Christian Anderse[n] should be celebrated by the school chi[l]dren of New York, and as the birth[]day, April 2, will fall on Sunday, the[re] will be exercises on April 3. A sket[ch] of Andersen's life will be read, a[nd] there will be readings or recitations [of] his stories.

Lucky children of New York, if th[ey] have not lost interest in stories [of] Andersen, the Grimms, Perrault, t[he] Norse tellers, the unknown spinners [of] Arabian and Persian yarns! Fort[u]nate, indeed, if they have not be[en] taught to turn up scornful noses [at] Jack the Giant Killer, Dick and I[his] Cat, Cinderella and the other hero[es] and heroines of bygone generatio[ns]. There are parents in New Englan[d], even, alas, in Boston, who discoura[ge] their children from reading such "r[ub]bish" on the ground that fairy ta[les] give false views of life. Not long a[go] a boy asked us whether the story [of] the indefatigable Hercules was rea[lly] a sun myth. What has a younge[ster] like that to do with sun myths [and] zoological mythology? He might [as] well be sleeping with the two volu[mes] of Gubernatis under his pillow [as] have done with it.

The irony in Andersen's case is t[hat] the foolish man despised the tales [by] which his name has been preser[ved]. The adventures of the fir tree and [the] brave tin soldier, the story of the [ugly] duckling and the old street lamp—t[hese] and a hundred or more like them w[ere] as thorns in Andersen's flesh. [He] wished to be known, this man of c[hild]ish vanity, as a novelist, essayist, c[ourt] favorite, anything but as a telle[r of] tales to children. Time has tre[ated] him better than he wished to treat [him]self. Perhaps, now that he is w[ise,] he may be willing to acknowledge [his] once despised brain-children.

It is fitting that the centenary of [his] birth should be observed in any sc[hool]. The programme might be still [more] varied. An Irishman who studied m[usic] for a time at Boulogne, one Mo[...] set simple and charming music [to] verses based on some of Ander[sen's] tales. Why should not the bes[t of] them be sung either by solo voice [or] the whole school? "He was a littl[e tin] soldier"—the tune haunts us as "[The] Power of Love" haunted poor [...] ducketty in the farce, the "screa[ming] farce," as the playbills had it? (W[hat] has become of those old "scream[ing] farces that so long delighted the [Mu]seum audiences?)

It is probably too late to prepa[re in] Boston for the Andersen cente[nary,] and, as we have hinted, there mig[ht be] serious objection to such encou[rage]ment of frivolity. Why should [there] not be a Jacob Abbott day for [the] schools, public and private? Acco[rding] to the books of reference, the cent[enary] of his birth was 1903, but why be [par]ticular about a particular date? All yea[rs ...] days, belong to the creator of [...] Jonas, Rollo's Father—the mothe[r a] shadowy creature, who willingly e[ffaced] herself in the household—and th[e su]perb Mr. George. There should be [read]ings from the Rollo books at least [once] a week. The books themselves s[hould] be to New Englanders what the b[ooks] of Plutarch's Lives was to the Gree[ks].

VIOLENT HOLIDAYS.

The English physician from [whose] articles published in the Pall [Mall] Gazette we have already quote[d has] written somewhat vehemently a[gainst] holidays. There are men who [say] they can dispense with conver[sational] holidays. We all know the typ[e: "I] have worked, sir, for ten years w[ithout] a holiday; do I look the worse f[or it?"] He is unconscious of the fact th[at his] arteries are slowly, but surely, b[ecom]ing, and "a man is as old [as his] arteries." Nor is the holiday th[at con]sists in an attempted rest for a fo[rtnight] or a month while business lette[rs are] received and answered a true hol[iday].

The physician passing over th[ese in]stances inveighs against a holida[y spent] in violent physical exercise—c[limbing] mountains, long excursions on f[oot]

nt golf and tennis. There are some think that "the ideal holiday must be such an amount of exercise as conveniently compensate, in a fort- or a month, for the deficiencies of st of the year." Or there is the y pernicious holiday of hurried seeing, with the eye-straining, e-tiring tramping through miles of re galleries, climbing up cathedral , etc. And what is the result? ed heart. After the return, the is short, the ankles are puffy; dis- d breathing interferes with sleep. ital energy can be superfluously ded with safety. Modest demands art muscle for eleven months in ar will be met only with the effi- y needed. Put sudden and impor- demands on it during the remaining n and you court danger. The state- that the best holiday is a change cupation is not unwarranted. The man does not want rest; it is only ain part of him that asks to be re- so that certain long-worked cen- an rest, lie fallow, and other cen- long neglected, can in turn be . Again, the holiday of schoolboy, graduate, teacher is too long. ite and often" is the sounder prin-

ere is nothing new in these state- s which some may call plati- ous; but much trouble comes into orld from neglect of platitudinous e. This English physician is not determined about the philosophy lidaying. He quotes the old say- hat by day each has his work; in the evening, messieurs, we Is the current doctrine that life work a rational one? He quotes e other hand from the diary of ert Spencer, "one of the most ous workers and sternest moral- who ever lived," the opinion that is for life. Unfortunately, how- they may theorize or philosophize t it, there are some who are d to work both by day and by , not from pure love of work, not any compelling sense of duty, but se if they do not work they will he e to pay bills which to spectacu- romoters and plungers would seem y. When such workers indulge selves in a vacation of a fortnight month they make a sad discov- they have lost the privilege of in- t enjoyment; they do not know to loaf and invite the soul; they t dolefully the moments that must before they will be at work again; infrequently they anticipate the n.

April

RS. HARTMANN AS THE SINGER

r Concert in Steinert Hall, st Evening, She Was Assisted Messrs. Theodorowicz, Vio- ist, and Felix Fox, Pianist.

A oncert was given last night in rt Hall by Mrs. Florence Hart- soprano, assisted by Mr. J. von orowicz, violinist, and Mr. Felix ianist. Miss Mabel Adams Ben- was the accompanist. There was ndly audience of good size. The mental pieces were Grieg's sonata minor for piano and violin, op. 45, Tschaikowsky's theme and varia- for piano. Mr. Theodorowicz in the sonata with fine quality of and much poetic feeling. Tschai- y's variations are uninspired and Fox's performance of them was ps excusably perfunctory. But hould a pianist chose unthankful for a public performance? Vari- for the pianoforte are as a rule ions only in boredom. No doubt is technical interest in such works e player, but the interest should fined to the study.

Hartmann sang "Il Est Doux" Massenet's "Herodiade," and songs: Bizet's "Aubade," Cesar k's "Mariage des Roses," Mas- "Pitchounette," MacDowell's "Thy Beaming Eyes," Chadwick's "Dear Love, When in Thine Arms," Cloughleiter's "Twilight Sadness" and d'Hardelot's "Because." She was heard to better advantage in a simple song suited to the natural working part of her voice than in the aria by Massenet or in the beautiful air by MacDowell. Some years ago Mrs. Hartmann was a pure contralto with tones that were impressively sombre, and at the same time a medium for the expression of passionate intensity. It is a singular fact that few true contraltos are contented with their natural gifts. They complain of the comparative lack of music that displays fully these gifts; perhaps they envy the brilliance of the soprano; perhaps they think that with a voice of higher range they would obtain more engagements. Whatever the cause, the results of the discontent are evident; there are sopranos in the catalogue who are really contraltos, women willing to barter natural tonal strength and beauty for upper tones of doubtful or ineffective quality. Such give pleasure only when the song favors the natural but now despised voice.

A LITTLE SLEEP.

It is a pity that the New England Alumni Association of New York City Medical Colleges would not allow reporters to hear Dr. J. B. Learned's paper on "Drugless Sleep," for this action put the physician in "a state of mind," and he did not read the paper. Therefore, the sleepless, the night-tossers-and-thrashers-about in bed, are unable to try one more remedy, or other remedies, for Dr. Learned undoubtedly has more than one string to his bow. "Drugless Sleep" was not unknown to the ancients. A Governor of Egypt in the ninth century, one Khamarawayh, courted it in a strange fashion. A pool of quicksilver fifty by fifty cubits was laid out in front of the palace. At the four corners were silver pegs, to which were attached by rings of silver strong bands of silk. A bed of skins blown up with air was thrown on the pool and secured by the bands, and this bed was continually in a state of agreeable vacillation.

You can hardly pick up a newspaper in any part of the country without finding a cure for insomnia. How often you read something like this: Insomnia is a modern disease; or it may be called a symptom of the intense nervousness of the age; the ancients, who knew not the meaning of the word hustle, who lived closer to the simple laws of nature, were not afflicted with sleeplessness, etc., etc. Thus some wise ass.

Insomnia unknown to the ancients? Think of the sleepless in the Bible. Sleep departed from the eyes of Jacob as the faithful servant of Laban. The sleep of Nebuchadnezzar broke from him. The Preacher declared that the abundance of the rich will not let him sleep. And how about Ahasuerus, who reigned from India even unto Ethiopia over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces? In his palace of Shushan there were beds of gold and silver upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble, even, for the banqueters, but there was a night on which Ahasuerus could not sleep—the King's sleep fled away—a night that turned the unholy joy of Haman into sorrow and changed his gallows-scheme. How about other great and powerful rulers from Harun al-Raschid to Henry IV. of England? Harun, in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," is constantly tossing from side to side for very restlessness, until he calls Masrur the sworder: "Ho, Masrur, find me some one who may solace me in this wakefulness." The great Caliph, his breast straitened with the spleen of the east, the tedium of supremacy, to use Henley's fine phrase, could not sleep. Neither at times could Southey's doctor, the man of regular and blameless life. He would think of the humming of bees, the motion of a boat, the waving of a field of corn, the nodding mandarin of porcelain, and at last the remembrance of Dr. Torpedo's divinity lectures closed his staring eyes. Think of Caligula: "For a great part of the night, what with tedious wakefulness and weariness of lying, one while sitting up in his bed, another while roaming and wandering to and fro in his galleries (which were of an exceeding length), he was wont to call upon and look still for the daylight," or, if he dozed for a moment, what frightful dreams! He saw "the very form and resemblance of the sea talking with him." No wonder that he, like James Thomson,

"Haggard with endless nights unblessed by sleep,
Ravaged by thoughts unutterably forlorn,
Plunged in despairs unfathomably deep,
Went cold and pale and trembling with affright
Into the desert vastitude of Night,
Arid and wild and black."

Insomnia unknown to the ancients? The old books are full of fantastical remedies against it; a wolf's head under the pillow; an ointment of a pound of frogs steeped in a pint of oil and applied to the temples; African crickets kept in cages and sold at a great price; oil of dill; bark of mandragora pounded with seed of black henbane and opium and rubbed with lettuce juice on the temples; the fat of a dormouse applied to the soles of the feet; the left eye of a hedgehog fried in oil and infused into the ears with a quill; pieces of burnt goat's horn with a vinegar of sea onions put in a vial and then under the pillow; worms of the eglantine; the oil of the water lily to smear the whole body—the list might be made as long as the catalogue of Homer's ships. Dr. Johnson advised reading "like a Turk"; "at least," wrote the doctor, "light your candle; a man is perhaps never so much harassed by his own mind in the light as in the dark." But the doctor was a self-torturer, distressed by the thought of death, gloomy in his faith, self-depreciative, and to him darkness was always an enemy, not a friend. There are deep thinkers today who insist that sleeplessness is better than reading for the sufferer; yet hundreds find consolation in reading that which at sunrise is clean forgotten.

There are curiously constituted persons who thrive apparently without sleep, as Nizolius, who did not sleep for ten years, and yet was a man of parts; the noble dame mentioned by the Swiss physician Schenk, for she did not sleep for thirty-five years, and was in good health, "as both her husband and whole family could and did witness," but such were born for museum purposes. It is a pity that Dr. Learned's remedies were not published yesterday morning, for hundreds would have tried them last night.

LONGEVITY AND DIET.

Mrs. Maria Pike of Colrain is 101 years old, but she does not tell the secret of her long life. Francis Consit of Burythorpe, near Malton, who died at the age of 150 in 1768, ascribed his longevity to eating raw new-laid eggs. Pierucius, a lawyer of Padua, knew a German who grew to be very old by the use only of an extract of black hellebore with wine and roses. Ferdinand Lopez, historiographer to a King of Portugal, tells of a person brought before the viceroy of the Indies. This man of Bengal was somewhat out of the common, for he was 340 years old; he had four times changed white hair to black, recovered new teeth and had nearly 700 wives, "whereof some were dead and some were put away." We should require further proof than the mere statement of Lopez. Mr. Kentigern lived to be 185, and he slept on the ground, and never tasted wine or strong drink. Mr. Henry Jenkins, it is well known, was 169 when he died. He swam in the rivers, and his diet was coarse and sour. Thomas Parr, who departed this life at the age of 152—he begat a child at the age of 102 and threshed corn when he was 130—lived preferably on coarse bread, skimmed milk cheese, small beer, whey; and he would eat at midnight without bodily distress. Match him if you can. Jonathan Hartop died at the age of 138. He read without spectacles and played cribbage to the end; he also lent the poet Milton £50, "which the bard returned him with honor, though not without much difficulty." Apollonius lived to be 130. At the age of 16 he renounced wine and all sorts of flesh, gave up shoes, let his hair grow and wore only linen. Of John Bayles, aged 130, it is said: "There was nothing particular in his diet, but he ate anything he could get"—a greater philosopher than Apollonius.

Then there was Peter Mestana, who saw 130 summers. A bachelor, he worked hard, never tasted wine, and bathed every morning in a river from the beginning of spring till it froze. John de la Somet of Virginia was a great smoker of tobacco till death put out his pipe when he was 130. John Newell, by extreme temperance and much exercise, was not cut down by the great scythe till he was 127. Add Mr. George Kirton, 125 years old. From 80 to 100 he attended the unkennelling the fox in his single chair, and no man, till within ten years of his death, made more free with his bottle. John McAlpin was a lesser light of 119. He shunned physicians, ate at 9 and at 6, went to bed with the sun and rose with the lark. He ate grits, bread, butter, cheese or eggs for breakfast and flesh or fish, with vegetables, for his second meal. He drank four times the quantity of his solid food, either water gruel or toast and water, previously boiled. Twice a year, when he paid his rent, he would drink ardent spirits till he was exhilarated. He never smoked, was always doing something, and was invariably good-humored. He kept a piece of flannel over his stomach, but seldom wore breeches. James Le Measurer, 118, was a vegetarian for years, and Elizabeth Macpherson, 117, lived on buttermilk and greens. Catherine Fitzgerald, Countess of Desmond, at the age of 140 walked from Bristol to London; some say she died at 162; she might have lived longer, but, climbing a tree to gather nuts, she fell and broke her thigh. Mr. George R. Sims knows a woman of 102 who is a hearty eater, and a female relative of his who died at 93 generally ate a supper of cold meat before she went to bed. When she was not quite up to a meat supper she stayed her appetite with bread, cheese and cucumbers. We are told that Mrs. Pike enjoys a good story and knits slippers and silk rugs, but what is her diet? This question is not asked impertinently, from wanton curiosity, but in a spirit of scientific investigation.

The Figaro (Paris) tells the following amazing story of Parisian hospital etiquette: A woman underwent an operation about seven years ago. In 1903 she was obliged to undergo another operation, this time in a Paris hospital. Suffering acutely, a few weeks ago she was examined and it was discovered that a foreign substance had been carelessly left in the body by the surgeon, and that the sutures had not been withdrawn. Her husband, therefore, sues for malpractice, but there is this complication: The managers of the hospital refuse to give the name of the negligent surgeon. The question now is, Has the court a right to demand the surgeon's name?

The disposal of the slain in the last battle is exercising the Lancet, which remarks in a chilling fashion: "Some thousand tons of human flesh must be lying strewn round the ancient capital of Mukden." But the Japanese, who lead the world in matters of military hygiene, may be trusted to solve the problem in their own efficient and quiet way.

Here is another instance of the tact and the kindly disposition of Pius X. According to a foreign journal, he went quietly, a few days ago, to see the chapel building over his little grotto of Lourdes. Workmen knelt and kissed his hand, and the Pope spent an hour talking with them. One of them announced rather defiantly that he was a Socialist, to which Pius answered, laying his hand on the man's head: "My son, I have known several good Socialists, and some bad ones. See that you belong to the former."

Mr. Sims in the Referee asks why every woman in London now wears one end of her boa over her left shoulder. "I suppose some great brain conceived the idea. But really there is nothing original in it. It is the way little errand boys used to wear their woollen comforters in the days of Dickens and for many years after." Mr. Sims might have added that the first appearance of the word "boa" in this sense in English literature was in Dickens' "Sketches," 1836: "Ladies' boas, from one shilling and a penny half-penny."

CLAUDE DEBUSSY'S MUSIC FOR "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL"

ISABELLE BOUTON.

EDWARD BARROW.

MRS. BERTHA CHILD.

Beautiful Setting to Rossetti's Poem to Be Performed by the Cecilia with Charpentier's "Life of a Poet"—Recitals by Heinrich and Hekking—The School of Opera—Personals.

THE Herald discussed last Sunday Gustave Charpentier's symphony-drama, "The Life of a Poet," which will be performed here on Tuesday night by the Cecilia for the first time in the United States. The Cecilia will perform on the same night Claude Debussy's "The Blessed Damozel: a lyric poem after D. G. Rossetti," for two solo voices, female chorus and orchestra. This will be the first performance in Boston with orchestra. Mme. Franklin-Salisbury introduced the work in this city at Potter Hall, Dec. 10, 1903, when the music of both the Damozel and the Reciter was sung by Mrs. Helen Hunt. There was then a small female chorus, and Mr. Heinrich Gebhard played the piano part.

Achille Claude Debussy, born at St. Germaine en-Laye, Aug. 22, 1862, studied at the Paris Conservatory. His master in composition was Guiraud. His piano teacher was Marmontel, and Debussy and Edward MacDowell were in the same class. Debussy took the prix de Rome in 1884, and he sent as his "envoi" from Rome this "Blessed Damozel," which shocked the orthodox receivers at Paris by its melodic strangeness and harmonic lawlessness. The work was not performed till early in April, 1893, at a concert of the National Society in Paris, when Julia Robert was the chief singer. It was revived at a Colonne concert in Paris Dec. 14, 1902, when Mary Garden, described by Mr. d'Offoel as "preraphaelite et botticellesque" in her white robe, sang the music of the Damozel, and Julie Cahun sang that of the Reciter. The Debussyites were present in full force, and annoyed the staid subscribers by their shouts of "De-bus-sy! De-bus-sy!"

As Mr. Alfred Bruneau puts it, "Debussy was seduced by preraphaelism. He borrowed from Dante Gabriel Rossetti his woman-angel, who, with three lilies in her hand, with seven stars in her hair, leaning on the golden bar of heaven, calls her mystic lover, and weeps because he, still a man on earth, does not answer her."

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Plan of the Work.

The French version of Rossetti's poem was made by Gabriel Sarrazin. To show his ability, we give the first verse in the original, and in the translation:

> The Blessed Damozel leaned out
> From the gold bar of Heaven;
> Her eyes were deeper than the depth
> Of waters stilled at even;
> She had three lilies in her hand,
> And the stars in her hair were seven.

> La Damoiselle Elue s'appuyait
> Sur la barriere d'or du Ciel,
> Ses yeux etaient plus profonds que
> l'abime des eaux calmes au soir.
> Elle avait trois lys a la main
> Et sept etoiles dans les cheveux.

Was this translation made for Debussy? Or did the composer dream of possible music for it after the translation was made for another or no specific purpose?

There is an orchestral introduction. The chorus sings the first verse; the reciter than tells of the Damozel's robe and hair, hair "yellow like ripe corn"; the chorus sings the seventh verse:

> Around her, lovers, newly met
> 'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
> Spoke evermore among themselves
> Their rapturous new names
> And the souls mounting up to God
> Went by her like thin flames.

The reciter describes the Damozel stooping "out of the circling charm," and the chorus sings the wondrous verse beginning: "The sun was gone now." The Damozel pours forth her complaint even in Paradise: "I wish that he were come to me." The translator and composer have chosen the 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 21st and 22d verses of Rossetti's poem. The chorus describes her gazing and listening. The voice of the Blessed Damozel is heard once more: "All this is when he comes." Again the chorus, and the reciter ends:

> And then she cast her arm along
> The golden barriers,
> And laid her face between her hands,
> And wept. (I heard her tears.)

But instead of the final parenthesis there is a choral exclamation of the vowel "a."

Certain Parisian critics of 1903 found fault with Rossetti's poem as superfined mysticism. Mr. d'Udine spoke of the "obscurity" of the verses, and he singled out for special reproach this sentence: "The curled moon was like a little feather fluttering far down the gulf." He went so far as to say: "A stupidity of this kind will seduce only souls steeped in snobbish affectation, perfumes and softening luxuries." And so before him Max Nordau had insisted that Rossetti must have been an idiot by reason of his description of Mary's five handmaidens, whose names

> "Are five sweet symphonies,
> Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
> Margaret and Rosalys."

There have been such voices in England. Even Mr. Henley was compelled to say that it was difficult for both friends and enemies to be just to the poet-painter: "What is not uncertain is that Rossetti himself was, from the first, and in both paint and poetry, peculiar to unhealthiness, and that, while in poetry and paint he was obviously a temperament, he habitually exacted of paint the effect of words, and resolutely imposed upon words the uses and the duties of paint, and so was what is called an artist in neither. * * * It may—it must—be protested that the results, however, vigorously and directly they appeal to a certain type of mind, are of their essence inartistic." * * * Meanwhile Rossetti created a school of painter poets and a school of poet painters; in two arts he remains an influence for good or ill as marking as Wagner in music and drama, and in both his effect, being imperfect, will in the long run pass, and be forgotten as it had never been."

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Rossetti in France.

The young French school, dubbed decadent by those who do not know that the word is a glory, not a reproach, who have never read Gautier's preface to the works of Baudelaire, who would be shocked if they were told that the Shakespeare of the sonnets was a decadent, has not taken so kindly to Rossetti as might be supposed. The alert and independent young Frenchmen of talent read Thomas Hardy, Meredith, Kipling, Wells, Stevenson, and they still admire Poe above all others; but they have little to say about Swinburne or Rossetti. One writer, however, Marcel Schwob, a man of singular genius, whose recent death at a comparatively early age cannot sufficiently be regretted, founded a fantastical tale on events in Rossetti's life, and in this tale he showed his minute acquaintanceship with the poems. The tale is entitled "Lilith," and is one of the collection, "Coeur Double," but Rossetti is not named in it. It is well known that when Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal died, the woman of the large-lidded eyes and coppery-golden hair whom Rossetti wedded, the distracted poet buried with her in the coffin his poems in manuscript; that seven years later the poems were uncoffined and published.

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Marcel Schwob's Hero.

The hero of Schwob's story loved Lilith as much as one can love a woman here below, but their history was sadder than any other. The poet first of all loved the passionate and longing Virgins of Correggio, and then the peaceable women of Raphael and the women of Brunetto Latini, with their faces rigidly beatific in contemplation of paradisical joy. And of such women on earth he first loved Jenny. Sad and dream-possessed, he watched her while she slept. He turned toward Helen, not of Troy, but the Helen who melted the wax doll and pierced its heart with a needle that her false lover might melt away. The poet abandoned her for Rose Mary, watched over by the spirits of the beryl. When her soul fled heavenward with these spirits released from the magic stone through her love and consequent angry splitting of the beryl, he loved Lilith. Thus does Schwob represent the poet as the lover of his own creations. And this poet wedded Lilith through an artistic caprice. Her eyes were the color of the sky and her long blonde hair was as luminous as that of Berenice; her voice had the sweet sound of fragile things. For her he wrote sonnets to which he gave the title, "The House of Life," and he copied them into a parchment book. Lilith was not born for this world, and as she knew she was about to die, she spoke to him in the words of the Blessed Damozel. He saw her die and he wrote his famous poem, the most beautiful ornament which ever adorned a dead woman. He thought that she had been dead for 10 years; he saw her leaning over the bar of heaven; she was watching his approach; she smiled and stretched out her arms for him; and then he heard her tears. This was the last poem he wrote in Lilith's book, which he closed with golden bands. He swore he had been poet only for her sake, and he buried the book in the coffin under her luminous hair. Then he went far from the tomb and sought landscapes that did not recall her.

But the sound of the sea recalled her tears, and he heard her voice in the most recesses of the forest; and the swallow turning its dark head seemed the graceful movement of the neck of his beloved; and the moon's disc, broken in the sombre water of the pond, sent toward him a thousand golden and fugitive glances. Again he would fain chant her praise, but he could not sing, and he then remembered that he had written marvellous sonnets in her honor. Was he not first of all a poet? The women of Correggio and Raphael, Jenny, Helen, Rose Mary—even Lilith herself—what were they all but occasions for literary enthusiasm? And one night he found himself trembling, pursued by an odor that clung to his garments, with earth-stained hands, with the noise of breaking wood in his ears—and before him was the book, the work of his life, the book that he had snatched from the dead. He had robbed Lilith of the book which reeked with death. The pages were hideously moist, and with the glory that escaped from them came a whiff of corruption.

He saw again the smile of Lilith, he again drank her hot tears and yearned madly for fame. He hurried his poems to the printer with remorse, theft and prostitution, with the dolorous thought of unassuaged vanity. He bared his heart to the world; he showed his lacerations; he dragged the corpse of Lilith before the eyes of all; and in this treasure obtained through sacrilege, the crackings of the coffin sounded between the sweep and the surge of the verse.

Such is the argument of Marcel Schwob's fantastical tale. It is perhaps not unnecessary to remind the reader that Rossetti write "The Blessed Damozel" long before the death of Elizabeth.

Whatever one may think of the poem itself—and to us it is of the rare beauty—there will surely be curiosity to hear the music inspired by it, to hear what Henri Gauthier-Villars described as the symphonic stained glass window of Fra Angelico Debussy.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mme. Bouton, Mrs. Child and Mr. Barrow, the solo singers who will assist the Cecilia on Tuesday evening. Mme. Bouton sang here in a concert at Symphony Hall on Jan. 25, 1903. Mrs. Child is well known here. Mr. Edward Barrow is an Englishman by birth.

dled under Arthur Thompson and erto Randegger at the Royal Acad- y of Music, London, and took the t prize. His home is now New York.

heodore Dubois has announced his ntion of resigning the directorship the Paris Conservatory and retiring the country to spend his remaining rs in composition. This last state- t is, indeed, bad news.

iss Geraldine Farrar was warmly ised at Monte Carlo as Marguerite he works by Berlioz and Gounod.

tto Dienci, a well known organist organ teacher in Berlin, died there March 10. He was the first to intro- e free organ recitals in that city. He s born in 1839.

elix Weingartner will continue to duct the concerts of the Royal Or- stra Symphony Concerts in Berlin.

piano concerto in E minor by nryk Melcer of the Vienna Conserva- y has just been published.

an Kubelik has suffered so from in- nza that the physicians insist on his ting for several months.

edwige Niemann, the wife of the fa- us tenor, is now in a madhouse. mann married her in 1870 when she s a well-known actress, Hedwige abe. Niemann's divorced wife, Marie bach, was also a playactress.

LOCAL.

he demand for tickets to the two re- ls in Huntington Chambers Hall by ils of the Faelten pianoforte school s been so much in excess of the seat- capacity of the hall that it has been ided to hold a public rehearsal of the certs on Tuesday afternoon, the 4th, 4:30.

he sixth and last concert of the Bos- Symphony quartet will be given in rdan Hall on Monday evening, the h. The programme will include Mo- t's quartet in B flat major (K. 589), nt-Saens' 'cello sonata in C minor op. and Mendelssohn's octet op. 20. Mme. moroff, pianist, and the Hoffmann artet will assist.

he eighth concert of the Symphony hestra in Sanders' Theatre, Cam- dge, will be given on Thursday even- at 7:45. The programme will include ethoven's overture "Leonore" No. 3; hr's violin concerto in D minor, No. Mr. Willy Hess); prelude to "Lohen- n": Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" sym- ony.

r. Weldon Hunt will give a song re- al in Steinert Hall on Tuesday even- the 11th.

upils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lich- d will give a public operatic rehear- in the Hollis Street Theatre on Mon- afternoon, the 17th.

aydn's "Creation" will be performed the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. llenhauer, conductor, in Symphony ll on Easter Sunday evening. The o singers will be Miss Anita Rio, so- no; Mr. Glen Hall, tenor; Mr. Baern- in, bass. The sale of tickets will be at Symphony Hall on Monday morn- the 17th.

SCHOOL OF OPERA.

he fifth public performance by mem- s of the School of Opera of the New gland Conservatory of Music will be en in the Boston Theatre Tuesday ernoon, the 11th. The performance l begin at 2 P. M. Mr. Oreste Bim- l will be the conductor.

he programme is, for the most, un- kneyed, and of genuine interest. It ludes duet and scene of judgment m the fourth act of Verdi's "Aida" rs. Stokell, Messrs. Perry and Wood d chorus); the invocation and trio of 2 and the aria, duet, trio and finale act 3 of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Mas- ra (Mrs. Sherburne, Miss Stanaway, ssrs. Perry, Seaman, Mogan, Wood d chorus); the fountain scene and et from Bimboni's "Haiducul" (Miss her, Mr. Mogan); acts 3 and 4 of zet's "Carmen" (Mrs. Richardson, ss Sheehy, Messrs. Finel, Seaman, er, Wood and chorus); and a buffo from Rossi's "I Falsi Monetari" ss Wither and Mr. Mogan).

'Haiducul" ("The Robber"), by Mr. mboni, was the first Roumanian ra. It was produced at Bucharest in 3. "I Falsi Monetari," otherwise own as "La Casa Disabitata," made e reputation of Lauro Rossi (1812-1885). was produced at the Scala, Milan, his 10th stage work, and made its y quickly all over Italy and then to ris and other foreign cities.

STRAUSS' "DOMESTICA."

ichard Strauss' "Symphonia Domes- ta" was performed for the first time London on Feb. 25. Mr. Henry Wood nducted. The Pall Mall Gazette re- wed the work as follows:

"Now, there may be many opinions of ny men, and, as a matter of fact, we ow of a considerable number who dif- r as to the greatness, the half-great- ss, the exaggeration and the beauty this extraordinary work. To many nds, of course, the work will appear impossible as did Wagner's 'Ring' hen it was first produced. Many emi- nt critics set themselves severely in position to Wagner, and loudly de- red that this was not music, but und run to madness. Already certain mblings of opposition have been ard. Strauss' method, says one, in lullaby 'seems incongruous.' The ct, of course, is that Strauss has ver even attempted to write a lullaby we know it; he expands thought, and aches the lullaby finally through his n mode of thought. The lullaby, how- er, is simply a detail, which, in spite the elaboration of the score, is, in ality, a very charming and soothing elody, even as the wonderful 'Siegfried yll,' composed on the occasion of the rth of Wagner's son, may equally be scribed as a lullaby, despite its elab- ation. This is, however, to deal with particular point in a great work ther than with its general greatness. obody will deny, of course, that the new symphony is a work of very great difficulty, and of very great complexity. It is exceedingly complex and requires a most expert conductor and a most expert band to give it real justice. We have heard that Mr. Wood has conducted no less that 17 rehearsals before the actual performance of the work took place; and yet, what is this compared to the hundred and more rehearsals which were not even good enough in Wagner's mind for the success of his 'Tristan and Isolde'? Yet even though it may be said that every detail on this occasion of Saturday's rendering was not perfect, there is no denying that this interpretation was very fine and very great.

"In criticising music which is written upon what the whole world considers to be a very large scale, one has yet to remember that the unity of a work is its most desirable quality, and that without unity the music must necessarily dissolve into separate fragments. To deal with a work like this is naturally an important and responsible matter; but if one compares this score, let us say, to the actual composition of the human frame, it will be found that the two creations have precisely the same sort of simplicity. We do not mean, of course, that a large agglomeration of material, without any guiding hand, can ever be regarded as simple; but if you separate the human frame, joint by joint, nerve by nerve, bone by bone, muscle by muscle, you will find how complex it was, despite the actual simplicity which seems to be given to it by life. This is precisely the end in music which Strauss has achieved; he has set together the innumerable ideas that in connection with a particular inspiration have filled his brain, and then he has given to them unity; so that his work may really be regarded as complex only in its innumerable detail. The next point, of course, to consider is as to whether the unity of the work is also beautiful. In comparison, for example, one may recall that many critics have considered, and still do consider, that though the scores by Berlioz are inimitably clever in their complexity, and also in their unity, they lack beauty. And this is an accusation the guilt of which Berlioz has too often merited, even though, in many other instances, that same work has been appreciated much below its worth. The net result, then, to our mind, is that, in spite of the new symphony's almost exaggerated detail—as though Strauss had exhausted every modern resource in order to build up a huge score, the result, nevertheless, is beautiful. From that vantage point one may briefly return to the actual sentiment of the work; and our verdict is that Strauss has perfectly realized every point which has been set out in the very clever programme, written by Mr. Percy Pitt and Mr. A. Kalisch, which was issued to the audience on Saturday, and in which they describe the gradual development of Strauss' meaning. It may be urged, of course, that Strauss at times is a little too realistic; he sometimes oversteps the boundary line between reality and realism; but in each case, where this point becomes absolutely clear, one has many an excuse to make for the composer's sense of humor, which materially may or may not agree with that of any listener. And, in this respect again, of reality and realism, Strauss is in very good company, for exactly the same criticism has been made upon Beethoven's use of the right interval of the cry of the cuckoo in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' and upon Purcell's use of the 'long tremolo' in a very famous passage from 'King Arthur' ('The Frost Scene'), and in the case of many another great composer. This is a difficult point to decide, and, as a matter of fact, we scarcely think that it is a worthy point to press home when one regards the splendor, the living inspiration, the intense vitality and the overwhelming beauty of so extraordinary a product of the modern spirit. So great is its sunshine that it indeed justified the comment of the wit who wrote, with a fine sense of parody, that: 'On the following day rain fell heavily in London.' It did."

On the other hand the Referee protested violently:

"To ordinary minds such a programme would have suggested treatment reflecting the simplicity of the subject as rational and appropriate, but Dr. Strauss seems to realize that he is nothing if not extraordinary, and so he has written for an abnormally large orchestra, including the now obsolete instrument the oboe d'amore, and for four saxophones, and has compiled a score so complex that it is impossible that many passages can ever be heard in the turmoil caused by others simultaneously played, and that contains much that is needlessly difficult and in some instances impossible to perform. I believe in demanding more and more from executants, for the past shows that this causes advance; but to make the violins tune down to F sharp for a few notes which could be more effectively played by the violas, to ask a flutist to attempt a sky-rocketing D, and to give passages to the horns which can only be scrambled at, makes for vexation of spirit. Still more puzzling is it to find the theme of the lullaby forced into association with a counterpoint which does not fit, and which consequently destroys the serenity which reason would dictate to secure contrast. Of course Dr. Strauss' counterpoint may be compared generally to a motor-car charging through the traffic in Cheapside at noon; it is part of his system, and must be accepted as such, but in a lullaby the method seems incongruous. Constructively, form is discarded in the ordinary acceptance of the term, and consequently there occur many moments when there seems to be little but a surging sea of sound, but coherence is secured by constant repetition of phrases from the principal themes. These possess rhythmic character, but can scarcely claim melodic beauty. Those for the husband are virile, but the subject of the wife is shrewish and capricious and devoid of charm or grace, perhaps purposely by the composer. Personally, the child theme is to me not childlike, but its opening notes lend themselves to varied treatment, and the manner in which it is made to increase in importance is clever and effective. I have treated the work seriously, but I believe the right view to take is to regard it as a ponderous German musical joke, and that the proper title for the work would be the 'Symphonia Burleska.' To be sure, so viewed, its fearsome elaborateness seems to be unnecessary, and its nerve-shattering cacophony mere fooling, but dull ears may find diversion in the din, and the suggestiveness of domestic mock heroics at times is amusing."

The Times labored to be witty. As Mr. Baughan wrote in the Daily News: "Such facetiousness as 'the composer has forgotten to tell us whether a nurse is kept in the household,' 'a singular clock, which is apparently capable of announcing no other hour than 7, morning and evening,' and 'the silly "programme" of events in the life of a family who seem to possess no decided charm or merit except that of cleanliness" are a few of the gems of this 'criticism'—a criticism which, I venture to think, must be read by foreigners with articulate amazement that it should have come from the pen of a writer who represented the foremost London newspaper. I have said that the Times has gone out of its way to be funny, because from the rest of the notice it is clear that the critic was impressed by much of the music. He speaks of the 'actual material of certain sections' as being 'very much more pleasing and interesting than usual,' of 'the finely conceived slow movement,' and of 'the many points of real interest in the final fugue.' The praise is grudgingly given, but coming from a critic who has never admired Strauss it has some value. But if the character of the music had this effect why did not the critic pause before committing himself to unworthy witticisms? He himself doubts if the symphony is meant as a ponderous joke—no one hearing the music would imagine that it is—and with that doubt in his mind one cannot believe in the sincerity of his facetiousness."

BRUNEAU'S NEW OPERA.

"L'Enfant-Roi," musical comedy in five acts, book by Emile Zola, music by Alfred Bruneau, was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, March 3. The Menestrel publishes a long and bitter review, chiefly of the text; but Mr. Arthur Pougin, the reviewer, who is now 71, looks on nearly all modern works as ill-favored kine; indeed, he is the Eduard Bernsdorf of Paris. This posthumous libretto of Zola is now a glorification of Paris and now an apology for the bakeshop. The libretto is in prose, and it opens: "Midnight; it is the closing of the theatres, and Paris goes home through its streets still so lively, and Paris goes to bed, wearied by its work day, feverish with its night of pleasure and love."

Francois, a baker, adores his wife Madeleine in spite of the fact that for years she has gone out every Tuesday to spend the day without telling her husband where she goes. At last an anonymous letter informs him that she joins her lover in a little shop. Francois scratches his head and decides to wait a week.

Act II. The next Tuesday, Madeleine goes to the shop kept by her mother and falls into the arms of her son, a likely youth of 16 years, her natural son, for Madeleine was unfortunate before her marriage and never dared to tell Francois. The husband comes, and Madeleine tells her boy to hide behind a door and not listen. Francois is grouty, for he saw the business, and he threatens her life if the door is not opened. Madeleine confesses all. Francois answers: "Choose between him and me, and if you choose me I'll forgive you." The mother protests, but the husband is obdurate: "Stay here or come home. But if you come home, you will swear to me never to see your son again."

Act III. The flower market of the Madeleine. This act, according to Mr. Pougin, is wholly unnecessary. There is no action; there is only a pretty stage setting.

Act IV. In the bakehouse. Madeleine chooses to remain with her son, but she cannot live without her husband. "I need the home you have made for me; I miss the business." Husband and wife embrace, though the former is still suspicious.

Act V. The reunion is clouded, but one fine day the son calls, says he is going away forever, and asks permission to kiss his mother good-by. He enters and weeps. Madeleine weeps, so does the grandmother, so does Francois. Of course the boy stays. Madeleine cries out in her joy: "My Francois, my Georgie, the house is now gay and prosperous! Paris is awaking, it is necessary that she has bread for the giant task of child-birth!" The curtain falls.

Mr. Pougin is astonished that a composer like Bruneau would have anything to do with such a "lamentable" text. "His music is not one of those violent, noisy, exasperating productions to which he has willingly accustomed us; on the contrary, it is quiet, flat, pale. It is almost twaddle. It is the most complete inanity; it is the triumph of nothingness."

Let us hear, however, from some one more in sympathy with "the modern movement."

SALEZA ON SINGING.

"In France," said Mr. Albert Saleza to a reporter, "we are taught an art which in Germany and too often in Italy is curiously neglected. We are taught to sing legato, to avoid exaggeration, and to cultivate taste. The nasal quality with which we are frequently reproached here is due, no doubt, to the nasal syllables so common in our language. The Italians, more fortunate in that respect than we are, have no such difficulties to contend with. They are aided by their pure, open vowels, and, as you know, they sing as a rule in a frank, open way, though many of them do not, any more than we do, escape censure for what I may call nasality. On the other hand, the Germans, whose language is a rougher and ruder medium than that of the Latins, sing—in most cases—with what, to our ears, seems hardness and harshness. For our legato they substitute a staccato. Possibly, and indeed probably, the differences between the vocal methods, so called, of the three nations is largely attributable to essential qualities of the three languages.

"In France,' continued Mr. Saleza, "we pay scrupulous attention to the dramatic proprieties. We lay stress in opera on important passages and on important words. But we regard it as an offence against art to emphasize words and passages which are dramatically insignificant, merely for the sake of producing vocal effects. Art with us ranks above everything. Italian singers, however gifted they may be, and how gifted they can be we know from listening to that wonderful tenor, Caruso, are often apt to sacrifice art to sensationalism. Nature, temperament and the temptation to astonish an audience by the skilful prolongation of a musical phrase or the emission of a high C will lead most Italians to ignore the proprieties which we respect.

"Most of the great singers have come from warm climates. The south of France, Spain and Italy have produced many. True, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, Fremstad, Lehmann and some of the best American singers have hailed from cold countries. But I regard them as exceptions. In my own Bearn, Figaros are as common as blackerries. You could find them in every village. Only they are rarely artists. To become that they must have intelligence. And of late years intelligence has become vastly more essential to success in opera than formerly, owing to the ever-increasing complexity and dramatic subtlety of modern music. Once upon a time all that a would-be singer of grand opera needed was a fine voice. That being granted, its owner was drilled steadily for six months or a couple of years in 'Guillaume Tell,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Robert' and a few other operas. When he had mastered them he was let loose, and frequently acclaimed. Conditions have changed since then, and, though there are plenty of voices left, operatic artists are much rarer than of old. A voice is now only part of the indispensable equipment of a great singer of opera. Intelligence, I repeat, and temperamental qualities also count. Lastly, I am convinced that, in order to interpret, as they should be interpreted, the emotions and the passions of the characters he assumes, the singer should have had enough experience of life, love and passion to enable him to understand, and in a measure to sympathize with, his characters. There have been sopranos whom I could name, and some of them Americans, whose voices, beautiful though they were, remained always cold, passionless and virginal.

"And now, Mr. Saleza," said the interviewer, "one final question. Do you think that operatic artists should be tragedians and comedians; that they should be actors in the same sense as the artists who interpret comedy and drama without music?"

"I am glad you asked me that," replied the tenor. "When I began my career I was firmly of the opinion that singers should also be actors, like their sisters and brothers of the non-lyric stage. So sure was I of this that, at one period in my life, I went night after night to the Theatre Francais to study Mounet-Sully, Coquelin, Worms and the rest of them. When I appeared as Matho in 'Salammbo' I labored strenuously to make myself a tragedian. And I was told that I succeeded. But, if I succeeded, I did so at a tremendous cost. To my exertions and the fatigue that followed I atttributo the illness which, for a time, did me much harm professionally, and from which I recovered only lately. Coquelin, after seeing and hearing me as Matho, said to me one day, 'Mon petit, if you don't mind, you will do for yourself.' He was right.

"No singer, unless he have the extraordinary physical strength of a Tamagno, should attempt the almost impossible feat of being, in the full sense of the words, both an actor and a singer. In opera, if he does not wish to become a wreck, he should sacrifice a little of his acting to the exigencies of vocalism. He should act, of course, with enough art to produce an illusion. But he should not act strenuously, or he will do so, in the end, at the expense of his health and of the music which he interprets. Opera is in its very essence more conventional than drama. And acting in opera should—nay, must—be largely simplified. If to refute my assertion, you mentioned this or that grand opera artist whose histrionism has delighted you, I will answer that what was gained in histronism was, almost invariably, lost in singing."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Richard Strauss' new opera in one act, "Salome," will be produced next season at the Dresden Opera House for the first time.

Balakireff's "Islamey," transcribed for two pianos by Casella, was performed early in March at a concert of the National Society, Paris. The transcription is said to be very effective.

Massenet's "Mary Magdalene" will be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, this spring, with Calve as the heroine.

Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" now has a French text provided for it by J. d'Offoel.

Mr. Blackburn said lately of Richard Strauss' songs: "So far as we know there are only two composers whose songs present extreme difficulty to the interpreter; in this selection neither Schubert, Gluck nor Mozart stand a very great chance of recognition; but Richard Strauss seems to have accom-

pleased that rarest of arts which Schumann found so soul-satisfying, and, no less than Schumann, Strauss has eagerly gone to the heart of song in its most intimate and briefest moments. It is quite ridiculous to suppose that the limitations of the song can be extended by the genius of the composer. Either you compose a perfect chrysolite of music, or you are diffusive in your music—the two things cannot stand together. Of two things one: either your song must extend practically to the limits of a cantata—not in length, of course—or it must be reduced to the ordinary limits of such of us who love the occasional melody, the occasional tune, and the occasional thoughtfulness which makes melody and tune together exquisitely refined and appealing."

These new works will be produced at the Sheffield festival: Frederick Cliffe's "Ode to the Northeast Wind," Nicholas Gatty's "Ode on Time" and two eight-part choruses, "The House of Dreams" and "The Song of the Storm," by Felix Weingartner, who will conduct the festival.

Sir Hubert Parry composed the music for Aristophanes' "The Clouds," performed at Oxford March 1. He has already composed music for university performances of the same dramatist's "Birds" (1883) and "Frogs" (1892).

A second performance of Strauss' "Domestic" symphony will be given in London on April 1. The composer will conduct.

The threatened performance of "Parsifal" at Amsterdam has met with considerable opposition, and by men whose influence should not at all be neglected. For our own part, we are entirely on the side of Gallio in the matter, who "cared for none of these things." This is not because we have any desire to sympathize with the Philistine, but simply because the time is bound to come when "Parsifal" will be universal property. Nevertheless, when men like Strauss, Richter, Nikisch, Steinbach and Mottl find it a conscientious duty to make protestation, there must obviously be some reason, and very considerable reason, too, for their action. A wit has been heard to say that there is a considerable conspiracy to nurse the life of "Parsifal" as long as possible through the laws of copyright, because its death is inevitable. The reason is plausible, but no artist could afford to agree with it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Gabriel Faure's beautiful song, "Clair de Lune," was sung with orchestral accompaniment at a Colonne concert in Paris Feb. 26. It is said to be thus less effective than in the original version.

Widor's new piano concerto was played by I. Philipp at a Colonne concert in Paris Feb. 26. The work is said to be complex. The orchestra has the more important part and the piano is an integral part. The first movement in C minor is fiery and tumultuous, and the whole work is based on its two themes. The first of these has a characteristic fall of C, B flat, G. The second movement is a very short andante, which begins with an expressive phrase, then a species of cadenza leads to a violin (muted) solo, accompanied by piano arabesques. The finale is full of color, rich in ingenious combinations. The chief theme of the concerto is used in the apotheosis. Such in substance is the criticism of Mr. J. Jemain in the Menestrel.

A music drama, "Sol Hatschuel," book by Mace, music by a "Scottish" composer, Bernard de Lisle, produced at Dortmund, met with little success. The scene is Algiers. Ali, an Abencerrage, loves Sol, who is a Jewess. A fanatic, thinking such love sacrilegious, kills the young girl and then her lover because he was on the point of forsaking the faith of his fathers.

An opera, "Moses," in four acts, book by Orvieto, music by Giacoma Orefici, was produced at Genoa Feb. 18, apparently with unusual success.

"Madre," lyric drama in three acts, book founded by Ettore Fabietti on an old drama by Sabbatini, music by Ubaldo Zanetti, has been produced at Novara.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Wagerers' concert of the Cecilia Society, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor. Gustave Charpentier's symphony-drama, "Life of a Poet" (first time in America) and Claude Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" (after Rossetti's poem of the name). The Cecilia will be assisted by Mme. Isabelle Bouton, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Mr. Edward Barrow, tenor, and a full orchestra.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last subscription concert of the Cecilia Society. Programme as on Monday night.

WEDNESDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M. Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's third lenten song recital.

Berkeley Temple, 8 P. M. Annual subscription benefit concert. Mr. William C. Hammond, organist (his first appearance here), and Mr. Clarence B. Shirley, tenor.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twentieth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gericke conductor. Overture to Smetana's opera, "The Kiss"; Handel's concerto grosso, No. 12; Saint-Saens' symphonic poem, "The Youth of Hercules"; Beethoven's symphony No. 3, "Eroica."

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last 'cello recital of Mr. Anton Hekking. Andante and finale from Sitt's concerto; andante and finale from Vieuxtemps' concerto; Servais' "Fantaisie Characteristique"; nocturne, Chopin; romance, MacDowell; scherzo, Von Goens. Mr. Max Herzberg will be the accompanist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twentieth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

PADEREWSKI NOW HAS MANNERISMS

Great Crowd in Symphony Hall Made to Realize That His Former Extravagances Have Become Such—Is Cruel to Piano.

Ignaz Paderewski gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows: Schumann's fantasia op. 17 and toccata; Beethoven's sonata in C-sharp minor op. 27 No. 2; Brahms' variations on a theme by Paganini; Chopin's ballade in G minor; etudes op. 10 Nos. 12, 7, 3; Mazurka in B minor op. 33 No. 4; Nocturne in B major, scherzo in C-sharp minor.

The hall was crowded. Many stood on the floor and many sat on the stage.

There were passionate and inspiring moments yesterday in Mr. Paderewski's performance; there was frequently an exquisite, if too episodic treatment of melodic thought; there was a remarkable exhibition of bravura in the tight-rope variations by Brahms; but as a whole the performance was not what the hearer had a right to expect from the distinguished virtuoso.

The occasional extravagancies in liberties with the tempo and in tonal force which were all too apparent when the pianist last visited Boston are now confirmed mannerisms which work much injury to his art. There was yesterday a frequent display of sentimentalism; there were affectations, as the long pause not only after a section but often after a complete cadence, a trick that destroyed the continuity, the logic of the musical thought; there was a liberty in the treatment of rhythm that seemed perverse licentiousness; there was undue attention to unimportant detail. Furthermore, Mr. Paderewski not infrequently took a fierce delight in pounding. The merciful man is merciful to his beast, even when that beast is a piano that would respond gratefully to a caress and bear uncomplainingly any reasonable burden. Mr. Paderewski is a man of kindly feelings and princely generosity. He is ever ready to give aid to the unfortunate; he has endeavored to encourage American composers by offering prizes for the best compositions; he is even now planning an entertainment in aid of Mme. Modjeska; he is anxious to raise money for a monument to Chopin in Warsaw. Why should a man of such amiable disposition so often abuse and maltreat a piano?

There is only one excuse for such abuse of strength. Mr. Paderewski is nearing the close of an exhausting concert tour. There has been a long-continued strain on his nerves. It is possible that he does not realize the strength of his attack. Yet even in his supremely poetic days the tendency to force tone in stormy passages was noticeable. Yesterday there was not a tendency; the display of violence was a habit.

The programme was, indeed, a formidable one. To hear as well as to play three such compositions as Schumann's fantasia, a sonata by Beethoven, and the variations by Brahms is a task. Nor is the toccata by Schumann a restful or contrasting piece. The mannerisms to which we have alluded were fully displayed in the fantasia and marred inevitably the strength and the beauty of the performance. The meaningless and nerve-irritating pauses, the contrasts between thunder and sugar—these almost made one forget the poetic thought of the composer and the occasionally poetic expression of the player.

The reading of the first movement of the sonata was disappointing by reason of its lack of color and quiet vitality. There was monotonous dryness and not a moment of suggestion. The reading of the second movement was that of a "precieux" in its mincing affectation. In the third movement there was more of the Paderewski of former years. We have already alluded to the performance of the variations, which was truly stupendous. Beautiful in its melodic flow, tone-color and artistic simplicity was the interpretation of the songful etude. On the other hand, the interpretation of the ballade was highly mannered and ineffective. The rhythmic liberties taken in the mazurka seemed labored and not spontaneous.

The great audience gave Mr. Paderewski a hearty welcome; it was always warmly applausive; it was often most enthusiastic, and at the end of the concert there was the expected Paderewskian scene.

20TH SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Second Performance of Huber's Symphony Is Given—Programme of High Order.

The programme of the 20th Symphony concert, given in Symphony Hall last evening, Mr. Gericke, conductor, was as follows:

Tragic overture .....Brahms
Violin concerto in D major .....Tschaikowsky
Italian serenade.....Hugo Wolf
(First time.)
Symphony in E minor No. 2.....Huber

The orchestral performance was of a high order. The overture by Brahms is a noble work. It is not, perhaps, so profoundly tragic in its sentiment as Mr. Chadwick's "Melpomene," in the expression of bodement, in the suggestion of the tale of Pelops' line or of Maeterlinck's old man by the fireside; but the mood is well established and there is a certain lofty serenity in the musical portraiture of sorrow that is more effective than the furious and discordant woe of ultra-modern composers who put their trust in whole batteries of pulsatile instruments; just as there is more true tragic feeling in the simple music of Faure's "Pelleas and Melisande" suite than in Taneieff's prologue to the tale of Orestes.

One may well wonder today at the extraordinary judgment passed by Edward Hanslick on Tschaikowsky's violin concerto when it was first performed in Vienna, as one may wonder that the writer included it in a bound volume of his feuilletons. The judgment was so violently, so absurdly unjust. "Music that stinks in the ear." The work is not one of Tschaikowsky's best, but it is an eminently sincere composition, one without trickery and apolause traps. The first movement is soberly planned; the canzonetta has a distinctive charm in its folk-song melancholy; and the finale is characteristically Russian in its dance tunes with sadness in the hearts of the dancers, in the endless and oriental repetition of a phrase.

Mr. Barleben played the concerto in a highly creditable manner. His reading was thoughtfully musical; there was a poetic spirit in his interpretation of the canzonetta. In the finale there might have been more abandon and appropriate coarseness. For the elemental coarseness of a great man is not to be ignored, not to be sandpapered.

The Italian serenade of the unfortunate Hugo Wolf was produced here in the form of a string quartet early in the season by the Kneisels, and it was repeated at their last concert. The orchestral version performed here last night was the original, but this has been revised by Max Reger. It would be interesting to know just what Reger did to it. In spite of delightful effects of color, the work leaves the impression that it was thought out originally for the piano. Wolf's "Penthisela" is a proof that he was not a great orchestral colorist; that he did not write fluently for the orchestra. Mr. Ferir played the solo viola with rare beauty of tone; but the quartet version on the whole seems the more effective.

Huber's "Boecklin" symphony has been played here before. It is a sound and carefully made composition without any marked display of imagination, and the one quality of any work that attempts to be a translation into music of specific pictures by a painter or endeavors to fix by music the painter's characteristics in the mind of a hearer should surely be imagination. Huber's task was a wellnigh impossible one. In the first place he had to reckon with the fact that many in the audience might not be familiar with the pictures that suggested music to him. In the second place, he that writes such music should have as much imagination as the painter. Huber is an orthodox, well-trained musician; but he is not a Boecklin.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann will give his last piano recital in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 5. Mr. de Pachmann announces the fact that this visit to the United States is probably his last.

Recitals will be given by the Faelten Pianoforte school in Huntington Chambers Hall on Thursday evening at 8, and on Saturday afternoon at 3. The programme will include ensemble pieces, chamber music, solo pieces and an exhibition of fundamental training.

The Tremont Temple division of the People's Singing Classes will close its season with a concert at Lorimer Hall on Tuesday evening. Miss Marion Croly, soprano; Mr. Clarence Wilson, baritone; Miss Alice Siever, accompanist, will assist. Mr. H. A. Shedd will conduct.

Mme. Emma Calve has signed a contract for a series of 40 operatic concerts in America next season. The tour will open about the 1st of November, and will be under the direction of Messrs. John Cort and S. Kronberg. Mme. Calve will be assisted by a company of renowned European artists.

Handel's "Messiah" will be performed at the Dorchester Temple Baptist Church, under the auspices of the Colonial Club, on Monday evening, April 10. Mrs. Grace Williams, soprano; Miss Mabel Stanaway, alto; Mr. George Deane, tenor, and Mr. George R. Clarke, bass, and an orchestra, Mr. Eichheim, concert master, will assist the Philharmonic chorus.

The programme of the annual organ benefit at Berkeley Temple on Wednesday evening will include these organ pieces, to be played by Mr. William C. Hammond: Fink's sonata in E flat major, Saint-Saens' "Nuptial Benediction," a transcription of Liszt's symphonic poem, "Orpheus"; transcriptions by N. H. Allen of pieces by Manchielli and Grieg, and pieces by Handel, Lemare and Buck. Mr. Clarence Shirley, tenor, will sing the "Cujus Animam" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and songs by Johnson, Huhn, Henschel.

April 3 1905

TOO SWEEPING.

A bill (Senate 258) has been reported from the committee on probate and chancery to the Massachusetts Senate. The first section of this bill is as follows:

Whoever, on the Lord's day, keeps open or permits work to be done in his shop, warehouse, workhouse or usual place of business, or does any manner of labor, business or work, except of necessity or charity, or takes part in any sport, game, play or public diversion of any description, except a concert of sacred music, shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for each offence; and the proprietor, manager or person in charge of such game, sport, play or public diversion, except as aforesaid, shall be punished by a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars or imprisonment for not more than six months for each offence.

Another section provides that "the mayor and aldermen of a city or the selectmen of a town * * * shall not grant a license for any theatrical exhibitions, public shows, public amusements or exhibitions of any description whatever to be held upon the Lord's day," etc.

This bill is reported for passage. What would be the result if the bill became a law? Let us take an instance here in Boston: Thirteen concerts were given this season in Chickering Hall and the uniform price of admission was fifty cents. The character of these concerts was of the highest; they were given by the Kneisel quartet, the Boston Symphony quartet, the Hoffmann quartet, the Longy Club, Miss Marie Nichols, Mr. Gilihert, Mr. Perabo—we name clubs and individuals at random. The programmes were such as would be prepared for the subscription concerts of the clubs. The concerts were given in the afternoon; they did not conflict with any morning or evening religious service. The hall was crowded from the first to the last with men and women rejoicing in the opportunity of hearing the best music at a price that they could afford. They were no longer debarred from a pure and educational pleasure.

It is true that these concerts were not of a "sacred" character, if the word "sacred" is to be defined rigidly, puritanically; but does not the music of great masters, instrumental music that is absolute—that is, free from any association with daily and worldly thoughts—make toward righteousness? Is not the general welfare of the community benefited by such appreciation of that which is wholly pure in art? Is there not music without words that is more sacred in its elevation of the soul and its inducement to thoughtful contemplation than jaunty tunes adapted from operatic or popular melodies and set incongruously to hymns and psalms?

If this bill is passed, such concerts in Chickering Hall or in any hall will be impossible. The framers of the bill allow free, open-air concerts given "upon a common, public park, street or square." Are concerts of a high character given at a nominal price in a hall more disturbing than a brass band to the quiet and the sanctity of the Lord's day? Should that which is elevating and refining be encouraged only on a weekday? Is the hogy of a "continental Sabbath" to be brought forward as a discourager of true education? As far as street sobriety and decorum are concerned, a comparison between a German city on Sunday and Boston bound in puritanical bands would be to the advantage of the former.

A BOY AGAIN.

Mr. George R. Sims, who is often entertaining in his page of the Referee entitled "Mustard and Cress," although we regret to say he is a confirmed, a hardened, a shameless punster, said not long ago that it would be a grand thing for men who have "come to forty year" if they were allowed to have a week at school again with all the privileges of boyhood, all the joys of unruliness and dare-devilry. "The worst of being one's own master is that there is nobody to 'check' or disobey. From the moment you can do as you like half the fun goes out of life." But is a man ever his own master? We are inclined to think that even Mr. Sims is obliged to obey some of the conventionalities, for there are

nv'n lonahties in England. We do not ish to inquire flippantly into Mr. Sims' mestic life; we do not even know hether he has given hostages to forne; but it is allotted to few married en to be absolute masters of themlves. The bondage may be gentle: it ay be courted; it may be so subtly ercised that the slave is unconscious his slavery; and when death severs bond, the poor wretch's heart often acks. At the same time we all know at happened to the man who boasted at he was a Julius Caesar in his own use.

Would any normal man find pleasure becoming a boy again, if only for a ek? There are short stories based on emporary return to boyhood; a novel an English humorist is no doubt sh in the minds of some. The injus- of the world seems keener to a boy n to a man. Possibly the former is turally a cruel animal, as some say, t he is at the same time most sensie. The boy dear to Walt Whitman s wicked rather than virtuous out of nformity or fear; he relished his beefak and he was "first rate to fight, to the bullseye," etc.; but Whitman o described him thus: "Unrequited e or a slight cutting him worse than wound cuts." Then there is the inaity of the father to put himself in the ce of the lad; there is the inevitable nflict between two of different generans. It is also a debatable question ether a boy does uot suffer more in amorous adventures than the man. e boy's first love is older than he is, d he endures more or less stoically her rriage to the smooth-spoken, patroniz- lover who has the advantage of him ly in the number of years. Though e boy himself afterward marries and s his quiver full of those whom in rn he will not understand, he is often y down in his heart faithful to the mory of that first love. He may meet r when she is a matron and he a smug tizen sought for committees; she may bulbous and wheezy or peaked and tarrhal; she may be stone deaf and in-haired; he still sees her with the es of the boy who shivered with deght when she stroked his hair, who new a fearful joy when she allowed m to see her home from a Sunday hool concert on the road that skirted e village graveyard.

A SERIOUS GAME.

The sad news about Mr. Pillsbury—t us hope that he will soon recover—ads some to shake the head ominously d cite the grievously afflicted last ears of Paul Morphy and William teinitz, whose loss of mind has been ttributed to undue devotion to chess. ut temporary insanity of a hospital tient is not uncommon, even when e patient is unacquainted with the ambits. It is true that Mr. Pillsbury as frequently played twenty games at e same time while blindfolded, and e mental strain attendant on such eats is necessarily great. Yet the elebrated Mr. Glanvill, himself a layer, once wrote concerning the imossibility of a blind man managing a ame of chess, and it is a delight to hink that he wrote this in a treatise ntitled "The Vanity of Dogmatizing." The earlier writers about amusements id not recommend the game to stuents. Burton, in his "Anatomy," called hess-play a "good and witty" exercise f the mind for some sorts of men—e idle, those vexed with cares; he dded: "It is a game too troublesome or some men's brains, too full of nxiety, all out as bad as study; beides it is a testy, choleric game, and ery offensive to him that loseth the ate." There have been rulers in history who, angry from defeat, have ashed the opponent's head with the oard. Strange excuses have been iven for interest in the game. The ussians were excused years ago for their passionate playing on the ground that they lived "in stoves and hothouses" all winter long and could take little exercise; on the other hand, the game was allowed at Fez because the heat kept the inhabitants indoors—which reminds us of the man who drank whiskey steadily in winter to keep warm and in summer to be cool. But there have been distinguished persons who did not object to chess because it was a brain-cracking exercise rather than an amusement. Montaigne, for instance, classed it with tennis and such-like sports as a mere "vain and frivolous action; this earnest and violent engaging with an ambitious desire to win doth presently cast both mind and limbs into disorder and indiscretion, wherein a man doth both dazzle his sight and distemper his whole body." Sir Walter Scott thought it a shame to throw away on any game the time in which one could learn a new language.

It has been said that a great general should be a skilful chess player, and the inference drawn by enthusiasts is that a Pillsbury should be a great general. But what are the facts? The only military man we remember in connection with chess was Napoleon, and he played only a fair game, but with intolerable rapidity. Ability at the game is no doubt a special gift, and there are investigators of the human mind who insist that this talent bears no relation to the general talent of the player. There are astonishing lightning calculators who are otherwise dull fellows, and Maudsley found the leading characteristics of musicians in idiots observed closely by him.

A FRENCH EXPLANATION.

Mr. Funck-Brentano, the historian who gave pleasure here a few months ago as a lecturer, has contributed to the Gaulois (Paris) an article in which he discusses the opinions held in the United States concerning the French yellow-covered novel and the French drama as played by Mme. Rejane and her company. He has no intention of writing a book of impressions made on him during his sojourn of two months and a half, therefore this article is not newspaper copy which will at some future day be found in the form of a chapter of a book. The article is a reply to certain American criticisms.

The distinguished Frenchman first quotes with warm approval and at considerable length from an address made by Mr. D. Cady Eaton at Yale, in which that professor of history deplores the fact that so many Americans study in Germany and return not only thoroughly Germanized but with superficial or ignorant ideas concerning French character, and this character means to them morality or immorality. Mr. Eaton regretted that American students do not take advantage of the excellent courses of instruction offered in Paris, and he insists that the much talked of moral corruption in Paris is only on the surface, to entertain foreign visitors who would otherwise be sorely disappointed. As a matter of fact, Parisian immorality is not half so perverse aud vile as it is in Berlin and not half so vulgar aud shocking as it is in London.

Mr. Funck-Brentano, after commendation of Mr. Eaton's statements, admits that the French are judged in this country by their modern novels and plays. He found throughout the United States a genuine appreciation of Balzac, a true cult. But the modern romances! "When in one of the short stories produced in shoals in American literature the author wishes to prejudice the reader against a character, he begins by putting two or three 'yellow covered' French novels into his valise—for in America one is constantly travelling. From that moment the fate of the wretch is settled; he will fall victim to the worst calamities." And the naughty plays produced by Rejane! Did not Miss Emma Morhard, secretary of the Alliance Francaise in Cincinnati, say to Mr. Funck-Brentano: "In a week Rejane, whose great artistic temperament I strongly admire, destroyed here with her repertory all that we have done in twenty years to draw sympathy toward France and her literature"? While the celebrated playactress was in America article after article appeared in journals and magazines discussing the question why the all important subject to Parisian novelists and playwrights is the rupture of conjugal fidelity.

The Frenchman's reply is not long-winded. French literature which has for eight centuries exerted a mighty influence in the world has been devoted to the study of the human soul, to the conflict of passions. Where are these storms of the soul revealed more fully than in the joys and woes of love? It is love that shows them in all their force. The writer of genius, therefore, studies love. "It is not the unhealthy pleasure of telling stories of adultery that guided the pen of such as Augier, Dumas, Hervieu, Donnay; it is the robust desire of studying the greatest and most poignant spectacle on earth; the deep eddies of human passions. The 'Phedre' of Racine will continue to be, as Duma the Younger well said, the typical work of the French drama, one that for years to come will insure to it its superiority."

Naturally, Mr. Funck-Brentano inquires into the condition of the American drama. He was thunderstruck by reading the opinion of Mr. Frohman—was it Mr. Daniel or Mr. Charles?—who placed the pieces of Mr. George Ade above those of Sudermann. He was not prepared for such an outburst of American humor. "Why," he asks, "does the American theatre remain in this childish state, and why will it thus remain for a long time? Because, to suit the prevailing ideas, the end of the play must be the beginning of our dramas—the union of the young lovers." Love alone is the stage theme that interests, and the American playwrights do not dare to treat it except on the surface, and, of course, there is consequent uniformity, monotony, superficiality. They make their plays interesting by the introduction of episodes, as a football game, a horse sale on the stage. Because they refuse to paint the dramas of life, their plays are pretentious dishes of meat or fish, but examine them and there is only the sauce.

One might reply to Mr. Funck-Brentano that often it is not so much what the French dramatist says as it is the nasty way he says it. There are dramas as there are books produced in Paris that seem primarily designed only for export purposes. Plays are brought out there against which even the most liberally minded local critics protest. Then Mr. Funck-Brentano should remember that for many years the north and the south have been in the habit of viewing certain subjects with very different eyes. In this respect the northern and the Latin races will long be far apart, though geographical distances are now as nothing. But does not Mr. Funck-Brentano err in his assertion that "La Dame aux Camelias" is taken seriously in this country and looked on with disapproval and horror?

April 4, 1905

W. ARCHIBALD WILLIS DEAD.

Well Known Baritone, Who Gave Promise of Brilliant Future, Passes Away Suddenly in Paris.

W. Archibald Willis, a young baritone singer well known in Boston and its vicinity, died in Paris, France, last Saturday night.

Mr. Willis was born in Chelsea, Oct. 17, 1871, and he there began a musical career that gave true promise for the future. He was a faithful, intelligent, zealous student, who improved steadily in all that he undertook. He was a member in turn of several choirs, among them that of the First Religious Society, Roxbury, and that of the Shawmut Church, Boston.

Two or three years ago he became deeply interested in operatic work, and after study in this city and appearances in operatic school exhibitions, he went to Paris last fall to prepare himself for the stage. His death was sudden, for he had been in apparently perfect health and his letters home were of an optimistic nature.

He was not only a man interested in the special branch of his art, but in everything that pertained to music, and for a season or two he contributed musical reviews to one or two journals of this city. The news of his death will be heard by many with sincere grief, for his character was modest, gentle and manly. His home was for many years in Waltham, with his father, W. P. Willis.

AT HOME.

A wealthy philanthropist purposes to make the members of the Kneisel quartet thoroughly at home in New York, so that they will not, like the children of Israel remembering the cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, garlic of Egypt, mourn, in their recollection of beanpots and the gilded dome; that they will not sigh without one consolatory thought. He will build, as the Sun informs us, four tabernacles or houses "copied after Boston models," which will have "nothing in common with the homes of New Yorkers." Is this a compliment to Boston and a reproach to New York? "Copied after Boston models"; but what is today the distinctive Boston model? There was a time when "the swell front," with bulging front parlor and basement dining room, was the house-mark of the respectable Bostonian, just as a brownstone front was the pride of a New Yorker, just as, according to the Rev. Mr. Morse, the "houses of Albanians, with their gable ends standing toward the street," characterized the blameless Dutch inhabitants, although the looseness of description fired the indignation of those honest burghers. Dr. Holmes in the modest wishes expressed in "Contentment" longed only for a hut of stone, "a very plain brown stone will do"; but the brownstone is no longer a source of pride or distinction. Are these houses for the Kneisels, these cures for homesickness, to be Tudor villas or pseudo-colonial, for the suburbs of Boston abound in such, and two of the quartet have long been honored dwellers in the suburbs? The four houses are to be in "a quiet part" of New York. So there is quiet somewhere in the metropolis. But will not the erection of houses that have "nothing in common" with New York dwellings draw crowds with noisy exclamations of surprise and wonder?

QUICK READERS.

Much light has been shed of late on the literary tastes and habits of Mr. Roosevelt. It appears that he is a lightning reader. In the thick of politics he galloped through Macaulay's "History of England," Rhodes' "History of the United States" and also Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," no doubt to strengthen his Americanism by recalling the oratory of Messrs. Pogram and Choke and the superb leaders of Mr. Jefferson Brick. Is a volume of short stories sent to him? He scuds back a letter of acute criticism by return mail. His taste is omnivcrous: "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." Truly a born book reviewer! And so Mr. Arthur Pendennis, in his youthful service on the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette, would have looked through Macaulay's "History" or Herschel's "Astronomy," meditated his opinion over a cigar and signified his august approval of either author, nor would he have hesitated at twenty-four hours' notice to give a judgment upon the Encyclopaedia.

Mr. Gladstone was also a quick and incessant reader, fond of sending to authors laudatory criticism on postal cards. The personality, the publicity, the fury, one might say, of the postal card doubly endeared the critic to the writer. Possibly even the morose Mr. George Moore was secretly touched by such commendation of his "Esther Waters."

To read hurriedly a book, to open it as with an unerring instinct to a brilliant epigram or a meaty passage, is a great gift, and when this reader has also a retentive memory he is to be envied. Theophile Gautier once cursed any author who contributed no preface to his volume, who drew up no table of contents. He himself turned at once as a reviewer to these sections of a book, and if they were missing, that day, like Francesca and Paolo, he read no more. An index is a still more valuable aid to snap-shot judgment. There was a time when even novels, as "Sir Charles Grandison," were elaborately indexed in the old editions. Not only actions, but descriptions of character, were thus put before the reader, and there was no need of thumbing laboriously the preceding pages. There are some who read the final chapter, and if they find it to their liking, work backward in the effort to

arrive at an opinion. Then, if they have taken the trouble to procure what Mr. Hilaire Belloc calls "The Reviewer's Outfit," the labor is light.

There are lightning readers who read only for pleasure or choose this remedy against insomnia. We knew some years ago a Bostonian who was in the habit of reading two or three novels a day—and he was a man of busy life, not a mere idle or enforced sitter, a more or less amiable house plant. He confessed frankly that the next day he could not remember the title of the novel or the name of the author. Mr. Richardson, the architect, when he was at work on the capitol at Albany, N. Y., beguiled the tedium of railway travel by devouring detective stories or tales of mystery; but he could pass a strict and minute examination on any one of them, and his comments were keen and entertaining. Mr. Roosevelt appears to belong to the latter class. May we not look forward to a volume of literary essays from his versatile pen? There might be at least one breezy chapter on commentators on the constitution of the United States.

A PROTEAN BELLE.

The Lancet described last week an extraordinary case of multiple personality. "The patient is a girl between 12 and 13 years of age, who has developed ten varieties of abnormal personality." Some of her changes are complete, some are incomplete; some sudden, others gradual. "In some cases the patient is totally, and in all partially, ignorant of her life during other states." Naturally, her character and behavior differ widely in some states from what they are in others.

Such a maiden, if she be endowed reasonably with good looks, will surely be the belle of many seasons, until some fortunate man will secure her for his own and enjoy the advantages of polygamy without the moral or civic reproach attached to that ancient form of wedlock. Well may she be envied by the inevitably less versatile of her sex.

Even women trained for society from their youth up are inclined to run in grooves. There is the sporting woman, the philanthropic, the playhouse haunter, the patron of music, the literary, the passionate dancer, the sparkling conversationalist, etc. Each shines in her own way and draws toward her the males that share her interest; or the law of contrast leads the scientist to marry the delightfully frivolous, and the philanthropic maiden is happy as the wife of the sportsman. But in each instance the woman is always herself, save for the natural variations in temper that are often excusable and to be expected.

This Protean maiden will remove the curse from the old saw: "All things to all men." At a dinner party she will delight the serious-minded; a month afterward she will be voted the gayest of the gay. There will be the constant charm of surprise; the hostess will be sure of her contribution to the entertainment, for her tunes will be fresh and spontaneous after she has herself given the pitch to conversation. Her neighbors at the dinner will be sure of this at least: They will not be obliged to listen to her opinions and formulas of speech of the last season, nor can they reasonably anticipate her mental condition of the season that is to follow.

The matrimonial theorist who advances the proposition that, in Utopia or in the City of the Sun, a man has at least three wives, one the housekeeper, one the sharer of his tastes and one to play the part of the Roman matron and rear children worthy of the state, sees that the three can now be united in one. Three? Yea, there may be a wife for each day of the week, and, with some slight education, a wife for each day of the month. There are women who are censured by brutal husbands for never knowing their mind. The most brutal would be softened by the knowledge that be, the omniscient and far-seeing, cannot tell what his wife's mind will be the next month, even after several years of careful study. He will fear to lose the treasure, the one that keeps him guessing, the constant provider of diversified pleasure.

MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE.

It is rumored in New York that Mr. Henry W. Savage has it in mind to abandon his operatic enterprises, although they have been successful. All lovers of music will join in the hope that the rumor is wholly without foundation. Mr. Savage has done more than any American to give his countrymen throughout the land generally creditable and often excellent performances of opera in English, and at a reasonable price. He has taken pains with the mounting of these operas, and his stage settings have been appropriate, often sumptuous. He has been a firm believer in the necessity of ensemble; he has raised the chorus to its true rank. He has encouraged American singers. In all that he has undertaken in serious opera he has shown energy, courage and taste. He has put his confidence in the musical appreciation of the great public, and he has been rewarded. His withdrawal from the field in which he has won legitimate honor and success would be a loss to the public and to operatic art.

TWO NEW WORKS BY THE CECILIA

At Closing Concert of the Season Last Night, "The Poet's Life" by Charpentier Has First Performance in America.

The Cecilia Society, Mr. B. J. Lang conductor, gave its third and last concert of the season last night in Symphony Hall. The Society was assisted by Miss Isabelle Bouton, mezzo-soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Mr. Edward Barrow, tenor, and an orchestra. There was a much interested audience of good size. The works performed were Gustave Charpentier's "The Poet's Life" (first time in America) and Claude Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" (first time in Boston with orchestra).

The work is more than the performance, and in this instance it would be more profitable to discuss the character of these compositions by members of the ultra-modern French school than to inquire minutely into the interpretation of them, but the brave and honest attempt to introduce these works to us should not be ignored.

Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" was sung in English, Charpentier's symphony-drama was sung in French. A translation into English of Charpentier's text by Mr. Reginald C. R[illegible] was printed in the programme book together with the original verses. The excerpts from Rossetti's familiar poem were also printed. It would have been better if the French version of "The Blessed Damozel," made by Gabriel Sarrazin, had been sung by the soloists and chorus, and for this reason. We believe firmly in singing songs by French or German or Russian composers in English when there is any translation that preserves the general meaning and the rhythm of the original poem. But Sarrazin's version is a translation from the English, and his metre is not that of Rossetti. It would be impossible to sing the music of Debussy to Rossetti's words were they substituted. A rearrangement of the original verses made by Mr. Frank Damrosch was used—and with what result? Both Rossetti and Debussy suffered. Charming rhythmic effects by the latter were often marred or wholly destroyed. Exquisite rhythmic contrasts between voices and orchestra disappeared or seemed clumsy.

Debussy's lyric poem—for so he entitles the little cantata—is of such delicate texture that the performance should be one of finest proportion. Last night the due proportion between chorus and orchestra was not observed. The former was numerically much too strong. The cantata is one for a chorus of a few picked voices, and for an orchestra that has rehearsed as carefully as for a Symphony concert. The music is extremely difficult by reason of its unusual harmonic thought, evasive tonalities and vocal intervals. The performance of the chorus was excellent in itself; the intonation, the attack, the dynamic expression were surprisingly good even for the Cecilia, but the most important quality of the [illegible] performance was lacking, namely, [illegible] the atmosphere that is a blend of faint, remembered sensuousness [illegible] present mysticism, the atmosphere of something remote and strange and wonderful. The music was [illegible] of the [illegible] ous quality that is peculiar to Debussy. Everything was too frank, revealed, so that the general effect of the work was not so striking as at the performance in Potter Hall in 1903, when there was a chorus of only a few women, when one and the same singer appeared as the Damozel and the Reciter, when a piano was substituted for an orchestra. This statement may seem paradoxical, absurd to those who did not hear the two performances; but the former had the necessary atmosphere, and the hearer thought only of the music of Dubussy, not of the performance.

Miss Bouton did not fully comprehend the spirit of poet or musician. The Blessed Damozel was merely a mezzo-soprano singing as a rule acceptably and without haunting individuality. Mrs. Child, who looked Rossetti's Damozel, but only sang about her, was more imbued with the [illegible] spirit.

We should all be grateful to Mr. Lang and the Cecilia for giving us the opportunity of hearing Charpentier's symphony-drama. The difficulties in producing such a work are not ordinary. It was necessary to sing the work in French for the publishers would not allow an English version to be used, even if a satisfactory one for purposes of performance had been made. The orchestra used by Charpentier is one of unusual variety. In the [illegible] act there is a vulgar dance hall band behind the scenes, and there is also a military band. It was impossible to provide all the instruments needed. One or two were not to be had. Others that apparently might have been obtained were inaccessible on account of the existing relations here and in New York between union and non-union musicians, just as, by reason of the same state of affairs, Mr. Gericke is prevented from producing modern works, such as Mahler's new symphony and the later compositions of Richard Strauss, which call for choirs of wind instruments numerically larger than the choirs of the Symphony orchestra. "The Poet's Life" is essentially French, Parisian even in its mixture of romanticism and realism.

In Charpentier's work [illegible] orchestra was numerically inadequate, the chorus was too large in proportion. Last night the third act suffered especially for all the reasons named, and he that was wholly unacquainted with the work gained only a faint and feeble idea of its engrossing character. Add to this a tenor who sang the drunken and frenzied utterances of the poet on Montmartre as though he were taking an amiable part in a cathedral anthem composed by some blameless and uninspired English doctor of music. When "The Poet's Life" is performed at the Chatelet, Paris, the orchestra numbers about 125. The chorus is a small one of picked singers paid for attending rehearsals. Players and singers are men and women of Gallic blood. The conductor is Mr. Colonne. To all of them Montmartre is very present. To them the music of Charpentier has keen significance. To them "impuissance" is not "powerlessness," nor "ivresse" "frenzy," nor "La Fille" "the girl." But perhaps it is necessary to comb Charpentier's hair a little before presenting him to a Boston audience.

The question then comes up. Is it worth while to produce a work like "The Poet's Life," under such conditions? Is it fair to the composer and to the audience? The answer should be emphatically, "Yes"; for the performance last night gave on the whole a good idea of the strength and the weaknesses of the composition. Naturally, the performance of the third act was the least impressive. The choruses had no easy task. The singers were provided only with voice parts, with cues that were not always helpful, and the parts were not free from errors. The music itself is by no means easy, and it is in a different vein from that familiar to the Cecilia.

The vocal performance, notwithstanding these obstacles, was generally excellent. It was appropriately spirited and poetic. Mr. Lang has evidently drilled the chorus with care and intelligence, and he conducted with gusto in the face of difficulties that would have disheartened many experienced conductors. The orchestra played as though it were interested in the task. Mr. Barrow sang the poet's address to the night with appreciation of its beauty and with effect. Miss Bouton laughed the wanton's laugh, a "Canaille" laugh—to quote from the original text, which was not in this instance translated—as though she knew Montmartre and was artistic in her dramatic vulgarity.

The work itself is a strange mixture of the ideal and the real, of true imagination and floundering commonplace, of technical skill and technical shiftlessness. It was the work of a young man of decided opinions concerning music and life. Charpentier had known poverty when this symphony-drama was written; he knew it more intimately when it was first produced. It is the work of an enthusiast who remembered Berlioz and had been the pupil of Massenet. The scheme is eminently Berliozian. In the scene in the dance hall, the wanton is our old friend the loved one at the Sabbat, not in any way so far as the music is concerned, but in the romantic idea. More than once is there a reminder of the "Invocation to Nature" in "The Damnation of Faust." There are choral effects that come straight from Berlioz; and there is the warm, sensuous melody of Massenet, with his manner of orchestral expression and his [illegible] of triumphant vulgarity.

But there is also Gustave Charpentier to be reckoned with, the belated romanticist and the early realist in music. There is the [illegible] of enthusiastic youth; there is also the baffled ambition of youth oppressed by penury, as ready to blaspheme as to pray. Surely there is imaginative strength in the choruses of the first act; there is a high poetic [illegible] in the music of the Voices of the Night and in the questioning of the mysterious, disturbing Night by the [illegible], doubting poet. This is no ordinary music of a young man obsequious toward his teachers, cringing before Academic traditions. The very defiance and recklessness of the final scene are far from displeasing. Here Charpentier first sacrificed on the altar of [illegible] he has been faithful in his worship.

He revels in life by day and night. Debussy would fain escape from it. Charpentier loves the sights of the street, the din of the dance hall; he finds his art in the open life of the man in the blouse, the poet of Bohemia, the reckless baggage of the public dance. Debussy dreams of vague, pale figures wrapped in mist, wandering in unknown woods, weeping by fountains, they know not why, they know not whence they came; or as in a mystical vision he hears the tears of the Damozel mourning in Paradise her lover on the earth. Charpentier's music is full of blood and animation, and the joy of life with its exultant coarseness; yet he, too, feels the beauty of "the huge and thoughtful night." Debussy shapes his music for his dream-people, music that might be played by instruments unknown to any earthly orchestra, harmonies that are of another planet, melodic expressions that never had passed mortal lips until he noted them.

And each is in his own way a poet. The mansion of Art has many chambers, and the goddess smiles and welcomes all that have found out beauty and revealed it in any form to a material world.

GUIDES TO CONFIDENCE.

Chicago business men, "representing the biggest houses in trade," listened open-mouthed to Prof. Roger, who taught them how to distinguish at once between men of credit and the insecure and unsafe. The professor is not to be deceived. He reads character as quickly as one glances over headlines. He is unerring in his judgments. But, like the astrologers and all fortune tellers and human sign posts pointing toward wealth, he has not yet been able to retire from business.

According to the learned professor, a man who keeps his fists closed while talking is a natural born liar. "There is no exception to this rule. Don't give him credit." A stingy man in shaking hands will never press his thumb on the exterior part of a hand. A forceful, energetic man, a doer, never shakes hands in a listless manner. "Any person, male or female, who rolls the eyes while talking lies for effect. They are carried away by false pride." And who is to be trusted with a loan even though you do not know him? "The man who looks you in the eye, talks in moderate tone and modest manner, who shakes hands vigorously, who is neither nervous nor aggressive, can be trusted." Thus the professor to the simple business men of Chicago.

But if while talking you watch a man's hands to see whether he keeps them closed, you do not look him in the eye and he has a right, therefore, to suspect you to be a shifty Dick. What nonsense has been talked for years about this honesty of a steady glare! The most impudent liars we have known could stare a bronze statue out of countenance. No truly sensitive person likes to stare or to be stared at. The stingy man who never presses his thumb on the exterior of your hand should have small ears and thin lips. Does any one really wish a man's thumb to indent his hand? It is a pleasure to agree with Prof. Roger in one thing: "A doer never shakes hands in a listless manner." The bunco steerer of high or low degree shakes hands with his victim most cordially; he greets him like a long-lost brother.

Nervous persons are often misunderstood in consequence of their handshaking, and there are men of all sorts and conditions who are to be avoided in salutation. There is the athlete rejoicing in his strength, whose hand is like a vise; the coy person who is suffering apparently from a whitlow; the one whose hand suggests seaweed, jelly-fish, and all things moist and unpleasant; there is the man that mistakes your arm for a pump-handle; worst of all is he that holds your hand and milks it on a street corner, occasionally turning his gaze away from you to see if the passers-by are noticing his intimacy. More than once in late years have deep thinkers in search of copy advocated the abolishment of handshaking, but no worthy substitute has been suggested. Snuff boxes are no longer courteously offered in this country. There might be a return to the pulling of the ear, familiar in Elizabethan days; it will be remembered that when Napoleon was in special good humor he pulled the ears of women and men. Biting the ear of another leads to a duel and spilling of

ood, as "Cavalleria Rusticana" in-
rms us. No prudent person would
ve the old practice of kissing re-
ved in this bacillic age. An eminent
risian professor inveighs against the
bit of imprinting a kiss on a
oman's hand. He puts a hypothetical
d tragic case: Mr. A has the in-
enza. Invited to dine at B's house
kisses on arrival the hand of Mrs.
The other male guests go through
e same ceremony, "and one by one
ey receive from Mrs. B's hand the
cilli deposited by Mr. A, and trans-
t them to the hands of other
men." If a woman at table touches
r napkin with the back of her hand,
ter the bacilli find their way to her
uth." After dinner the children are
ught in; they, too, kiss the women's
nds, and thus an epidemic of influ-
za is propagated." If Mr. A has tu-
uclosis, then the guests of Mrs. B run
risk of catching consumption. And
s warning is sounded in Paris, where
ry gallant person on meeting a
man even for the first time was
merly expected to kiss her lips!
hat a coward a Frenchman would
not to kiss the hand of Mrs. John-
, especially if Mr. Johnson were at
time in abstract and sociological
ught!

AN OLD SUBJECT.

t was only the other day that The
rald discussed Mr. George Bernard
aw's opinions concerning education,
now this many-sided man has been
oursing about women's dress. His
n dress was for some years strictly
the nature known as sanitary. He
e, the medicated flannels of Ger-
ny; he eschewed boiled shirts; con-
tional evening dress was to him an
mination, although his duties as
sic or dramatic critic—for he was
h in turn—took him constantly to
mblages of the swallow-tailed. Then
married a woman of wealth, and it
aid that he has been persuaded to
form in a degree to the usages of
ety, however absurd they may be to
philosophic mind. Probably uneasy
his apostacy, he wreaks his ven-
nce on the female sex at large.

Ir. Shaw is bitter against heavy
t and corset, but he admits that if
former be worn at all it must hang
m the latter. "A human figure with
curtain hung round it from the
ulders to the ankles looks like a
ly-made postal pillar. You must
e either legs or a waist if you are
be bearable to the naked eye." But
smoked glasses or blue spectacles
d matters? He compares a woman's
ss with skirt and corset to a Jack-
a-Green; there is a woman in it but
cannot be seen. Still more ab-
rent to him is a short skirt; thus a
et girl's costume makes her look like
ostrich. "Rosalind in her tunic and
ster's belt is charming, but an opera
ffe girl in tights and a corset is de-
able. Nor does he approve the
tional dress"; the bicycle costume
n in France does not please him. A
rfolk jacket and tightly-fitting knick-
ockers would be becoming to most
men.

A woman, considering the sad case of
r. Shaw, suggests that the Greek
ss, "the most beautiful ever worn,"
uld probably gratify his aesthetic
te, but after all it is hardly the cos-
e for the street on a rainy day. She
n makes the statement that the mon-
ous eighteenth century dress, with
white hair, the compression of the
er part of the figure, the preposter-
s hoops and high-heeled shoes, was in
shion for nearly a century, "and there
ver was a more becoming dress."
om which she argues that the artl-
ial is becoming to women. But women
o work for a living in London are
t allowed this privilege. Not long ago
read a list of things to be avoided by
siness women: picture hat, paste
ckles, waved or frizzed hair with
ws of ribbon and tortoise-shell combs
d pins, powder, a low-necked bodice,
arls, wisps of tulle, a lace collar,
arabout stole or boa, tight waist,
ncy gilt belt, big baggy sleeves,
ngling bracelets, long skirts, lace pet-
ticoats, high-heeled boots, sham jewelry,
a disdainful expression. But what busi-
ness is it of an employer if a sten-
ographer wishes to wear a lace petti-
coat? Sham jewelry is, indeed, not to
be endured any more than a knock-
down perfume, which, by the way, is not
included in the list. As for a disdainful
expression—it may be natural; it may
not necessarily express the feeling of a
girl toward her employer. Should a
naturally comely woman deliberately
make herself a fright the moment she
seeks to earn her living among men?
How long would such a one keep her
position, even if she should secure one
on a dark day? Let there be no enforced
distinction of dress between woman of
business and woman of leisure. Neither
one of any taste will wear that which
is incongruous; each one will be appro-
priately simple when the occasion de-
mands; and each one will snap fingers
or look disdainfully at sumptuary laws
when there is a man to see her.

Woman's dress of any period pleased
the men of that period, otherwise the
women would not have worn it. The
men of Cos no doubt delighted in the
transparent costume of silk worn by
their women. It was not a whit more
immodest than the fashions of the first
empire, or the immediately preceding
years when Mme. Recamier appeared
in Kensington Gardens, London, with
her muslin robe clinging to her body
like the folds of drapery on a statue.
It was said of Miss Patterson of
Baltimore on her wedding day that
all her clothes might have been put
in a pocket, and beneath her fine
muslin dress she wore only a single
garment. "Chemise dresses" were worn
in staid New England households. A
"sheath" slip was the only thing be-
tween an outer cobweb and the skin.
On the other hand, men were equally
pleased in their day and generation by
the sight of women fortressed by for-
bidding garments; when the very shape
kept the wooer necessarily at an ab-
surdly respectful distance. Men have
stormed against the costumes of women
in all ages, and women have smiled,
worn what pleased their fancy and
made the objectors forget their noble
rage.

April 6, 1905

"CATCH AND WASH."

A little town in Germany for a time
excited the wonder of ornithologists.
On a biting day, when snow and wind
were gleeful in their spite against hu-
man beings, the village was suddenly
warmed and cheered by the apparition
of birds of gorgeous coloring, of plu-
mage that brought to mind the tropics,
with sultry heat and lush, strange vege-
tation. The birds themselves were of
familiar shape. Examined closely, they
were not unlike sparrows, robins,
crows, dressed as for some masquerade,
in garments of green and blue and
sapphire, dazzling gold and scarlet and
crimson. Were the birds new to the
region? Had they tired of the tropics?
Were they restless, eager to travel and
to see new sights?

The birds said nothing; they sang
not information, nor did they croak it.
Salt could not reach their tails. The
wise men of the village wrote to nat-
uralists, university men, all deep think-
ers. In turn, there were pilgrimages
to Schwytz. The birds were inspected
at long range by their fellow-visitors.
It was forbidden to shoot, lest the plu-
mage might be spoiled. Traps were
useless. It was at last resolved to in-
vite a celebrated bird catcher, as the
burghers of Hameln once on a time
listened to the proposals of a singular
piper. In the mean time essays had
been written; theories of stern logical
conclusion had been based on indis-
putable premises. There was the be-
lief that Darwin's book was in need of
immediate revision. But before the
arrival of the bird catcher, the presi-
dent of the Ornithological Society re-
ceived a note couched in this concise
language: "Catch and wash." A sec-
ond letter explained the mystery. A
chemist in the vicinity wished to adver-
tise certain dyes. As the weather was
intensely cold, the birds were hungry
and tame. He caught some of them
and dyed their feathers. Fed and col-
ored, probably proud of their gaudy
raiment, they enjoyed the amazement
they provoked.

This story is of varied application.
Visitors of strange plumage come to
American cities and attract attention.
Unlike the birds, they are not silent; on
the contrary, they are garrulous; they
chatter in print and in private. They
sing, they play on instruments, they
write plays or novels, they are students
of economics, sociology and this or that
branch of science, they are reformers
of evils, or they introduce some new
religion. No one thinks of questioning
their authority, origin, sincerity. There
is immediate wonder at the plumage.
The platitude is as an oracle from Del-
phi; the impertinence is as a shrewd
and helpful observation. Like unto the
people of remote lands, we welcome
visitors as celestial messengers or as
the gods themselves. Yet these crea-
tures of glittering plumage are the old,
familiar birds. They hop about in par-
lor, lecture room, newspaper office, in
search of crumbs. Sometimes they
peck viciously at hands that feed them.
Would it not be a good idea to catch
one of these birds, now and then, to
wash him thoroughly? There are visi-
tors whose plumage will wash, and
they surely would not care to flock
with birds of doubtful feathers.

IN DIALECT.

The last volume of the great English
Dialect Dictionary, edited by Dr.
Joseph Wright, has been published;
that is, the last part of the dictionary
proper, for the Dialect Grammar that
is a part of this work will be issued
in the fall.

There is no more entertaining read-
ing for a dry or wet day. Open this
last thick volume at random. "Up to
Tommy"—that is, "satisfactory, up to
the mark." But why "Tommy"? Now,
Tommy in dialect means a simpleton,
an uneasy conscience, a loaf of bread,
bread and cheese, the last of a batch
of coarse girdle cakes made for farm
laborers, a small wrench used by en-
gineers, a small spade for excavating
the narrow bottoms of underdrains, a
double-breasted plough, and Tommy
appears in many combinations, as a
Tommy-hammer, "a fool," Tommy
thistle, "the third finger." There is no
explanation of "up to Tommy," who
is possibly "little Willie," frequently
referred to in this country: "It's up to
little Willy," "Little Willy said nay,
nay," in which the speaker is himself
the little Willy, but not the same as
"Willy on the beach," "Willy with the
blue sash." Ah, the English language!
"It is the speech of the proud and
melancholy races and of all who aspire.
* * * It is the medium that shall well-
nigh express the inexpressible."

Turn to the last word in this sec-
tion of the dictionary and you will find
"zwodder," a drowsy, stupid state of
body or mind. A beautiful word! Does
it come from the Dutch "swadderen,"
to be weary with drinking?

Let us turn over the pages. "Too-
too" is supposed to be a superlative of
the affected aesthete, pure parlor
slang; but it was used by Yorkshire
clowns a century or two ago. "Tory"
has long been used as a term of con-
tempt or endearment, according to the
politics of the speaker; thus a child
may be a "vile little tory" when it is
naughty. "Tossicated" is a pleasing
form of intoxicated. "Towel" is a term
of reproach for an ugly or dirty per-
son. The counties have long known
"tramper," but not "tramp." Why
should a round apple pie with quinces
in it be called a "trotter-pie"? Was it
originally "totter-pie," one high raised?
"Trundle-bed" and "trash" are dis-
cussed, but not the words compounded;
yet in New England how often is a
disagreeable or worthless person char-
acterized as "trundle-bed trash." A
threat to give one a good basting is
thus expressed: "I'll tan thee to the
truth of music"—a baffling sentence for
a foreigner to translate. "Unbe-
knownst" is in general and universal
use. There are counties in which a
man described as "underground" is not
at rest, but alive, and of a dumpy fig-
ure, and in Yorkshire a child is some-
times called an "understrapper" to dis-
tinguish him from an adult. "It's U. P.
spells goslings with him" is a singular
phrase. A "vamp" was originally a
short stocking; "to vamp" was to knit
new feet to stockings, but now it is
used more commonly in the meaning
"to accompany a singer by ear, to im-
provise on a musical instrument"—
"Wanted, a piano player—one who can
vamp well." Was a mother's pet ever
called in New England "it's mother's
victuals"? Our walnut-picker is in
some English counties a "walnut-
brusher." "Wapper-eyed," a man with
restless eyes, or goggle-eyes, or one
bleareyed, is not the same as one gim-
let eyed, in spite of Dr. Wright and
his merry men. Walt Whitman's term
"yawp" would be easily understood in
Scotland, Ireland and England, though
"yap" is the more common spelling.

Here is a political note: "Blue is the
Conservative color in East Yorkshire,
so that to say 'He's as blue as a whet-
stone' means he is a Conservative." In
the north, when a man in company
tells the greatest lie, he is rewarded
with a whetstone, hence the phrase,
"lying for the whetstone." At a po-
litical meeting some years ago in Buf-
falo, an earnest partisan was so moved
by the eloquence of a statesman in the
making that he howled from a stage
box: "Hot stuff! Wow!" "Wow" is
a long established exclamation, "fre-
quently of admiration or pleasure," in
northern English counties. "Wrongous"
for wrongful is a delightful form, and
"yelly-hooing" should not be allowed
to become obsolete; neither should
"yoller" disappear. "They came yol-
lering down the street." But lantern-
jawed, thin-jawed, is not in America
the accepted definition of "wapper-
jawed."

Each section of this dictionary is
a mine of curious folk-lore. Has any
farmer in New England ever seen a
famh? It is a small quadruped that
in summer mornings issues from its
lurking place and smears a kind of
glutinous matter on the grass, and if
a horse eats this grass he will die. The
famh has a big head, disproportionate
to its body; it is of a brownish color,
and it is somewhat larger than a mole.

April 7, 1905

FANTASTIC EPICURES.

A surprising person, one Capt. Vetrio,
is going from city to city of England
and Scotland. He calls himself the
"poison-proof man," and he swallows
in the sight of the public lethal doses
of strychnine, phosphorus, paris green,
blue indigo, verdigris, without even
gasping or winking his eyes. At times
he varies his diet by eating glass and
flower pots, but this is not so wonder-
ful, for we have all seen such persons
of generous diet who recall Bret
Harte's emu:

> "Old saws and gimlets
> His appetite whets,
> Like the world-famous bark of Peru."

Capt. Vetrio was in Glasgow recent-
ly, and there he invited medical men
to bring their own poison. "You see,
gentlemen, there is no deception." But
they take things seriously in Glasgow.
A letter was published in the Herald
of that city pointing out the respon-
sibility resting with any physician
"from a medico-legal standpoint, who
should, in the event of this man's
death, have supplied him with the poi-
son." Glasgow is the city in which
there is an attempt to abolish har-
maids. An undesirable town to live in;
one without true home life!

Of course, stories about our old
friend, Mithridates, and whole races of
arsenic eaters will rush into the mind
of the reader, and not long ago The
Herald revived the memory of Macam-
mut, Sultan of Cambaya, who ate
poison from his cradle, with disastrous
consequences to flies, courtiers and his
daily wife. Then there is the story
told by Purchas of the maiden nour-
ished with poisons, whom Hawthorne
perhaps had in mind when he wrote
his fantastical tale. But let us con-
sider more remote instances. There
was Thorasyas, who would often eat
whole handfuls of the roots of helle-

fore without harm, and there was Eudemus of Chios, who would take twenty-two potions of hellebore a day without suffering any inconvenience. Schenkius tells of a woman who could swallow down a half-pound weight of quicksilver in substance, also of a man who enjoyed the weight of thirty grains of antimonial glass prepared. The girl mentioned by Aristotle as well fed and nourished by poisons had little heat in her heart and a strong digestive faculty. The archdeacon to Bishop Sabinus envied him his bishopric and put poison in the bishop's cup. The latter, knowing by some means the treachery, drank and felt no harm, but the archdeacon died that same hour. Avicenna knew a man from whom all poisonous things would fly. "If any of them had accidentally bitten him, they all died forthwith, whilst he himself received no hurt by them. At last there set upon him a larger sort of serpent, which, having bitten him, the man was cast into a fever for two days, but the serpent died presently."

There are some who live and prosper on the food of venomous, leaping, crawling or flying things. The Herald mentioned some time ago the curious case of one Filz, a celebrated violoncellist, who died from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which tasted to him like strawberries. Albertus Magnus knew personally a girl who at the age of 3 would search about the walls of the house hunting for spiders, which she would eat; and she delighted in such feeding and grew up in good habit of body. Dr. Thomas Mouffet wrote in 1658 of "a great lady yet living who will not leave off eating of them." He also mentioned the physician Phaerus, who often ate them without hurt: "for the truth is, spiders are free from poison and are very good for one's health." This latter statement has been disputed. Lalande, the distinguished astronomer, was passionately addicted to this diet. He contracted the habit from one of his pupils, Mme. le Paute, whom he cured of her fear of them. He would pursue a spider, crack it, and swallow it with voluptuous enjoyment. He always carried a pretty bonbonniere full of these insects, and it was his greatest pleasure in the presence of noble dames to take one delicately to his mouth and crush it there with rolling of the eyes and other marks of ecstasy. Mme. de Condorcet remonstrated with him on his taste. He answered that he found in the spider the flavor of a hazel nut. "Yes," she replied, "as one finds in atheism the odor of philosophy," a repartee which, admired at the time, nevertheless leaves us indifferent. When Lalande was out of spiders he put up with caterpillars.

But can Capt. Vetrio swallow powdered diamond and live? This poison is supposed by Mahometans in the south of India to be the least painful, the most active and infallible of all poisons, and they look on it as a last resource, as the Roman looked on his sword. Cellini's autobiography tells us that there was a like belief in Italy; and in Elizabethan days it was said that the powder of the diamond taken internally is almost mortal poison. If the gallant captain should survive this trial, there is the horrid, indescribable draught prepared by malignant Egyptian women—and women have in all ages been the great poisoners. Sonnini names the dire results: "The gums decay, the teeth, beard and hair fall off, the body dries, the limbs lose strength, and death follows within a year." Or the captain might be persuaded to swallow the "Ta'am" of Morocco, a mixture of dead men's bones, hair and like ingredients, which causes a wasting disease for which there is no cure, not even in melodrama.

April 8 1905

THE NATIVE'S RETURN.

Sir Richard F. Burton regarded Stratford de Redcliffe as a man who had gained a prodigious name in Europe chiefly by living out of it. Thus the great wanderer crossed swords with the historian, or rather the eulogist, Kinglake. It is not now necessary to side with either in judgment; the epigram may serve as a text.

He whose name hits the sky in the city of adoption is too often a poor thing in his native village. Whether his greatness was consequent on early removal is a subject for discussion; but let us accept the fact. Kant was never 15 miles away from Koenigsberg, yet he shook the world.

After removal the genuineness of the success is often doubted by those left behind. Some of the village sceptics attribute it to the stupidity of the man's new associates. The orator of the city is in the village only "the feller that always had the gift of gab"; the leading merchant is the son of the villager that was "mighty near"; the preacher of powerful influence "must have changed since we knew him," and there is ominous shaking of the head.

The successful man visits the scenes of his youth. His return is a test, not a triumph. He is viewed narrowly to see if his appearance is any justification of the extraordinary appreciation of city folk, just as the behemoth of Holy Writ is examined when he comes and is compared with his effigy on the flaming poster. As a rule the behemoth is luckier than the man. If the man returns for a rest, if he keeps to himself, the cry is raised at the store: "He always was stuck up." If he is glad to see the face of an early companion the cordiality is considered suspicious. Does he give money for a drinking fountain, a memorial window in the meeting-house, a public library building, the remark is made that he owed it to the town; or "he might have given more" is the expression of gratitude. There are exceptions; there are villages that are proud of their absent sons and cherish their memory; but churlish, sullen acquiescence in the judgment of the city, or absolute denial of the validity of the judgment is found in the village life of any country.

If Burton and Stratford de Redcliffe had both lived in England, Burton, according to his own proposition, could not have been blinded by a fictitious foreign glory, and the diplomat would have cut a sorry figure.

Yet the idol of Kinglake might then have been as worthy of worship. It is the old story of the prophet. In this instance any sympathy between the diplomat of "exaggerated respectability" and the adventurer with the gypsy's filmy eye and cast-iron prejudices was impossible. Two men of unusual force would not have been able to understand each other.

MALE DOMESTICS.

HOUSEWORK—By a young man, German, to do general housework in a first-class private family; best references. Call or address ——, No. —— st.

This advertisement in a New York newspaper leads to deep meditation. The superficial may smile at the willingness of any man to do a woman's work, to give an imitation of Hercules at the court of Queen Omphale. Yet centuries ago there were races of warlike women whose men were household drudges. It is not necessary to rummage in the dust-bin of Time: the value of the Chinaman as cook, chambermaid, washerwoman, has long been appreciated by many housekeepers on the Pacific coast, and here in Boston there are women who have tried male servants and been delighted with their intelligence and amiability. The fastidious and high-born beauty in De Maupassant's tale confessed to her bosom friend that a disguised convict had been to her an ideal lady's maid, and she mourned his detection and forced departure.

Men in the daily routine of conventionally manly life have shown a singular aptitude for cookery. Vainer than women, they are never so vain as when they hover over a chafing dish, or patronizingly explain the composition and preparation of some delicacy to the hired Bridget or Olga in the kitchen. Dumas the Elder was prouder of his cookery than of his novels. Guilmant, the French organist, is more gloriously original in his salads than in his musical compositions. The professional male cook has long served in tavern, restaurant, palace. The famous books about cooking have been written by men. There are thousands of bachelors who know how to handle a broom and make a bed. There are college students who study sociology as waiters at summer hotels. Did not Verlaine, the poet, regret bitterly that he had not made a restaurant waiter out of his son that the lad might thus have had an intimate knowledge of the world? The male dressmaker sets the fashions; why should not man show a like superiority in caring for the costumes of a woman, recommending to her the appropriate gown in her wardrobe for the occasion, the weather, the state of her complexion? The great coiffeurs of royal beauties have been men. Some have written their memoirs. Did not Aubrey Beardsley sing the deplorable ending of Carrousel, the barber of Meridian street:

"Such was his art he could with ease
Curl wit into the dullest face;
Or to a goddess of old Greece
Add a new wonder and a grace.

"All powders, paints and subtle dyes,
And costliest scents that men distill,
And rare pomades, forgot their price
And marvelled at his splendid skill."

Many fathers have shown the ease with which man, made a little lower than the angels, takes the place of nursery maid in an emergency.

It would be logical and just if the answer to the vexed domestic problem should turn out to be "Man." Woman cannot complain that her peculiar territory is invaded, for she has forsaken the hearth for the clinic, the court room, the pulpit. She is book-keeper, confidential clerk. Why should a modest young man who finds certain employments closed to him on account of the energy displayed by the other sex be debarred from gaining a living by the cry that he is thus encroaching on forbidden ground? Of course, he should be willing to obey rules. Some Lucrezia Gonzaga of this century should prepare a manual. The male cook should not be allowed the use of tobacco until the labors of the day are over, and then he should not smoke in the kitchen. The waiter that does not smoke would command the higher price, and the chamberman should not smoke unless his mistress invites him to join her. The housekeeper should inquire carefully into the character of any applicant, and pretty "cousins" who call should be viewed suspiciously. It would be a pity to lose an obliging and faithful servant because he took it into his head to marry. There should be the customary night off, so that the men might see parents, go to the lodge or vote at a caucus. Whether they should be permitted to wear whiskers is a debatable question. A baldheaded cook is naturally to be preferred.

BUNDLE-BURDENS.

It is not the fault of the newspapers if every woman that can read fair or fine print is not a model of deportment. In olden days the woman of high degree was trained by incidental chapters, as the third book of Castiglione's "Courtier," in which lords and noble dames are described as talking together at the court of Urbino—thus Lord Julian de Medicis remarked: "Since I may fashion this woman after my mind, I will not only have her not to practise these manly exercises (tennis, feats of arms, riding, hunting) so sturdy and boisterous, but also even those that are meet for a woman, I will have her to do them with heedfulness and with the soft mildness that we have said is comely for her. And, therefore, in dancing I would not see her used to swift and violent tricks": there is much more of such delectable matter. Or poems were composed for her guidance, as Francesco da Barberino's "Of the Government and Conduct of Women." There are some possibly today who pore over books of etiquette, otherwise such books would not be published; but the newspaper is the great teacher of manners.

And the newspapers go into a minute investigation wholly unknown to Castiglione or da Barberino, with a minuteness known only to such casuists as Thomas Sanchez, writing concerning the duties of religious confessors in their association with matrons and maidens. For example, we read in a southern journal: "No lady may carry home any package that has the slightest practical suggestion about it." She may carry flowers, candy, a bottle of scented water, but nothing that reveals her preference in matters of housekeeping or intimate dress.

Unfortunately, the eminent authority ignored the question of the proper loading of the male. We refer now to city men: the suburbanite is necessarily a beast of burden, either for his own advantage or for that of his spouse and young barbarians all at play or in school. Have we not seen in early spring days a suburbanite carrying in town his arctics in a lawyer's bag, that he may don them on his return to village sidewalks or the long stretch of wintry road that leads to his dwelling? But should a city man be compelled to carry any article that in suggestion is distinctively feminine? Perhaps another question should first be asked. Should a husband be persuaded or forced by his wife to shop for her in places set apart for woman's dress or personal adornment? The southern authority does not discuss the advisability of the personal conducting of soiled linen to the laundry, either in bulging paper, prepared box, or hypocritical dress-suit case. Nor is there any settlement of the question whether a visit to fish, meat or vegetable market should be flaunted in the eyes or nostrils of the public by the presence in street or car of a bundle not to be disguised.

There was a time, remembered easily by many, when the tender husband did not shrink from carrying home materials for his dinner. Men of learning in those simpler days grasped the eel of commerce, as the eel of science by the tail. The statesman with jovial brow and blue coat with brass buttons was very human with a dried codfish wrapped carelessly in brown paper under his eloquent arm. To see a highly respectable citizen with a demijohn was a cheering sight. Nor was it beneath the dignity of a painful preacher of the word of God to carry a pair of trousers to the tailor, when the rent was beyond the skill of domestic ingenuity. The present civilization may be real or chromo; this, at least, is certain: the age of carrying bundles is gone, so far as city men are concerned, although no Burke has celebrated in sonorous prose its passing. The man protests against the burden of a can of peas, a jar of marmalade, his wife's bank book. The youth insists that the two or three collars bought to bridge him over to the weekly coming of the laundry man shall be sent home. The schoolboy, however his mother may coax or threaten, sulks at the thought of a bundle; for he fears the ridicule of snobbishly trained companions. The bundle is avoided, not respected, as it was by the great Napoleon. Democratic simplicity is found only in tradition and in De Tocqueville's book. It is not surprising that the bundle should be spurned; that a fashionable mother may not be able to support the weight of her own baby in the street.

April 9. 1905

The Handel and Haydn Society, M. Mollenhauer conductor, will give a performance of Haydn's "Creation" in Symphony Hall on Easter Sunday, April 23d, at 7:30 o'clock. The solo singers will be Miss Anita Rio, soprano; Mr. Glen Hall, tenor, and Mr. Joseph Baernstein, bass. Mr. Carl Ondricek will be the concert master of the orchestra; Mr. H. G. Tucker will be the organist. The sale of tickets will begin on Monday morning, the 17th, at 8:30 o'clock in Symphony Hall, and at Schirmer's music store. Orders for tickets, accompanied by checks or money orders, will be promptly attended to.

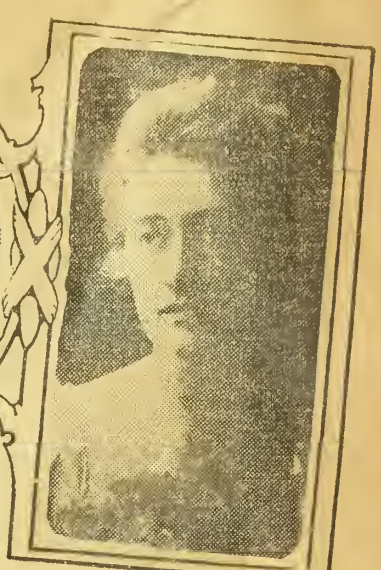
An interesting recital was given by pupils of the Faelten pianoforte school in Huntington Chambers Hall yesterday afternoon before a large audience. The programme included ensemble pieces played on four pianos by eight players, an exhibition of the fundamental training course by several little pupils, some of whom were only four years of age, a piano trio, a concerto, and several solo pieces. The performance throughout was excellent, and the selection of music was musically interesting, yet not ambitious. The following pupils took part: Corinne Guckenberger, Anna Pumphrey, Florence Leach, Ruth Wilmore, Gladys Copeland, Evelyn Copeland, William Keim, Ned Pumphrey, Ray Hughes, Ida Smith, Tsuya Masuki, Helen Lyon, Freda Rosenfeld, Charles Corwin, Eva Lee, Carl Perl, Mary Pumphrey and Evelyn Laver.

A DARING SCHEME OF OPERA WILL BE TRIED IN LONDON

Operatic Stars to Appear and the Prices to Be Only Ordinary Theatre Rates; "The Knights of the Road" and Views on Light Opera; School of Opera to Give a Performance Tuesday Afternoon in the Boston Theatre; Musical Notes

MRS MARTHA RICHARDSON.
PHOTO BY MORENETE.

MRS. W. S. STOKELL.



SARAH F. FISHER.

EDNA SHEEHY.

MRS. JEAN SHERBURNE.

IS it possible to have good light music in amusing works intended for comedy theatres or music halls? This question is now discussed in London apropos of the production of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's operetta, "The Knights of the Road," at the Palace Theatre. It was performed for the first time on Feb. 24 and the composer conducted. The programme also included an act by two banjoists, an original monologue, "Little Bobby," bioscope pictures, etc. The operetta, "perhaps a little too short," was received with "considerable applause." The composer, highly elated, submitted to an interview with a reporter, into whose ear he whispered blushingly that this experiment of giving his light opera might be a means toward the end of an ultimate advancement of English opera.

Mr. E. A. Baughan of the Daily News thereupon assumed the task of impersonating the slave who rode in the chariot behind the victor, and from time to time reminded him that he was mortal. He began by saying that the cordial reception of this little operetta proved nothing that was not already known. Good ballet music and the orchestral interludes therein have long been popular at the Empire and the Alhambra. Excellent vocalists have sung in the halls songs on a higher level than those written by Sir Alexander. As for the latter's operetta, it "aims lower than is necessary, and in no sense can be taken as the beginning of a movement for the popularization of English opera. The composer has done his work well, but practically he has not attempted to meet any latent musical taste that was not already proved to be in existence. The style of his music is known to a public that has always preferred old English ballads of the type of 'Tom Bowling' and 'Sally in Our Alley.' On the other hand, his orchestral music is, if anything, rather below the standard to which the habitues of music halls are accustomed in ballets and operatic selections. This seems a hard saying, but no good is accomplished by ignoring hard facts."

Mr. Baughan then intimated that Sir Alexander was not conversant with the musical standard of London variety halls, for he was reported as observing: "I was rather surprised at finding how well the thing can be done. They have at the Palace a really first-class orchestra, which could, if put to it, undertake a quite ambitious score." Mr. Baughan countered by saying that there have been first rate orchestras at the Alhambra and the Empire for many years. "I wish the composer of 'Knights of the Road' had aimed a trifle higher, for then there might have been some value in his operetta as a test of the musical taste of the halls."

The Popular Taste.

Mr. Baughan's remarks about the professional musician's undervaluation of the public taste are worth quoting and pondering: "I feel this the more strongly because I am sure the public musical taste has been systematically underrated, especially by the profession of music. For instance, until the Queen's Hall promenade concerts were started some years ago it was not thought that an average audience of music lovers without any special training or knowledge of the art, an audience by no means largely composed of cultured amateurs, would be able to appreciate the great masterpieces of classical music of art. The average man who has a natural taste for music, but no cultivation in the art, had been frightened by the adjective 'classical.' It was not for him, he imagined, with the pathetic humility of the public. But the concerts were not given under severe conditions, and the public was surprised to find that Wagner and Beethoven, and even Brahms, were not the bogles of austerity it had imagined.

It has been said that the day of musical comedy is on the wane. I do not agree with that opinion, for many reasons which have already been expressed in this column, but I do think that the public's taste has been put at too low a level. The popularity of Messager's 'Veronique' has certainly proved this, but it has not proved that the audience which has been delighting in the 'chic,' neatly-written music of that light opera is the same audience that patronizes the less musical of the musical comedies. In fact, I know that many people who have heard Messager's opera over and over again are not regular patrons of musical comedy. Light opera of a good type (by good I do not mean dull, of course) will attract new audiences, the kind of people who used to go to the Savoy operas. With Sir Alexander Mackenzie's opinions on the need of an establishment in London to foster national lyric art I am heartily in agreement. It would not only foster the writing of operas, but would do incalculable good in training our singers. We have some of the finest voices in the world, but the training of oratorio and the concert room alone is not sufficient. But if ever that National Opera House comes into existence it must not court failure by aiming too low. Whatever the state of British operatic composition may be, it must be remembered that the public's taste has been largely formed by foreign opera. To perpetrate the absurdities of the old ballad opera, even in the guise of light opera, would be a fatal mistake. 'The Knights of the Road' is, after all, only an innocent example of that type of art. As to the failure of the Palace Theatre as a national opera house, to which Sir Alexander Mackenzie referred in his interview, I am glad to note that he put his finger on the real cause of that failure. From the point of view of opera, 'Ivanhoe' had an unprecedented run. But even if it had not been a comparative success from an operatic standpoint, there would have been nothing to surprise. Indeed, it is wonderful that it had so long a run, for admiration of Sullivan must not blind us to the fact that his opera was very poor stuff."

A Daring Scheme.

One way of educating a public to constant application of opera as a musical entertainment, and not merely as a pretext for the display of celebrated stars, would be to give long seasons of opera at reasonable prices. The Herald, about a fortnight ago, alluded to an incredible rumor that Calve and other well known singers were to sing in London in grand opera and at ordinary theatre prices. The Daily Mail of the 21st ult. gives the particulars. This operatic scheme will inaugurate Messrs. Shubert's new theatre, the Waldorf, in Aldwych. The programme will be diversified. Opera and dramatic performances by an Italian company with Mme. Duse at the head of it will alternate. There will be six evening and three afternoon performances each week. "That Mme. Calve will appear in the opera 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' is, however, certain, and that Signora Duse will appear in the play of the same name is also assured. The two great artists have been notified of this arrangement, and have felicitated each other upon the pleasure it will give them to see each other in London at the same theatre. Mme. Calve is particularly enthusiastic in regard to the scheme." Many of the great Italian operas will be performed, and possibly some of the French and German ones. Mme. Calve, Bonci, who is Caruso's acknowledged rival, and is held by some good judges to be the finer, more subtle singer of the two, De Lucia, an incomparable actor, whose Canio and Don Jose stirred the great audiences here in Mechanics' building, Ancona and Edouard de Reszke are already engaged.

This is the most startling feature of the announcement: "The prices for both opera and drama nights will be the ordinary theatre rates."

The season will open on or about May 15. The result of the experiment is looked forward to with more than ordinary curiosity.

Now that Mr. Conried, in his virtuous indignation, has cut Boston out of the list of cities that deserve operatically to be encouraged, there will be no performances here unless Mr. Savage should take pity on us, or native singers follow the example of the pupils of the opera school of the New England Conservatory and provide entertainment for themselves and the public. Mr. Savage insists on giving opera in English, and this distresses some who are thus ahle to understand what is doing on the stage. He will be in Europe until the end of May making his plans for the next season. Can he not be persuaded to bring his grand opera company here for a sojourn of more than two or three weeks?

OPERATIC SCHOOL.

The fifth public performance by members of the School of Opera of the New England Conservatory of Music will be given in the Boston Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Oreste Bimboni, director of the school, will conduct. The performance will begin at 2 o'clock. The programme will be as follows:

"Aida." Act IV. Scene, Duetto e Scena del Giudizio—Verdi.

Amneris.....Mrs. Stokell
Radames.....Mr. Perry
Ramfis.....Mr. Wood

And Chorus.

"Un Ballo in Maschera." Act II. Invocazione e Terzetto. Act III. Aria, Duetto, Terzetto e Finale—Verdi.

Amelia.....Mrs. Sherburne
Ulrica.....Miss Stanaway
Ricardo.....Mr. Perry
Renato.....Mr. Seaman
Sam.....Mr. Mogan
Tom.....Mr. Wood

And Chorus.

"Haiducul." Scena della Fontana e Duetto—Bimboni.

Marioara.....Miss Fisher
Jon.....Mr. Wogan

"Carmen." Acts III. and IV.—Bizet.

Carmen.....Mrs. Richardson
Micaela.....Miss Sheehy
Don Jose.....Mr. Finel
Escamillo.....Mr. Seaman
Frasquita.....Miss Sheehy
El Dancairo.....Mr. Storer
El Remendado.....Mr. Wood

And Chorus.

"Eutichio e Sinfarosa," from "I Falsi Monetari." Duetto Buffo—Rossi.

Sinfarosa.....Miss Wither
Eutichio.....Mr. Mogan

To avoid a long wait, the scene from Rossi's comic opera will be performed between the acts of "Carmen."

The following pupils of the school will make their first appearance in opera: Mrs. W. S. Stokell, who is already known here as a church and concert singer; Mrs. Martha Richardson of Roxbury; Miss Edna Sheehy of Washington, D. C., a recent graduate of the vocal school of the New England Conservatory; Miss Margaret Wither of Port Patrick, Scot., known here as a church and concert singer, has sung in light opera, but this is her first year in the opera school; Mr. Franklin L. Wood of Waban, who has had much experience in church and concert work, and Mr. Ray Finel of Boston, who was for six years the tenor of the Harvard Church (Brookline) choir. Mr. Finel has already sung in light opera.

Miss Sarah Fairchild Fisher of Roxbury sang, as Violetta, in a scene from "Traviata" at the performance of last year. Miss Mabel Stanaway, native of Reno, Nev., but now at home in Boston, has been heard here several times in the annual performances of the opera school. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and in September, 1904, was made a member of the vocal faculty. Mrs. Jean Sherburne of Lowell sang last season in the excerpt from "Aida."

Mr. Elisha P. Perry has already been heard at these performances in "Traviata" and "Faust." Mr. Robert Seaman of Boston sang the part of Escamillo last year and Mr. John J. Mogan, also of Boston, appeared last year in "Rigoletto" and "Aida." Mr. Eugene Storer will graduate in June as a pupil in the regular vocal course.

The programme of this exhibition is one of unusual interest, for Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" has not been heard here since 1889, when it was sung in English by the Hinrichs company with Louise Natalie, Clara Poole, Alida Varini and Messrs. Bassett, Stoddard, Knight as the chief singers. The scenes from the operas by Rossi and Bimboni are wholly unknown here.

Mr. Bimboni's "Haiducul and Marioara," an opera in three acts, was composed at Bucharest and produced there at the Royal Theatre on Jan. 1, 1883. The first Roumanian opera, it is dedicated to the Queen of that country, widely known for her literary tastes and accomplishments. The libretto, by Danie, is founded on a Roumanian legend. The scene to be sung at the Boston Theatre is the "Fountain Song." The motherless heroine, whose father, bitterly opposed to the rich, will not let her marry a nobleman, stands before a fountain. The waters reflect the face of a youth, and with this face she is in love. Her father surprises her watching the fountain, and asks her why she is not with her companions. She confesses that she is in love with some one unknown, but her hero is only one of a vision, and she begs her father to bless her, innocent.

Lauro Rossi's "I Falsi Monetari," libretto by Ferretti, was produced with the title "La Casa Disabitata," at La Scala, Milan, Aug. 16, 1834, with extraordinary success. The composer with his wife, a singer, lived in New Orleans from 1842 to 1844. Born at Macerata in 1810, he died in 1885 at Cremona.

DE PACHMANN'S LAST APPEARANCE

There is little probability that Vladimir de Pachmann, the pianist, will be heard in Boston after his recital at Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. The repeated visits of this artist to Boston have steadily added to the number of his friends and admirers in this city, and it is not surprising that the sale of seats already assures a crowded hall. Mr. Mudgett, who has charge of the concert, desires to impress the necessity of an early application at the Symphony Hall box office by all who propose to attend this recital.

The programme will include these works of Chopin: Ballade, op. 23, G minor; nocturnes, op. 37, No. 2; nocturne, op. 27, D-flat major; Impromptu, op. 29, A-flat major; preludes, op. 28, Nos. 1, 20, 7, 22; funeral march, B-flat minor (by request); etudes, op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 4, op. 10, No. 2; polonaise, op. 26, No. 1, C-sharp minor; scherzo, op. 54, E major; grand mazurka, op. 33, No. 4, B minor; grand valse, op. 42, A-flat major.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

Boston can no longer be named among the musical cities of America since it patronized Mr. Conried's excellent operatic performances so badly that he has decided to avoid the Hub hereafter. "Parsifal" drew only half an audience there, whereas in Cincinnati there was a $12,000 house, and Chicago demanded two performances, for which it paid $31,000. In one week 25,000 persons attended the Conried performances in Chicago, $80,000 being taken in. Boston also loses the Kneisel quartet. However, the Hub must not despair. With the aid of Mr. Higginson's $1,000,000 fund it will perhaps be able to keep up its Symphony orchestra, anyway, a little while longer. Boston's indifference to the great singers of the Conried company is the more remarkable, in view of the fact dwelt on by Mr. Frank Botume in an article reprinted from the Transcript, that "today there is not a single singer of great national reputation residing in Boston." Why should such a singer reside in a musically bankrupt city?—New York Evening Post, April 1.

LOCAL.

The Massachusetts Choral Society will perform the comic opera, in two acts, entitled "The Omos of Omona," book and lyrics by William H. Gardner, music by H. F. Odell, under the direction of the composer, at Jordan Hall, Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 15 and 16. The members of the chorus are busily rehearsing stage business, groupings, marches and dances under the direction of Mr. John Coleman. Miss Adele Okie, Laura May Bestwick, Emma C. Munster, Anna B. Fitz and Paula Guldenschuh will have the principal female parts. William Wilson and Merton D. Nason will play the two Omos. W. T. Wingfield and C. E. Paterson the two lieutenants, Charles Ball, the role of Barzo, and J. E. Thornton that of Bill Jibstays. The chorus will include 100 voices. The scenic and costume effects will be on a very elaborate scale.

Mr. L. Kloepfel of the Boston Symphony orchestra will play the trumpet solo at the concert to be given by the People's Choral Union, April 16.

Miss Florence Wood has sent out invitations for a pupils' recital on Tuesday evening in Faelten Hall, Huntington Chambers.

Mme. Samaroff, pianist, will make her first appearance here at the Boston Symphony quartet concert on Monday evening in Jordan Hall. Though of American birth, she is of German descent and Russian by marriage. Her mother and grandmother gained distinction in Europe as professional pianists, and she is said to have inherited their talent. Tickets for this concert may be had at Symphony Hall tomorrow.

The members of the People's Choral Union, under the direction of Mr. Samuel W. Cole, will perform for the first time in Boston the "Messiah," by Han... s restored by Dr. Ebenezer Prout ...ion, who has sought to present ...rk in as near its original form ...ern conditions will permit. The ... will be Mrs. Grace Bonner Willi... soprano; Miss Katherine Ricker, ...o; Mr. Clarence B. Shirley, ...and Mr. Charles Delmont, bass. ...orus of the union will be sup... by an orchestra made up of ...ny players, with Mr. Daniel ...s principal and Mr. Herman A... as organist, and Miss Edith ...accompanist. Tickets for the per...ce in Symphony Hall, Sunday ...g, the 16th inst., may be had at ...mphony Hall box office and at ... ...re of the Oliver Ditson Company.

A concert for the benefit of the Frances E. Willard settlement will be given ... Association Hall on Tuesday evening. Mrs. W. H. Stedman, soprano; Miss May Young, contralto; Messrs W. H. Stedman, baritone; George P. Chatterley, violinist; W. H. Chambers, cornetist, and Mrs. John F. Wood, reader, and Mr. G. P. Chatterley, pianist, will take part.

The choir of the Church of the Messiah, corner of Gainsboro and St. Stephen streets, under the direction of Mr. William Alden Paull, choirmaster, will give on Palm Sunday, April 16, at 7:30 P. M., "Olivet to Calvary," a sacred cantata by J. H. Maunder. The soloists will be the same as when the cantata was given last year. Mr. Hinton H. Jones, tenor, and Mr. Percy P. Wright, baritone. No tickets for admission will be required this year.

The music committee of the First Baptist Church, Commonwealth avenue, announces that the performances of the oratorio "Creation" have been postponed to April 16 and 23, when the same tickets can be used, the April 2 for the April 16 service and the April 9 one for the Easter night service.

Miss Sigrid Olsen, contralto, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on the evening of May 3.

Messrs. Fritz Kreisler and Joseph Hofmann will give a joint recital in Providence next Wednesday. Their success at the first appearance was so great that this second appearance is the result. The programme consists of compositions by Wagner, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and includes the "Kreutzer" sonata. The programme closes with Liszt's arrangement of the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

PERSONAL.

The London Globe informs us that much has been done during the last few years "to brighten the English Sunday," and names the institution of good concerts as not the least effective of the means adopted for reaching this desirable end. The Concert Club, organized for this purpose, gives Sunday afternoon concerts in Bechstein Hall. The orchestra is "composed of the pick" of the London Symphony orchestra, and the conductor is Mr. E. Fernandeza Arbos, the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra last season. Mr. Arbos has been warmly praised for his work. The Telegraph says that the performances show that "with a really first-class conductor in command, a not overwhelming body of players can make themselves heartily welcome." The Times characterizes "the eminent violinist" as "a remarkably fine conductor." The Morning Post describes Mr. Arbos' intermezzo "Arabian Nights" as "a delightful composition, cleverly scored and appropriately eastern in style; it pleased so much that it had to be repeated." Mr. Arbos has many warm friends in Boston who will be glad to learn of his success.

Van Dyck, the tenor, has been engaged for some performances of "Tristan" at the Paris Opera in this month and in May. "This should please Mr. Alvarez," as the Menestrel maliciously remarks.

Nikisch is one of those men who need exterior criticism, by reason of the very fact that he presents himself less in his own personality than in the many personalities of other people. We have never seen any reference in literature, despite the enormous growth of the modern conductor's influence, to the fact that he is, from a musical point of view, to all intents and purposes nothing more than an actor. David Garrick, for instance, arrested the attention of a theatre (as Fielding records in his "Tom Jones") by the magnificence of his natural interpretation of a certain part which exactly suited his temperament. Therefore, the bad critic would have none of him. By that same analogy the great modern conductor should act the part of the original composer of any work laid before him, so that in the end he may be dubbed great, or undistinguished, just by reason of the fact that he has interpreted well or ill any composer's meaning. The conductor, then, is an actor, pure and simple, and one of the greatest actors in this regard, living at the present day, is Arthur Nikisch. * * * Perhaps this may be one of the reasons why great composers are seldom great conductors, even though there may be exceptions to every rule.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Anton Tschaikow, a 14-year-old boy in London, has been chosen by Mr. Henry Wood as one of the first violins in his orchestra.

Surely we can get some sort of insight into the passage of years, by recollecting that Garcia was born within seven years of the death of Mozart; that Beethoven was his contemporary; that Verdi was his young companion; that the star of Wagner rose and set during his career; that Rossini spent his life after his birth and before his death; that Berlioz troubled the world with the main issue of his existence during his time; that a whole holocaust of musical minds passed him by like the ghosts in Macbeth. And still he is here to know, that time, if it has not improved the condition of music, has at all events produced genius which can hold its own even with the generation which we now call old age.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The New York World tells of a surprising pianist, Alice Boerenlzen, born seven years ago at Somerville, who is now living in New York. She plays the most difficult compositions "with a clear insight, with sympathy and understanding, and with wonderfully excellent technic." She began to play when she was 3 years old, took her first lesson at 4, and at the age of 5 went to Paris, where she studied with Marcou, and "each month won the prize given by the National Conservatory of Music." But when did they begin to give "monthly prizes" at the conservatory?

MESSAGER ON LIGHT OPERA.

Mr. Andre Messager has been talking to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette with reference to English opera. This celebrated composer and conductor "has none of the studied negligence and the other affectations of musical genius—the preoccupied gaze, the uncropped locks well-saved, the cascade of cravat, the brown velvet coat with the fancy buttons. He does not strum his fingers on the arm of his chair, or hum a bar of his latest success. He wears his greyish hair frankly and contentedly, but there is nothing of middle-age in his manner or his conversation. The one is as brisk as his moustache, the other as clear as his eye. Finally, he speaks English with the fluency and address of one who heartily admires the country and its people. Could there be a better proof of it than the fact that Mme. Messager is one of our most popular song writers—the gifted lady we know chiefly by the name of Hope Temple?"

Mr. Messager first freed his mind on the question of copyright: "I think it is lamentable that a man can be prosecuted for stealing your purse, while the man who steals your brains goes free. One would think Englishmen would get their copyright laws put into a better condition, especially as so many English works are being produced at the Paris theatres. To take recent musical works alone, there are 'The Geisha,' 'The Belle of New York' (American, of course, but it came to us from England), 'Florodora,' 'A Country Girl,' 'The Toreador,' and, very soon, I believe, 'The Cingalee.' These works have been treated with the greatest consideration in France, and their proprietary rights respected everywhere; and England should not be behindhand in a matter of this kind."

Mr. George Edwardes has said that musical comedy is dead. Mr. Messager is not of his opinion: "Of course, it has been overdone of recent years. Does not your Falstaff say something of the way in which the English make too much of a thing directly it becomes the fashion? I do not set my opinions against Mr. Edwardes', for he is a keen observer and a splendid business man; but I think there will always be an abundance of clever song and dialogue in England ready to put into this kind of work. It is very doubtful whether Paris will ever again have a cluster of brilliant talents like the famous collaboration of Offenbach with Meilhac and Halevy; and it is still more doubtful if you will ever see a couple of creative artists so perfectly paired as were Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Quite apart from their enduring hold upon the public, their operas are still a model and a school by themselves, and no one who aims at success in this field can ever afford to ignore the Savoy tradition in the future. It was when Mr. D'Oyly Carte attempted the greater scheme of a national grand opera that he was doomed to fail. Sir Alexander Mackenzie points out this week that to open as Mr. Carte did in 1891 with one opera and practically nothing in reserve was simply theatrical gambling. Whether the one piece is a masterpiece or not, it means staking everything—capital, public support, and a group of brilliant artists (for they were nothing less)—it means staking everything on a single card. My own opera, 'La Basoche,' a story of the days of Louis XII., was well produced, but it shared the general fate when the project fell through; and failure was doubly disastrous because it prevented many a sound scheme since."

Mr. Messager looks doubtfully on the proposal for a state theatre in England. "I know something of state subventions, as musical director of the Opera Comique, and our experience in Paris has not been of a kind to encourage you here in London. The machinery of official administration is not so complicated in England as it is in France, but there would be the same leakage in the way of complimentary seats. In one year I found that as against £300,000 of grant from the state, we had to give out free seats to a total of £247,000; so you see we were not much in pocket at the end. No, I think there is enough enthusiasm and wealth in this country to endow a national opera house worthy of the name, and capable of producing the best modern and classical works. In this general range of production and revival, English work would take a very large share, and deservedly so. I doubt if Englishmen have ever given a thought to the number of English composers capable of producing a first-class score, or to what you are losing simply for want of encouragement and a house to produce the highest work. I know one English composer who has two finished operas in his desk well worthy of the best staging possible, and there must be others laboring under the same disadvantage. Believe me, this is a case above all others where opportunity makes the man. I am surprised that some one does not lead the way, considering that London offers such an audience as exists nowhere else. When I first came here 10 or 12 years ago I knew no English, and I felt utterly lost. But I found Englishmen were far more adept at languages—more proficient, do you say?—than they give themselves credit for. It did not take me long to feel at home here, and that feeling grew more and more on acquaintance. What strikes me nowadays more than anything is the wonderful variety of tastes that exist in the London population, and the way in which the most diverse productions can succeed side by side. In the Strand at the present moment you have 'The Taming of the Shrew' at one theatre and 'The Catch of the Season' almost next door, and between these two works there is a gulf of three centuries; yet it is hard to say which finds the more favor in this busy age of ours. Just a word in conclusion, and this to your literary men. I am fond of English books, and no man who has for many years been searching for good libretti can fail to note how many poets of talent you have here in England. Cannot they be persuaded to learn what are the requirements of an opera libretto? There are many classical operas, particularly Italian, spoiled for production and revival over here by the wretched character of the translations hitherto available. Perhaps if your verse-writers would turn their attention to this field it would train them for more original ventures, and the world of music and art generally would be undoubtedly the gainer."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" in G minor and major for strings (orchestra and quartet) were performed for the first time, March 8, at London. The composer conducted. Mr. Blackburn wrote of them: "Elgar himself, a man with keen sense of literature, heads his piece with a quotation from 'Cymbeline,' 'A Smiling with a Sigh.' Excited to the point of creativeness, as the great musician lets us know, by Welsh scenery and Welsh idiom, the thought of this composition gradually, even with great slowness, surged into his mind. It was in the valley of the Wye, that strange river of dreams, that he finally brought his work to practical issue; and singularly beautiful that work is. We have indicated that the composer regards the work practically as a quartet; but if the orchestra is to be regarded as an essential element in the matter, the term should be changed to something more nearly descriptive. This, however, is a matter of detail, and it only has to be recorded that Elgar's dramatic sense is here in its most highly developed stage, and that the influence of a particular mood is expressed by him with such absolute truth and beauty that one likes to think of him as the English musician of today who never published a bar which is dictated by insincerity of thought. He dedicates the score to 'his friend Prof. Sanford of Yale University, U. S. A.'"

Busoni's Bach transcriptions: "We are not among those who greatly love transcriptions from the great masters. It would seem, however, that every effort to prevent any sort of tampering with works as they were originally conceived by men of past generations, and this probably, on the very plausible grounds that if they had lived at the present day they would have composed works for present day instruments, must be absolutely futile; it must also be remembered that the particular genius, if the word may be so used, of every separate instrument demands a particular treatment; one little case in point can be immediately recalled. In the much abused 'drawing room music' of Sullivan's 'Utopia,' the absolute necessity of playing the sustained passages in brass is obvious to anybody who plays it on the pianoforte. Wherefore, as Bach, probably the greatest musical genius that ever lived, did not write for the modern pianoforte, it is obvious, even through a system of logic, that any translation of his work into modern form does not represent him at his best. Busoni assuredly is a really great musician; of that there can be no doubt. From his first coming to England we have always been impressed with an absolute feeling of his importance in his playing; without making any comparisons with any of his great contemporaries who may excel him in separate points, he at all events has this sort of solid brilliance, which is, perhaps, lacking in fantasy, but which, nevertheless, abides in the memory longer than does the work of men with, possibly, more dazzling gifts. To conclude with Dr. Johnson's magnificent phrase—if their flight is higher, he remains longer on the wing."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth and last concert of the Boston Symphony quartet. Mozart's quartet in B flat major (K: 589); Saint-Saens' 'cello sonata in C minor, op. 32; Mendelssohn's octet for strings, op. 20. Mme. Samoroff, pianist, and the Hoffmann quartet will assist.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Last 'cello recital by Mr. Anton Hekking. Excerpts from concertos by Sitt and Vieuxtemps, and pieces by Servais, Chopin, MacDowell and von Goens.

TUESDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. Fifth annual performance of the opera school of the New England Conservatory of Music.

WEDNESDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M. Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's fourth and last lenten song recital.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth and last concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor. Davies' "Hymn Before Action," Debois' "Brier Rose," "Ave Maria" from Bruch's "Cross of Fire" (Miss Rio, soprano); Gibson's "Drum," Schumann's "The Dreamy Lake," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," arranged by Brewer (with organ and piano; J. Strauss' "Wine, Woman and Song," "Ave Maria," Gounod-Bach (Miss Rio, soprano); Osgood's "In Picardie," Reinecke's "Dan Cupid," Gounod's "Gloria in Excelsis." Miss Rio will sing songs by Wagner, Grieg and R. Strauss.

THURSDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by Messrs. Willy Hess, Rudolph Krasselk, Carl Faelten, under the auspices of the Faelten pianoforte school.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Hadley's symphony, "The Four Seasons," Brahm's variations on a theme by Haydn, Liszt's Festklaenge. Mr. Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, will sing two arias.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Farewell piano recital by Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-first concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

"EROICA" GIVEN ON CENTENARY

The programme of the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3..........Beethoven
Concerto Grosso No. 12, in B minor.....Handel
"The Youth of Hercules"..........Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 3, E flat major, "Eroica". Beethoven

The programme was suddenly changed possibly as a tribute to Beethoven whose "Eroica" symphony was first performed in Vienna, April 7, 1805. The overture, "Leonore" No. 3, was substituted for the overture to Smetana's opera "The Kiss," which had been announced.

The "Eroica" was first performed 10[0] years ago on April 7, according to the authoritative biographers of Beethoven and according to evidence contemporaneous with the performance. Yet Austrian journals this season have spoken of March 7 as the date of the concert, and this date was observed by the Royal orchestra of Dresden at its symphony concert. As a matter of fact the very first performance was at a private concert at Prince Lobkowitz's some time in December of 1804, when the composer conducted and came to grief in the second half of the first allegro, so that a fresh start was necessary. And what were the criticisms of the first public performance? Beethov...

in conducted, and some one shouted n the gallery: "I'd give another utzer if they would stop." Some the work would gain if it were rtened, if there were more "light, rness, unity"; others found it a ture of "the excellent, the grotesque, tiresome." The fast friends of composer hailed it as a masterpiece. eethoven himself must have had elvings about the length of the work, he wrote this note in the score: ice this symphony is longer than an inary symphony, it should be perned at the beginning rather than at end of a concert, either after an rture or an aria, or after a concerto. t he performed too late, there is the ger that it will not produce on the ience, whose attention will be alady wearied by preceding pieces, the ct which the composer purposed in own mind to attain." Alas, little or attention is paid to this request to-, and it must be confessed that after hour of listening to music good, bad indifferent, wherever or whenever symphony is played, it does seem long, even when the performance is t admirable.

he commentators have been busy the work, but, in spite of their t ingenious labor, they have been ble to lessen the grandeur or chip beauty of its pages. One fanatical shipper of the composer found in the ued passage of the first movement entrance of the 19th century. Wagnsisted that the word "heroic" rs, not to any particular hero, not to oleon, whom Beethoven undoubtedly in mind when he was composing symphony, but to the full-fledged in whom are all the purely human ings. That mad wag, von Buelow, nnly rededicated the symphony to marck. The commentators imagine things, they chatter and write and e their little day. They pass away their words are forgotten or are served for the wonder or the amusent of generations after them; the k itself remains, nor do 100 years nish or belittle it. Certain formulas, formulas, may seem old-fashioned, they are still vitalized by the weight he thought cast in the bygone mold. s is music that is the expression of t which is unutterable in speech. i is the plaintive second theme of first movement charged with inble yearning. Still in the rich treatnt of the musical thoughts is seen working of a titanic yet very human d.

has been asked, and not so irreverry as might appear, why masterpieces such a bore. These questioners uld jump "King Lear," "Paradise t," "The Divine Comedy," the roica" and the Ninth together. The stion is as a recoil from the feeling eing o'ermastered, almost crushed. y that would have the indisputably at musical works performed in and of season, they that would have m as daily and necessary food, would k quicker and more enduring injury hem than the longest flight of time. andel's concerto is interesting, efly by reason of the beautiful ghetto, an air that is both tender solemn. It is doubtful whether he nself took the allegros seriously. It recorded of him that he once anred a flatterer, a man like Chrysan-, who applied the doctrine of nary inspiration to every bit of ndel's enormous musical baggage, by ing the orchestral concerto or suite which the flatterer had reference was r stuff, written in haste, to serve e passing and inconsiderable occan. These allegros often remind one he operation of sawing wood; there the same impression of perfunctory rk and of monotonous expression.

int-Saens' symphonic poem gave ch pleasure, although the end for e seemed ineffective, thin where it uld overwhelm by its majestic adth. When it was first produced tain Parisian critics denied the posility of painting in tones a mental flict and a mental decision—abstract tters, as a choice between virtue and asure. It may be said of the music t Pleasure as portrayed by Saintns is more radiant and enchanting n Virtue, so that the choice of rcules is the more to be commended; t the musician and the idle lover of sic will find keener pleasure in the resentation of Pleasure, both in ss and in thought.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. S. W. Jamieson, pianist, assisted Mrs. Ernestine Fish, contralto, and s. Emilie W. Wilkins, accompanist, l give a concert in Steinert Hall on esday evening, the 25th, at 8:15 clock. He will play Coleridge-Tayr's "African Suite," op. 35 (first time e), and pieces by Gottschalk, Henselt, illak and Schubert Tausig. Mrs. Fish ll sing songs by Hildach, Holmes, ttschalk, Miss Lang.

he Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. ngy, conductor, will give its last con-t in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evenr, the 18th, at 8:15 o'clock. The programme will include Guiraud's "Carnal," Lefebvre's prelude to "Eloa," ausson's "Hymne Vedique," suite itania," Hue; "Tristia," Berlioz; enade, Beethoven; two excerpts from zet's "Arlesienne" suite, No. 2. The ces by Chausson and Hue will be yed for the first time in America.

he programme of the chamber music ital given by Messrs. Hess, Krasselt Faelten in Huntington Chambers ll on Wednesday evening will include ethoven's trio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3. W. Rust's violin sonata in D minor Raff's trio in G major, op. 112.

April 11, 1905

FATHER AND SON.

Mr. Michael Finn, brought into the police court at Minneapolis on the charge of vagrancy, swore that he was 84 years old, and he refused to give his true name on the ground that his father was an old man, who might die from shock if he should hear that his son had disgraced the family. His word was doubted, and there was informal talk about the workhouse, although the judge admitted that it was no place for a man of Mr. Finn's age. The accused thought it over and determined to run the risk of shocking his venerable parent, who was then summoned. The father appeared, grasped the reckless boy by the collar and marched him home, for the judge, amazed, consented. This same father was over 100 years old, and so spry that the spectators foresaw a scene in a woodshed with a hickory stick in action.

Better such rude discipline among old men than the reverse, as illustrated in an old Grecian story repeated by Montaigne. Let Florio tell it in his wonderful translation, which it is now the fashion for the smug to flout: "He that was met beating of his father, answered, it was the custom of his house; that his father had so beaten his grandfather, and he his great-grandfather, and, pointing to his son, said: 'This child shall also beat me when he shall come to my age.' And the father, whom the son haled and dragged through thick and thin in the street, commanded him to stay at a certain door, for himself had dragged his father no farther, which were the bounds of the hereditary and injurious demeanors the children of that family were wont to show their fathers."

DESPOTISM AND ART.

Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff, one of the most distinguished composers of music now living, has been dismissed from the faculty of the St. Petersburg Conservatory on account of his manly attitude during the students' strike. The dismissal has aroused indignation throughout Russia, and this indignation is awake in Paris, London, Berlin, Boston, for Rimsky-Korsakoff is a world-man.

This composer and teacher is not young and wild-eyed, a person of doubtful antecedents. He is in his 62d year. From 1856 to 1862 he attended the Marine School of St. Petersburg. He sailed around the world as a midshipman in the service of the Czar, and he did not leave the service until 1873. He was then appointed inspector of all the imperial naval bands, and he discharged this duty until the office was abolished in 1884. He has more than once refused the directorship of the conservatory in which he has found delight in teaching. With his musical colleagues, Cesar Cui, a general and a professor of fortification, Moussorgsky, a regimental officer, Borodin, professor of chemistry in an imperial institution, Rimsky-Korsakoff served faithfully more than one Czar.

It has been said that republics are hostile to the arts; that art is encouraged only by a ruler; that the more rigid the rule, the more art flourishes. It is a pretty theory, but do the facts sustain it? The despotism of a ruler may have provoked extraordinary activity in literature; but the pecuniary patronage shown painters and musicians was that of a rich man who happened to be a ruler. It would be untrue to say, on the other hand, that Czars and grand dukes have not at times fostered music for love of it. The letters of Tschaikowsky to the Grand Duke Constantine show the latter to be a critic of more than ordinary taste, and Tschaikowsky's evident admiration of him was genuine, for the latter was of a proud and independent soul. There are timorous days and nights now in St. Petersburg. Imperial orders are given out as a madman beats upon a drum. Rimsky-Korsakoff was dismissed by "the business management of the conservatory committee," but the order was through them, not from them. No wonder that committee men of other imperial musical societies in St. Petersburg are resigning to show their sympathy with Rimsky-Korsakoff and their approval of his actions.

CONSUMPTION'S FOE.

Men of science now say that the tapeworm is the born and sworn enemy of the germ of consumption; that the amiable or unamiable host of the former will never suffer from the latter. This brings up an interesting question as to a choice of evils, not unlike the famous question asked when there was agitation concerning sparrows. Consumption is certainly more romantic, and has been preferred by the poets. The literary have for some reason avoided the other subject, although John Phoenix suggested that in it was to be found the origin of the "editorial we." We were informed lately by a wise person that the tapeworm is a nuisance of comparatively modern invention. He is sadly in error. The taenia was known to the ancients, though it was never a welcome guest. The symptoms are described with horrid detail—emaciation of the body, loss of strength, gnashing of the teeth, frightful dreams. A long list of remedies is given, but there is no allusion to pumpkin seeds, a favorite prescription in southern France and Algiers for the ver solitaire. Alexander Trallian, in his "Epistle on Worms," a most entertaining treatise, says that the intruders are engendered by corruption of food, but the French believe they come from sheep, and others point vindictively to the hog. Celebrated men have not escaped. Mr. Saleza, for instance, who sang Romeo with such passionate conviction, had a hard time of it and was obliged to leave the stage for a year or two. Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny, prefers the term "broadworm," but the Oxford Dictionary does not include it. The Germans use the term "bandwurm," and how picturesque, then, is the phrase, "der reine Bandwurm" to denote the height of tediousness.

Those suffering from this unbidden guest are to be classed with the unfortunates whose grotesque maladies forbid parlor commiseration. Milton mentions "fierce catarrhs" and asthmas in his dreadful description of the world as a hospital, but there is no allusion to the taenia; and Poe's "the conqueror worm" is one of another kind. Consumption has long been called New England's curse. Alice Morse Earl suggests that the disease was nourished and increased by the scanty dress of women early in the nineteenth century, when walking dresses in January, 1807, were of white jaconet muslin; when the neck and portions of the arms were left bare even for outdoor wear; when women like the wife of Gov. Trumbull would ride for miles in an open sleigh in an organdie gown, low-necked and sleeveless, with an unlined cloth cape for extra covering. A rhyme of the day tells the story:

> "Plump and rosy was my face
> And graceful was my form;
> Till fashion deemed it a disgrace
> To keep my body warm."

And it should be remembered that underclothing was then of the slightest texture, close cut, and of few pieces. Again we quote from a sweet poet:

> "Many filled, 'tis said, with pride,
> Have laid their underclothes aside;
> Such healthful dress they do despise,
> And naught but gauze and muslin prize."

What one of those fair dames would have admitted even the thought of the solitary guest as the triumphant foe of consumption! We should now all take a more sensible view of the situation, for pumpkins are always with us.

FUNEREAL DOVE COTS.

So there is to be a columbarium in Forest Hills cemetery. The word may surprise many, though some of them, remembering their Latin, will have vague associations with dove cots.

The word "columbarium" with its primary meaning is not Ciceronian Latin, yet, as signifying "dove cot," it is classical. There is a distinction in the use of "columba" and "columbus." The former, a dove without any special reference to its sex, is of feminine gender, and was used by Cicero in connection with any dove. "Columbus," a male pigeon or dove, is found in Horace, but not in Cicero, and Varro, in his treatise on the Latin language, which is dedicated to Cicero, makes this curious note: "In old times 'columba' meant either a male or female dove, because the bird was not in common usage; but today the bird is in usage, and the language has been obliged to distinguish between 'columbus,' the male, and 'columba,' the female." These dove cots were of great size, and they were often built to provide homes for 4000 or 5000 birds.

For years the word "columbarium" was applied by the Romans to other things: The hole where a rafter rests; a hole out of which the water runs after it is taken by the mill wheel; a hole through which an oar is put; and then a subterraneous vault serving for a tomb; or, as others say, the plural form "columbaria" designated the niches for holding cinerary urns.

The word was adopted only recently by English writers, either as pigeon-house or pigeon-hole, or as sepulchre with niches or holes for urns. Grant, in the "Cameronians" (1881), was the first to write about "columbaria for the pigeons." Dr. Maitland, in "The Church in the Catacombs" (1846), described niches giving a chamber the appearance of a dove cot, "whence its name of columbarium." There is an allusion in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." As one spoke of the tombs of the Capulets, so one might refer to the columbarium of a family, whose dead members had been purified by fire and reduced to ashes.

It is a singular fact that Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote so nobly of urn burial, whose style is embossed with Latinisms, does not use "columbarium" or "columbaria." He mentions the "feretra," or biers of wood; the "ustrina," a place for burning corpses; the "vas ustrinum," or vessel wherein the dead were burnt; but there is no reference to the urn-cot, even in this quaintly sonorous passage: "The ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclos. All urns contained not single ashes; without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones; passionately endeavoring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbors in the grave, to lie urn by urn, and touch but in their manes. And many were so curious to continue their living relations that they contrived large and family urns, wherein the ashes of their nearest friends and kindred might successively be received, at least some parcels thereof, while their collateral memorials lay in minor vessels about them."

Nor were the columbaria always in subterranean sepulchre for the guarding of urns. The ancient Jews, who preferred entombment and after that interment, honey-combed rock-hewn walls that formed the vestibules of certain tombs with minute columbaria, but in these only lamps were placed.

April 11, 1905

Mme. Samaroff Assists Boston Symphony Quartet in Its Closing Concert, and Proves a Pianist of Remarkable Charm.

The Boston Symphony quartet, assisted by Mme. Samaroff, pianist, and the Hoffmann quartet, gave its sixth and last concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. There was a highly delighted audience of good size. The programme included Mozart's quartet in B-flat major (K. 589), Saint Saens' 'cello sonata in C minor, op. 32; Mendelssohn's octet in E-flat major, op. 20.

The quartet by Mozart was played with much finish, yet the performance was not finical or lifeless in consequence. While the work itself is not to be ranked with the great quartets of the composer, it is charming by reason of its serene euphony and old-time fr

grace. The long, too long, first movement of Mendelssohn's octet was played with a verve and a gusto that were contagious. The music was extraordinary for a boy of 16 years; it would have been unusually good for a mature musician of the period. Seldom has a talented composer presented such early proof of his gifts and in after years surpassed only occasionally the work that gave promise as well as assurance. There are few of Mendelssohn's compositions that have stood the test of time so bravely as this octet and the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream." There is more romantic flight in the "Hebrides" overture, but how perfumery and mannered seem many of the other later works!

Mme. Samaroff and Mr. Krasselt played Saint-Saens' sonata for piano and 'cello exceedingly well. The former, an American by birth but of German lineage, is a Russian by marriage. We hear that she was educated musically in Paris and that she returns to Europe this week. She gave a recital in New York last January. Let us hope that she will come back to this city next season and be heard with the Symphony Orchestra and in recital, for she is a pianist of fine talent and of marked individuality. Saint-Saens' sonata is not a work that any virtuoso pianist, eager for self-display, would choose as her card of introduction. It was composed about 1872, when Saint-Saens had the 'cello on his mind, for his first concerto for this instrument, and also an allegro appassionata for the 'cello and piano, are of about the same date. The first and third movements are characterized by an intensity and a passion that we are not accustomed to associate with Saint-Saens, and there are moods of a yearning sensuousness in the opening allegro that are harmonically suggested rather than melodically expressed. The contrasting andante, a solemn choral, is of a quiet beauty, so that in the whole work there is no salient feature that invites thoughtless applause, and any tribute of admiration must go out to the players from the musical hearer, not from one that is pleased only when he is astonished or overmastered by plainly defined and overripe melody, compelling rhythm, or a thunderous speech. That the art of Mme. Samaroff was so quickly appreciated was a genuine tribute. Her touch is varied and agreeable; she is a colorist of exquisite nuances; she sings in melodic expression; she has breadth and fire; she is musical to her finger tips. Add to this an individual and exotic personal charm unconsciously exerted, and grace and modesty of bearing, Mr. Krasselt was at his best.

Mr. Hess may well be congratulated on the success of the series of concerts that have now passed into the musical annals of the town. The results of his labor and that of his associates are apparent and grateful, and his audience will look forward with pleasure to the series of six concerts which will be given next season.

MR. HEKKING'S RECITAL.

Delighted Audience in Steinert Hall Rapturously Applauds the Eminent Artist's Performance.

Mr. Anton Hekking gave his third 'cello recital last evening in Steinert Hall. He played the andante and finale from a concerto by Vieuxtemps, the andante and finale from a concerto by Hans Litt, Servais' "Characteristic Fantasia" and shorter pieces by Chopin, MacDowell and Von Goens. Mr. Arthur Rosenstein was the accompanist.

Repeated hearings only deepen the impression made by Mr. Hekking's former appearances. He played last evening with a breadth, a beauty of tone and an intensity of emotional abandon that were constantly thrilling. That any performer could maintain unflagging interest in a 'cello recital is in itself a tribute to his art. Mr. Hekking made the recital a rare experience. He made the hearer forget the naturally limited resources of the instrument and the restricted catalogue of 'cello music. His programme was full of interest, unconventional and satisfying from every point of view. In such pieces as the andante of Vieuxtemps, Chopin's nocturne and MacDowell's romance the wonderful richness of his tone made deep appeal. But it was more than the appeal of pure beauty; it was glowing, vibrant, strangely stirring, arousing in the hearer the need of demonstrative response. Every moment in the performance was vivid; certain moments were like a breath of life. There was an audience of moderate size and immoderate enthusiasm. The 'cellist was recalled again and again, and was obliged to add to the programme.

THE SUNLESS.

The Herald has mentioned Mr. John Monaghan of the Bronx, who will not rent his flats to childless couples. He loves children and wishes to see them and their parents happy. His purpose is much to be commended, but is he a true benefactor to the little ones?

In London physicians and poor law guardians are of the opinion that the monotony of flat life is the direct cause of many of the cases of lunacy. Dr. Forbes Winslow, who is said to have enjoyed a personal acquaintanceship with Jack-the-Ripper, looks upon city life as solitary confinement which produces depression and lunacy. Reference is here made no doubt to the older persons in the huge burgess warrens, but what is the effect of flat life on the children? It may be said that there is line running in the long, narrow corridor; that there is roof-sport; that the court is an inexhaustible well of interest; but however spacious or luxurious the flat may be, the inevitable playground is the street. The child does not even have a paved backyard with a clothespole for vegetation. The boy or girl in the city house has a hard enough time of it; the lot of the child in the flat is still more unfortunate.

The fire worshipper is not without excuse. We wonder at the endeavor of the New York County Medical Society to break up the cult of sun worshippers, and we understand the wildness of Mrs. Matilda Kassel in New York, who announced the fact that she was a fire worshipper and then soaked the bed clothes in kerosene preparatory to firing the flat house and incidentally herself. The surprise is that every flat dweller is not a sun or fire worshipper. For how many flats there are that are dark and dreary!

An English physician and an architect have invented a scheme for a rotary house. This house, by an ingenious mechanical device, can be turned so as to follow the sun in its mighty course. It is said that the scheme is impracticable; but the idea is nobly philanthropic. How careful the ancients in their placing a house! Read the chapters of Vitruvius devoted to the consideration of this point. Dining and bath rooms used in winter should face the setting sun, because then is there chief need of light and gentle heat. Bed chambers and libraries, on the contrary, should face the rising sun. Dining-rooms used in the spring and in the fall should look toward the east, "because the windows being closed until the sun wears its going down enables one to preserve a more equable temperature." Rooms for summer use should face the north, "thus they will always be fresh, healthful and agreeable, for they are not exposed to the burning sun, whose heat is insupportable, especially during the summer solstice; and this disposition is also the best for workrooms and the rooms of embroiderers and painters, because the constant light does not allow the colors to vary."

In the flat the dining-room is the same for all seasons, nor is Vitruvius himself so foolish as to insist on the same disposition for all climates and countries. The rotary apartment house would be of incalculable benefit, but of course there should be room enough for the house to turn, and this in a city is hardly possible. Nor can the child be always moved about in the stationary flat so as to bathe in sunlight. There are apartment houses of large pretensions, sunless as the sea to which Alph, the sacred river. Is it a wonder that so many parents of even moderate means strain every nerve to give their children a home outside the city walls, where they can play somewhere save in a dust choked street, where they can breathe comparatively pure air and become familiar with grass and trees, and learn wisdom from association with normally disposed and philosophic dogs and cats. The cry of the children in huddled tenements is as bitter as that of factory children, and there are factories in which the little employes have more sun and light than at home. The fashionable apartment house may be as a jail with sumptuously appointed cells, with a janitor as warden.

REASONABLE HACKS.

We are informed by men worthy of all credence that there are citizens of Boston who are anxious to join the Authors' Club, but they are debarred by the fact that they have not written a book. They have read original and manuscript poems at social gatherings, and their "efforts" have been rewarded with alcoholic applause. They have contributed letters of protest to journals of the city. But their intellectual flight has not been sustained, and they have no book to offer to the election committee as a guarantee of literary worth and vigor.

Do they not know that there are ingenious persons who advertise in newspapers, especially in England, their eagerness to write novels to order for any one yearning to appear before the world as an author, who, for a consideration, is allowed to sign his own name to the novel thus written? Mr. Basil Tozer, for the sake of amusement, answered an advertisement and he received this typewritten document:

To "Paradox," 0000, Advertisement Department of — —, London.

This is to declare (1), that my letter signed "Basil Tozer," and dated "——, 190—," is sent to you with my authority; (2), that "Basil Tozer" is my true name; (3), that I hereby promise to let no person or persons whomsoever see any letter or letters that I may hereafter receive from you that may have any bearing upon or in any way relate to the subject of your advertisement beginning with the words "— — —," that appears on the front page of — — — published in London and dated ——, 190—, and that I will under no circumstance or circumstances whatsoever communicate, hint at, or in any other way cause or allow to be communicated or otherwise disclose the contents of any such letter or letters, or any part or parts thereof, to any person or persons whomsoever.

Signed (Christian names and surname in full) .....

Address (in full) .....

Date .....

As the ensuing correspondence was necessarily confidential, Mr. Tozer holds his tongue concerning the methods of "Paradox," but he wrote to a literary "ghost" in Ireland, who did not demand secrecy. This hack replied: "You must please tell me in the first place just exactly what you wish, that is to say, whether you require stories that are dreamy, or highly spiced, or sensational and exciting, or just merely love." Did he mean by "dreamy," tales after the manner of Mr. Yeats or Fiona Macleod? We are left in ignorance. Mr. Tozer preferred "just merely love." The hack answered: "A simple love story of, say, 3000 words, suitable for a magazine for the home or a domestic pamphlet I could do for you for six guineas; you have the right to put you name on it, me to have nothing further to say about it." A third letter came in which the hack regretted Mr. Tozer's inability to avail himself of the offer; but he was willing to make an exception by letting him have "the domestic masterpiece" for "four guineas complete, cash with order, or for six guineas, payable by six monthly instalments, the first deposit to accompany order."

Mr. Tozer tried a third, who wanted "four guineas a thousand words and so on pro rata up to 5000 words, above which length I make a reduction." Mr. Tozer asks: "Does this gentleman write for the Vanderbilts, or for whom? He must be at quite the very top of his profession—a literary 'ghost' who has taken honors, so to speak, and whom one would expect to find supping at Claridge's in the company of duchesses and grand dukes." The charge does not seem to us preposterous; it is at the rate of only two cents a word. But English publishers are not generally so liberal as their American colleagues. One of the former told us lately that he was obliged to pay American contributors to a series of books announced in his prospectus at a much higher rate than one that satisfied Englishmen of reputation. Mr. Tozer came to the conclusion that the literary "ghost" of the twentieth century is of many grades and expects to be paid according to his status. One "who has been raised among field hands or is accustomed to mix chiefly with scullery maids isn't going to make your glittering heroine at four guineas a thousand words talk as she ought to talk, or at least has been bred up to talk, and that, no doubt, is just where 'money talks' when it comes to employing a high-class literary 'ghost' in preference to some suburban creature." But would not a hack who asks six guineas a thousand words object to Mr. Tozer's "bred up" as archaic or obsolete?

Fielding represents a hack in "The Author's Farce" as charging sixpence for each fitting of the motto "Risum teneatis Amici" to a dozen pamphlets—six shillings in all. Mr. Tozer would consider the demand excessive. Six guineas a thousand words would seem cheap to some of the wealthy unemployed of any large American city who court literary fame.

April 12, 1905

OPERA SCHOOL GIVES CONCERT

The fifth public performance by members of the Opera School of the New England Conservatory of Music was given yesterday afternoon in the Boston Theatre. There was a chorus of Conservatory pupils, and the full orchestra was made up of players from the Boston Symphony and the Conservatory orchestras. Mr. Oreste Bimboni, the director of the Opera School, conducted. There was a large audience, but the theatre was not crowded as it has been on former occasions.

The programme was as follows: Judgment scenes from the fourth act of "Aida," Mrs. May M. Stokell, Mr. Franklin L. Wood and chorus; Invocation and trio from act I. of "Un Ballo in Maschera" and aria, duet, trio and finale from act II. of the same opera, Mrs. Jean L. Sherburne, Miss Mabel Stanaway, Messrs. Elisha P. Perry, Robert A. Seaman, John J. Mogan, Wood and chorus; fountain scene and duet from Bimboni's "Haiducut," Miss Sarah F. Fisher and Mr. Mogan; excerpt from the third act of "Carmen," Mrs. Martha Richardson, Miss Edna Sheehy, Messrs. Ray Finel, Serman, Storer, Wood and chorus; buffo duet from Rossi's "I Falsi Monetari"; act IV. of "Carmen," Mrs. Richardson, Miss Sheehy, Messrs. Finel, Seaman and chorus.

Some may say that performances of this character are in the nature of school exhibitions and should be treated by the general public and the newspapers as such; that the pupils sing and act for the entertainment of their kinsfolk and friends, and to give the teachers the opportunity of judging the present stage of proficiency, the latent possibilities, the merits and the faults of those intrusted to their guidance and supervision; that any published account of the exhibition should be only friendly and encouraging or one of indiscriminate praise. The fact that the performances are advertised, that they are open to the general public, that an admission fee is charged—all this does not affect the matter in question. It must be confessed that this position is more than plausible, although indiscriminate praise in a journal would be unkind and injurious toward the pupils and the school itself.

It may justly be said of the performance yesterday that it was superior in several respects to the one of last season. First of all, the singing itself, without reference to any dramatic action, was of a generally higher order than it was last year. The pupils that took part in the two performances have as a rule made genuine progress. They are not so self-conscious in action, they have more repose, they sing with more art and with more freedom.

Consider for a moment the ease of a young woman, with little or no concert experience, who appears in an operatic scene. She seldom, if ever, is a singer of such skill, confidence, authority that in a scene of action she is able to impersonate a character without the obsessing thought of vocal endeavor. She is then tempted to throw overboard all the elementary rules of song, to rely on main vocal strength, the conductor, and an indulgent Providence. She is obliged to sing in a foreign language with which she is imperfectly acquainted even in the matter of pronunciation. She is obliged to impersonate a character, a task that in some instances taxes heavily the resources of an experienced and routine singing playactress. Add to this, natural nervousness and the inevitable drudgery and fatigue of preparation. The wonder is that at such exhibitions some do not fail pitiably. The surprise is that many do so well.

Such schools as this opera school are of benefit to pupils, the public and music itself. The thought of appearing in an operatic scene stimulates the pupil to earnest study; it enlarges the horizon of student life; it interests the public in a work to which it might otherwise be indifferent; it tests the capacity of the teacher as well as that of his pupil; it may lead the public to inquire into the reason why there is no long season of opera in English, and at reasonable prices, in this city. Such a school should be as a feeder to an established opera house. As operatic affairs are now managed in this country, what is there in the future for the most promising of these pupils? A minor part in some comic opera company, or a position in Mr. Savage's grand opera chorus, with the hope of promotion. The time may come when, even in local opera schools, young American singers will be taught to study operas in English. This at present seems as a wild dream.

Even in the performance itself a singer may not be able to appear to advantage. Who could say much with any justice about the voice or the vocal art of Mrs. Stokell yesterday? The voice was almost always covered by the orchestra.

At the same time it may be said without wounding the susceptibilities of others who were perhaps not so advantageously displayed that Mrs. Sherburne, Miss Fisher, Miss Wither, Messrs. Wood, Seaman and Mogan showed not only the good results of faithful work in the opera school, but more or less dramatic instinct. There were occasionally in the excitement of appearance and in singing with orchestra vocal sins of commission and omission and emission, but such faults

were as a rule easily excused and were less frequent than on former tions. The hearer remembers with ial pleasure certain phrases of Mrs. ourne, the pleasing simplicity of Fisher, the straightforward manli- of Mr. Seaman's delivery, the force of Miss Wither and Mr. n, and the natural beauty of Mrs. rdson's voice. Furthermore, the g finale of the second act of "Un in Maschera"—which is to be d with Verdi's most dramatic and lve finales—was creditably per- ed by amateurs of little experience, the difficulties of performance aken into account.

scene from Mr. Bimboni's Rou- an opera shows the dramatic in- t and experience of this excellent uctor. It is frankly a fantastical , and the orchestra is employed much more than routine skill to tuate the stage effects.

audience was impartially ap- ive. There were flowers for the n; there was a huge wreath for Bimboni, who was obliged to bow hanks from the stage after the from "Haidueue"; the singers moro than once recalled after scene.

SUICIDE CLUBS.

last one of the suicide club at eport, Ct., is dead, aud not by wn hand. Of the merry thirteen, chose a gun, short or long; two carbolic acid; one hanged him- another misused a razor, and still er was found drowned. The presi- of the jesters that once delighted y piuochle and drink beer should have made a melodramatic end- put he died from natural causes, hortly before his death he denied xistence of the club.

re is reason to believe that there been more than one club in this ry devoted to the best interests icide. There may be a difference details of the working; there may improvement on the methods de- d by Stevenson. Meetings may eued with the reading of extracts Col. Bob Ingersoll's once cele- d article; a copy of the "Anti- sias" may be burned once a year; ere and there, no doubt, are little s of wearied or desperate men en- glug each other to go through the door of Epictetus.

d so there are clubs of a pro- lly gentler nature in which a man kill his better self. Many of them f benefit to members, city, state, if only social intercourse of an ting character is the charter ex- for existence. If a friendlier spirit ltivated between business men nt any special thought of science, or expressly named charity, the —and the parish is the world to men—is thereby brighter. Yet best of clubs in the most respect- parish a man may easily kill him-

do not refer directly to undue olic indulgence or to the mania of ling, although a weak man is ex- l to strong temptations in any club e a social glass, an approved febri- a needed bracer may lead the ow-pated into vicious habits, and nocent game of poker may fire the er to pursue the tiger by day and ight. We refer to the self-slaughter dividuality. How many there are on entering a club, think at once me elective office. The poor wretch, he has written to all his friends his tailor on club stationery, begins ink of the election or executive or credible as it may seem to the ex- eed—the house committee. To his end he must be classed among safe and the sound; therefore he is y in his demeanor, he is approved person of acquiescent opinions and iliatory vote. In a literary club the itious one is inclined to be con- ative and side with Mr. Barrett dell in the opinion that Poe and itman were not gentlemen, therefore could not write. All pictures are irable, unless the majority in the p declare them daubs. There are y ways in which a man may thus ctise inglorious self-abnegation. If conversation be of a lighter turn, of lippant nature, the young member ws off dignity and plays the cha- eon. Judgments are served hot from griddle. The epigram flashes with provoking cause. A book is dis- sed with a jeer by one that has not d it. An hour thus passed is called ellectual diversion, a relief from the rush of the day. Rude persons prefer to characterize it as the cocktail hour. A club is used to kill time. Killing time is killing one's self.

There is a light conversation that rests the mind. There is the grateful, gregarious contemplation over beer, the innocent happiness in the feeling of companionship, when there is no open interchange of thought. Such amusements are not for all. Friendships watered and whiskeyed in clubs turn out as stunted sand plants, or the result of this intercourse is genteel selfishness based on unwarranted self-esteem. A member dies; his name, decorously surrounded with a black border, is posted near the list of indebtedness of sparkling members. There are conventional expressions of regret: "I wonder if he left his widow anything"; "It's a wonder he didn't die long ago—he's been steaming it for the last three years"; "They say his practice fell off last year"; "That maxim about the dead is all right; but what's the use of lying—he was a good deal of a hog," etc., etc. Or it is as in the cartoon of the Vie Parisienne, which depicted two old fogies in a club. "And Cascatel?" "We don't see him any more." "Any row?" "No; he's dead." Such indifference graduates from an art into a habit. How narrow is life when it is viewed exclusively through a club window! The looker-on is as much of a suicide as any corpse with a stake driven through it and lying under the ground of cross roads.

AN APPROVED COLOR.

"Tan-colored shoes may be worn this summer." The permission has been graciously granted by the unknown dictator, the supreme person behind the screen. Tan is the word. Does any one speak today above a whisper about "russets"? The color itself, "brown, ruddy, inclined to dark red," in long bygone years distinguished the clothing of plain, simple English folk. Russet, as a rule, was a word synonymous with homespun, unadorned. Piers Ploughman was clad in russet. The good wife was "old, plain, russet-coat Joan." Palmers were dressed "in homely russet." Dryden likened the dialect of Theocritus to "a fair shepherdess in her country russet." Russet cloth was the shepherd's holiday dress, and Nares tells us that, as the color was a sort of dingy brown, the name russet, or russetine, was given to certain apples.

About twenty years ago russet-colored boots appeared modestly, shyly, timidly. Not that the shade was seen for the first time in the history of foot covers, for centuries ago the colors, as well as the forms of boots, were fantastical. But in the United States for years black was the only wear: calf or cowhide or patent leather—all in respectable black. The fat and the lazy wore congress gaiters and minded not if the sides were frayed; leg boots partly encased national statesmen and men of authority in small towns; some were brave enough to wear cloth shoes in the street; and there are men of 50 years who remember how their parents did them grievous wrong by insisting on their wearing corduroy boots to school, where this unconventionalism was promptly resented by cruel and ingenious playmates.

The ordinary leather boot of commerce was fed with frequent applications of blacking—for there was genuine blacking, not a smeary paste, in those days. When russets first appeared there was unreflective delight, for it was argued that in this instance there would be no need of polish. Sustained by this fondly foolish belief, the russet-booted cared not for the jeers of street boys, heeded not the slings and arrows of the paragraphers, who secretly envied them. The boots were at first, and for a long time, unfashionable. To some they were positively indecent. Russeted boots would surely lead to beer and billiards, to gambling hells and hoozing kens. The leather was undressed, but experiments were soon made. We remember a physician here who applied warm milk to his boots. For some time it was considered the correct thing to wear boots so spattered and blotched and rubbed that the original color was beyond conjecture.

Then came the change, and what a change! Russets were seen on every side. A man with black boots was a solecism. Russets were worn in the four seasons, and to such an extent that those gifted with the gift of prophecy foretold the complete disappearance of black leather for the feet. The russets were petted and pampered. Men talked of them as now they talk of their game of golf. They went about from public chair to chair seeking the supreme, the ideal dressing. The vaseline was too liquid in this: in that there was too much turpentine, and there was soaking through, and there was burning of the feet. Boots were colored as carefully as any meerschaum of exceeding price. We knew a connoisseur who was comparatively indifferent in the matter of waxen or oily dressing, but in the matter of rubbing he was adamant. Men toiled after a fine old mahogany finish as others after virtue. Professional greasers and rubbers grew rich. But russet was hardly the name of the fashionable color.

There are some today who cannot wear gracefully tan-colored boots, just as there are others who never look at ease in a frock coat and plug hat. We saw a group of young men a few days ago in the aggressive wedding costume of high noon. They were not wholly successful, and a little darky boy felt this when they passed him. He was not impressed; he said to his equally scornful companions: "I wish I had a snowball." There are some who are doomed forever to solemn black. Nor is the easy wearer of tans wholly independent today. The combination of tans and plug or dark derby is not allowed. The trousers must be in harmony, not in sharp contrast, not quarrelsome; and trousers are never so at half-mast as when the boots are tan colored. Once the cravat was held to be the centre of dressing; then came the waistcoat; today one must dress with attention to the feet. We like to think that tan will not be the final word. We like to think of sedate citizens whose boots are full of feet, but whose boots are purple, scarlet or of a delicate pea-green.

April 13, 1905

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Pleasing Programme Unusually Well Rendered—Generally Good Volume of Tone and Security of Attack.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave its fourth concert of the present season last evening in Jordan Hall. Miss Anita Rio, soprano, and Messrs. John O'Shea and Grant Drake, accompanists, assisted. The choral numbers included the "Hymn Before Action," a setting of Kipling's verses by H. Walford Davies; S. A. Gibson's "The Drum"; "The Dreamy Lake," by Schumann; arrangements of Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" and Strauss' "Wine, Women and Song" waltzes; the "Gloria in Excelsis," from a mass by Gounod; and an arrangement of Gounod's "Ave Maria" for chorus, organ, piano and soprano obbligato. Miss Rio sang also Max Bruch's "Ave Maria," a slumber song by Wagner, Grieg's "A Dream," and Richard Straus' "Serenade."

The concert was of the club's best. The programme was more than usually pleasing, and so many of the numbers were encored that the moderate programme made a rather long entertainment. The club sang with generally good volume of tone, and uncommon security of attack and intonation. The performance of Gibson's piece was notably good, as was also that of "The Lost Chord," an arrangement for chorus, organ and piano, which proved effective and demonstrated anew the fact that simple sentiment robustly expressed makes immense appeal to the bulk of humanity.

Miss Rio sang with her accustomed charm. Her voice is of beautiful quality, and although last evening it was not at its best in the upper register, she used it judiciously, never forcing it even when there was temptation to do so; her performance was consistently musical. Being warmly recalled, she added to each group. There was a large audience.

JURYWOMEN.

There was a debate before the Hardwicke Society, London, a fortnight ago over the question whether women should sit in the jury box. Mr. George Mortimer knew they should. "When pain and anguish wrung the brow of the defendant in a breach of promise case, he would then find ministering angels in the jury. Good women were never merciful, so jurywomen would never yield; and women were not averse to ugliness, for the ugliest men he knew were married. Women worshipped the bench, just as they did curates, not because of their manhood—for curates sometimes had none—but because of their order. Women studied public affairs." And so on, and so on. Perhaps Mr. Mortimer is a humorist. Mrs. Craigie—John Oliver Hobbes—did not take so cheerful a view of her sex, but as the reporter said, she herself was the best disproof of her adverse views, "for her decision would be a godsend in an average jury box, her elocution would be a model for the mumbling sex, and her clearness of thought would infallibly let daylight into the obscurities of the average judicial mind." But the things she said! The feminine nature is charming, but without the first element of justice; unfairness is the main source of woman's fascination. The more she saw of women's work in public life and of their action in committees, the more she was convinced that they were not created to govern. The heart and the intellect of a woman are in direct antagonism. Justice is typified as a woman, but she is blinded, for a woman cannot see straight. Only the men at the debate applauded Mrs. Craigie. Mr. Justice Darling asked what would become of evidence if cases were to be decided by women's intuition. "Women in a jury would say, the moment a certain kind of woman entered the court, 'I'm not going to give damages to that minx.'" There were other speakers, and the vote was strongly adverse to jurywomen.

We remember a case in a Kentucky court some years ago. A jilted man demanded justice. He was willing to forgive the jilt and marry her, but she would not have him, nor did she deign to give any reason. He then asked substantial damages for loss of time, ruin following enforced change of plans, general waste of tissue. The judge said that such a case should be tried before a jury of women. Yet we hear Miss Constance Smedley admitting in London a fortnight ago that women would probably be hard upon other women. Did the Kentucky judge think the suit unworthy the consideration of grown men? Did he fear that male jurors would be prejudiced against a man who estimated his personal love in gold and silver? Or did he say to himself: "Women could tell at a glance whether the man has suffered any substantial loss"?

But what man of you would consent in a case of this nature to be tried by twelve women in a box? No one, save possibly a confirmed fop, exulting in the belief that he is irresistible. A woman who would be willing to serve in the jury would not look on marriage as the one important event in life. She would say: "What a fuss about nothing! Why should this woman have been obliged to take him because he had wasted time in courtship, given her presents, talked about a happy future, and in other ways amused himself? Woman for centuries has had the recognized right to change her mind. It is better for her to do this before than after the wedding ceremony." On the other hand, there would be at least one sentimentalist among the twelve, and if the defendant were beautiful, the sentimentalist would look on her suspiciously. The coquette encouraged the poor fellow, lured him on. For her he lost his farm through inevitable negligence, through inability to work after sleepless nights of tossing, doubt and anxiety. If the defendant were homely, her boldness would be the greater; she was the pursuer. In either case the jurywomen would quarrel among themselves: "Don't you know by looking at him that he's a scamp? Can't you see she's no better than she should be? Pooh—what do his presents amount to? Loss of time! If he hadn't been with her he would have been soaking at the club or somewhere. No wonder she wanted to grab him; she never will have another chance." Would the jurywomen keep silence during the examination and cross-examination of a witness? In vain the judge would pound the bench.

Let it be granted that the judge kept order in court; that the counsel were eloquent in summing up; that the charge was a masterpiece of clearness and impartiality; would the verdict be a just one? Would the women stand by their sister, or support the man in his appraisal of woman's love? We are inclined to believe that neither plaintiff nor defendant would be satisfied. Would twelve jurywomen ever agree as to a verdict?

BLACK SKINS.

So a much vexed problem is at last settled. Surg.-Maj. Charles Woodruff, stationed in the Philippines, gives the answer to the question, "Why is the negro black?" Even the anti-imperialists must now see the value of the acquisition of these islands. According to the surgeon-major's pamphlet, the pure negro has evolved a black skin and nocturnal habits as a defence against sun rays. The old African belief that the first men were black may then be true. Adam, as they say, was possibly a negro; this is much more likely than that the first man spoke fluently low Dutch, as some have vigorously maintained. When the African prince, Job Ben Solomon, visited England, he met Dr. Watts, who asked him with little display of tact why he and his countrymen were black, since Adam was white. The prince answered: "How you know Adam white? We think Adam black; and we ask how you came to be white?" It was up to the doctor; he could not answer, and an intelligent jury would return the verdict, "Served him right." Did not Dr. Pritchard endeavor to show that all men were originally negroes? Mr. Payne Knight was cocksure that Adam was an African black.

The Woodruffian theory was in a way anticipated by Dr. Stark over half a century ago. The wise Ben Franklin had come to the conclusion, after experiments with colored cloths, that black clothes are not so fit as white ones to wear in a hot climate or season; that soldiers and seamen in the tropics should be provided with white uniforms; that white hats should be worn in summer, and that garden walls for fruit trees should be blackened to absorb more heat. But Dr. Stark, in a Philadelphian journal, quoted Count Rumford, who had arrived at the opposite conclusion. The count asserted that, if he were obliged to live in a hot climate, he would blacken his skin or wear a black shirt, and Sir Everard Home, after experimenting with his own skin and that of a negro, made the statement that the power of the sun's rays to scorch the skins of animals is destroyed when applied to a dark surface. This reminds us that Abyssinian slaves bring a higher price for the harem on account of the extreme coolness of their skins.

The old reasons for the blackness of the negro were these: the heat and scorch of the sun and the curse of Jehovah on Canaan, who was thus punished for the unfilial deportment of Ham. "Cussed be Canaan" was for years the one speech in the mouth of the defenders of slavery. The former theory was the one generally approved by the ancients; but there are many objections to it, for, although a negro skin in the tropics will turn to a dusty gray under the influence of a physical or mental emotion, transplanted negroes retain their hue for generations. The other theory is hardly tenable. Why should the color be deemed a curse? Neither Aristotle nor Galen, in defining beauty, mentions color. The essence of beauty is in proportion of parts, in spite of Bacon's liking for some strangeness in the proportion. Furthermore, there is no fixed beauty. To some, as Herman Melville, the color white inspires fear and horror. The Roman was proud of his nose, and in many nations there is an applauded physical feature or characteristic that is a deformity the moment the frontier is passed. But it is not necessary to enlarge on this point. They that still believe the negro suffers, and should suffer, in consequence of the curse put upon Canaan, might meditate with profit the fine saying of the learned leech of Norwich: "It is a very injurious method unto philosophy, and a perpetual promotion of ignorance, in points of obscurity, nor open unto easy considerations, to fall upon a present refuge unto miracles; or recur into immediate contrivance from the unsearchable hands of God."

It has been said that gypsies of southern Europe anoint their bodies with bacon and fat substances, and that in Guinea the Moors and others frequently rubbed fat and oily materials on their skins to moisten them, and to temper the dryness resulting from parching rays; and some have argued that the complexions of negroes were fixed in like manner centuries ago. It is an interesting problem, and the theory of Surg.-Maj. Woodruff is as entertaining as any other of those advanced by ethnologists and theologians.

April 14. 1905

FAELTEN CHAMBER CONCERT.

Prof. Hess and Mr. Krasselt Assist the Pianist in an Admirable Entertainment.

There was a concert of chamber music last evening in Huntington Chambers hall, given by Mr. Carl Faelten, pianist, with the assistance of Prof. Willy Hess, violinist, and Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, 'cellist. The programme consisted of Beethoven's trio in C minor, op. 1, No. 3; a violin sonata in D minor by F. W. Rust; and Raff's trio in G major, op. 112. There were introductory remarks by Mrs. Reinhold Faelten.

The three works presented made rather an extended programme, for each was long, and the sonata seemed even occasionally a little prolix. The performance of it was so admirable, however, that the hearer's interest was kept alert. Mr. Hess played with his accustomed beautiful and firm tone and musicianly detail. He was recalled so insistently that he added to the programme an unaccompanied piece by Bach, exquisitely played.

In the trios the work was equally good. The ensemble was impeccable throughout, and the balance of tone generally careful. Considering the purpose of the performance and the large number of students present, it would perhaps be out of place to remark that two-thirds of the programme seemed pretty stiffly academic. At any rate, the trio by Raff sounded warm and romantic, and came at a time when the contrast made a most welcome effect.

All the artists were recalled warmly many times. There was a large audience.

SYMPHONY REHEARSAL.

The orchestral pieces to be played at the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, in Symphony Hall this afternoon, will be Hadley's Symphony No. 2, "The Four Seasons"; Brahms' variations on a theme of Haydn, and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Fest-Klaenge." Mr. Hadley's symphony took two prizes in October, 1901, one in a competition established by the New England Conservatory of Music, the other in a competition instituted by Mr. Paderewski.

The symphony has been played in New York, Chicago and Pittsburg, but this will be the first performance in Boston, although the composer is practically a Bostonian—he was born in Somerville in 1871, and received his musical education here before he went to Vienna. The symphony is thus arranged: Winter, a moderato maestoso; spring, a scherzo; summer, an andante supposed to be a description of "a midnight scene on a lake surrounded by mountains; and autumn, with the sounds of the hunt and the death of the leaves.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose will sing Alain's air in the prologue to Massenet's opera, "Griselda," and Lohengrin's narrative.

The public rehearsal of next week will be on Thursday instead of Friday afternoon. The programme will include pieces by Mendelssohn and Sgambati; a new work by Gustav Strube, "Longing," for viola solo and orchestra; and Chopin's concerto No. 2, in F minor (Mr. Paderewski, pianist).

To those objecting to Mr. Rockefeller's gift the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions might answer in the language of Canning when he defended slavery as not inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity: "It is the beauty of Christianity to accommodate itself to all conditions and circumstances."

ONCE DESPISED.

The fruiter San Jose arrived here on Wednesday with 36,007 bunches of bananas, "which included the largest number of big bunches ever brought to Boston in one vessel." Yet men of 50 remember that in their boyhood this fruit was condemned by prudent parents as unwholesome, dangerous, an intestine foe. An interesting article might be written on long and foolishly neglected or forbidden articles of diet. For years sweetbreads were thrown away as offal. Tomatoes were shunned as poisonous. We once saw in a Dresden restaurant two daring Americans eating little tomatoes which they had obtained with difficulty and against the courteous wish of the landlord, one Kneist, who looked like the Chandos Shakespeare. Germans stared from adjacent seats or stood aghast, expecting to see the reckless foreigners turn green in the face, fall from their chairs and writhe in convulsions on the floor. Even now there are some who believe implicitly that tomatoes woo cancer. Then there is the grapefruit, long despised. But the banana is the subject of our story.

The word does not appear in Bailey's Dictionary, although "banana tree" is in Johnson's—a species of plantain. In Baretti's Spanish-English Dictionary—edition of 1800—there is this singular definition: "An American fruit, so called." Yet banana, bonana, or bonano, is from the Portuguese or Spanish "banana," the fruit; "bananao," the tree, given in 1563 as the native name in Guinea (Congo). The word occurred in English as early as 1597. The poets vaguely knew the tree and fruit. Southey introduced the former in his "Curse of Kehama." Byron was more precise in his "Island"—ah, who reads that delightful poem of adventure today? It was founded partly on the story of the mutiny and seizure of the Bounty, and only last Sunday we were all told that the descendants of these mutineers, once famed for their sober and righteous conduct, are now in some respects a sorry lot: although they attend weekly prayer meetings, vulgar stories and songs are not unknown, petty thefts, brawls and the use of bad language are common, and the front teeth of most of the islanders are bad. Byron knew the grapefruit, for Bligh, in his narrative, was fed by Isaac Martin with "shaddock," and when Neuha led Torquil to her home there were

cocoanuts and yams to cheer them;
also

"The gourd with water recent from the rill,
The ripe banana from the mellow hill."

Once the banana was held to be the most indigestible of foods; now it is praised, almost with a show of hysteria, as eminently digestible. Mr. Crichton-Browne saw a West Indian negro eat twenty huge bananas at a sitting, and "thereafter display unwonted vivacity." Is it true that 95 per cent. of its substance possesses nutritive properties? Dr. Harrington, noting the fact that bananas constitute the chief food of those in many parts of the tropics, "who are too lazy to perform any kind of labor," adds that the edible part yields about 20 per cent. of sugar, about 2 of proteids, 0.5 of starch and rather more of fat. Dr. Usery recommends the fruit to typhoid fever patients, for its nourishment is bland and puts no strain on the "attenuated and abraded alimentary canal." The prohibitionist looks on it with favor, for it does not mix with alcohol, and some think the habitual use blunts the longing for fire-water. Thus Capt. Parsons of an English-West Indian line says that, since his seamen and stokers have been allowed to help themselves freely to the cargo, they have not wished so much rum. There is a trace of copper in the banana, and deep thinkers believe this is beneficial to the human clockwork.

The taste for the banana is not acquired. As Mr. Crichton-Browne exclaims in a burst of Ciceronic eloquence: "An appreciation of it is not reached through slow stages of diminishing repulsion, but comes at the moment of first introduction. The infant absorbs it greedily; children devour it with delight; the adult does not despise it, and the edentulous octogenarian blesses its agreeable tenderness." And then he remarks, with a fine air of patronage: "The Americans have learned the merits of Jamaica bananas." He will next be telling us that the English taught the Americans the use of grapefruit, corn on the cob, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, clam chowder. Are the Chinese bananas, or the almendo, with fingers only three inches long, often seen in our eastern markets? A Mr. Fanwett is experimenting with other varieties, but it will be a long time before the Jamaica is dethroned.

DAVE BRAHAM.

The death of David Braham was some years after the death of his once popular songs. The very popularity of the tunes which he set to Edward Harrigan's verses brought death to them the sooner—another instance of the truth of Mr. Vernon Blackburn's theory of modernity in music. The more immediately popular a form of musical expression, the sooner it will seem old and stale.

Braham was a born melodist, as Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Schubert, Stephen Foster. Furthermore, he had a keen sense of dramatic instinct—that is to say, his simple but effective tunes fitted admirably the meaning and character of the verses to which they were set, and in this respect he resembled Offenbach, a great master in a small way, and Arthur Sullivan might also be named. Braham's tunes were so closely associated with Harrigan's verses and plays that they died with them, so far as the great and careless public was concerned. As Harrigan's dramatic sketches were intensely local, they necessarily went out of favor when the types introduced disappeared from New York life; and it is a question whether an audience in another city ever appreciated fully the truthfulness, the humor, the wit of Mr. Harrigan's inimitable sketches.

A dozen years or more ago Mr. Arlo Bates wrote an article which was published in the Book Buyer. He considered the popular songs of that day, disapproved, and called for an ounce of civet. "We are told," said Mr. Bates, "all about 'the organ in the parlor' of 'Maggie Murphy's home,' which imparts to that pleasant locality an unmistakable tone of what used to be called gentility. * * * The modern ballad-monger occupies himself with the tenement house and its folk as surely as of old the wandering minstrel sang of the greenwood, the castle and of knight and lady. The joys, sorrows, aspirations and depressions of the vulgar are served up by the vulgar, for the vulgar. * * * Of course, it is not the class treated of, but the way in which it is done, which makes the thing intolerable." Thus did Mr. Bates turn his cultured back on both humanity and art. This Maggie Murphy was one of many in New York. She was quick-witted, industrious, kindly, a good girl, fond of dance and song. She loved her home and worked to keep it sweet and welcome to her. Friends and neighbors dropped in after the labor of the day. A friendly policeman winked encouragingly to her steady.

"Behind a grammar schoolhouse,
In a double tenement,
I live with my old mother
And always pay the rent.
A bedroom and a parlor
Is all we call our own,
And you're welcome ev'ry evening
At Maggie Murphy's home."

Is there no true sentiment, no touch of pathos in these simple lines? And Braham found the one inevitable tune for this song, as surely as Flaubert the one expression for his thought, but with far less effort than the giant with knitted brow and racked nerves sweating in his huge workroom.

The shapes arise! The immortal Mulligan, with his friend, Walsingham McSweeney, the Rev. Palestine Pewter, the Skidmores, Sandy-haired Mary in our Area, Mary Ann—a teacher in a great big public school, she gets one thousand dollars ev'ry year—Miss Brady, with her "piano for-tay"; Timothy McNally, the wealthy politician and a gentleman at that, the proprietor:

"It never was expected
The rent would be collected;
They'd levy on the furniture,
The bedding and the stairs!
You'd ought to see the rally,
And battle in the alley,
A-throwing out the tenants
From McNally's row of flats."

The shapes arise! Again the children listen to "Whist, here comes the bogie man!" Again do Tommy Dobson, now a senator; Billy Flyn and Johnny Glyn—oh, they were killed in war—sit in the coolth of the evening

sing on Paddy Duffy's cart. Clara Jenkins has her tea. The father gathers the family 'round him Sunday evening and warns them "never take the horseshoe from the door." The dry John Riley begs his Rose Ann to fill the can. The Phalens and the Whelens, the Clearys and the Learys, the Brannons and the Gannons with the babies on our block" all sing together of Little Sally Waters weeping for a young man. The old negro prays for "dem dat's gone, in dem agonizing, cruel slavery days."

The days of Harrigan and Hart, the times of Braham are gone, as are gone the cruel slavery days, the days when Mulligan flourished and the Rev. Palestine Pewter led his faithful flock. Yet the scenes and characters and songs and tunes still haunt the memory of some. The tunes! "Compared with these, Italian trills are tame." And now the writer of these simple melodies of a simple folk has joined the melodists of bygone years, nor will the great refuse him to their company. Ave atque vale.

April 15 1905

FOES OF THE DEAD.

"Deliver me from the biographers" may be the prayer of any moribund public person of sense and true sentiment. Here is a life of "Edna Lyall," whose novels enjoyed for a time an incredible and inexplicable popularity. Miss J. M. Escreet has taken her life. Here is one of many foolish anecdotes: "Walking in the street one day, a friend remarked carelessly on an untidy child, whose stocking was coming down. 'Poor little girl, how uncomfortable it must be!' was Edna Lyall's answer." Such anecdotes might be related of Queen Victoria or any other inoffensive person pushed by an ironical fate into the limelight. "Edna Lyall" —or rather, Miss Bayly—was pained by the charges of atheism brought against her after her "Donovan" was published; she liked Bradlaugh, she was opposed to the Boer war and she saw "The Sign of the Cross" at least fourteen times and thought it "the most uplifting play of this generation." Unfortunate Miss Bayly! Adored by thousands of school girls, who knew her only by her novels, she appears after her death a singularly colorless and vapid person, as described by her fond biographer.

OWEN HALL'S LAMENT.

The Herald discussed a night or two ago the subject of jurywomen, especially as serving in breach of promise suits. It appears that some in London are not satisfied with jurymen in cases which involve a question of literary knowledge or taste.

All readers of The Herald will recollect that Mr. George Edwardes was sued by Capt. Fraser for "utilizing"—a delightfully euphemistic term—the manuscript of the gallant captain's play "Ramalan" for "The Cingalee," and that the twelve men in a box brought in a verdict of £3000 damages. This verdict moved Mr. Owen Hall to write a sensational article that was published in the Daily Mail.

Mr. Hall, as a literary person—he received £650 for "The Gaiety Girl," £850 for "An Artist's Model," and £1750 for "The Greek Slave," so that no one will dispute the fact that he is literary —objects to the quality of the jury. "I took the trouble to read the panel, and found it comprised: a stock broker, an ironmonger, a builder, a lodging house keeper, a ham and beef dealer, a victualler, a dairyman and a bootmaker! Is there any class of literature so low as to be within the comprehension of these men!" Highty-tighty, Mr. Hall, likewise twiddle-cum-widdle! Rank Philistines all! But is a stock broker necessarily a fat-headed person? We were under the impression that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was a pretty poet and a "sarching" critic. An ironmonger is almost always a man of solid judgment. May not a citizen deal in beef and ham and yet have a sensitive soul? Lodging house keepers are peculiarly the intimate friends of the literary. Dairyman? Think of the long line of pastoral poets from David down! If one were a writer of sparkling English musical comedies, he might add that a bootmaker would know where the shoe pinched. Whom would Mr. Owen Hall have as jurymen? Messrs. Pinero, Hall Caine, Barrie, Sims, Chambers, Capt. Marshall, or would he prefer a panel of professional critics or wild provincial curates?

Mr. Hall weeps at the thought of the insults heaped on musical comedy in the course of the trial. He remembers that "The Geisha," "Florodora" and "San Toy" have each "drawn, at a modest computation, half a million of money"—pounds, me boy, not dollars—"from the pockets of people who pay for their amusement"; he remembers this and foams in his indignation. To use his own language, during the trial there was no low species of derision that was not hurled at musical comedy. (This hurling derision is as great sport to some as nailing lies to others.) When Mr. Rufus Isaacs stated "It has no plot," Mr. Justice Darling asked, "Are not they all the same? and are not the lyrics lumped in neck and crop without reference to anything in the play?" And a good judge, too, although Mr. Hall characterizes the question as naive. Mr. Hall denies that musical comedy has no plot or a conventional one. Hear him: "Not only is musical comedy bound to have a plot, but a strong plot, and for the simple reason that it must be elucidated on very broad lines, because we who write them have only half the time to tell our story that is allowed to the ordinary dramatist." There must be a romantic interest and a comic interest. Tell us, ye theatregoers of unblunted memories, the story of "The Gaiety Girl" or "An Artist's Model"? If you remember anything about the shows, is it not the face of a woman in the company or the tune of a song or dance?

Mr. Hall is not the only one that has his little crack at Mr. Justice Darling. Mr. Gill, of counsel for Mr. Edwardes, addressed the judge, asked for a stay of execution, and commented frankly on the judge's omissions and commissions in his charge: "The references made to 'Cyrano de Bergerac' and to Moliere, Dickens and Sheridan had nothing to do with the case. There was no dealing with the body of evidence." Mr. Justice Darling answered: "There can be no objection to the defendant taking the case to the Court of Appeal. His counsel has stated that he is dissatisfied with the verdict. That attitude is not uncommon in cases where a person does not get a verdict." And the courtiers, in the words of the old and ever delightful story, raised a shout and declared that the beer was on King Darius.

April 16 1905

HADLEY'S FRANK SYMPHONY HEARD

The programme of the 22d Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in "The Four Seasons".. Hadley
Alain's Air from the opera "Griselda".... Massenet
Variations on a Theme by Haydn......Brahms
Lohengrin's Narrative from "Lohengrin".. Wagner
Symphonic Poem, "Fest-Klaenge"........Liszt

The feature of the concert was the production of Mr. Hadley's symphony, which took two prizes in 1901, one offered in competition by Mr. Paderewski, the other by the New England Conservatory of Music. The symphony has been played by the leading orchestras of New York, Chicago and Pittsburg. Mr. Lang purposed to produce it here last season at a Chickering concert; and now in 1905 it is heard at last in Boston. It would be a pleasure to discuss the work at length, but the pressure on the columns of The Herald of today forbids anything more than a note.

Mr. Hadley is a believer in programme music, but he himself has not written an elaborate argument of the whole work. The first two movements, "Winter" and "Spring," are portrayals of moods, and the poetic mottoes added by Mr. Krehbiel probably serve as well as any others that might be taken from an

anthology. The third and fourth movements admit of a more detailed programme, but the music would make its way without any allusion to "midnight scene on a lake surrounded by mountains" or to "the falling of thousands of leaves in a forest."

The musical thoughts are frank in themselves, and they are not tortured in the expression. At its best the work has pleasing buoyancy and enthusiasm. The scherzo "Spring" is delightfully fresh throughout, and there are poetic passages in "Summer." The opening of "Winter" has distinctive force, though the movement as a whole is not on so high a plane as that of the two that follow. The finale is the weakest in its structure; nor is the chief theme one that we should associate naturally with "destiny." The symphony is scored effectively, at times brilliantly, and it may be said that it is interesting as absolute music, without any reference to a programme. The movements in turn were heartily applauded, and the applause was an expression of honest enjoyment; it was not merely perfunctory or complimentary. This must suffice for the present. We hope to refer to the symphony next Sunday.

Mr. Van Hoose sang Alain's air from Massenet's "Griselda" for the first time at these concerts. He was in excellent voice, and the voice itself again had the beautiful quality which characterized it when he first came before the Boston public. There was a period after his return from Paris when he seemed to have gained in brilliance at the expense of tonal richness. The air is in Massenet's later style—that is, there is his well known formula of passionate expression—but the passion is a semblance without true sensuousness or fire. Yet, as sung by Mr. Van Hoose, the air is an effective concert piece.

Mr. Hess conducted with success the concerts of Friday and last night, in consequence of Mr. Gericke's slight indisposition. In the aria by Massenet the orchestra overpowered the singer at times; but was the instrumentation that of Massenet? It did not have his characteristic stamp.

DE PACHMANN'S FAREWELL.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann gave his sixth and last piano recital in Boston this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme included these pieces by Chopin: ballade in G minor, nocturnes op. 37, No. 2, op. 27, No. 2, impromptu op. 29, preludes op. 28, Nos. 1, 20, 7, 22; funeral march in B-flat minor (by request); etudes op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 4, op. 10, No. 5; polonaise op. 26, No. 1, C-sharp minor, scherzo in E major, mazurka op. 33, No. 4, waltz in A-flat major.

The hall was crowded with a most enthusiastic audience, and many sat on the stage. Mr. de Pachmann was obliged to add several pieces to the programme, pieces by Chopin, Henselt, Schumann, Schubert and Schubert-Liszt, also an arrangement of one of Chopin's etudes by Godowsky for the left hand, which he played with astonishing ease and tonal beauty.

The distinguished pianist was at his best, and he himself, as well as the audience, revelled in his wondrous art. For exquisite tone and differentiation in tone, for caressing scale passages and haunting song, for rhythmic sense and expression Mr. de Pachmann has no equal. The piano purrs under his velvet touch. It sings in its ecstasy. Liszt used to address letters to von Buelow "Dear Unique." This word "unique" might well be applied to Mr. de Pachmann. It was eminently fit and proper that the last recital of the season should have been an exposition of the purest piano playing. May he come back to us often and in the high spirits of yesterday. There are many men who do all sorts of things to a piano and on of yesterday. There are many men that mastered its secrets, and of them Vladimir de Pachmann is chief. *P.H.G.*

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Paderewski will play at the pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Sunday evening, the 30th. He will probably play Beethoven's concerto in E-flat major.

Miss Louise Ormsby will give a song recital at the Whitney international vocal school, 246 Huntington avenue, on Tuesday evening. Miss Ormsby studied at the New England Conservatory of Music under Mr. Whitney, and afterward studied for some years with Mme. Marchesi. She has given concerts with success in Paris and London.

A pleasant concert was given on Friday evening in Jordan Hall by members of the faculty, advanced students, the chorus and the orchestra of the New England Conservatory. The programme included Handel's anthem, "Blessed Are They"—instrumentation by William Gericke—composed for the Foundling Hospital, London, in 1749, and performed for the first time in Boston.

LOCAL.

The public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra this week will be on Thursday afternoon, as Friday is Good Friday.

Miss Lena Trowbridge, violinist, assisted by Miss Lillia E. Snelling, contralto, Mr. David E. Newland, tenor, and Mr. Lyman A. Perkins, pianist, will give a concert at the Tuileries on Tuesday, the 25th, at 4 P. M.

Mr. Charles Anthony gave a piano recital last Tuesday at the Tuileries. He played pieces by Handel, Scarlatti, Bach-Liszt, Leschetitzky, Moszkowski and Chopin.

Mr. S. W. Jamieson, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Ernestine Fish, contralto, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, the 25th, at 8:15 o'clock.

Mr. Fernand Giraudet, bass, sang at Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich's recital at the Tuileries. last Wednesday morning.

Massenet's "Noel Paien" and "Le Printemps Visite la Terre," Nazare-Aga's "Cavalcade," Holmes' "Au Pays," A Giraudet's "Hymne de la Nuit," Saint-Saens' "Chanson a Boire" and three French songs of the 17th century.

Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" will be given at the Church of the Immaculate Conception tonight—Palm Sunday. This will be given its third performance by the choir of the church, which has been preparing for it for nearly a year. Mr. George E. Whiting, organist and director, intends this to be a memorial performance for the composer. The chorus of the church consists of 60 well trained voices. The soloists will be Miss Anna Westervelt, Mrs. Anette Welch McMunn, Mr. Daniel Murphy and Mr. Ivan Morawski.

The regular season of the Handel and Haydn Society will end with the Easter Sunday evening performance of Haydn's "Creation," the 69th performance by this society of an oratorio which has always been a popular one for the Easter concerts. Miss Anita Rio, soprano; Mr. Glenn Hall, tenor; Mr. Joseph Boernstein, bass, will assist. Mr. Mollenhauer will conduct; Mr. Tucker will be the organist. Mr. Carl Ondricek will be the concert master of the orchestra. The sale of seats, other than those subscribed for by the season, will begin at the Symphony Hall box office and at Schirmir's music store on West street at 8:30 o'clock tomorrow evening.

The Kneisel string quartet, now westward bound, will continue its tour to the Pacific coast, and not return to Boston before the end of May. The concerts in the western cities have proved a series of triumphs.

The Junior Charity Club is making active preparations for the production of the musical comedy entitled "A Musical Club Meeting," book and lyrics by William H. Gardner, music by H. F. Odell, which will be given in Potter Hall, Monday evening, May 1. The play is a satire on a business meeting of a woman's club. Among the soloists will be the Misses Woodbury, Crockett, Freloar, Davenport, Reed, Florence Saunders, May Dalrymple.

The public rehearsal to be given at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow afternoon by advanced pupils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lichfield will afford another opportunity of becoming acquainted with the vocal and dramatic abilities of the young ladies who have been under Mrs. Lichfield's instruction. Manager L. H. Mudgett of Symphony Hall has the direction of the affair, and seats may be had at the Hollis Street Theatre box office.

BEETHOVEN'S LAST QUARTETS.

Mr. Baughan writes: "In only one point do I really feel inclined to join issue with the Oxford professor (Mr. Hadow). Writing of the last string quartets of Beethoven, he says that 'there is no music in the world more difficult to understand.' The movements, if analyzed, are seen to have the regulation form of exposition of themes, development and recapitulation; but Mr. Hadow adds: 'The centre of gravity has so shifted that the terms themselves appear almost irrelevant.' This only means that in these works the composer had enlarged the old forms and introduced innovations which make them difficult to analyze, but not—to understand. The word 'understand' should never be used of music. It suggests that until the hearer can mentally analyze the form of a work he cannot grasp it. Now, I venture to think that the posthumous quartets are as clear as crystal to those who do not attempt to judge them by the ready-made rules of the earlier works. Mr. Hadow only means that the later quartets are baffling to a student of Beethoven's style, but it is a mistake to write as if the music were obscure in an artistic sense. What could be clearer in its appeal than the work in which the composer gave thanks for recovery from an illness?"

AT RANDOM.

Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss' orchestral works cannot be taken as models for chamber music. True, but young composers might remember that there is a good deal of modern chamber music that they might study with advantage. Do they know Cesar Franck's pianoforte quintet and the quartets of Vincent d'Indy, Faure and Debussy? Our charge is that British composers have stood still in this branch of the art, whereas on the continent there is every sign of a revival of interest in chamber music, and Brahms is not the model.—London News.

Sir Edward Elgar's work marks a new era in the history of oratorio by its insistence on the personality of each of its characters, and it makes a return to the old form of set arias and choruses impossible. The departure may be said to have taken place in Sir Hubert Parry's "Job," in which the Old Testament saint stands out in such bold prominence and strongly marked individuality. The new order opens the Bible, as it were, afresh to composers, for nowhere can be found greater varieties of humanity, and their development in musical illustration is not only full of possibilities, but in touch with prevalent predilection for distinctive character studies. The new style of oratorio, however, demands a new method of interpretation. The old solid chip-chop choral singing must be discarded for a more vivid and emotional delivery of the text. There must be greater sensitiveness to mood, a more alert mobility and dramatic intensity—in short, each chorister should deem simself or herself as important and necessary an exponent as the soloists; and act accordingly.—The Referee.

CLOSE OF THE CAREER OF THE BOSTON ORCHESTRAL CLUB

MR. S. W. COLE, Conductor.

MISS KATHERINE RICKER, Contralto.

MRS. R. J. HALL.

(Photo copyright, 1904, Ward.)
MRS. GRACE BONNER WILLIAMS, Soprano.

Work and Influence of the Society and Its Pro grammes for Five Years—"Messiah" Tonigh by the People's Choral Union—Symphon Rehearsal Thursday Afternoon This Week-"Creation" Easter Sunday Evening by th Handel and Haydn.

THE Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. Georges Longy, conductor, will give the second and last concert of its fifth season on Tuesday night in Jordan Hall. This will be the final concert of a society that has done much toward extending the musical horizon of this city; that has acquainted the public with modern and in many instances interesting compositions that otherwise would have been unheard and known only by readers of music catalogues and foreign music journals.

The club began its career modestly, almost timidly. The object was then primarily to give young amateurs an opportunity of practising orchestral music. The membership of the orchestra grew constantly, until candidates for certain positions were on a waiting list. The club was assisted necessarily by players of the Boston Symphony orchestra; necessarily, because certain wind instruments are not played here with sufficient proficiency by amateurs, in spite of excellent schools and skilled teachers. A young man who wishes to support himself by means of an orchestral instrument will in nine cases out of ten look to violin, 'cello, possibly to double bass, or flute, rather than to trombone, bassoon or horn as a sure walking stick on the daily road.

That the Orchestral club is now to be disbanded is much to be regretted, for the club has had for two years, under the management of Mrs. R. J. Hall, a definite and unswerving purpose, and the players under the thorough, intelligent and enthusiastic discipline of Mr. Longy, a born conductor of taste and temperament, have reached a state of true proficiency. The disbanding is not due to any lack of interest on the part of the orchestra; there is no dissension; the cause is one that is not creditable to the alleged music lovers of this city. The expense of giving concerts is large. To expect any one woman, however devoted she may be to art, to assume the financial responsibility, to pay the large deficit out of her own pocket, is unreasonable. Mrs. Hall has done much for musical righteousness in this city; she has done this cheerfully in the face of large and petty—one might add mean—obstacles that would have deterred any ordinary patron of music. The subscribers to these concerts are not numerically strong enough to warrant the continuance of the club. It is a pity that the concerts were not thrown open two years ago to the general public after seats had been reserved for the subscribers who were still faithful. And yet how little general interest was taken in the orchestral concerts given last season in Chickering Hall with Mr. Lang as conductor, although the programmes were as a rule of an extraordinary nature. How languid the interest in the production of any new and important work in this city, unless a singer or player of international renown, or rather of fashionable reputation, is hired to provide a box office draught! There was an illustration of this only a few nights ago, when works by Debussy and Charpentier were performed at a Cecilia concert. Mme. Gadski had been engaged to sing the soprano part. She asked to be relieved from her contract, on the ground that she had not time to master the music. The excuse was creditable to her artistic sense. A singer, almost unknown here, was engaged in her place. The works themselves had not the drawing power to fill Symphony Hall.

A Germanized Public.

It is only of late years that much attention has been paid in Boston to French music. Berlioz has had his admirers here since his overture in "Waverly" was performed in 1851, and he has been more steadily honored in Boston than in any other American city. But during the last 25 years the task of awakening any true interest in the orchestral and chamber music of the French has been difficult and discouraging. There have always been a few faithful and enthusiastic in the attempt to acquaint the public with the best music of contemporaries of any nationality, French, Russian, Italian, Scandinavian, American, English. It is true that in only comparatively late years have French composers devoted themselves to purely orchestral or chamber pieces. For many years the graduate of the Paris Conservatory looked only toward the stage and panted for operatic glory. Saint-Saens was an exception. Just as many estimable citizens in Boston still are firm in the opinion that the Frenchman is a frivolous person whose life is wholly given over to absinthe and the pursuit of his neighbor's wife, so there are many who ingenuously believe that French music cannot be of any real worth. "It is light," "it is frothy." This they say in their invincible ignorance by which, alas, they will not be saved. If a composition by a Frenchman is on a programme, they go prejudiced; or if in their heart they like it, they have not the courage to say so, for they have been unconsciously Germanized, and they fear that if they were to speak honestly, they would at once lose caste.

This city has been thoroughly Germanized; nor is this to be wondered at. Nine-tenths of the musicians, from the early days of orchestral music to the present time, have been Germans, sincere in their belief that music was invented in the fatherland and is now made only in Germany. The young Bostonian musicians studied, as a rule, in a German city, not in Paris. The music critic who for many years was an authority in this city was German in his opinions and prejudices. Now, all these Germans did a work that should never be undervalued. They, too, had their discouragements; some of them knew poverty, and yet were undismayed. They were the pioneers; they were the drudges. They brought out works of German masters, classics and romantic. But the times have changed. Germany is not today the one nursery of orchestral and chamber music. There are composers of other nations who have a right to be heard, and, if at first the musical speech of a Rimsky-Korsakoff, a Debussy, a Charpentier, a d'Indy, or the operatic speech of a Puccini, seems strange, let us remember that there was a time, and not so long ago, when the music of Wagner and Liszt and Brahms was openly scouted in this very city, and not merely by Philistines, but by the aesthetically elect of the period.

Programmes of Five Years.

To show the work done by the Orchestral club in five years let us glance at the programmes.

The Orchestral club was founded in the fall of 1899. The president of the society was Mr. Charles S. Hamlin. At the first concert there were 13 first violinists—one of them a male. Six second violinists, two harpists, a saxophone player and the players of kettle drums, bass drum, cymbals and triangles were women. The orchestra numbered then nearly 50 members. Messrs. Sautet, Hugo Litke, Hain, Lorbeer, Heindl, Keller, Gerhardt and Bareither of the Symphony orchestra assisted. No amateur at that time was either willing or competent to play the double-bass, a noble machine when it is treated kindly and with respect. The first concert was on Feb. 2, 1900, in Copley Hall.

1900—Feb. 2: Gounod's overture to "Mireille"; prelude to Saint-Saens' "Deluge" (violin solo by Miss Edith Jewell); Bizet's suite "L'Arlesienne," No. 1; Pessard's "Danses Espagnoles" (first time—Saxophone solo by Mrs. Hall); "Scene Religieuse" from Massenet's "Les Erynnies" ('cello solo by Mr. C. L. Bouve); Bonnaud's "Serenade Infantine" for strings; Dubois' "Marche des Batteurs" (first time). Second concert in April: Overture to Saint-Saens' "Princesse Jaune"; scenes Luxembourgeoises by C. Becker (first time); Dubois' "Rigaudon and Danses Cevenoles" (first time); menuet from Gluck's "Orpheus"; three dances from German's "Henry VIII."; "Noce Arabe," E. Tavan (first time). Miss Shaw played a serenade for harp; Mr. S. A. Sargent sang songs, and an "Agnus Dei," arranged from a movement in Bizet's "Arlesienne" for saxophone, violin, harp and organ was played by Mrs. Hall, Miss Trowbridge, Miss Shaw and Mr. Richardson.

1901—Copley Hall, Jan. 29: Massenet's overture to "Phedre," Prelude to the third scene of Lefebre's "Eloa" (first time) Delibes' suite "Le Roi s'amuse"; Loeffler's "Divertissement Espagnol" for saxophone and orchestra (first performance); largo from Bach's concerto in D minor for two violins (Miss Trowbridge and Miss Fletcher); Luigini's "Ballet Egyptien" (first time). April 23: Eilenberg's "Life Is a Dream"; Bach's suite in B minor (flute solo by Miss McLaughlin); Luigini's "Voix des Cloches" (first time); four movements from Charpentier's "Impressions d'Italie"—violin solo by Miss Fletcher. Cesar Franck's "Panis Angelicus," arranged for saxophone, 'cello, harp and quartet—Mrs. Hall, saxophone; Mr. Blass, 'cello (first time). Berlioz's "Marche Troyenne." Mrs. Morland sang songs by Chaminade and Mrs. Beach.

1902—Chickering Hall, Jan. 7: Bizet's overture "Patrie"; Enesco's "Poeme Roumain" (first time): Prelude to Act 1 of d'Indy's "Fervaal" (first time); meditation from Massenet's "Thais" (violin solo by Miss Jewell); Marechal's arrangement of piano pieces by Chauvet (first time); dance from Massenet's "Manon." April 1: Rabaud's "Fantasia on Russian Songs" (first time); adagio and minuet from Mozart's Divertimento, No. 2; Ballad and varied Slav theme from Delibes' "Coppelia"; Loeffler's "Divertissement Espagnol"; Debussy's Prelude to "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" (first time); Massenet's "Marche Heroique de Szabady" (first time). Mrs. Morris Black sang old French songs and songs by Coquard and Holmes.

1903—Chickering Hall, Jan. 7: Saint-Saens' "Marche Heroique"; Chevillard's "Le Chene et le Roseau" (first time); Rabaud's "Procession Nocturne" (first time); four orchestral pieces by d'Ambrosio (first time); Longy's "Impression"—saxophone solo by Mrs. Hall and three horns, harp, antique cymbals and strings (first performance); Flemish dance by Block (first time). April 15: Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys"; nocturne from Massenet's "La Navarraise"; Svendsen's "Zorahayda"; allegro and adagio for violin, Bruch (Miss Strasser); Berlioz's "Hamlet's Funeral March" (first time); Chabrier's Espana.

1904—Jordan Hall, Jan. 5: Overture and excerpts from Beethoven's "Creatures of Prometheus"; Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" (first time); d'Indy's choral variations for saxophone and orchestra (first performance—Mrs. Hall, saxophone); Goltermann's concerto in G major for 'cello (Sacha Davidoff), Rabaud's "Eclogue" (first time); Augusta Holmes' "Ireland" (first time). April 11: Widor's "Spanish" overture (first time); Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes" (first time); concerto in E flat for two pianos and orchestra, Mozart (Miss Davis and Miss Nowell); three movements from Ten Brink's first orchestra suite (first time); Massenet's "Clair de Lune" (first time); march from Massenet's "Cendrillon" (first time). Miss Louise Tibbitts sang songs by Holmes and Massenet.

1905—Jordan Hall, Jan. 4: Chabrier's "Danse Slave"; Georges' prelude to "Axel" (first time); Sporck's "Boabdil" (first time); "Gymnopedies," Satie-Debussy (first time); "Boردier's Meditation on Bach's Seventh Prelude—Mr. Hugh Codman, violinist (first time); Massenet's "Heroic March." Mr. Emile Ferir played the viola in an andante by Sitt and the first movement of Forsyth's concerto for viola in G minor (first time). The programme of April 18 will include: Guiraud's "Carnaval"; Lefebvre's prelude to "Eloa"; Chausson's "Hymne Vedique" for chorus and orchestra (first time); suite from Hue's "Titania" (first time); Berlioz's "Tristia"; Beethoven's serenade; two excerpts from Bizet's suite, "Arlesienne" No. 2.

It may be added that almost all the novelties were produced for the first time in America.

PROUT'S "MESSIAH."

The performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the People's Choral Union in Symphony Hall tonight will be one of more than ordinary interest, for Ebenezer Prout's revision of the oratorio will then be used by singers and orchestra. This revision was made in 1902, and the Oratorio Society of New York introduced it to that city at the Christmas performance of the same year. It is well known that Mozart in his revision had no opportunity to see the original score, and that J. A. Hiller tinkered Mozart's revision, so that what is called Mozart's version is not authentic. The edition by Robert Franz used by the Handel and Haydn was founded on "Mozart's," has incongruous additions by Franz himself, and is, according to Dr. Prout, as full of inaccuracies as Mozart's. The nature of Prout's restorations and corrections are indicated in connection with the numbers on the programme to be sung tonight. Thus in the autograph score of the work "But who may abide" is given to the alto, although it has been sung by the bass for many years. The orchestra score will be found to be very different from the one in common use.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. The People's Choral Union will sing Prout's version of Handel's "Messiah" for the first time in Boston. Mr. S. W. Cole will conduct. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Grace Williams, Miss Katherine Ricker, Messrs. C. B. Shirley, Charles Delmont and an orchestra, with Mr. Kuntz, concert master.

MONDAY—Hollis Street Theatre, 2:30 P. M. Public rehearsal of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Litchfield's pupils. Geril's "Challenge of t

Linkate to the Lark," Miss Helen Philba Miss Sarah Eaton; tableau and jewel from "Faust," Miss Charlotte Grosscene from "Un Ballo in Maschera," Eaton; tableau and scene from "La del Destino," Miss Grosvenor.

DAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15. Second and last rt of the Boston Orchestral Club, Mr. y, conductor. See leading article.

SDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 23d e rehearsal of the Boston Symphony stra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Mendel's overture "Calm Sea and Happy Voy; Chopin's concerto, No. 2, in F minor Ignaz Paderewski, pianist); "Longing," viola solo (Mr. Ferir) and orchestra, e (first performance); Sgambati's symy, No. 1, in D minor.

DAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 23d rt of the Boston Symphony orchestra. amme as on Thursday afternoon.

April 17 1905

OUT'S VERSION THE "MESSIAH"

e's Choral Union Sings It in Symphony Hall for Its First Performance in Boston with nounced Success.

People's Choral Union, Mr. Sam- Cole, conductor, gave its eighth concert last evening in Sym- Hall. The society was assisted s. Grace Bonner Williams, Miss ine Ricker, Mr. Clarence B. Shirr. Charles Delmont and an or- . Mr. Herman A. Shedd was anist, and Miss Edith H. Snow the piano in the accompaniment recitals. There was a large au-

society gave the first performance ton of Handel's "Messiah," ac- to the version of Dr. Prout. ersion, or purification, as some. Handel's score was made in 1902, was used for the first time in a at the Christmas concert, that ear, of the Oratio Society of ork city, but Prout's version was en followed faithfully, for the ves were not accompanied by mbination of piano, 'cello and bass. Nor should it be supposed moment that a performance of s version gives an audience a idea of how the music sounded ndel's time, for the reviser states preface that he has made no at- to reproduce Handel's orchestral At the first performance in Duhleast two solo sopranos were one sang "Rejoice Greatly," the "I Know That My Redeemer "; there was a solo male alto, as a female alto.

safe to say that neither a modern e nor any reviser or editor of 's music has much of an idea The Messiah" really sounded in or in the early performances don. What would be said of a today who should interpolate a adenza in "I Know That My Re- Liveth?" Yet singers in Hanme undoubtedly took that liberty. rout gives the aria "But Who bide," which is assigned to the the customary editions, to the nd he quotes Handel's Dublin s his authority. There is every to believe that this air was sung lin by a male alto, but we know any oratorio arias in Handel's were sung by soprano or tenor, or bass, by alto or tenor, ac- to the character and disposition singers at hand. Handel himwed an Olympian indifference in atters. This particular aria is effective when it is sung by a nd when it is given to the alto llowed immediately by an alto ve and aria with consequent mo- of tonal color; furthermore, the ve for the bass before "But ay Abide?" suggests an aria for ne voice. But these, after all, nor matters, and there are warm of Handel who would not cry acrilege!" if the aria were omitgether.

chief interest in Dr. Prout's verines from his attempt to give the a clearer idea of what Handel's ral score was originally like, bezart, Hiller and Franz tinkered lls true, he does not endeavor to e actual color, but he tries to as near as possible to the draft original accompaniment. There eat stumbling block at the outandel used the organ freely, but not know how he used it, and the of his day was a different mafrom that in a modern concert he oboes of Handel's time had ent sound from that of the oboe y, and Handel loved the instrund often used several or many and the same composition.

at least may be said, that Dr. orchestra version, as heard last was interesting and suggestive; ed more in keeping with what e know of Handel's own methods ormance, and it was much more pathy with the character of vocal nd the choruses than is the overthick, anachronistic version made by Robert Franz. The music was more nobly simple; it was more effective; it was more in the Handelian spirit as it is understood today. Might it not be worth while for the Handel and Haydn Society to experiment with Prout's version next season?

Mr. Cole and his supporters have been doing an excellent work in awakening the interest of the people at large in assembling for the purpose of singing good music in rehearsal and in public concert. The growth of the Choral Union in proficiency has been constant and gratifying. There was effective chorus singing last night, and the interest and the endeavor were always in evidence, even when the performance of a chorus fell perhaps below the level. The solo singers were impartially applauded, just as the audience was quick in appreciation of any choral excellence. Mrs. Williams sang with delightful purity of tone and expression, and Mr. Delmont declaimed the bass recitatives with more than ordinary vocal and dramatic intelligence. Miss Riker phrased with taste and skill, but the voice itself was not always alive with meaning. Not for several years has any alto in Boston removed from the recitative, "Behold, a Virgin Shall Conceive," and from the aria that follows, the plausible reproach of boredom. Mr. Shirley has not yet acquired the free mastery of his voice. Force of expression is still hampered by a throaty delivery.

MAKING A STAR.

The Stage Production Company, Limited, sought recently to recover from Mrs. Mary Scott of London £50, the balance, it was alleged, of an agreed amount of £100 for "arranging a concert for her daughter." It appears that Miss Blanche Scott, known on the stage as Blanche Esmonde, was brought out at a concert, and she paid £65 toward the expenses. A concert was afterward arranged, and the mother of the no doubt gifted singer agreed to pay £100; only half the amount was handed in; yet there was royal patronage, for, "prominent among the distinguished persons present" was Princess Christian. Of course, the managing director was put through a rigid cross-examination by the defendant's counsel. The director admitted that he was known familiarly as "Lesser Columbus," and was an undischarged bankrupt. There were experts who testified that "debut recitals" were generally attended by friends of the singer or player and "the gentlemen of the press." "The friends saw that the artist made a success and the subsequent press notices were most valuable. Miss Scott swore that representatives of the company assured her that her voice was worth £500 a year; that she would have engagements galore; that after her recital, engagements would be as thick as blackberries in their season. Mr. Cowen was represented to her as being in "command of the London press," and it is true that reporters from the Times, Daily Chronicle, Star, Leader, Stage, Queen and other journals or weeklies were present.

It's an old, old story. Some philanthropist should have a pamphlet edition of Thackeray's "Ravenswing" struck off and distributed among all pupils of singing teachers. As Thackeray observed: "I don't know how it was, but before the debut of Morgiana the English press began to heave and throb in a convulsive manner, as if indicative of the near birth of some great thing." The adventures of Morgiana with Baroski, her teacher, with Sir George Thrum, the celebrated composer of the opera, "Britons Alarmed; or the Siege of Bergen-op-Zoom," with Mr. Bludyer, the eminent critic—"I am not to be frightened from my duty, mind that; and mind, too, that I can write a slashing article better than any man in England; I could crush her by ten lines"—these as told by Thackeray when he was not famous would be of incalculable benefit to any young singer, a blind admirer of her teacher, ready to believe in any manager, reverential toward "the gentlemen of the press." But they say now that Thackeray was a dull writer, and that he is hopelessly out of fashion and really not worth reading.

The wonder is, not that Miss Scott put her trust in the Stage Production Company, Limited, but that the Princess Christian was at the concert. If the press praised her, Miss Scott must have sung well. Why, then, did she not at once make lucrative engagements? Were the ears of other managers as deaf as those of adders? Could not the princess have tipped the wink? Miss Blanche is not a solitary example: her true name is Legion. An awful thought arises, as through a trap-door! Was Princess Christian paid by the Stage Production Company, Limited, to hear Miss Blanche sing her cantabile and her coloratura? The surmise is ungenerous and unnecessary. Royalty is good-natured in England, and it is often bored at home.

AN OLD ALMANAC.

There are old New England almanacs besides the immortal Farmer's. A copy of "Low's Almanack and Astronomical and Agricultural Register for the year of Our Lord and Saviour 1818" is now before us. It was printed and sold by Munroe & Francis, No. 4 Cornhill, Boston. "Price 6 dls. a groce (sic); 62½ cts. doz.; 9 cts. single." To induce the public to buy, the title page bore a picture of a huge snake, and there was this legend: "With Sketches of the Great Sea Serpent, the Young Serpent, the Anaconda, or Land Serpent."

The first two pages are of an astronomical nature, and are enlivened by quotations from the poets Rodd, Chatterton and Savage. The calendar is both prophetic and didactic. Take April, for instance. The farmers are given fair warning. "Windy weather for some days" is written against April 1-7. For the 8th-18th—"pleasant showers and afterwards windy." For the rest of the month—"Expect showers for some days attended with winds." And what is the inspiring thought for the month? "Diligence and valor can turn earth into gold." Some of these mottoes might easily be disputed, as the second one for May: "It is better to act without sufficient deliberation than to deliberate while you should be acting"; or that for October: "Virtues of temperament are more valuable than those of education, because they are more durable"; the one for November we heartily disapprove: "Never go into a public place without attempting to make some new friend or acquaintance."

But the chief interest of the almanac is centred in the description of fearsome snakes of the great deep and the dry land. There is much about our old friend the sea serpent. "This stranger on our coast was first seen about Aug. 11, 1817, in Gloucester (Cape Ann) harbor by the master of a coasting vessel." The horrid monster had a body at least eighty feet long, which looked like a string of gallon kegs. "He seldom swims with his head elevated; but it has been wholly seen by a few persons, and partially by several; it is represented by all as a frightful object." The head resembled that of a horse, but the upper jaw was something like that of a spaniel, and the under one like that of a shark, and both were armed with formidable teeth. Twenty years before this a clergyman and his daughter saw the ocean reptile in Penobscot bay. "The lady fainted; the father was frightened, but the animal did them no injury." Capt. George Little saw a similar creature, and Capt. Crabtree, about 1793, saw one near Mt. Desert with the old, and now familiar, head, larger than a barrel and resembling somewhat the head of a horse. There is mention of good Bishop Pontopiddon, and there is a description of the young sea serpent taken at Sandy bay in September, 1817, brought to Boston, preserved in spirits, and exhibited at Merchants' Hall with the grand panoramic painting of the large snake. "Enough, we think," says the editor of the almanac, "has been ascertained to establish his claim to a place in natural history, forming a link in that chain which Infinite Wisdom, for its own inscrutable purpose, has created, and to which the prophet may refer (Isai xxvii., 1): 'In that day the Lord with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan the crooked serpent; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.'"

We breathe more comfortably for a moment as we read the rate of postage of every single letter by land, six cents for thirty miles and 18½ cents for 400 miles; but the tale of horrors is resumed. There is a hair-raising description of the anaconda of the East Indies "from a letter from an English gentleman resident there"; how the creature was seen by him in Ceylon—"he was surprisingly nimble, and was now diverting himself in the heat of the day with a thousand gambols round the branches of the tree, and would sometimes come down and twist his tail round the trunk." We read and shudder at the conflict between a tiger and this snake 33 feet 4 inches long, who, when gorged, was knocked on the head and eaten. "He was soon cut up, and I assure you, sir, afforded a flesh whiter than veal, and, as they said they ate of it, finer than any flesh whatever." Again a breathing place: "The Farmer's and Naturalist's Register." Each month has its poetical characterization. What is the farmer to do in April, "a word derived from Aprilis, of 'aperio,' I open; because the earth begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables." It is a busy month. "If he sows plenteously, so shall he reap; he now ploughs for spring grain, plants early peas, potatoes, sallads (sic) and radishes, uncovers roots, sows early beets and carrots, ploughs flax ground often before sowing, sets out fruit trees, and roots for seed."

Why should this practical and peaceful register be followed by "Anecdotes of Bacchanalians," which would come more appropriately after the section on snakes. Tremble as you read the list of diseases that arise from drunken paroxysm—apoplexy, epilepsy, hysteria, convulsions, oneirodynia, or the awful apparition of the blue monkey grinning from the foot of the bedstead at the startled sleeper. And the list of diseases that come from the continued habit of drinking! Phrenitis, rheumatism, pleurisy, gastritis, enteritis, ophthalmia, carbuncles, gutta rosacea, hepatitis, podagra, schirrus of the bowels, jaundice, dyspepsia, dropsy, tabes, atrophia, syncope, palpitation, diabetes, lockjaw, palsy, ulcers, madness—and here are only a few. Dash down the wine cup! Leave the demijohn of old New England rum corked and sealed! Some scoundrelly vandal has torn out the picture of the Kolloh-Man of the degraded Africans, but the "Advice to the Fair" is intact:

Use the man that you wed, like your favorite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

And the sittings of probate courts and the list of roads from Boston are also intact. We learn that the popular geographies were Cummings', Morse's and Adams'; and arithmetics and playing cards were announced for sale in pleasing juxtaposition.

April 18 1905

MRS. LICHFIELD'S PUPILS EXHIBIT

A public rehearsal of pupils of Mrs. Avonia Bonney Lichfield was held yesterday afternoon in the Hollis Street Theatre. Mrs. Lichfield was the accompanist. The programme included a scene from Gomez's "Il Guarany" (Miss Charlotte Grosvenor), scene from "The Barber of Seville" (Miss Sarah Eaton), ballad and jewel song from "Faust" (Miss Grosvenor), shadow dance from "Dinorah" (Miss Helen Philba), "Peace, My God," from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" (Miss Grosvenor); the page song from act III. of "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Miss Eaton), Giuseppe Gerli's dialogue, "The Challenge of the Nightingale to the Lark" (Miss Philba, Miss Eaton); scene from Manzocchi's "Dolores" (Miss Grosvenor, Miss Philba).

Mrs. Lichfield enlarged these scenes in a few instances. Thus when the curtain rose for the scene from "Faust" Mephistopheles was presented in tableau form, and he afterward had pantomimic business in connection with the disposal of the jewel casket—all this with music taken here and there from Gounod's opera. The scene from "La Forza del Destino" opened with a tableau "said to resemble the Magdalene of

Correggio." There was a free use of the limelight, and in many ways the rehearsal was out of the common.

The young singers have taken part in similar concerts before this, and it was undoubtedly Mrs. Lichfield's purpose to show their vocal and dramatic improvement. Criticism has been invited by her, and it should therefore be given. The singers have gained in vocal ease and freedom; Miss Grosvenor and Miss Philba have made a little progress in dramatic action; Miss Eaton was a most pleasing picture as the Page and too evidently an amateur as Rosina. No one of the young singers has yet mastered the rudiments of dramatic action; they do not walk or stand with histrionic authority; they gesture perfunctorily, as though at the word of command, and the gestures are not used naturally in the service of any emotional display; the singers have little or no command of facial play. Miss Grosvenor, for example, often stood awkwardly in her delivery of a phrase, and certain physical mannerisms in action and in repose at times marred her song that otherwise would have been effective. Miss Eaton pleased as the Page by the grace of her figure, the natural expression of her face, the becoming costume. The moment she walked there could be no possible illusion concerning her sex. "And in her gait the goddess stood revealed," was said of the superb deity; and in her gait the young girl was revealed yesterday at the Hollis.

Much that is pleasant might be said of the singing of Miss Grosvenor. She has the vocal stuff and the physique for a stage career. She has been trained carefully in vocally dramatic expression, and the results were often excellent. On the other hand, she has vocal mannerisms that she should promptly put from her. She is inclined at the end of a well delivered phrase to fall in the final sustained tone below the pitch; in going from a low tone to an upper one, the difference in quality of timbre is occasionally too marked. Miss Philba has a voice well suited to the display of agility and her lower tones are uncommonly full and rich for a coloratura soprano. She added an ornamented version of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" to the programme.

As we have said, these rehearsals are of an uncommon nature. Perhaps at present too much stress is put on dramatic action before the pupils have been thoroughly grounded in the elementary principles of gesture and facial expression. It is not easy for any one teacher to develop at the same time the vocal and dramatic capabilities of a young girl. That Mrs. Lichfield has been able to bring her pupils to the present stage of proficiency—unsatisfactory as the dramatic side of it is in certain ways—is in itself a tribute to her intelligence and her industry. A large audience was highly pleased and applauded vigorously.

A NOTE ON "GUN."

A New York newspaper published recently this headline: "Shot by gun under pillow." As a matter of fact the St. Louis lawyer who was thus seriously wounded did not go to bed with a rifle, a fowling piece, a musket or a blunderbuss under his pillow; the weapon was a pistol. The etymology of the word "gun" is uncertain, and the suggested derivations are curious; but the word itself was first applied to a piece of ordnance, a cannon; later, also to a ballista or battering-ram, and from about 1400 to the present time to any portable firearm except the pistol.

When did this Americanism first come into use? Was it in the West? In English dialects the term gun is applied to a tobacco pipe, a flagon of ale, a Winchester bushel—it weighs eighty-four pounds. In English slang a gun is a lie, a thief, a toddy-glass. In New York slang fifty years ago a gun was a thief, and the sentence, "The copper gunned me as if he was fly to my mug," was thus translated: "The officer looked at me as if he knew my face." But when was "gun" first used for revolver? Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" says that "meat-in-the-pot" and "democratiser" are western American synonyms for revolver. Did any one of you ever hear these synonyms in familiar use? English synonyms for revolver are thus named:

Barker, barking iron, black-eyed Susan, blazer, bulldog, Colt, unconvertible friend, pop or pop-gun, persuader, shooting iron, six-shooter, stick, towel, two-pipe scatter gun; but some of these synonyms are not slang. The French synonyms are more picturesque—pocket handkerchief, the phials, crucifix, pig's foot, puffer.

"Son of a gun" is a two-century old phrase, and it has been admitted to polite literature—see Thackeray's "Pendennis." It is said that the epithet at first "conveyed contempt in a slight degree," and it was applied originally to boys born afloat when women were permitted to accompany their husbands to sea. A plausible explanation, so plausible that it is probably incorrect.

A SHOE-CHANGE.

The shoe has been comfortable; it has ornamented your foot; it has served you well in every way. Suddenly, on a clear and blithesome day, as you walk exultant in the joy of life, you are vaguely aware of some accident to the sole of your right shoe. The feel of it on the sidewalk is not familiar. You scrape the shoe; you stamp once or twice; and then walk on without further thought. When you are at home and take off the shoe, lo, the sole is worn through the surface layer in the middle, and you know that the hole will surely work its way. The sun is bright the next day and you put on the shoe as though it were only a month old. Two or three days after you see that the shoe has lost its shape. It spreads loosely like the rear skin of the elephant; it is loose and squashy, as though it were contrived for one suffering from corns, bunions, enlarged joints; it is now a shoe for an old man. There is a crack in the side; the heel is run down and there are fuzzy bits of protruding leather that invite the knife. The shoe can no longer be an ornament to you; the question is, "Is it worth patching? How long will it last after the cobbler has done his best?" You wonder at the sudden and general decay, dissolution. There was no notice given of the shoe-change. It comes as unexpectedly as a sea-turn.

You yourself have passed safely the roaring forties, and you look forward to a vigorous old age. What is 60? A man does not know how to live before he is 50. How many active men of 70 and 75 there are! Think of Garcia, that fine old fellow in London who has passed his 100th birthday. Perhaps you were a little imprudent in your thirties and forties; you hit the bowl now and then, you saw the seven stars and heard the chimes at midnight, but you inherited a sound constitution and you are now fairly prudent in your ways of life. You go to bed earlier than was your wont. For some reason or other you lose interest in talk and jesting late in the evening. You awake one morning and are conscious of something wrong in your clockwork. You are not worried, but a day or two after you go to the celebrated specialist. "It is just as well to take precautions." To your surprise he says little and gives you a thorough examination. He advises you as to your diet; he cuts off favorite dishes. "No wine, no beer; let alcohol alone." You ask in faint tones, remembering certain shut-off sports: "Do you think a little unsweetened gin would hurt me?" You find your friends asking as to your health. Those of your household are unusually anxious lest you overdo. You notice strange tissue changes when you shave. Your complexion is pasty; your cheeks are stringy; your chin is crumbling; your neck is shrivelled. Before you know it you have the mask of the victim of disordered heart and kidneys. Can you be patched up? Or will you be thrown away as the shoe? Your shoe has a new sole and heel, but the upper leather is now so cracked that you put the pair in the refuse box on the back stairway.

April 19 1905

ORCHESTRAL CLUB LAST CONCERT

Chausson's "Hymne Vedique" and a Suite from Hue's "Titania" Given for the First Time in America in Jordan Hall Last Night.

The Boston Orchestral Club gave its second and last concert of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. Mr. Longy conducted. The programme was as follows: Guiraud's "Carnival," Lefebvre's prelude to the third scene of "Eloa" (De Vigny's poem), Chausson's "Hymne Vedique," for chorus and orchestra (first time); suite from Hue's "Titania" (first time)); Berlioz's "Tristia," Beethoven's Serenade, Farandole from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne." The club was assisted by members of the Cecilia Society and the Boston Singing Club. There was a large audience.

The feature of the concert was the impressive performance of Berlioz's nobly pathetic funeral march for the last scene of "Hamlet." The march was played at a former concert of the club, but not with such dramatic intensity. Berlioz himself never heard the music. He would have been pleased last night, although no doubt he would have insisted on his cannon and not been contented with lesser guns. The prelude to the third scene of "Eloa" was delicately played, and the music itself has a peculiar charm.

Chausson's "Hymne Vedique" was performed for the first time in this country. The score was loaned for the occasion by the widow of the lamented composer. It is not easy to form an opinion of the hymn after one hearing. The compositions of Chausson are charged with a peculiar melancholy, no matter what the subject that inspired the music may be. He was a musician of pure and lofty purpose, fastidious but not finical in his expression. Much of his music that we have heard lacks spontaneity. There is infinite labor with comparatively little effect. The performance of the chorus last night probably gave one a fair idea of Chausson's intentions, but his music always demands a performance that is both letter perfect and enthusiastic. Mr. Longy conducted as though he believed profoundly in the high aesthetic value of the hymn; but what to any chorus in Boston is a "Hymne Vedique" written by a Frenchman, unless the singers are taught the spirit of poet and musician and are accustomed, in a measure at least, to the peculiar language of an ultra-modern French composer? The performance was one of good faith and tion or of authority. The most striking feature of the work as performed last night was an ascending progression of violins against the chorus, but Verdi did this much better in the Nile scene of "Aida." Here and there there were revelations of a tragic mood, but the work as a whole disappointed and—the confession must be made—bored.

The suite composed of excerpts from Georges Hue's opera "Titania," produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Jan. 20, 1903, was played for the first time in America. The opera itself is one of fairies and mortals, and Titania and Puck or Robin-Goodfellow are leading characters. The suite is interesting chiefly by reason of its ingenious and brilliant instrumentation. The melodic thought is not distinguished, and the music at its best is decorative. It may fit the situation and the stage setting, but as music in a concert room it has little true worth. Only in the final movement, "Apparition," are there uplifting moments and the sonorous close would be still more effective in the theatre.

Beethoven's Serenade played by all the strings served to display the proficiency which the players have attained under Mr. Longy's rule. The Serenade was unfortunately placed, for it came at a time when the ears of any attentive hearer are dulled. Guiraud's "Carnival" is well orchestrated; in other respects it is an ordinary routine work.

There was generous recognition of the many excellencies of the performance. There were flowers for Mrs. Hall, the president of the club, and to Mr. Longy were given a wreath and a baton. It is to be hoped that a club which has made such progress in technical proficiency, which has introduced many interesting modern compositions in this city, will not be allowed to die. There are rumors of an attempt to preserve the organization for at least another season, though it may bear another name and perhaps have a less specific purpose.

April 20. 1905

MAN OR WOMAN?

Mr. Randolph Milbourne of Washington Courthouse, O., was banished from that city by the mayor for wearing woman's dress. He has appealed to the attorney-general and asked whether he has not the legal right to wear the clothing which is to him most comfortable and convenient. In his appeal he alludes to Dr. Mary Walker's trousers, which she wears, baggy or pressed, without legal interference or objection; he asks plaintively, "Why cannot I wear skirts?" The attorney-general declines to give an opinion; like the chancellor in Tennyson's poem, who dallied with his golden chain, he, smiling, puts the question by. Yet we think Mr. Milbourne is entitled to an answer.

There has been a prejudice in the minds of many for centuries against men donning the dress of women, yet mighty rulers and brave warriors have worn a costume that would be best described as feminine. Do not Greeks today wear a dress that recalls pleasant memories of ballet dancers with their tu-tu? Women have of late years approached closely to the dress of man in certain details. Collars, cuffs, cravats, Tiresias had been both man and woman at various periods of his life, and he promptly sided with Jupiter, whereupon the provoked Juno deprived Tiresias of his sight. It's a pretty story, although that stern moralist, Brautome, censured it. Juvenal agreed with Tiresias and said that even the women most fond of manly employment would not for the world become men. Yet how often one hears a woman exclaim: "I wish I were a man," or on many occasions deplore the fact that she is obliged to wear skirts. How seldom one hears a man wish he were a woman.

Who was it that wrote: "A woman's life revolves on curves of emotion; it is on the straight lines of the intellect that a man's life progresses." It is true that a woman all straight lines and no curves is to be pitied; she disturbs the landscape. But Mrs. Craigie makes the sweeping statement that woman has the better time. Women, she admits, are the suffering sex, but for this very reason more is done for her to make her forget this. She also admits that men cherish the illusion that theirs is the more enviable lot: "Let us first see the effect of the man's illusion upon men of virile spirit. It makes them kind to women, tender toward them, willing to work for them anxious to shield them." What do women know of the competitive existence of the male? "Life is well and commonly compared to an arena surrounded by seats, where men fight together to the death in the pit, while women merely struggle with each other for good places to look on." Is not this a superficial view? Is there no heart breaking competition between women among the rich as well as the poor Are there not ten women who are le to believe that they are superfluous t one man who comes to the same bitte conclusion? Yet few of these wome would be willing to exchange place with men. Even the most insignificant remembers the words of Zorobabel an consoles herself: "Yea, and if me have gathered together gold and silve or any other goodly thing, do they n love a woman, which is comely in fav and beauty? And letting all tho things go, do they not gape and, ev with open mouth, fix their eyes fast her? * * * Yea, many there be th have run out of their wits for wome and become servants for their sake many also have perished, have err and sinned for women. * * * O, men, how can it be but women shou be strong, seeing they do thus?"

THE PROVIDER.

"He was a good provider." Th speech after the funeral is the high tribute paid in New England villag to the dead man, especially by t kinsfolk of the widow. The sentime of the speech, couched in more orn language, is often expressed in like c cumstances in cities throughout t land.

The dead man began to provide his courting days. He saved, he oft pinched himself with a view to a w and a home. Married, his one thou was to make her comfortable and c tented. He slaved for her; he ka feverish days and restless nigh whether his salary was small or business was on a large scale. He p vided for her and the children; often aided the mother-in-law or a ter or brother of his wife. He careless about his dress, that the w and daughter might enjoy spien plumage. He did not gratify arti tastes, that his family might have cial pleasures which were to him Dead sea fruit. The daughter grew married, and left him. The son, a he had had all the advantages t were denied the father, still nee help. The man grew prematurely He had cut himself off from old a ciates and associations. His wife w say to the neighbors: "Mr. Culve is such a home man." He was not isfied with providing his family comforts and luxuries while he li he toiled that they might have al dance after he should be called f them. The house should be his wi there should be sufficient life it

nce for a good income. His one hought was to provide; and this proiding shortened his days. If now and hen, urged by a physician, he took a hort vacation, he found out that he ad lost the capacity for enjoyment. Only the routine of work gave him leasure. To read a book seemed a vaste of time, or he could not fix his ttention on it. He wondered vaguely t men who could afford to leave busiess and go afishing or asailing. He as too tired to enjoy a concert or a lay; or, if he went, he found himself peculating concerning the result of ome business scheme. He became inifferent toward any one not of his ousehold.

And what did he have in return? he honeymoon over, he had little time pursue the courtship of his wife, nd happiness in marriage comes iefly from constant wooing. A city an, he saw her at breakfast and at inner; the eveuings were too often ent where he bored other women, nd was bored by them, while his wife as entertained by men whose only bor was in society life. To some he as known as "Mrs. Culverton's husand; we cannot very well invite her ithout him—but he's a dose." The ife, though loyal to him by the card, ecretly found him much changed, ther heavy, "unsympathetic." The n valued him as a source of support. he daughter was fond of him, but she d her own home and interests. Still, r. Culverton kept on providing, and grew duller and duller. He never mplained—he had no real cause: his use was well kept: his wife was elable; his credit in the business orld was high; his investments had een shrewd. One day he took to his d and ceased to provide. He then d his wife and family no harm; they uld not reproach him.

His affairs were found to be in exllent order. The obituary notices ttered the survivors. The son began speculate wildly. The son-in-law id: "Now, Lucy, we can afford to ve a steam yacht." The widow, with favorite neice, closed the house and ent to Europe for an indefinite sourn. She looked quite young in her ourning, and she spoke of her loss in way that would have pleased Mr. ulverton's sense of justice. "He was good provider."

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ats, waistcoats, divided skirts are orn by many, and there are equesiennes in Boston who, walking to and om the riding schools, assume a male ride and swagger and a male voice ith their stamping riding boots. Why ould not a man be allowed to borrow om women some characteristic detail costume? It is said that the strong an, mentally and physically, has more the mother in him than the weaker es of his sex. Is it not natural that e male should be tempted to revert womanly instincts and desires? We ad lately of an accomplished needlean, of a member of Parliament who at ome knits all his stockings, and is kept ly by the fear of ridicule from takg his knitting with him to a dull seson. There have been periods when e dress of western men has been more aborate and dainty than that of omen, as when the Incroyables wore othes much too large for them and rried a vinaigrette.

But the underlying question is an old e, a question whose origin is to be ought in legendary mist: "Who has e better time—a man or a woman?" the form of putting it now in Engnd. Jupiter and Juno disputed over is question. Jupiter said "Woman"; uno said "Man." There would have een an unpleasant scene if one Tiresias ad not been called in as judge. Now,

April 21, 1905

THE REAL SELF.

We read lately that a letter is the revelation of the character of the writer, not merely to an expert of hand-writing, but by the nature of the thought and the expression. This may possibly have been so a half-century or a ceutury ago, but we doubt it in all cases. A man may be confidential with the public; he may write for a newspaper and fully unmask himself; he may use himself, his follies, weaknesses, hopes, delusions, sour or laughable experiences for copy; he unbosoms himself, and he never thinks of his self-exposure before thousands of men and women. Ask this same man to write a confidential letter to a trusted friend, and he will shrink into his shell. His letter will be self-conscious, ill at ease, stilted, contradictory, vague. On the other hand, a man of liberal educatiou, large experience, keen original wit, humorous fancy, will write freely a delightful letter to some indifferent person, some one whom he knows slightly, a mere business acquaintance. Put this same man at the task of writing a critical review, a short editorial article, a causerie, and he will cudgel his brains, his fancy will fly away, his memory will refuse to act, his sentences will be awkwardly constructed, torpid, lifeless. He will not say anything. The knowledge that there are men upstairs who will set his copy, that a proofreader will question his phraseology, and, above all, that thousands may read the next morning what he has written, numbs his energy. Let him leave the newspaper office, the moment he is at home he will write an article that, if it were published, would be for a few hours the talk of the town. Now, is his letter to a chance acquaintance a revelation of his true self, or does the stupid, futile letter of the man quick and at ease in the newspaper office expose his true character? In either case the writer is self-conscious; one when he is before the public, the other when he is alone with a friend or acquaintance.

So the most passionate and inspiring stage-singer is frequently phlegmatic and dull in private life. The problem is a curious one.

TERRIFYING EYES.

There has been an exhibition of eye miniatures in London, and it is said there is a revival of the old fashion of having eyes painted in miniature. Richard Cosway is named as the one that set the fashion by painting an eye of Mrs. Fitzherbert for the Prince Regent that he might wear it on his wrist as a bracelet. We have heard of a German baron who was so devoted to the memory of his wife that he wore one of her fair eyes pickled and exposed under glass in a massive thumb ring. We doubt whether Cosway was the first—the first to do anything had shadowy predecessors, and there are always the early Egyptians to reckon with. This miniaturist and full-length painter, who painted lords and ladies for upward of sixty years, never made a finer likeness than the pen portrait that Hazlitt made of him. All collectors should love him—for he had a lock of Heloise's hair, the dagger with which Felton sent the Duke of Buckingham to a more distant land than Spain, a feather of the phoenix, a bit of Noah's ark—he would swear they were all authentic. "He had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity—he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense as we speak to a servant downstairs through a conduit pipe." His soul had the life of a bird—to quote again the inimitable Hazlitt—he was always good natured, always gay; "why should such persons ever die?"

This exhibition of eye miniatures must have been disconcerting, if not fearful. In nightmares one might be constantly watched by eyes. An unidentified eye strikes terror to the soul; it is the evil eye. "Although the sphere of its (the eye's) activity is so small, yet its power is so great that all the passions of the soul are expressed by it in such a manner as irresistibly to produce in its beholders the most pllant obedience." Thus Mr. Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity parish, Coventry, in his "Wonders of the Little World"; and he was speaking of eyes in a head, of eyes with the ordinary associations. You do not feel comfortable when you see a detached eye in an advertisement observing you: you remember certain actions you would not like to have discussed in the newspapers or at the club. Such an eye, like the celebrated eye that never sleeps, keeps saying in the vulgar speech: "I'm on to you." The isolated eye is as terrible as the one of Polyphemus. One is amazed that St. Augustine could have preached composedly the holy gospel to the one-eyed whom he saw in lower Ethiopia.

Eyes in portraits are often disquieting, even when they are not made by a trick to seem now shut, now open, as in the head of the Saviour by Gabriel Max. There are portraits of apparently respectable men and women that disquiet you when you are left alone with them, and merely by reason of the message of the painted eyes. It is said that the closest friends of Tamerlane, Caesar Borgia, Prince Olo of Norway, the Emperor Julian and Martin Luther could not endure the glances of their eyes when they looked intently at them. Theodore Beza's shed light at night; sparks of fire flew out of the eyes of Edward I.; the one-eyed servant of the Duke of Briganza could make a falcon in its flight drop dead by looking at it. And here we come again to the evil eye—a universal belief.

The ancients, in their statues of gods and goddesses, preferred to make their eyes expressionless, for they felt themselves unable to represent adequately the dignity of their glances. These sightless balls inspire a certain fear in the breasts of the imaginative when they are only for a moment with the marble beings. But think of being alone in a large room under the inspection of hundreds of unidentified eyes; eyes that mock, tempt, condemn, pity! Painted eyes that stare, that follow you when you try to evade them, are terrible; but think of eyes that for a moment apparently do not see you, and then, as you think you have passed unnoticed, suddenly regard you fiercely or with fiendish glee. A man with the clearest conscience might readily be pardoned if he shrieked wildly in such a gallery and rushed headlong to find reassurance in the street.

NO NOSE.

The Lancet stated lately that the absence of a nose is so utterly obvious that it must be seen by every one, and the effect on the patient may be much greater than might have been anticipated. "The patient"—the Lancet is now quoting—"consequently shuns society and every appearance in public, and often is oppressed with a self-loathing and abasement almost amounting to the blackest despair."

But a nose may easily be replaced. The learned Taliacotius was not the only one that cut supplemental noses from the brawny part of a porter. The patient runs some danger. There was an Italian nobleman whose nose was cut off in a duel. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai! A nose was moulded for him out of the arm of a slave, who was set free. The ungrateful wretch went to Naples and died there; "at which instant," says Dr. Fludd—the Lancet knows him not—"a gangrene appeared upon the nobleman's nose; upon which that part of the nose which belonged to the dead man's arm was, by the advice of his physician, cut off." A patch was added from the nobleman's own noble arm, and this nose was faithful to him till death. Then there was the notary in About's story who had no end of trouble with his nose.

As Moses remarked to Aaron, it is the fashion to wear noses. The wonder is that so many are ornamental. Here you find a young woman who yearns to play tragic parts, but whose nose is of the soubrette order; nevertheless the nose of Cleopatra was tilted; and we are inclined to side with Richard Grant White in his belief that Lady Macbeth was a little woman of sensuous attractions, no doubt with coquettish nostrils. Why should the soubrette-nosed be debarred from donning the buskin? "Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus." Thus did the Hebrew lover address his beloved, but what Bostonian girl would glow with pride at such an apostrophe? Yet women who are acquainted with the maxims of the Salernitan school approve a long nose on a wooer's face. Dr. Maurice Fishberg in "The Jewish Encyclopedia"—a vast storehouse of learning, shows by statistics that the majority of noses in modern Jews are straight, or what is popularly known as "Greek." The proportion of snub noses among them is from 3 to 6 per cent. and the proportion of arched noses is less than 25 per cent. "It is more the Jewish nostril than the nose itself which goes to form the characteristic Jewish expression," says Joseph Jacobs. Napier cried out, "Give me a man with plenty of nose," yet a London magistrate by the size of his proboscis is said to have given the word "beak" for magistrate to the slang dictionary. Ask a lover to describe his sweetheart, he seldom mentions her nose. Petrarch said nothing about his Laura's nose. Belot wrote a novel, "The Mouth of Mme. X.," but where is there a romantic story about the nose of a woman?

To some the organ has seemed unimportant, a mere detail, as to Francois de la Mothe le Vayer, who through a catarrh lost the sense of smell and wrote most philosophically about it. His remarks are in his ninety-second letter: "If the odor of roses and pinks no longer gives me pleasure, I say to myself that the stench of the muddy streets in Paris and of so many places which it is necessary to pass, even in the Louvre itself, will no longer disgust me." He found consolation in the thought that man, of all animals, had the sense of smell the least developed. The nearer man approaches the brute the keener this sense; thus Ross records the fact that from the time the Spaniards first met the West Indians the latter, like crows, could smell gunpowder at a great distance. Think of the miseries that arise from the possession of the faculty. Cardon always had some smell in his nose, generally brimstone; Louis XI. had a conceit that everything stank about him; Johanues Echitus, physician and herbalist, sneezed and suffered in the brain in the presence of a red rose; Erasmus was feverish if he smelt fish; there are men and women who grow faint from the smell of fruit.

As Moses said, it is the fashion to wear noses, but the precise fashion is not one and the same for all lands. The Persian demands that it should be long and white; the Ethiopian that it should be black and snub; some have found a nose endurable only when ornamented with a ring. Pliny may say with foolish pride: "Man only hath his nose standing forth aloft, which nowadays they dedicate to sly scoffing and derision, insomuch as they attribute that term to dry mockers and flouters. And verily there is not a creature besides that hath his nostrils so bearing out." But of what advantage was his nose to the poor "Elephant-man" that lived and died miserably in London? Think of the woe of the red-nosed man of abstemious life who has the notoriety of a toss-pot, a two-handed drinker, without the pleasure: the finger of scorn is ever pointed at him, and mothers whisper his case to their young sons as a shocking example. Tom Paine was known for years by an unpleasant rhyme:

> "Tom Paine has come from far, from far;
> His nose is like a blazing star."

Or is the man with the polypus to be envied? It is true that the noseless would be debarred from one joy, viz., that of making the century-old gesture of contempt or defiance.

"LURID" AND "WEIRD."

Correspondents of the New York Sun have been sending in lists of words not easily spelled by them. These lists are curious in this respect: in each one there is at least one word in common use that would perplex any ordinary reader if he were suddenly called on to write it. One is never sure of "fulfil"; another stumbles over "niece"; a third is always in doubt about the final vowel in "assistant"; and so on, through a surprisingly long list. A contributor, "E. S. E.," says that the hardest word to write is "Egypt"—but how would he spell it if he wrote it carelessly? He also says that the one word whose meaning is rarely given correctly is "lurid."

We once received a letter from some anonymuncule—for there are always persons who have plenty of leisure for the composition of an unsigned letter and apparently no other waste-pipe for their intellect. He complained of the characterization of a fire as "lurid." He said that "lurid" meant "pale," not "red." Thus did he write with a display of that superficial knowledge that is more deplorable than murky ignorance. It is true that lurid originally meant pale and dismal in color; also wan and sallow, ghastly of hue. Thus the sickly pallor of the skin in disease is lurid, or snow under a leaden sky may be appropriately described as lurid. Here the anonymuncule rested his case. But anything that shines with a red glow or glare amid darkness—flame mingled with smoke, or a lightning flash across a dark cloud—may also be described as lurid. James Thomson, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, William Black used the word with this signification. Furthermore, lurid may be used figuratively with the implied meaning of "terrible," "ominous," "ghastly," "sensational," and Charles Kingsley, Dickens, Farrar did not hesitate to speak in turn of "a lurid idea," "lurid indications," a fact that cast "a lurid light on the annals of persecution." And in scientific use, certain plants of a dingy brown or yellowish brown color are described as lurid by Darwin and others.

A word that is much misused is "weird." Hardly a day passes without the use of "weird" as synonymous with strange, curious, surprising. The word means nothing of the kind. The meaning of the substantive is "fate, destiny, doom." In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels you find the true signification: "To be a lone woman is a sair weird." Is there not a novel by Mrs. Alexander entitled "Ralph Wilton's Weird"? Then there is the fine old phrase heard in Scotland and in northern English counties, "to dree one's weird," to endure one's fate. The adjective means ghostly, ominous, uncanny, and occasionally ill-fated; it never means curious, singular, queer, "rum," in the common acceptation of those terms.

FIRESIDE TALES.

Tales of domestic woe were told in open court throughout the land on one and the same day this week. In Brooklyn a wife alleged that her husband is spending all his income in an attempt to solve the problem of perpetual motion. Before the same judge a husband complained that his wife had acquired the bargain counter habit to such an extent that she would throw the ice out of the refrigerator to make room for her purchases. Mr. Milton C. Schenck of Chicago deserves a separate paragraph.

Mr. Schenck was accused of abandoning his wife. He told Justice Mahoney that he was compelled to leave home on account of her "unremitting caresses." She thought that marriage should be one long honeymoon. She would call Mr. Schenck to the telephone:

"Is this my ownsie boysie?"

"Yes, dear."

"Come home and kiss your little wife."

Mr. Schenck repeated the conversation and then gave way to this frank burst: "And Judge, I just had to do it."

At other times Mrs. Schenck would call him home suddenly from his work without giving any reason, and he, poor wretch, thinking of tramp, burglar, exploding kerosene-can, fire, would rush home to find his wife at the door, and she would say: "Why didn't tootsie kiss his honey-bunch good-by this morning?" As Mr. Milton C. Schenck plaintively remarked: "It was a case of either give up work and live on love or give up love and eat. And Judge, I couldn't live on love." Not a mute but an inglorious Milton! Think of the heroes that gave up wealth, power, a palace, and even home and m-m-m-mother for love. All for love, and the world well lost. Hearken to the words of Justice Mahoney, who is more than a judge: he is a man. "That's a good kind of a wife to have, and I am going to hold you for the grand jury." In other words, Mr. Schenck will be obliged by law to return his wife's glowing affection. Thus does Judge Mahoney preach from his bench, as brazen-sandalled Empedocles from his chariot, that human beings are only scattered bits of what was once the great sphere of love. Mr. Paul Hervieu in sunny France may well write to him a letter of congratulation, for the eminent novelist and academician, now one of the committee to reform the civil code, proposed to his colleagues at a recent sitting to add the word "love" to the obligations already imposed by the code on the contracting parties. But perhaps Mr. Schenck is hard of heart, less susceptible than even the ossified man who has just been sued for breach of promise, and of whom it has been said, not without admiration, "love affairs have been his bane."

For the woman whose husband is spending all he has and more on the problem of perpetual motion we have the deepest sympathy. The most pathetic figure in the long gallery of womanhood is the wife of an inventor. Yet how often have such wives shown supreme devotion! They have encouraged and sustained even when they were secretly incredulous. They have stripped themselves of ordinary comforts that the man might some day be famous. Even when the invention is practical and indispensable, how often another, the adapter, or the buyer, bears away the glory and takes the substantial profit! The woman in Brooklyn should not be harshly blamed; perhaps she has been reading the story of Balthazar Claes, or the tale of Pallisy, Goodyear, Wilson Hunt, any one of the countless army long mocked or at last broken-hearted.

The husband of the bargain counter haunter is in another class. He undoubtedly has a right to protest against the use of the ice chest as a parcel-closet, for it is now too warm to cool bottled beer by putting it outside a window on the sill. Is the bathtub already overflowing with the lucky purchases? Will the grand piano cover endure no more? Is there no space between the floor and the bed? No woman can resist a bargain. This husband would gain nothing by advising his wife to read Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames," for Denise, who sold the bargains, prospered and became the head of the corner-store, and the masterly portraits of the shoppers, individuals and in crowds, would incite any woman to leave her household occupations to try her luck.

April 23 1905

PLAY STRUBE'S

Symphony Orchestra, for Its 23d Concert, Produces His "Longing," for Viola and Orchestra, with Wonderful Effect.

The programme of the 23d Symphony concert in Symphony Hall last night, Mr. Gericke conductor, was as follows:

Overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" ..... Mendelssohn
Symphonic Poem, "Longing," for viola and orchestra ..... Strube
(First time.)
Concerto in F minor, No. 2, for piano ..... Chopin
Symphony in D ..... Franck
(By request.)

This concert was one of unusual interest to the hearer in search of varied entertainment. There was a familiar and easily understood overture by Mendelssohn; there was a new symphonic poem by Mr. Strube which displayed the rare artistry of Mr. Ferir as well as the talent of the composer; Mr. Paderewski played a concerto by Chopin and then turned a symphony concert into a piano recital for a while; and there was the impressive and noble symphony of Cesar Franck. Thus there were exhibitions of personality and of art.

Mendelssohn's musical portraiture of a dead calm at sea is still expressive even to those who have heard the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who knew the ocean as a professional, not as an English channel amateur. It is the painting of the prosperous voyage that now seems hopelessly old-fashioned, fit to be classed with "Moonlight on the Hudson" and other "musical sketches."

In the Russian's "Scheherazade" and "Sadko," there is the sea, with the sight and the sound and the foam of it. In Mendelssohn's music there is the return of a Nantasket boat, on time, with whooping friends on the wharf and a suggestion of the rush to the street cars. There is more of the thought of the sea in the same composer's "Hebrides" overture, which makes no such a direct challenge to attention. Still, the first section, the sea calm, is worthy of the composer, who, after the worst has been said in praise or in blame, remains a charming landscapist, if not a marine painter of indisputable power.

Mr. Strube's symphonic poem, "Longing," was composed early this year. It was suggested by a poem in free verse by Mr. William Lyman Johnson of this city, and according to the poet's short analysis of the work, the music should remind one of "redolent nightfall, filled with peace and night-sounds. The solo viola expresses the longing for the peace and hope that merciful mothering night brings to him who is tired of 'the clamor, din and gossip of the day' and all that the struggle for existence suggests." There is the longing, to quote from Mr. Johnson's poem, for

> "The holy and heartresting peace
> Of moonlight on a field of lilies,
> And Jesus walking in their midst."

Without any knowledge of the poem the music would still be poetic, and the mere title "Longing" would furnish a clew. With a knowledge of the poem the music is illustrative as well as poetic. The Herald earlier in the season deplored the fact that Mr. Strube, a musician of true talent and versatility, had fallen into the way of using a musical speech that did not seem natural to him. This symphonic poem is free from the reproach. The music is here the natural, inevitable expression of spontaneous thought, and this thought is continuous, not merely episodic.

To use a phrase that has been sadly staled, this music came from the composer's heart, not merely from the brain, and, although in the expression there is a free use of ultra-modern harmonies and orchestral devices, there is not for a moment any suggestion of experimentation, nor is the composer discovered as one wishing to make the bourgeois sit up. The thought is not frittered away in the telling, and technical ingenuity is used only to point the musical message.

Mr. Strube has profited by the inventions of d'Indy and Debussey et al, and their superior refinements of instrumentation, but he has made them his own, so that they do not interrupt as orchestral or harmonic quotations what he himself has to say. The symphonic poem is, on the whole, the clearest, sanest, most truly emotional and imaginative of Mr. Strube's later works. He conducted, and he was indeed fortunate in his interpreters. Mr. Ferir played with wonderfully beautiful tone and the finest feeling; the men of the orchestra were in full sympathy with their colleague.

The Herald commented at some length on certain injurious mannerisms that marred sadly the performance of Mr. Paderewski at his recital. It is a pleasure to say that in his performance of the concerto last evening he was for the most part the Paderewski of earlier years, sympathetic, emotional, brilliant, hypnotic. Whether Chopin himself would know this concerto as it is orchestrated and played today by any distinguished pianist is a question that need not be discussed at this moment; it is not easy to imagine Chopin playing in any huge modern concert hall. Mr. Paderewski's performance abounded in tonal contrasts and in haunting cantabile; it was apparently spontaneous and yet cunningly prepared and finished. In the performance of the second movement the pianist reached his height.

The wildly applausive audience insisted on encore pieces. Mr. Gericke, who has so often forbidden these additions to a programme, yielded, and Mr. Paderewski played an etude by Chopin (E major), the waltz in C sharp minor by the same composer and the arrangement of Schubert's Erl King. In the etude there was a tendency to sentimentalize. The performance of the waltz was mannered in the extreme, and the liberties in rhythm were extravagant and ineffective. The performance of the Erl King was thunderously undistinguished.

The performance of the orchestra was of the highest order. Franck's great symphony was played not long ago with such effect that the request for a repetition was not surprising. All in all, a concert to be remembered.

MUSIC NOTE.

Mr. Roberto Vanni, tenor, and pupils of his first year course will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Remarkable Career of a Remarkable Man; Death Claimed Him Just When His Ambition Had Been Realized; Handel and Haydn Concert Tonight; Other Musical Events of the Week—Personals.

"THEODORE THOMAS: A Musical Autobiography," edited by George P. Upton, has been published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The work is in two volumes: the first is devoted to the life of the conductor: the second is a collection of programmes.

Mr. Thomas died suddenly, on Jan. 4 of this year, and some might say that these memorial volumes had been prepared with undue haste. As a matter of fact, the volumes were planned before the death of Theodore Thomas. The original purpose was to preserve the programmes of his concerts in some permanent form. Mr. Thomas wrote the preface last September. "I wish to begin with a statement, to which my friends will bear witness, that I never intended to write my autobiography, or anything else; I desired only to preserve my programmes—representing over half a century of a very important part of the history of music in America." Mr. Upton, the compiler and editor, showed Mr. Thomas the necessity of adding some historical matter. "What I have written will, I hope, prove interesting enough to the reader to recompense him for the time he will give to its perusal. I have written it reluctantly, and without being able to form the slightest opinion as to how much it will interest any one beyond my personal friends. In justice to myself, I must say that if some of my statements seem severe, they have been written with regret; but I have been compelled by truth, without which the whole would have been worthless, as well as by the urgent requests of earnest and truth-loving men, to clear up, for the sake of history, some matters which have been perverted, or transmitted to the present generation through unreliable sources." Mr. Upton has wisely published the preface and autobiography as they were written; but as they were written at Mr. Thomas' New Hampshire summer home, where he was unable to refer at length to documents, the author touched only briefly on certain periods of his long and most honorable career, and in these instances Mr. Upton has added notes.

His Childhood.

Theodore Thomas was born on Oct. 11, 1835, at Esens, by the North sea. His grandfather kept a book store at Erfurt, and emigrated to South America. His father was a town musician. His grandfather on his mother's side was a physician at Goettingen. "Both my parents were refined and honest people." The boy did not know when he began to play the violin. He was told that he played in public when he was 5 years old, but his earliest recollection was that his father played the violin, so he played. His father emigrated with his large family and landed in New York in July, 1845. New York was then a town of two-story houses, and pigs ate refuse in Broadway. The only thing for a musician to do was to join a brass band and play for parades or dancing. The piano and the cornet were about the only instruments taught. The Philharmonic orchestra, organized in 1842, was on feeble legs, and there were the theatre orchestras, composed chiefly of English musicians. "Better music was played in the theatre then, however, than at the present time." The boy first knew Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture by hearing it in a theatre, played before a performance of Shakespeare's tragedy. He had to do much night work, for the theatres kept open far beyond midnight. He also played at a French dancing school, and he had no time to go to a school during the day.

In 1848 he and his father enlisted in navy band, and Theodore played second horn, but in 1849 he obtained his discharge and gave concerts in the South. He would use the dining room of a hotel for a hall, stand at the door and take the money, then go to the front, unpack his fiddle and give the concert. He led a vagabond life. In some places amateurs made much of him and he stayed a while with them. He would travel on horseback, hoping to be attacked by bandits. In a Mississippi town the authorities ordered him to leave town, because they believed the devil was in the fiddle.

In 1850 he was back again in New York, and he determined to be a virtuoso, so he began to practise and play in concerts. New York had changed musically. German musicians had come over, singly or in bands. There was a German theatre with a fair-sized orchestra, and the youth was the first violinist. The plays of Goethe and Schiller made a deep impression on him. He played sol

LIFE OF THEODORE THOMAS: A MUSICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

at Sunday night concerts. A programme of one of Dodworth's "Musical Festivals" in 1852 announced Master Thomas as an "eminent artist." He played Ernst's "Otello" fantasia. Henry Squires was the tenor, a singer who afterward sang with great success in European cities; his life was a romantic one—he married Lucy Eastcott (or Escott), an operatic soprano, whom he survives, and lives in comfort now in Paris, now in Bennington, Vt. The visiting Italian singers did much toward Thomas' musical development. "I doubt if there were ever brought together in any part of the world a larger number of talented vocalists than were gathered in New York between 1850 and the early sixties. The pure and musical quality of their art was of great value in forming the taste of an impressionable boy at the outset of his career." And in like manner Adelina Patti grew up. Thomas played everywhere, though he was very small and looked younger than he was. When the season was over he would ask Harry B. Dodworth to let him play for balls to earn the money to pay his board! "This he always did, and I still thank him for it." Or the youth would play in the barroom of a hotel when there was no other way of earning money. "Other well known musicians had to beat the big drum all day in street parades. I was, fortunately, not driven to that." Jullien, "the musical charlatan of all ages," came over in 1853 with a wonderful band. "New York has never had, before or since, the like of his wood-wind players." Thomas was one of his first violinists.

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His Apprenticeship.

Jenny Lind was to him a truly great singer; "she had an exceptional voice, compass, technic and warmth and impressed one with a sense of grandeur." There was Sontag—"I do not remember another singer in whom art and experience were combined with such freshness and quality of voice"—she was then nearly 50 years old. "Neither of these exceptional women conquered the world with voice and execution alone. It was the perfection of these qualities, together with the single aim—that of truthful expression, which gave greatness to whatever they rendered. I have never heard their equals. Patti's voice was of delicious quality and great charm, easy in delivery and true, like the singing of a bird—but it expressed no more soul than the song of a bird." The important musical influence of Karl Eckert, who came over with Sontag as leader of her orchestra, has never been recognized. He was "the only really fully equipped and satisfactory conductor who visited this country during that period. All of the rest were more or less 'time-beaters.' His influence probably laid the foundation of my future career." Under him Thomas became leader of the second violins, and the year after the concert master for Arditi, "a good conducdtor of Italian opera," one "in touch with his orchestra." The chief singers were LaGrange, Miratc, Badiali. "I have always considered Mirate the greatest tenor I have heard, without exception, as voice, compass, method and musicianship." The education of singers was at that period limited, and the conductor was obliged, except in large European institutions, to pound on the piano with the singers until they knew their parts. "I can remember singers of great renown who did not know the name of a note."

Arditi, by the way, always remembered Thomas appreciatively. In his "Reminiscences" he speaks of him as at the head of one of the finest orchestras in America, "the Philharmonic(!) at Chicago"; "I recollect that he used to be my chief d'attaque at New York when I conducted there in days gone by, and I was then already delighted with his musical abilities, never doubting that he would ultimately achieve a great success." But Arditi merely mentions Mirate as a member of the company. Thomas was concert master when Arditi's opera "La Spia", founded on Cooper's novel, "The Spy," was produced in 1856 at the Academy of Music, but Thomas in turn did not refer to that production.

The chief accomplishment of an orchestra in those days was to follow the singer. The conductor was never long in any place, and the orchestra was generally engaged by a man of business rather than musical capacity, who could receive a salary from the manager and a percentage from the player. If the player protested, he was not engaged. Thomas as concert master did play with this and engaged the men. From that time on there was probably a good instrumentalist who did not. And his first years in America in the orchestra I formed. It had a standard thereafter which made itself quickly felt."

Timm and Scharfenberg were good musicians, and their influence helped the concerts of the Philharmonic society, which Thomas joined in 1854. Its conductors then were Theodore Eisfeld, a time-beater, "who would make corrections in the harmonies of master works he did not understand," and Carl Bergmann, once well known in Boston. The latter was "a talented musician and a fair 'cello player," but he was, as has been said, Thomas' model in conducting, for "he lacked the qualities of a first rank conductor." He had one great redeeming quality for those days, and it made him prominent: he had an artistic nature and he sympathized with "the music of the future," as it was called. Eckert was the one who influenced Thomas and from whom he learned. Bergmann and Thomas were good friends in spite of the companions of the former trying to make Bergmann jealous of Thomas' success, "which he had not sufficient energy to emulate." "A few years before his death I offered to share the conductorship of my orchestra with Bergmann and pay him a salary. He accepted the offer, but when the morning came for the rehearsal at which he was to appear he stayed away."

William Mason established chamber concerts in 1855 under the name "Mason and Bergmann." In 1857-58 they were resumed under the name "Mason and Thomas." These concerts lasted 14 years. They did not pay, and Mr. Mason must have borne the losses. Thomas played at the first one Nov. 27, 1855, first violin—and Brahms' trio in B major was then produced. "The first programme," says Thomas, "sounded the war-cry of death to stale and meaningless music, and proclaimed progress." The quartet died a natural death in April, 1868.

Thomas had studied harmony with Rudolph Schwillinger; he now took up counterpoint and fugue with an organist, William Meyerhofer. He was concert master of Ullmann's company, and in 1857, for the first time in America, the proportions of grand opera were properly balanced—first-rank singers, an increased chorus and an enlarged orchestra. Ullmann used to complain of the expense of the orchestra. "Then discharge me," answered Thomas, characteristically, and the manager would reply: "Don't be so hot about it." There was much to do; imperfect scores and faulty parts had to be corrected. Anschuetz, another "time-beater," was the conductor, a hard working, well meaning, kindly, generous man who had no imagination. Thomas was the right hand man on stage and in the orchestra. In 1860 he often conducted. He played much as concert violinist. Such was his apprenticeship. He now determined to cut adrift from the opera house. "In 1862 I concluded to devote my energies to the cultivation of the public taste for instrumental music."

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The Early Concerts.

It was said by those who knew Mr. Thomas in his virtuoso days that he might have won great and abiding fame as a violinist. Becoming a public educator, he won a still more substantial glory. It is doubtful whether the orchestras of Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Cincinnati would be in existence today had it not been for the indefatigable pioneer work of Theodore Thomas. Generous and public-spirited men would have the inclination to support an orchestra, but the public would not be so appreciative.

When Mr. Thomas began, "the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, with a body of about 60 players, and five yearly subscription concerts was the only organized orchestra which represented orchestral literature in this large country." The orchestra was incomplete. An oboe part would be played on a violin, a bassoon part on a 'cello, for a member would fill an engagement rather than go to a rehearsal. "The conductor, therefore, could not rehearse as he ought, and the audience talked at pleasure." Mr. Thomas called together a meeting of orchestral musicians, explained his purpose and asked their aid. He gave his first orchestral concert in Irving Hall, New York, May 13, 1862, when the following pieces, new to America, were performed for the first time: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Schubert-Liszt, Fantasia (William Mason, pianist); Moscheles' quartet, "The Contrasts," for four pianos; music to "Struensee." Mr. Upton adds that the harp and the English horn were used in an orchestra for the first time in this country—a statement that seems hardly credible. Surely the harp had been used in opera orchestras before this. Mr. Thomas began to conduct certain concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts in December, 1862; he began a series of Irving Hall matinees in October, 1863, and the series of the New York Symphony concerts in opposition to the Philharmonic concerts, Dec. 3, 1864. The programme included Beethoven's 8th symphony; Lachner's suite op. 113 (first time in America); the second part of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" (first time in America). Miss Fanny Raymond sang airs by Mozart and Mercadante, and Mr. Mills played Chopin's concerto in F minor. His orchestra numbered about 60 men. "These concerts were at once successful artistically, but only moderately so financially." In 1866 he began a series of 100 summer night concerts at Terrace Garden. These concerts were at first given in the open air. When it rained, the audience rushed to an adjacent hall. "On one occasion, while playing the 'Linnet Polka,' I requested the piccolo players to climb up into the trees before the piece began." The new hall, Central Park Garden, was opened, so there was assurance of work for the players in summer. "The thought of a permanent orchestra was natural and inevitable." Yet today New York has no permanent orchestra.

Mr. Thomas began to travel with his orchestra in 1868-69. He decided that travelling was the only way by which he could keep his organization together. His first concert in Boston was in 1869 (Oct. 29, in Music Hall). "Our success there was instantaneous, and the people of that city were loyal to me as long as I travelled." The trips at that time extended west as far as Chicago. The orchestra numbered 60 permanent players. "Leading solo artists were sitting at all the first desks, and a high standard began to appear. The public began to be interested, and the future looked bright."

The great Barnum called to arrange with Thomas to "star" around the country under his management. "Our interview, though brief, was pleasant." Mr. Thomas had every reason, then, to believe that he had "arrived."

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Remaining Years.

"Providence evidently wished to discipline me a little more. I was still too young, too presuming, and had too much vitality." In October, 1871, the orchestra was to open the Crosby Opera House in Chicago. There was the historic fire. Mr. Thomas and his orchestra reached the railway station while the fire was at its height, and left at once for St. Louis. It was a long time before he recovered financially from this disaster. Early the next year he went South. In New Orleans the "Tracumerei" made such a sensation that when people met in the streets the next morning they greeted one another by shaking hands and humming the tune.

For three years the Symphony concerts had been discontinued in New York, but they were resumed in 1872-73. The first Wagner concert was one of a "Summer Night" season, Sept. 17, 1872. "The Ride of the Valkyrics" was played for the first time in this country—from manuscript—and the people jumped on the chairs and shouted. The New York Wagner Verein was organized that night. That season Thomas played much music of Wagner on his trips, and that was also the season of Rubinstein and Wieniawski. "The attraction was sufficient to justify me for the first time in my life in making programmes without making allowances for ignorance or prejudice. Programmes of works of the highest standard, rendered by such artists and such an orchestra, were a revelation everywhere, and made a lasting impression. They gave this country the great artistic impetus for which it seemed at last to be ripe."

Mr. Thomas then tells in a few words of the festival in New York in which the Handel and Haydn took part, of the first Cincinnati festival (1873), of concerts throughout the country, with programmes which became better and better, and with a more appreciative public—of the music at the Centennial celebration. "I found myself in 1876 again in the same position as in 1869, with only this difference—that at that time I had to travel to obtain a first rank orchestra; now I had to do it to maintain one." The undertaking to give concerts at Philadelphia during the Centennial season was a dismal failure. "It appeared then—as it has since—that people go to a world's fair to see, and not to hear; to be amused, not to be educated." In 1877 he began his first series of summer night concerts in Chicago. A great railroad strike interfered with the pecuniary success.

In 1877 Mr. Thomas was chosen conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, and he thought it necessary in his autobiography to explain in detail the state of affairs at the time he was chosen, for "many misstatements and

MRS ALMA TRACY
PIANIST.

LENA TROWBRIDGE,
VIOLINIST.

... it fact, ha[illegible] been made, ... a sinister purpose and others ... ignorantly with reference to the history of the society." New York and the ... did not provide sufficient engagements to keep the orchestra busy. It was necessary to travel, and Mr. Thomas, who was obliged to assume the financial responsibility, became more and more involved. The "benefit concerts" were irksome to him. There was no permanent orchestra to rehearse constantly; hence there could be no truly high standard. European offers were made, but Mr. Thomas decided in 1878 to make Cincinnati his dwelling place.

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His Disappointments.

His sojourn in Cincinnati was the first of three great disappointments. It was said by a paragrapher who is not quoted in this volume—that Theodore Thomas was obliged to leave Cincinnati because he would not beat time with a ham. When Mr. Thomas went there he had high expectations. There was to be a great college of music, choral festivals of world-wide fame, and regularly appointed concerts of the purest character. "About one-fourth of its population, 35 years ago, was German, or of German descent, and while I, for one, do not believe that the German in America is necessarily musical, he nevertheless has a high respect for art." But the Cincinnati College of Music, of which Mr Thomas was director, was not, first of all, an artistic institution. "Two fundamental conditions which are necessary for a successful school of music were not recognized by its leading official—first, talent in its pupils, and second, a musical course of sufficient duration for their education. Instead of this the spirit which governed the institution was financial. It was insisted that 'it must pay,' and all kinds of pupils were accepted, for any desired period of study, so that no high standard of scholarship was possible. Of course, under these circumstances my connection with the school was short, for it was impossible for me to work in harmony with the president and guiding spirit of the institution. * * * The directors of the school made a statement to the public, trying to explain from their point of view the reasons for all this trouble. I do not care to know whether they succeeded or not, for I did not care to read it."

Mr. Thomas returned to New York in the fall of 1880. The festival of 1882 is described. During the winter of that year he introduced low pitch into this country. In the spring of 1883 there was a festival tour from ocean to ocean.

The second great disappointment was the failure of the American opera company. Mr. Thomas accepted the conductership, for he believed in opera in English, and he thought his orchestra would have a permanent engagement. "It soon became evident that there were peculiarities of management which neither art nor business could long endure. Financially, the case was soon hopeless, and the only question left for me was how to get out of the toils in which I had been cunningly ensnared. The management refused to allow the much-abused and at last fatally stricken organization to die a natural death or have a decent burial, and so it came about that toward the close it was either a disgrace or a calamity to every one connected with it."

The Thomas orchestra was disbanded in 1888. New York would provide neither a permanent orchestra nor a hall. What New York denied, Chicago offered—first the orchestra, and, just before Mr. Thomas' death, the hall.

The third great disappointment was the lack of appreciation of the concerts during the Chicago exposition.

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In Chicago.

The conditions were very unfavorable when Mr. Thomas made Chicago his home. "The cultivated class is comparatively small." There is a limited field for the musician's activity. Musicians of ability are slow to settle there, and some are unable to endure the climate. The Auditorium, in which the concerts were given until lately, was too large, and it had so many seats that people did not think it necessary to buy season tickets. There was a fluctuating audience according to the weather. The people complained of the "severity" of the programmes. "It was a very discouraging time for us, for while Wagner had to some extent interested the people, he had also accustomed them to strong doses of excitement and contrast, and everything without these tonic properties was regarded with indifference. Indeed, the announcement of a symphony was enough to keep many persons from going to a concert. The situation at last became serious, and when it seemed as if there was no immediate relief the example of the Boston Symphony Orchestra came to our rescue, and helped me to maintain the standard of our programmes. When fault was found with their severity, I would say, 'Do you wish our programmes to be inferior in standard to those of the Boston orchestra?' 'No,' was the answer. 'Well, we give every year a number of programmes without a symphony. The Boston orchestra does not. That helped!" The years passed by, and at last programmes were arranged as for a cultivated audience, though with fears for the result. "But, behold! it was said that I had never made such good programmes! That was true enough, but had I offered them a few years previously, it would have been our ruin. It never occurred to our concert-goers that it was they who had progressed."

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Tribute to Mr. Higginson.

And then follows Mr. Thomas' tribute to Mr. Higginson:

"The service which Mr. Henry L. Higginson has rendered to art in this country can hardly be fully estimated at present. A man of broad intellectual culture and a lover of music, he felt the need of that art in his city which only an orchestra could interpret. He also estimated its beneficial influence upon humanity. He was not only a philanthropist in his undertaking, but also an experienced business man. His first step was to secure a home for his orchestra—a suitable hall, where rehearsals and concerts could be held at regular times without interference. Natural causes and circumstances soon led him to develop the organization he had formed into a first-rank orchestra. His cultivated taste would not allow him to make concessions to the ignorant, as he knew perfectly well that a first-rank orchestra can be maintained only by preserving the highest standard, and that the public ultimately would accept it. Other cities soon had the benefit of his generosity, and the influence of his organization spread, for New York had now gone backward and the musical standard of the East was set by the Boston orchestra. He came at the right time to help every sincere conductor throughout the land, and he certainly saved the ship on which I was sailing, and which carried symphonies. The influence of his work insured the permanency of the Symphony orchestras of Chicago, Pittsburg and Philadelphia."

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The End.

For 13 years, though often disheartened and at times almost discouraged, the men and women who founded the Chicago orchestra paid deficits without complaint. "Nor was I ever asked by our directors to lower its artistic standard in order to gain the patronage of the multitude." It was at last decided to test the public. An appeal was mado to all music lovers to raise an endowment fund to be invested in a suitable building or home for the orchestra. "In less than a year more than six-sevenths of the great fund of $750,000 was given by 8000 subscribers of all classes, rich and poor. It was a wonderful example of the influence of art in a community. I know of no similar instance in which so large a sum has been given absolutely without conditions by the general public of a city for an institution dedicated to the highest form of musical art."

Mr. Thomas ended the sketch of his life with these words: "When I left New York in 1901, it was prophesied that my sojourn in the West would not be longer than it had been when I went to Cincinnati in 1878. But we are now in the 14th season of the Chicago orchestra. Its permanency is secure, its home is built, and the object for which I have worked all my life is accomplished. The old saying, 'Better late than never,' comes to mind as I see in my 70th year the realization of the dreams of my youth. But I trust I may still live long enough to show my gratitude to the men and women who have made this possible, and to leave behind me a young and vigorous institution to crown their achievement with a long future."

Mrs. Thomas, in a few pages, describes the ending. Her husband's health had been failing little by little for several years. Only his wonderful constitution had saved him from breaking down long before. When the new hall was dedicated, it was still far from complete. Many musicians rehearsing in it were taken sick by reason of damp plaster and draughts through unfitted doors and windows. Mr. Thomas was seized with grippe, but he would not keep in doors, for he was vexed by an adverse criticism of the hall, which, he feared, would injure its reputation, and he felt the more the need of adjusting the orchestra to the new surroundings in order that the acoustic properties, "with which he was perfectly satisfied," might be known to all. He daily left his sick bed to conduct. On Christmas eve, 1904, at the close of the concert, he put down his baton for the last time. A dangerously sick man on Christmas, he insisted on dressing and proposed to go to rehearsal. His will was no longer equal to the effort. He sat at the breakfast table for a few minutes "like one dazed," and then went back to bed. There were hopes of his recovery. Toward the last his thoughts dwelt on his White Mountain home; but broken sentences seemed to tire him. His last words were to his wife: "I have had a beautiful vision—a beautiful vision." She left him, not knowing that she should not hear his voice again. Thinking he might like to hear a chime of silver bells he had given her on Christmas, she played a little bugle call, and one of the family said to her: "Do you know that you have just played 'taps'—the call that is sounded over the graves of dead soldiers?" Shocked, she played another call engraved on a plate above the bells. The call was the "reveille." This was the last music heard by Theodore Thomas.

So passed the strong, heroic soul away. The handsomely printed volumes include besides the autobiography, much that is of an engrossing character. Consideration of this must be reserved for a second article.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Lena Trowbridge of Melrose, violinist who will give a concert at the Tuileries on Tuesday afternoon; also a portrait of Mrs. Alma Holmes Tracy, a pianist who has been giving concerts in cities of Germany, Australia and Switzerland. Her last concert was in Paris, the 14th ult. She sailed for America on the 18th.

Mrs. Elene Kehew-Eaton, soprano, will give a concert in Salem at Academy Hall, on Wednesday afternoon. She will be assisted by Mr. Edward A. Osgood, bass.

Victor Herbert has been chosen by the Litchfield County University Club of Litchfield, Ct., to write a symphony "emblematic of that county, or at least that part of the state." Mr. Herbert says that great honor has been shown him, and that the symphony will be the "crowning achievement of his life." He has already received "much data and lore from Litchfield" for material. "The symphony will, of course, be strictly American in character and will probably be written in four movements of the usual length. They will necessarily be descriptive and will require much thought and study. It will take at least 18 months to complete the work."

Mr. Baernstein, who will sing at the Handel and Haydn concert tonight, has been singing in grand opera in Europe for two years. After his American tour this spring and summer, he will return to the Nuremberg Opera House.

LOCAL.

Mr. Ralph Osborne, bass, will give a recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday, May 4, at 3 o'clock.

The performance of "The Creation" by the Handel and Haydn tonight will be the 69th by this society. The box office will be open at 1:30 P. M. today. The performance will begin promptly at 7:30 P. M.

Mr. Paderewski will play at the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Sunday evening in Symphony Hall. He will play Beethoven's fifth concerto, the "Emperor." Mr. Gericke is arranging a programme that will include some unfamiliar pieces. The sale of tickets under the auspices of the pension fund committee already shows lively interest in the concert, and the sale continues.

THE "POPS."

It seems hardly possible that it is 20 years since, in 1885, the idea to supplement the Symphony season with a series of summer concerts of light and attractive music was established, to be in vogue every succeeding season save one. The length of these seasons varied considerably in the earlier years, and the concerts were even prolonged throughout the summer, but of late they have been confined to the months of May and June. The 20th season of the perennial "Pops" opens on Monday, May 1, and continues for nine weeks, closing on Saturday, July 1. The orchestra of 50 musicians will be selected, as usual, from the ranks of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and everything will be conducted, as usual, with the single exception of a slight modification in the scale of prices which will be as follows: General admission to the unreserved tables on the floor and the second balcony, 25 cents; the entire first balcony reserved at 50 cents, and seats at reserved floor tables 75 cents. There will be the usual number of special nights, including the 1000th concert, on Monday evening, May 15, which will be featured by a selected programme and other interesting attractions. Tickets go on sale for the opening night, Monday, May 1, tomorrow morning at Symphony Hall.

RUTH BURRAGE ROOM.

Ruth Burrage, daughter of the Hon. A. H. Burrage (she an excellent pianist), died in 1872 at the age of 22, leaving a sum of money to Mr. B. F. Lang to use for some musical purpose. Mr. Lang conceived the idea of establishing a room with a library of all existing music for two pianos and two players and two pianos and four players. The room was to be available free from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. in periods of 1½ hours. Messrs. Chickering & Sons have provided the room and the pianos, and the aforementioned sum of money provided the library of over 100 volumes.

Without interruption this privilege has continued until the present week, when it ends on account of the giving up of the building by Chickering & Sons. The library has continued under the care of Mr. Lang and been destroyed and renewed from time to time. The applicants for future use of the room and library at present number 40.

The library will be renewed, repaired and much enlarged this summer and continue as a free circulating library at Mr. Lang's new studio, 6 Newbury street.

ERRATA.

The list of programmes of the Boston Orchestral Club published in The Herald last Sunday was compiled from the printed programmes of the society. We are now informed that at the second concert in 1900, when Bizet's "Agnus Dei" was performed, the organist was Mr. Nash and not Mr. Richardson, although the latter's name was on the programme.

Only one excerpt from Bizet's suite "Arlesienne" No. 2 was played at the concert last Tuesday, viz., the Farandole, although two had been announced for performance, and only two of the three pieces, "Tristia," by Berlioz, were performed, although three had been announced.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Fourth and last concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Haydn's "Creation," with the assistance of Miss Anita Rio, soprano; Mr. Glen Hall, tenor; Mr. Joseph Baernstein, bass; Mr. Tucker, organist; and a full orchestra.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of Mr. H. N. Redman's compositions. Sonata in C minor for violin and piano, op. 16 (Messrs. Karlo Ondricek and Alfred de Voto); Adagio and Intermezzo from string quartet in A minor (Messrs. Ondricek, Fiumara, Zach and Barth); songs, "Shed no Tear," "Waiting," "A White Rose" (Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams); piano quintet in A major, op. 19 (Mr. de Voto and Messrs. Ondricek, Fiumara, Zach and Barth).

TUESDAY—The Tuileries, 4 P. M. Concert by Miss Lena Trowbridge, violinist, who will play the first two movements of Bruch's Concerto in G minor, a Berceuse by Townsend, a Scherzo by Hauser. Miss Lillia E. Snelling, soprano, will sing an air from Rossini's "Semiramide" and songs by Shelley, Finden, Foote, Fisdhof, Hiller, Kaun. Mr. David E. Newland, tenor, will sing songs by Palloni, Rotoli, Mattioli, Hawley.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mr. S. W. Jamieson, pianist, who will play Coleridge-Taylor's "African Suite," op. 35 (first time here), and pieces by Gottschalk, Henselt, Kullak and Schubert-Tausig. Mrs. Ernestine Fish, contralto, will sing songs by Hildach, Augusta Holmes and Miss Lang.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke, conductor. Schumann's Symphony No. 2 in C major; Fantasia in D major, J. Guy-Ropartz (first time); Tone Poem, "Don Juan" (by request); Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last Symphony Concert. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

April 29, 1905

"THE CREATION" ADMIRABLY SUNG

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor, performed last night at Symphony Hall at the fourth and last concert of this season Haydn's "Creation." The society was assisted by Miss Rio, soprano; Mr. Glenn Hall, tenor; Mr. Joseph Baernstein, bass; Mr. Tucker, organist, and an orchestra.

The "Creation," by its cheerfulness, suits the Easter season. As the host of the Garter Inn said of young Master Fenton, this music "speaks holiday, smells April and May." This is true only of the first two parts; for as soon as Adam, the "spouse adored," and Eve, the "graceful consort," begin the public expression of their connubial bliss, the work becomes a bore, and the first parents are good, honest, middle-aged Viennese of the bourgeoisie. Adam and Eve have not fared well at the hands of the musicians. Rubinstein represents them as unutterably dull persons. In Dubois' operetta Satan is the one interesting character, interesting simply because he is so amusingly melodramatic. Massenet's Eve is the heroine of a French novel written for exportation.

But how fresh and delightful is Haydn's music in the earlier parts of "The Creation." He even takes a cheerful view of Chaos. The charm begins as soon as the chorus sings "A new created world," and it lasts till the three angels tell operatically of the revived earth unfolding new strength. A brook never purled more softly than the music in which Haydn described it. Who does not like to hear the healing plant shooting in coloratura? The chorus, "The Heavens Are Telling," is still nobly majestic. Then there is the zoological music, from the soaring of the eagle "on mighty pens" to the creeping worm of long dimension and with sinuous trace. And all this music has the naivete of a child's Noah's Ark. Adam himself starts out finely; but he is more attractive in the description by Uriel, than when he begins to speak for himself, and to exploit his wife and his dominions.

The performance was on the whole admirable. Miss Rio's voice was at its best, and that is very beautiful; it is clear and pure, a gracious voice, with a virginal quality peculiarly suited to this early music. Her enunciation lacks clearness and distinction, otherwise her performance was all that one could desire. The other soloists did creditable work. Mr. Glenn Hall is not exactly the man for "In Native Worth," for he is given to sentiment that approaches sentimentality. One is surprised that he does not weep, as was the habit of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's most sensitive of advocates when he was listening to a client's story. Indulgence was requested for Mr. Baernstein, as he had a severe cold, but his voice appeared to suffer only in the upper register; his lower tones were resonant and agreeable. Perhaps the announcement caused even more than usually breathless suspense at the entrance of the worm—and it is always a moment of keen anxiety—but the vocal descent was triumphantly achieved, provoking delighted and congratulatory applause.

The chorus sang well, at times beautifully, and the volume of tone in the final climaxes was smooth and well sustained. The balance of tone between chorus and orchestra was constantly good, and neither body was allowed for a moment to overpower the solo singers.

The hall was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and many stood. There was hearty applause for all the musicians, and for favorite passages in the work.

ONE LUNG.

Mrs. Morgan said, in the course of her testimony in a New York court, that Mr. D. P. Morgan, her husband, had insisted on discharging a favorite governess of hers on the pretext that the governess had but one lung. This, if true, was indeed surprising conduct on the part of the husband. If the governess had been cross-eyed or hare-lipped; if she had been scorbutic or heavily whiskered; if she had been in any way ill-favored, his objection might have had weight; but her infirmity was internal. It may also be said that the person who is constantly talking about the possession of only one lung generally lives to an absurdly old age. There's the familiar story in corroboration of the one that would whisper feebly, "My left lung's all gone," and then roar out, "but my right——." Such an infirmity often gives a singular interest to the complexion and lustre to the eye. The children of the Morgans were, no doubt, more gentle, more sympathetic; they learned more readily. They sat at table with her without inward uneasiness and open displeasure. The eldest son was gallant. The servants waited on her solicitously. "Poor thing! She's not long for this world." Mr. Morgan could have had no reasonable objection to her. Had she had a disordered stomach or liver, with resultant borborygmi, he might well have protested against her presence, and she would have had little or no authority over the children. If she had had a finger like Miss Wirt's at Mrs. Maj. Ponto's summer home, "a finger as knotted as a turkey's drumstick and splaying all over the piano," he might have wished her away, and the looker-on would have said "Amen!" But a poor governess with only one lung deserved the tenderest consideration.

ON MONDAY.

Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest to the great majority: a relief from the routine of worldly employment; an opportunity for self-introspection, earnest resolve, spiritual refreshment. Rest is not necessarily inaction, but, as far as cares of the world are concerned, Sunday is supposed to bring a change of thought, to be a holiday in the true meaning of the word. Why is it, then, that many estimable persons awake on Monday morning unrefreshed and logy? They crawl to work. They are quick to describe the Sunday as stupid; to accuse the minister of prosiness; or the children were noisy, or irritating interrogation points.

Nine times out of ten the fault is their own irregularity and intemperance, for the apparently temperate are often the most intemperate. Sunday is to them a day of stated irregularity. They sleep later than usual; they stay in bed after sleep has fled. They eat a richer, heavier breakfast. The old tradition in New England was that nothing hot should be cooked on the Sabbath, as the day was called. The later tradition is that of a breakfast of which the chief ingredients are Boston brown bread, baked beans, fishballs, eggs, coffee. No one is in a hurry, so there is more eaten.

Then comes the second irregularity. Servants in many houses have decreed that the most substantial meal on Sunday must be served early in the afternoon. The man accustomed to a light luncheon in the middle of the day—say a glass of beer and a chocolate eclair—is compelled to eat a heavier dinner after a heavier breakfast. Thus fed, his mind is a blank, his limbs are sluggish, unless his digestion be epic. As a rule he sleeps a sodden sleep. He has no appetite for a supper, which, when it is served at all, consists of a little cold meat with preserves and cake. About 10 o'clock he begins to be hungry; he may forage in the kitchen, or, if he be a timid man, he goes to bed with a complaining stomach. What wonder that on Monday morning he feels unrefreshed?

There are city men and women now living who remember in the village of their youth two long and austere Sunday services, separated by a lunch of bread and butter, cheese and doughnuts, eaten solemnly in the meeting house gallery or, in pleasant weather, in the graveyard. The error, if it were an error, was on the side of temperance: the mind was not dulled, the stomach was not clogged. Gluttony slays as well as the sword or the demon rum. "As a lamp is choked with a multitude of oil, or a little fire with overmuch wood quite extinguished, so is the natural heat with immoderate eating strangled in the body." Or, to quote from Ecclesiasticus: "Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating: he riseth early, and his wits are with him; but the pain of watching, and choler, and pangs of the belly, are with an unsatiable man."

WHY NOT?

Some were surprised when the deputy commissioner of street cleaning for the borough of Brooklyn married his cook, and some are now distressed because the marriage is a happy one. Let us look at the facts. The bridegroom was a widower of about a year's standing. He had been married happily for thirty years. The first wife is described as a woman of culture and refinement; she had an artistic temperament, and the medium of her expression, as they say in Boston, was painting and embroidery. Two sons and two daughters were born to them, and they are all grown up. She had been dead about a month when a new servant was hired. Mary is "a comely black-haired colleen," 25 years old. She was liked by all the members of the family. She cooked and did the chamber and parlor work, and she dusted the two portraits of the dead wife with a reverential care. She did not poke at the pictures with the duster and then give them a careless flourish, as much as to say: "There, that's good enough for the likes o' you."

The months passed on and Mary's cookery appealed to the widower. She is a good cook. What higher tribute can be paid to any woman? What sensitive woman is not touched by such a tribute? What was the crowning insult of the base marquis to his golden-haired wife in Artemus Ward's French romance "Marion"? The lop-eared, blear-eyed, greasy marquis one morning at breakfast cursed her fishballs and sneered at her pickled onions. What wonder that she then resolved to leave him. Furthermore, Mary has an education, like Mary Ann in the song. There was not much chance for schooling in Donegal, whence she came, but she can read and write. "I was in the third reader when I left Ireland." Is not that enough to satisfy any sensible man? Was there ever a more charming heroine than the girl in Besant and Rice's best story, and she had been deliberately brought up without knowledge of reading and writing? There is a squire in one of Mortimer Collins' novels who had the same whim concerning the non-education of young girls. But Mary has a wholesome, kindly face, "splendid black hair and blue eyes"—an irresistible combination—and a delicious brogue. She calls her husband "Popper." But many New England wives of long descent addressed the husband as "Father." And many husbands today address the wife as "Mother." How common is the word "Dearie" in the months of married folk! Yet, when a guest hears this term of endearment freely passed across the table, he is tempted to believe that in his absence there are bitter words and finesse in nagging, and that the air is full of flying plates or bric-a-brac. And Mary and her husband have not forgotten the first wife. They talk about her frequently, although Mary never saw her. "Mary arranges her photographs every day, and insists that they shall always be kept just as they are now," said Mr. Clarke in a fine burst of happiness to an inquiring reporter. Jealousy is always a mean and useless passion, and how absurd is retrospective jealousy. Mary has chosen the better part. Nor do the children resent the marriage, nor do they scowl at Mary's little one, the newcomer. For Mr. Clarke is indeed a "popper."

Is there any foolish talk of difference in station in this eminently democratic country? How sensible is Mr. Carnegie's attitude toward his niece, who married a coachman. "It's a love match," says Mr. Carnegie, and he leaps into the air and cracks his heels together thrice in ecstasy of joy. They will be welcome at Castle Sligo. Think of Mr. Clarke's illustrious predecessor. Schubert, the immortal melodist, was fond of housemaid and kitchen maid at Esterhazy's country seat. Think of Hazlitt wildly in love with Sarah Walking, the lodging house keeper's daughter. Did he not boldly say: "I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Mme. Vestris. I am for none of these bonnes fortunes; but for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob caps. I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's. * * * I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance. The Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle." A celebrated remark by Dr. Johnson might shed more light, if light be needed. Who would not sit down at the table of this happy Brooklyn home. Delicious cookery, smiling faces, no foolish gabble about the amusements or vexations of social leaders and climbers, no inquiries as to the characters in Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel. If there is a demand for conversation about literature, Mary no doubt can repeat pages from the third reader, probably the dialogue between Rolla and the soldier, and the once admired essay on genius and talent. But we should prefer an inquiry into the true character of an Irish stew.

April 25 1905

REDMAN'S MUSIC PLAYED AND SUNG

A concert of Mr. H. N. Redman's compositions was given in Jordan Hall last night. The programme included a violin sonata in C minor, op. 16 (Messrs. Karlo Ondricek and Alfred De Voto), adagio and intermezzo from the string quartet in A major (Messrs. Ondricek, Fiumara, Zach and Barth), songs, "Shed No Tear," "Waiting," "A White Rose" (Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams), and a piano quintet in A major, op. 19.

The Herald is informed that Mr. Redman came to Boston from Erie, Pa., and that he now teaches at the New England Conservatory. A concert of his compositions was given a year ago in March, and the sonata, the excerpts from the quartet and the songs on the programme of last night were then performed.

Mr. Redman has a certain melodic gift, as is shown especially in the first two movements of the sonata and in the adagio of the quartet. If we are not mistaken, the quartet was originally entitled "Creole," and its themes are either of Creole origin or conceived by the composer in the Creole spirit; they have an exotic flavor, and are charged with the melancholy that characterizes the folk-song of southern nations even when the words are light-hearted. The Creole or negro feeling also distinguishes the finale of the sonata. But when Mr. Redman's melody is his own in thought and expression it has at times a distinctive flavor, as in the first movement of the sonata.

The composer is too easily satisfied with the exposition and repetition of his themes. He does not develop them with certainty or skill. The first movement of the sonata, for example, seems singularly incomplete, a mere fragment. The ending comes as a surprise for which one is wholly unprepared, and it is not effective. It is as though a hearer had suddenly stood up and said to the players: "That will do; we have had enough of that," and the startled men on the stage had obeyed, and without finishing the movement, turned to that which followed. There is the same lack of concentration of thought and logical continuity in the movements of the quartet, though here and there are bits of pleasant color and a sense of rhythm.

The songs should have been effective, for Mrs. Williams used her beautiful voice with true artistry; but the composer did not aid her. The music does not suggest moods; it is not directly emotional; it is seldom truly lyrical. There is a strained effort to be pictorial in the first two lines of "Waiting"; the composer evidently had an idea, but he was unable to express it forcibly.

The first movement of the quintet also suffers from the inability to develop themes in either a strict or free manner. Again there are motives which might easily serve a composer of fluent technic; but that which comes between the various repetitions is for the most part uninteresting padding.

Mr. Ondricek played the violin part of the sonata with a warmth of tone and with a breadth and a passion that might well have been devoted to a more important work. It is always a pleasure to hear him, for he has virtuoso blood and emotion that is both authoritative and persuasive. Mr. De Voto played with his usual brilliance and finish.

There was a friendly audience of only fair size

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

A distinguished play-actor is inevitably a public character. His death, whether he be at the dazzling noon or in the mellow and still glorious decline of his career, is mourned as a loss to his country and to art. Joseph Jefferson was to tens of thousands as a dear household friend, and to them his departure will be a personal bereavement; to them the horizon of cheerfulness will be henceforth contracted; to them the world will have lost in sweetness.

The old and hardened theatregoer who looks upon stage folk as so many mummers, and has taught himself to believe that in any histrionic exhibition the play's the thing, remembers Mr. Jefferson as admirable in many comedies; and he, too, will admit the peculiar charm of the fragrant and lovable personality that distinguished and vitalized the various parts impersonated. To the theatregoer of more recent years the recollection of Mr. Jefferson will be associated inseparably with that of Rip Van Winkle, and then there will be the remembrance of Bob Acres and of Caleb Plummer. To the great world outside the playhouse Mr. Jefferson actually was Rip, not the Rip of Boucicault, not the Rip of Irving, but the Rip of Joseph Jefferson, one of the most strikingly individual figures that have been created and made flesh and blood by the imagination, the subtle art, and, above all, the contagious humanity of an actor. It is not now possible to read the play itself without hearing the sound of Mr. Jefferson's voice, without seeing his mobile face and simply eloquent gesture. If it were possible, the play would seem preposterous, a tasteless variation of Irving's tale. In the last act, as Mr. Henry Morley once said, the delicacies of the original story are smothered in the garlic and onions of the melodramatist. Yet here, where the drama is the poorest, Mr. Jefferson was most the genius. The weak, kindly, shiftless, drunken vagabond, after the carousal with the ghosts and the long sleep, awoke a pathetic, tragic character whose woe was nearer to the wrapt audience than that of Oedipus caught in the meshes of his own weaving, than that of Orestes pursued by the Furies.

So, too, the Bob Acres of Mr. Jefferson was not Sheridan's man: he was Bob Acres as Mr. Jefferson would himself have appeared in the dramatist's intrigue. But how distinct, how real was the stage creation! How clear the general impression! How exquisite the details of his amiable foppery—the countryman, a man of fashion; of his cowardice in the duel, a cowardice with which the audience sympathized!

Mr. Jefferson was content to be known as a comedian. In the course of his long and thrice honorable career he had known many theatres and been called for many entrances. As certain eminent American tragedians, he had frolicked in minstrel shows, and as a strolling player had been viewed with suspicion and aversion by the smugly respectable of years ago. He had played on the boats of western rivers and on the stage of the Haymarket. He had been associated in one company with Laura Keene, Mary Wells, Sara Stevens, Charlotte Thompson, Jordan, Wheatleigh, Sothern, Couldock, Stoddart; he had as a star at times been surrounded by the feeblest, scarce glimmering lights. He had known the vicissitudes, the sufferings, the pomp, the glory of the profession which he honored, to which he was ever loyal. He knew the whole comedy of life. He knew what the term comedy includes: comedy, which, to use Johnson's phrase, does not exhibit an individual, but the character of a species; comedy, which, according to Hazlitt, completes the perspective of human life. The end of

medy is not mere idle entertainment; nor is it merely didactic; the great comedies, as the great tragedies, should purify the passions, but with no pother or pretension. For in tragedy the characters contend with fate, and fate is ever triumphant. When the black curtain falls there is rebellion against unseen powers, or there is hopeless submission. In comedy one may shape his fate. The follies and the failures revealed as in a glass may serve as warnings: for in daily life they are the misunderstandings, the petty jealousies and squabbles and meannesses that bring in unhappiness and wretchedness. The majority of human beings are the playthings of their own caprices, not the sport of the gods.

In comedies, good, bad or indifferent, Mr. Jefferson, by his individuality and by his art, taught wholesome lessons without departing from the course of the action, without taking off the comedian's mask and dress and donning the preacher's garb. There is Rip. It would be absurd to characterize the play as a temperance drama. Rip is not even a shocking example, for such was the persuasiveness of the actor that even stern-faced prohibitionists smiled on his weakness and found themselves quoting his toast most incongruously. The gentleness of the vagabond, his unvarying good humor, his readiness to forgive what would have seemed to others an irreparable injury—these were the lessons suggested, not rammed down as by a professional moralist, not thundered forth as from a pulpit, but suggested, with such subtle force, with such personal conviction, that the lessons dwelt long afterward in the theatregoer's breast.

Mr. Jefferson was a comedian, but in his revelation of comedy there was pathos as well as laughter; there was scorn of deceit and snobbery, recognition of humanity even when humanity was ludicrous or wellnigh contemptible. His merriment was humanizing; his pathos was not sentimentalism. There was never serious dispute about the technic of his art; but his technic was controlled by his heart. The individuality of the man was so pronounced that some were tempted to say, "He plays only himself"; they forgot that a revelation of self without art is impossible on the stage after the momentary surprise or the fashionable success of a season; they forgot that, had there been no art, there would have been no continuous swaying of audiences.

It is much to gain by a display of histrionic power the respect and admiration of the critical. It is a far greater thing to preserve this respect and admiration and at the same time to win the personal love of the multitude. This rare pleasure was the lot of Mr. Jefferson. He had other joys, for he had diversions; he amused himself heartily in many ways; but his own chief thought in the last years must have been the assurance of the affection of thousands that knew him only across the footlights. He had for over half a century entertained wholesomely great audiences; he had preserved to the end an unsullied name as play-actor and as man. In his old age he still ruled the public; his were "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." The plaintive question of Rip that went so quickly to the hearer's heart, "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" will not be asked by his revisiting shade.

The world takes familiarities with names while the bearers of them are alive and of self-fancied importance. These familiarities, often pleasantly meant, may yet belittle the character of those to whom they are applied. There are some men toward whom the affection of a great public goes out in such familiarity. Garrick is still remembered fondly as "Davy." It will be long before the memory of "Joe" Jefferson will fade; it will be long before that name ceases to be a vital force.

THE AEROPHOBE.

Paris is said to be full of "aerophobes." This dread of air is by no means a new frenzy. Dr. Franklin admitted that he had "formed this prejudice, this aerophobia, as I now account it." We remember hundreds of Saxons in Dresden who went about with earplugs of cotton wool, not because they had the earache, but because they feared the breeze that is always blowing in the streets. There is a never-ceasing wind at Osterville on Cape Cod, and it makes some visitors nervous. They should try this application of cotton. The Parisians now know this trick, and they will not remove the plugs till the air is piping hot. They swathe their necks. At home they sit behind double windows and curtained doors. A Paris correspondent is reminded that in Normandy the peasants are so afraid of catching cold that they put on a nightgown over the garment worn all day. The Parisians will soon be in the condition of the Germans, whose life is spent in avoiding draughts, to whom fresh air is synonymous with draught.

The aerophobes are becoming more and more numerous in Boston. Not only are many offices thick with pestilential air, but rooms in the houses of the well-to-do are often insufferably stuffy. The mistress of such a house will say: "We have to keep the windows closed on account of the dust and the noise." The air in the handsomely furnished parlor died three or four days before the caller hears this apparently reasonable excuse. There are aeromaniacs, as there are agoramaniacs, but the aerophobes now outnumber them in street cars. It is the aerophobe that protests against the slightest ventilation, and by his savage authority browbeats conductor and passenger into submission. If he would only put cotton in his ears and allow a window or two to be open!

A DOUBTFUL TRIBUTE.

During Theodore Thomas' life in Chicago the orchestra conducted by him was known as the Chicago orchestra. He is dead, and a viola player, Mr. Stock, has been appointed Thomas' successor; the name has been changed to the Thomas orchestra. It has been said by Chicagoans that the dead leader craved this honor while he was in the exercise of his duty, but the honor was denied him. Now that he is dead his name is used as an advertisement rather than in memory. Many outsiders referred to the "Chicago orchestra" as Thomas', and any reference to the former title was always inseparably associated with the great conductor. Mr. Stock is no doubt a good, sound musician, but his name has not yet a steady box-office draught. To call the orchestra Stock's would be premature, if not foolish. Why should not "Chicago" have been retained? The proper tribute to Thomas would be to call the new hall by his name. Two years from now the orchestra may not show abiding results of his long discipline. It will be Thomas' orchestra only through tradition.

Distinguished conductors have led the Boston Symphony orchestra, but the title of the orchestra has remained the same, nor has the conductor been greater than the orchestra. Each one in turn contributed in greater or less degree to its renown, but the title of the organization came first into the minds of men. So in New York, the conductor of the Philharmonic may be an imported Russian, Frenchman, German, Englishman, or he may be a New Yorker; he leads a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York. It would therefore appear that in Chicago neither the orchestra nor the memory of Thomas has been significantly honored.

ASTRIDE.

It is chronicled, and with Flemish detail, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie was first drawn close to his niece, Miss Nancy, now Mrs. Hever, by an act of equestrian rebellion. She liked to ride "cross-seat," astride, in divided skirts, and when a member of the family would object, she answered that James (her riding-master, coachman, and future husband) had told her this was the only proper and healthful way to ride and that she would stick to it, and incidentally to the horse. Mr. Carnegie was appealed to and he sent for her. The dutiful niece sent word back that if he wished to see her he must call at a riding academy. He went; he saw his niece astride a cavorting and foaming steed with fiery nostrils. He urged her to use a side-saddle and give up James. Like a true American girl she said she should do as she pleased. Mr. Carnegie went home highly delighted with her spirit "and lot of sense."

For centuries the noblest dames rode astride. According to Hudibras the celebrated Scarlet Lady in Revelations was astride her horned beast, and queens and peasant women long followed her example. It is said that Catharine de Medicis first introduced the side-saddle into France; that the Princess Ann of Bohemia was the first to introduce it into England, in 1399; that, before this, women rode on a pillion, or astride like men. We know that in the 14th century women on horseback wore male dress. When Catharine of Arragon was married to Prince Arthur, in the reign of Henry VII., an English chronicler commented on the deportment of one of her ladies: "Her saddle, after the manner of the other ladies' saddles of Spain, covered with black, and sat upon the wrong side of the mule, as the other ladies of Spain did." He added that the English ladies were also sitting on the wrong side. Side-saddles were rare in England at the beginning of the 16th century. The ladies of Ireland of that day were praised at the expense of the English: "They neither used powdering nor painting, they knew not what a coach meant nor scarce a side-saddle till they learnt them from the English."

In New England in revolutionary times women rode astride to a friend's house, to market, or to church, especially when the roads were rough; but the majority sat on a pillion behind a man. The pillion had a footboard on the off side, and there was a handle to which the woman could cling, or she held fast to a leather belt worn by the man. The fact that women aped man's dress was food for satirists:

"With her long lock of hair upon one side,
With hat and feather worn in swaggering guise,
With buttoned bodice skirted doublet wise,
Speak! Could you judge her less than be some man?"

The New England women wore safeguards against mud, and there was also a "safeguard cloak and hood." The French women, in the years of religious wars, wore a sort of long hose or drawers.

Alice Morse Earl could not find the word "riding habit" used before 1727. The hat and peruke were considered an affectation. The habit was called a Brunswick, and a fastidious observer wrote: "The riding habit simply, with the black velvet cap and white feather, is, in my opinion, the most elegant dress that belongs to a lady's wardrobe; there is a grace and gentility in it that all other dresses want. It displays the shape and turn of the body to great advantage, and betrays a negligence that is perfectly agreeable." The Bostonian woman wore the Brunswick; the surtout was named a joseph or josie; then there was a longer riding coat, the "artois," much like a man's riding coat, which was followed by the "amazone." When the skirts were full, full white petticoats were worn. The colors were, for a long time, gay. Women wore necklaces on horseback and sometimes carried a fan. French women sported an open parasol. But it should be remembered that there were few pretty horsebreakers in those days. As a writer in etiquette remarked: "For a woman to ride a trotting horse is indecent."

In Virginia the girls ride astride over the plantations, and, not long ago, there was a lively discussion in the newspapers over the use of the side-saddle, which was condemned by some as dangerous. Joan of Arc sits in her horse in Paris, and no one can imagine her on a side-saddle; but Joan is of slight proportions. There ar[e] women who would be grotesque if the[y] were seen astride and wearing the hid[e]ous plug hat. There can be no fixe[d] rule laid down. Mr. Carnegie's niec[e] surely looked well, or her uncle woul[d] not have yielded to her so readily.

April 26 1905

MR. JAMIESON'S PIANO CONCERT

Mr. S. W. Jamieson, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Ernestine Fish, contralto, and Mrs. Emily G. Wilkinson, accompanist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. He played Gottschalk's "Pasquinade," "Marche de Nuit," "Pastorella e Cavalliere" and "Tremolo"; Henselt's familiar etude, an octave study by Kullak, op. 48, No. 7; Jansig's arrangement of Schubert's Military March, and Coleridge-Taylor's "African" suite, op. 35 (first time here). Mrs. Fish sang Hildach's "Das Kraut Vergessenheit" and "Es ist kein Berg so hoch," Holmes' "Chevalier Belle Etoile," Gottschalk's "O Loving Heart" and Miss Lang's "Irish Love Song." The hall was well filled with an applausive audience.

It is a pity that Gottschalk was no[t] born later, for he would no doubt b[e] more finely appreciated today as [a] pianist than he was in the period of hi[s] easy popularity. Of course, Mr. John S[.] Dwight could see little either in hi[s] compositions or in his performance, an[d] it is more than likely that he constantl[y] did him injustice. Gottschalk was no[t] an ordinary man, not an ordinary vir[-]tuoso. No one can read his journa[ls] and letters without recognizing his ar[-]tistic intelligence and poetic spiri[t]. Many of his compositions are flimsy i[n] structure, yet they had charm as the[y] were played by him. This is the testi[-]mony of unprejudiced contemporaneou[s] judges. Some of his pieces would b[e] effective today if they were played i[n] sympathetic spirit. We refer to thos[e] that betray his origin and his earl[y] associations by the exotic melody an[d] rhythm and the inherent sentiment, th[e] pieces that might be classed as Creol[e] and West Indian. Mr. Jamieson di[d] well to pay tribute to this compose[r] although he did not choose the mos[t] characteristic ones, which are eithe[r] founded on West Indian dance tunes [or] are suggestive of love in the tropics, [as] the exquisitely melancholy Serenade.

Mr Coleridge-Taylor is still an enigm[a]. His immediate popularity in Englan[d] brought with it orders from publisher[s] and much of his music since "Hia[-]watha" was performed is simply per[-]functory, the result of contract labo[r]. The second movement of the suite i[s] perhaps, the best, although in th[is] negro love song there is no true con[-]centration of musical thought. The la[st] movement, a negro dance, has a certa[in] character, but this and the other mov[e-]ments seem hurriedly written, as [in] answer to letters from a publisher irr[i-]tated by delay.

Mr. Jamieson was warmly applaude[d] although his ambitious intention t[o] often outstripped his technic. Mrs. Fis[h] was discriminative in the expression [of se]ntiment.

A SURNAME.

Mr. Robert Stoddart Robinson wro[te] a letter to the Washington Star [in] which he commented on misspelling [of] surnames. The Star had spelled t[he] name of the first secretary of the na[...] Stoddart instead of Stoddert. Mr. R[ob]inson was not surprised, for "the nar[...] in the same family is spelled Stodde[rt,] Stoddart, Stodart, Stodert, Stodda[...] and Stodderd, and possibly in oth[er] ways." Then he explained the orig[in] of the name. "It came from Standa[rd] and the tradition is that the fi[rst] wearer of the name was a standa[rd] bearer in the army of William the Co[n]queror." And so the Stoddarts and t[he] Stodderds and the rest of them lo[ok] back with pride, as do Dr. Depew a[nd] so many other good Americans, on t[he] invading William and his host.

As a matter of fact the surnam[e] Stotherd, Stothard, Stoddart and t[he] like are surnames of occupation, [but] the first wearer did not bear proud[ly] any standard, nor did he come fr[om] Normandy. He was a Saxon of t[he] pastures, who watched the "stot," [or] bullock herd; just as the first Yeathe[rd] or Yeatman, kept the heifer herd, a[nd] the first Coward was a cowherd. [...] might justly take more pride in si[mple] descent than in looking back to so[me] rake-helly soldier of fortune.

LOOKING ON.

The moralist should not frown on apparently idle who watch the erect[ion] of a huge building from the time of [...]

ging the cellar to the completion of the framework. They are not born loafers, more or less philosophic. Many of them have worked and will work; but to see others necessarily busy and to feel that you yourself are not in fear for an hour or a day of any boss or clock is a great joy, as great as that described by the poet of seeing from the shore the tempest-tossed at sea. There is no cruelty in thus watching laborers, as there was in the expressed belief of old divines that the chief pleasure of the elect would consist in hearing and seeing the lost in everlasting fire. These laborers are not flogged to their task; there is no whip over them till the stroke of noon. Tobacco cheers them, and there is jesting, and there is exchange of repartee.

The pile driver is busy, and it is a fine and improving sight. It makes no fuss; it does not complain. Its technic surpasses that of the most formidable pianist. Mr. Edward MacDowell, the distinguished composer and pianist, gave as a reason for going to a prize fight that the technic of a first-class pugilist is absolute perfection. Yet what is a pugilist, however he may grace the stage in thrilling melodrama or sparkling comedy, to a pile driver? There is a peculiar fascination in its movements to the naturally sensitive and poetic. The men that attend it seem as at play.

And how leisurely, yet methodically, do all the men in the great hole go about their respective tasks. "Old mole! canst work i' th' ground so fast?" could never be asked of any one of them. They do not object to the prying glances from above; least of all do they envy the lot of a looker-on. He may be a lawyer with his bag, a capitalist speculating as to the future rental value of the building, an heir on his way to ride a horse so as to have an appetite or an excuse for a cocktail—it's all the same to the man in the cellar; he may look up and say to himself: "That fellow's out of a job"; but the pile driver itself is not more indifferent. If the looker-on would only apply to himself these object lessons! Why should he wax excited over his own work? Why should he feel himself always a little behind the clock? The importance of a man to himself has served well the essay writer; but is not this importance really confined to himself, and not appreciated by a sanely careless world? His business would go on if he should stay away from the office the whole of the day. The pile driver has its resting times.

INGENIOUS CRUELTIES.

It is reported that the Chinese government has abolished the punishment of slicing to death, and that immediate strangulation will be substituted for decapitation. The Chinese have long been famous, justly or unjustly, for horribly ingenious tortures. Mr. Octave Mirbeau's outrageous novel, "Le Jardin des Supplices," is full of descriptions that chill the blood, but an American who has been employed in the Chinese revenue service several years assured us when he was visiting here that Mr. Mirbeau drew solely on his imagination. Yet the punishment of the rat—a hungry rat is put in a cage and the cage is then fastened to the criminal's head—formed the motive of a singularly unpleasant story by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and the old books on extraordinary punishments give much space to Chinese inventions. "Slicing to death" sounds no pleasanter than "something with boiling oil in it," and perhaps strangulation will be more agreeable than decapitation for a sensitive criminal.

These old books on punishments, to which we have referred, were graphically illustrated, and they are today noted at a high price in the catalogues of second-hand book sellers. Did they lie on the centre tables of parlors in the good old days, for the amusement of women and children? There are disagreeable pictures in old editions of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and Cruikshank's picture of Edward Underhill at the stake, in "The Tower of London," will haunt one for the rest of his life. Then there are the innumerable paintings of martyrdoms, especially those by old Spanish painters. Were spectators and readers in the contemporaneous days inherently cruel, more hardened? The veneer of our civilization is thin. A horrible street sight will quickly draw a crowd in Boston; gapers will press about the suffering man or animal; the lonely corner will be crowded in the twinkling of an eye; men, women and children appear as suddenly as earthworms on a pavement after a shower. It is as though they fell from the sky or rose from the ground. If it were given out that a woman were to be burned to death on the Common next Wednesday, at high noon, villagers and citizens for miles around would now be making preparations for the holiday; the trains would be unable to bring the crowd; it would be impossible on the appointed day to get near the Common.

Think for a moment of the fearful punishments inflicted by governments in the name of good order, public benefit, religion itself. Only one of the strongest nerves can read the description of Ravillac's miserable ending. Occasionally there was a wild humor in the conventional punishment, as when Galba ordered the man, who pleaded his right as a Roman citizen, to be fixed to a cross that was painted white and was higher than the rest. There was humor in some of the strange and monstrous punishments invented by Tiberius. Look the world over and you will find the ingenuity of man exercised chiefly in cruel inventions. No one then had much time to make discoveries in science. Perhaps southern nations and the orientals have been peculiarly imaginative in their methods of punishment, but the northerners are not to be lightly passed over. Instant death by decapitation, or by hanging, was for centuries a merciful release, an end for which men and women might earnestly pray. They would surely have preferred either to the mysterious terror of electrocution.

The marvel of it is not so much that fellow-beings could look at these barbarous sights, as that they could coolly describe them and preserve the infamous memory without a show of protest. Read, for instance, of the death of Mithridates by King Artaxerxes' command, as described by Plutarch and Englished by Sir Thomas North: "The King commanded that Mithridates should suffer the pains of death in boats, the which is after this manner. They take two boats made of purpose so even that the one is neither broader nor longer than the other, and then lay the offender in one of them upon his back, and so cover him with the other, and do sew both boats together; so that the party's feet, hands, and head do come out at holes made of purpose for him, the rest of his body is all hidden within. Now they give him meat as much as he will eat, and if he will not eat, they force him to it, by thrusting awls in his eyes; then when he hath eaten, they give him honey to drink mingled with milk, and they do not only pour it into his mouth, but also all his face over, turning him full into the sun, so that his face is all covered over with flies." And here we must paraphrase. It is enough to say that the engendered worms devoured him. "So when Mithridates had miserably languished in this manner, 17 days together, at length he died in extreme torments." Then they removed the upper boat.

April 27, 1905

MR. VANNI'S CONCERT.

Pupils of Mr. Roberto Vanni, the operatic tenor, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. Mr. Vanni sang "Ah, non Credea" from "Mignon," and Canio's famous soliloquy from "Pagliacci." The pupils were as follows: Miss Lina Damiano (Micaela's aria in "Carmen" and the Jewel Song in "Faust"); Miss Evelyn Parnelle (Tosti's "Good-Bye" and "Lend Me Your Aid" from Gounod's "Sappho"); Mr. Chantereau (Fiegler's "Stances" and an aria from "William Tell"); Mr. Pietro Giuggia (Prologue to "Pagliacci"); Mr. Isidor Price ("Dio Possente" from "Faust.")

The trio from "I Lombardi" was sung by Miss Damiano, Mr. Vanni, and Mr. Pietro Da Ru, and the quartet from "Rigoletto," by Miss Damiano, Miss M. E. Agnew, Messrs. Vanni and Da Ru. Miss Grace R. Miles was the accompanist. There was an audience of fair size and much enthusiasm. All the singers were recalled in turn, and each was provided with encore pieces.

IN FAVOR AGAIN.

"The coach dog is again coming into fashion."

Perhaps his character will be rehabilitated, for he has long had the unsavory reputation of being a treacherous beast. He came originally from Dalmatia; hence possibly the invention of Dalmatian flea powder. Did his spots give rise to the charge against him? Have there been no honorable exceptions? His name is not mentioned in the 16th century book of dogs, written in Latin by Dr. Johannes Caius of Cambridge.

Other dogs than the "yaller" have suffered from calumny. The greyhound has been reproached for cowardice, time serving, treachery. There was the greyhound of Richard II., who had never known a man except his master; yet, when Henry of Lancaster came to the castle of Flint to take Richard, the dog went to Lancaster and "fawned upon him with such resemblance of good will and conceived affection as he favored King Richard before; he followed the duke and utterly left the King." This dog was as one "lightened with the lamp of foreknowledge and understanding," for he knew the coming miseries of his old master. There was the "tumbler," characterized by pernicious qualities, deceit and guile. The "delicate, neat and pretty kind of dogs called the Spaniel gentle, or the comforter," were good only to assuage the sickness of a stomach, "being oftentimes thereunto applied as a plaster preservative, or borne in the bosom of the diseased and weak person, which effect is performed by their moderate heat; moreover, the disease and sickness changeth his place and entereth—though it be not precisely marked—into the dog, which to be no untruth, experience can testify."

And what sort of dog was the "mooner"? He was so called "because he doth nothing else but watch and ward at an inch, wasting the wearisome night season without slumbering or sleeping; bowing and wowing at the moon; a quality in mine opinion strange to consider."

Caius classed all outlandish dogs as rascals and mongrels, hence he would not have paid any attention to the Dalmatian export. In the matter of dogs he was an extreme protectionist. "A beggarly beast brought out of barbarous borders, from the uttermost countries northward, etc., we stare at, we gaze at, we marvel at; like an ass of Cumanum, like Thales with the brazen shanks, like the Man in the Moon." He praised with exclamation marks the homely, useful servants, the shepherd's dog, the tinker's cur, who eased his master of his burden and defended him against thieves; the farmer's ally, the butcher's dog, the messenger, the sporting dog, the turnspit; but most of all he honored the mastiff, "vast, huge, stubborn, ugly and eager; of a heavy and burdenous body, and, therefore, but of little swiftness; terrible and frightful to behold."

We find no earlier mention of the coach dog than one in Bewick's "Quadrupeds" (1824): "The Dalmatian, or coach dog, has been erroneously called the Danish dog. It is frequently kept in genteel houses, as an elegant attendant on a carriage." Is not this enough to prejudice any one against the beast? And now, it is said, after having been for some years the close companion of "stable boys smoking long nines," he will again be restored to gentility.

MR. BOK IN BOSTON.

Mr. Edward Bok must henceforth be classed with the most daring explorers of all races and centuries. It is not unlikely that a future generation, free from prejudice of every sort, will rank him higher than even Mr. W. D. Howells or Mr. R. H. Davis. It is true that Mr. Howells discovered the genius of Edward Harrigan long after he had created the character of Mulligan; he discovered the actor and playwright and preferred him, for a certain realism and freedom from vulgarity, to Shakespeare. It is also true that Mr. Davis fearlessly frequented restaurants in side streets of New York in his search after copy, and looked with unblanched face upon a hitherto unknown table d'hote. But Mr. Bok left his own city, put behind him the pleasant thought of ladies' knitted underwear and scalloped shell-work, turned resolutely from pepper pot, scrapple and Rittenhouse whiskey, and plunged into the morasses and jungles of darkest Boston. The tale of his adventures is to be found in the May number of the Ladies' Home Journal.

He was amazed at the innate courtesy of the unsophisticated natives. He happened to be at the North station, and he said to a cabman: "Mr. George, it is 12:40 by the watch. I want to get my trunk, get to the terminal, check my trunk there and catch the 1 o'clock train for New York. Can you do it?" That is the way Mr. Bok always addresses cabmen. He calls them "George," never "Bill," or "Mike," or "Ezra." Note his precision, "12:40 by the watch"; by his own watch, mind you, not by the station clock. What did George say? "I don't know, sir," came the respectful reply; "at least, I'll try." Havelock leading a forlorn hope would have envied George the modest heroism of speech. George got there, and, "wiping his perspiring brow," said in triumph, "and five minutes to spare, sir. Let me carry your bag to the gate." At the gate George only asked a quarter for saving Mr. Bok's life. "How about the trunk?" asked the explorer. "Oh, that was good ballast." We hasten to add that the Philadelphian "slipped something" into George's hand. It may have been his card; it was possibly a receipted bill for the Ladies' Home Journal for one year from date; whatever was slipped, the cabman was grateful. The Bostonian's only explanation of this extraordinary incident would be that George's judgment was clouded by strong drink; that he was muzzy.

But Mr. Bok, as do all successful explorers, works a hypnotic spell over natives, especially over drivers of public vehicles. Lost in a street to which he gives the name Newbury, he hailed a passing cab. (Like aldermen and young heirs, he has the cab habit.) The driver, whose first name unfortunately is not recorded, at once became confidential. He poured into Mr. Bok's receptive ear his admiration for the author of "John Ward, Preacher." This cabman does not spend his nights in hawking for intoxicated fares; he does not match coins in a boozing ken or listen to low jests at the stables. He reads aloud to his mother and sister. He can pass an examination on the works of Dr. Holmes; he has summered and wintered with Herbert Spencer; in fact, been through that philosopher with a dark lantern. He, too, is a writer. Readers of Mr. Bok's justly celebrated magazine may look forward confidently to a series of articles entitled "On the Box: Contemplations of a Cabman."

In an obscure suburb Mr. Bok took a station team and "drove a good mile." So Mr. Bok says, but we infer he was driven, for he asked the price. "'Ten cents, sir.'" (It's always "sir" in Boston.) Mr. Bok is a generous soul; he did not try to beat the driver down; on the contrary, he handed over twenty cents. The driver returned the other dime. His strong soul disdained a tip. As he remarked to Mr. Bok: "I like to think a man is better off with what he earns and not what he gets that he doesn't do anything for. And ten cents is the fare."

Would that Mr. Bok had given the full names and addresses of these philosophic and literary cabmen! Bostonians would be pleased to know them.

Space fails us for the narration of other surprising adventures. The bellboy at the inn where Mr. Bok put up

was a walking catalogue of books, ancient and modern; the chambermaid admitted coyly to Mr. Bok that she was in the habit of going to the Symphony concerts and also to recitals whenever she could—did Mr. Bok take the hint? —workmen on suburban roads do not use tobacco in any form, but quote the "Lady from Philadelphia." A seller of "low-toned prints"—fie, Mr. Bok! where is the Watch and Ward Society? —knocked off $1.50 from the price as soon as the eminent visitor gave him his reverberating name. A quart of milk and some biscuits—not crackers—cost here only thirty cents, while in New York they cost seventy cents. Waiters, after serving a $2.15 dinner, are deeply grateful for a ten-cent tip, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Whenever Mr. Bok wished to see a theatre auditorium lighted up, all he had to do was to ask the courteous man in the box office. The manager no doubt would have gone on the stage and recited the curse from "Richelieu," to show the acoustical properties if he had not been suffering from a severe bronchial affection.

Such is Boston as discovered by Mr. Bok. The late Artemus Ward made extraordinary discoveries in this city, but he was a professional humorist. The only parallel record of late years is that of Mr. Landor in Tibet.

JUG-HANDLED.

The one that buys a theatre ticket in this country buys with it the right to applaud any actor or play. He may applaud whenever it seems good to him, and, although his neighbors may glare at him, there will be no interference on the part of the manager. It is firmly believed by devout Wagnerites that the practice of applauding only after an act, or still better, after the final fall of the curtain, was first urged by Wagner, but Retif de la Bretonne insisted on this in his singular work, "La Mimographe," published at Amsterdam in 1770. In his imaginary and ideal theatre there were to be no signs of approval or disapproval on the part of the audience until the end of each act. This was to prevent a cabal of a play-actor's friends or enemies. At the end of the act "it would be a good thing to proclaim loudly the names of those who deserve popular favor, but these names should be the names of the parts impersonated." In an American city the spectator has the right to applaud whenever the fit comes upon him.

This applause may be manifested in various ways, clapping together of the hands, pounding the floor with a stick or an umbrella—we understand that umbrellas are now constructed expressly for this purpose, sturdy in frame, sold at a reasonable price — or the word "bravo" may be thrown into the air with delightful disregard of the sex of the one to whom this tribute is paid. Inarticulate cries and moans of rapture are not disallowed, but whistling with the aid of the fingers is not considered in keeping with the proprieties at the performance of a problem play. We are not so ingenious in the diversity of applause as were the Romans drilled by Nero — who was by far the greatest artist of his time—and no modern applause is as picturesque as that of still earlier Romans, who, delighted, would rise in their seats and wave solemnly the flaps of their togas; nevertheless, the fashions in the applause today cheer the playwright and the play-actor, warm the managerial heart and often reassure the spectator as to the reality of his own enjoyment.

But in American cities signs of disapproval are sternly discountenanced. A man may hiss freely in a continental theatre; he may boo till he is hoarse in London. Think of the delightful freedom in an Italian opera house. Beatty-Kingston's description of the manner in which Sig. Malandrino, the robust tenor, was treated by a critical audience in a small Italian town is not one whit exaggerated. Malandrino, as Manrico, made an unfortunate entrance by singing immediately out of tune, and he was at first asked politely to better his intonation. He took no heed; he grew worse and worse, and he was soon openly addressed as "Beast," "Ass," "Monster," and there were epithets unfit for publication. "One sustained high note of peculiar atrocity elicited a terrific yell of 'Boja!' (executioner), a term of dire reproach throughout the Realm of the Boot." The curtain fell on Manrico, and the audience hurried out. Beatty-Kingston expected to find the excited in the lobby cursing violently and smoking vile cigars; but, lo! there was not a man in sight. The doorkeeper said, with a sad smile: "They are gone to the market place." They returned, and in the second act Manrico was assailed by a "heavy and continuous shower of stale fruit, minor vegetables and other unconsidered trifles." The gentleman that sat next Beatty-Kingston referred to the scene as a "demoustration of reproof. * * * We other Italians are inflexible in our attitude toward impostors presumptuous who dare to desecrate the temples of our national art." Now, suppose that a Bostonian pays a high price to hear an inferior operatic performance. Does he protest openly? Oh, no. He sits meekly; fortifies himself with alcohol during an entr'acte, and after the final fall of the curtain remarks to some estimable citizen, but in the hush of confidence: "Pretty bad, wasn't it?" It never occurred to him to hiss. If he had been gently sibilant, he would undoubtedly have been ejected if he had boldly persevered in such publication of his critical opinion.

A jug-handled bargain. You buy a ticket and you are allowed to applaud, but not to hiss. If you do not applaud you are "cold." No matter how outrageously bad the show, you have no right to express dissatisfaction. Is this of real benefit to playwrights, play-actors, managers?

FRENCH WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Ex-President Cleveland has always been noted for his courage, but he was never braver than when he gave to the world his opinions about women's clubs. He must have had the awful apparition of Miss Susan B. Anthony before him as he wrote. "'What is my spear?'" asked the emancipated woman in the railway car that bore Artemus Ward from Detroit. "'Is it to stay at home and darn stockins, and be the ser-lave of a domincerin' man? Or is it my spear to vote and speak and show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper spear?' Saying which the eccentric female whirled her umbrella round several times and finally jabbed me in the weskit with it." Mr. Cleveland might reply to Miss Anthony in the language of Artemus: "'I hev no objections to your goin' into the spear business, but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't spear me agin, if you please.'"

French husbands are now much exercised over the proposed women's clubs in Paris. They show this by their uneasy epigrams. The women look forward to the clubs as a force to be reckoned with. "When an old-fashioned husband imagines in his futile way that he can assert his authority, there will be the women's club in every important centre in every country to convince him how foolish he is. He will be made to realize that he is not only dealing with one particular woman, usually very quiet and submissive, but with the whole body of club women, behind whose skirts his timid spouse finds courage and resistance." Therefore it is said by well wishers toward the poor brute man that he should begin to accustom himself to "the wider horizon of feminine ideals." The question of the cigarette seems to us to have undue prominence in Paris. If women wish to discolor their fingers and taint the breath, they can do it at home as in a club.

Some who assert that they are thoroughly conversant with Parisian life see difficulties in the successful running of a woman's club. It has long been noted that conversation in French drawing rooms and at dinner parties is general. A guest is not supposed to talk confidentially and at length with any one. Anecdotes, epigrams, reflections, confidences that mean nothing and are intended only to stimulate others to verbal activity are for the benefit of the whole company. Furthermore, the same people frequent the same drawing rooms. We read a day or two ago that one may be in French society for a long time without increasing the circle of acquaintance; that there is small opportunity of making close friendships, of going beyond the limit of ordinary intercourse, "simply because coming to close quarters with your guests is denied you by the rules of the game." It is argued, therefore, that this is difficult ground for a club "where every one does not necessarily want to speak to every one, and where private friendship must constitute its real foci." The great question, then, is whether the woman's club will be only a continuation of the salon. In the salon the conversation is very much the same from day to day. It has been described as serial—"to be continued in our next." This statement should be taken with reserve; and some might disagree with a writer who advances the proposition that French women are not accustomed to discuss literary and artistic subjects as are their sisters in England. There are surely salons in Paris—there have been salons there since the days of the philosophers, who were never less philosophical than in their association with the women of these salons—where literature and art are shrewdly discussed. In provincial French towns the statement may hold true; but how about the drawing-room conversation in Liverpool, Birmingham or in cathedral towns? The future of women's clubs in France will have a peculiar interest. Will the talk run chiefly on the management of husbands, the care of children, the servant problem—when many of the members will be unmarried?

April 29 [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

The Herald has already alluded editorially to the fact that Mr. Uchida, the Japanese consul-general, protested at a reunion of Wells College graduates in New York against descriptions of Japanese women written by "superficial observers" as Pierre Loti. "Japanese women would be greatly shocked if they saw themselves portrayed by such characters as are contained in 'The Geisha,' 'The Mikado' and other comic operas."

But what nationality has not suffered on the stage? Nor has the caricature or insult been confined to comic opera. Look at the Italian as impersonated in Elizabethan days: an expert poisoner, treacherous, vindictive, godless, merely by virtue of his nationality. What nationality has been spared? Think of the long line of absurd Englishmen and English women that gave delight to French audiences until Max Dearly introduced a less extravagant type. Is not the stage German in America a wildly absurd character? Has the Frenchman escaped in Germany, England or the United States? And what idea of the American have foreign nations from stage impersonations?

Nor are the dwellers in certain districts of a nation spared by those in other districts. They figure absurdly in proverbs, comic weeklies and on the stage. As the late reverend and learned J. Ray, M. A., fellow of the Royal Society and author of the "Historia Plantarum" and "Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation," aptly remarked: "Men in all ages have made themselves merry with singling out some place and fixing the staple of stupidity and stolidity therein." Witness the Phrygians, the Abderites, the Boeotians, in classic days. Have we not the phrase "the United States and New Jersey"? Do not the Prussians speak of the Bavarians as connecting links between Austrians and men? Is not the West today to many conservative Bostonians "wild and woolly"? And by West they mean everything beyond Albany, N. Y. On our stage for years the French woman has been an adventuress, the Italian woman one skilled in the use of the stiletto. The American to foreign audiences is a boorish person, extraordinary in his dress, vulgarly rich and ostentatious, unscrupulous in action, in repose—if he knows repose for a moment—a blowhard. The stage English woman in foreign lands is a gaunt, raw-boned creature with "Shocking!" always on her lips.

Comic opera is a playground for all sorts of strange and incredible apparitions. Just as in the earlier days of grand opera the librettists drew their plots from Greek and Roman mythologies and legends, so for a long time the ingenious librettists of comic opera chose some oriental land and invented customs and manners, laws and religion. A Cambodian might reasonably object to "Wang," a Peruvian to "La Perichole," a Japanese to "The Mikado," an American to "Miss Helyett," foreigners of various nations to a number of English and American comic operas, musical comedies, burlesques, etc. Does Mr. Uchida believe for a moment that "The Mikado" is considered as ethnologically realistic by any American audience? Would he base his own opinions of American character on the farce-comedies or operettas that he may happen to see in New York?

A MEETING.

In the course of the controversy over the one suitable resting place for John Paul Jones' body, the New York Sun calls attention to the fact that Pierre de Landais, the captain of the Alliance, is buried in St. Patrick's graveyard in New York—De Landais, "the French sailor, who was disgraced by Congress and deprived of his command because he did not fight as well as his associate, Paul Jones, in the famous battle between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard. For forty years the old Frenchman walked the streets of this city in proud and solitary poverty, vainly trying to have his case reopened."

The story is a darker one as told by Herman Melville in "Israel Potter." Melville accused De Landais of an act "the incredible atrocity of which has induced all humane minds to impute it rather to some incomprehensible mistake than to the malignant madness of the perpetrator." When the moon was more than an hour high the Alliance the consort of the Richard, approached the fighting ships and retreated. "This ship, commanded by a Frenchman, in famous in his own navy, and obnoxious in the service to which he at present belonged; this ship, foremost in insurgency to Paul hitherto, and which, for the most part, had crept like a poltroon from the fray; the Alliance now was at hand." Jones naturally thought the battle was now at an end; but the Alliance threw a broadside into the stern of his ship. "Paul called to her, for God's sake, to forbear destroying the Richard." Three broadsides followed which struck the Richard ahead, astern and amidships. One volley killed several men and an officer. Then the Alliance sailed away and did no more. "She was like the great fire of London breaking out on the heel of the great plague."

Was De Landais "infamous" in the French navy, and, if so, why? What was his own explanation of the hideous mistake? A fantastic tale might be written about the opening of the Frenchman's coffin and the meeting of the two bodies after many calming years. The Frenchman might stare at the late comer, and burst into mocking laughter, saying: "But this is not John Paul Jones. You have brought over the wrong man."

LACKING.

Alice, the Mad Hatter and other old friends have played their pranks in Wonderland for the benefit of the Vincent Memorial Hospital, but the pranks were narrated by Miss Hooper, not by librettists who built on the two immortal books of Lewis Carroll. It was not the first time that Alice figured in a musical play. "Alice in Wonderland," with music by Walter Slaughter, was

produced at London in 1886, and has been revived at least three times. "Alice in the Looking Glass," with music by Walter Tilbury, was produced at London in 1903.

A few weeks ago there was hot dispute in the columns of the New York Times over the inherent humor of the two books themselves. The dispute was between persons with a sense of humor and those without, and the arguments of the latter were irresistibly amusing in their painful elaboration of this simple proposition: "I don't think the books are funny." Some added: "Neither do my children." The arguments of those trying to prove, as by a geometrical demonstration, that the books are funny were almost as amusing. There are men and women and children, without imagination, who find pleasure in the story of the Birher and his brothers in the "Arabian Nights" because the every-day accidents and complications are easily intelligible; they might happen in a street of New York or Boston. To such persons a topsy-turvy world, with rigorously logical conclusions from a whimsical premise, is absurd; it shocks their common sense; they will have nothing to do with it. Some of Mr. Gilbert's lihrettos are a stumbling block to such. If you quote the conversation of the Walrus and the Carpenter, they will answer: "But a walrus can't talk." The excuse that the hutter which was put into the works of the watch was the best family hutter is not plausible: "As though that would make any differenee!" Such persons are often estimable citizens; they do their duty; they are reasonably kind to wife and children; but they are uncompanionable to the humorous, they disconcert, they irritate. Praise to them the speech of Sir Thomas More on the scaffold—the speech with "the old, sad irony"—and they see nothing in it. They wish that Lincoln had not been a story-teller. They firmly believe that Mr. George Bernard Shaw should be put by his friends in a madhouse. They accept certain articles by Mark Twain, "because he had a serious purpose" when he wrote them. Others laugh, but they are gloomy or injured. Not for the world would they have their children's heads stuffed with "false ideas of life" through reading about Alice, either in Wonderland or through the looking glass. They miss a great deal. But to try to persuade them of their loss, to argue them into a more wholesome state of mind, is the height of folly. The Walrus would be much more easily converted.

BEGGING LETTERS.

Some have thought that, with the general decay of letter writing, the begging letter has no longer the persuasiveness and force of earlier years, but Mr. Basil Tozer of London gives some pretty modern instances that might come out of the "Complete Letter Writer."

Here is an excellent working model of a genteel nature: "We are exceedingly anxious to pay off the debt upon our little church, that has now been standing far too long. Knowing how estimable a churchman you yourself are, I feel sure, with your characteristic Christianity, you will help us. The sum we should like to receive from you would be about £400, or, say, £500, though, of course, we could take less. The total amount of the debt still standing is £——. Trusting to hear from you at your very early leisure, Yours most cordially."

Not every one is so direct in sparing. Take the letter in which a lad of 12 asks a loan of £5. (The handwriting is a woman's.) A 430-word description of the nature of the writer's work is followed by 502 words which explain why the loan is needed and why there should be no delay. "I have never asked any one a favor of this kind before, and I trust, in fact I know, I shall never have to ask such a thing again." Two hundred and nineteen words of instruction as to how the loan should be sent are followed by 30 words of gratitude in case the £5 note is received.

Then there is the hysterical letter, which begins: "May you never, never know what it is to want yourself! Would to God I did not! Would to God I had never placed my all in the hands of the rascally ——." There is the letter from a person who has a sick friend, generally an orphan, "a most deserving object for pity as well as charity." This one has been defrauded by wicked kinsmen, and that one has an innocent father or brother in prison. Mr. Tozer adds: "No begging letter writer who knows his business has ever yet been found who had lost money on the stock exchange, save through the machinations of some more or less notorious and convicted culprit. And no begging letter writer has ever yet lived at all who had lost money on a racecourse."

None of the letters quoted by Mr. Tozer are to be compared with those masterpieces written by Victor Hugo's Thenardier in his garret. The letters that we have seen recently are franker, less rhetorical, coolly impudent. They lack a seductive note of appreciation of favors to come. They are not so personally complimentary. Not that there is any decay of begging in Boston. The workman who wishes to get to Providence, or to recover his tools, is a hack number, a legendary character. The beggar meets you now in broad day; he stops you boldly on the street. He gives no explanation. He simply asks for money and states the sum after a careful survey of your dress, rather than your face. Begging, we fear, is no longer one of the fine arts. But Mr. Rockefeller might not share our opinion.

April 30 1905

SYMPHONY BIDS ADIEU FOR SEASON

Twenty-Fourth Concert of 24th Season Is Interesting, Though Only One Number Is New, Ropartz's Fantasia.

The programme of the 24th and last concert of the 24th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Gericke conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, in C major.....Schumann
Fantasia in D major.....Ropartz
(First time.)
Tone-poem, "Don Juan".....R. Strauss
(By request.)
Prelude to "The Mastersingers".....Wagner

This concert was one of unusual interest, although there was no soloist, and although the pieces, with the exception of Ropartz's fantasia, were familiar. With such a virtuoso orchestra, led as skilfully as it was last night, the absence of a soloist was not to be regretted. One may even go as far as certain ultra-modern Germans and regret that a solo singer or instrumental player is ever allowed to make personality the dominating feature of a symphony concert. A Frenchman said once in gentle protest against the part played by woman in the world that she disturbs the landscape. The same might be said of the soloist at any symphony concert.

The fantasia of Ropartz was played for the first time in America. This pupil of Cesar Franck, a man of various talents, now director of the Nancy Conservatory of Music, composed the fantasia in 1897. It is based on two themes of Breton character, and it was stated when the piece was first played in Paris in March, 1898, at a Colonne concert, that the themes were folk-tunes of Brittany. Ropartz, in his short analysis of the fantasia, does not say this. The first theme is a vigorous dance tune in 5-4 time. The second is of a more songful and melancholy nature, and the work is the development of this material in truly fantastic character. The piece would gain in effect if it were shorter. There is the suspicion of an anti-climax which might easily have been avoided. The second theme, which is in two sections, is inherently beautiful, and it is employed after the exposition with true poetic feeling as well as technical skill. There are conspicuously fine passages, and, with the reservation already made, the interest is maintained throughout.

It has been said that any pupil of the Paris Conservatory can orchestrate a commonplace piece so that it is plausible for the moment. Ropartz's orchestration deserves higher praise than this. While there are striking features in the instrumentation, they do not seem to be designed merely for the purpose of exciting admiration, but they are the natural expression of the thought. Nor is there in this music the austerity that characterizes the works of some of Franck's pupils, an austerity that is forbidding, if not sour; an austerity that is almost pretentious, as though in scorn of sensuousness, because the thoughts of the composer are naturally labored, involved, dry. Now that this fantasia has been played, it quickens the desire to hear one of Ropartz's two symphonies, and one of our choral societies might well consider a production of his "136th Psalm," which has been performed with great success, in leading cities of Germany, as well as of France and Belgium.

A week ago Saturday the noble symphony of Cesar Franck, one of the few great symphonies since the death of Beethoven, was performed by request, although it had been played earlier in the season. Last night Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" was played for the second time this season, also by request. Such requests are significant and most welcome. It was not so long ago that both the symphony and the symphonic poem were as stumbling blocks to many—"to the Greeks foolishness." At the Lamoureux and the Colonne concerts a new piece of importance is played on two consecutive Sundays. The idea is an excellent one. It is an act of justice to the audience as well as to the composer.

Take Vincent d'Indy's symphony, for instance, which, whatever may be thought of it here, has been performed in European cities with uncommon success. It excited discussion there and here, and when there is no fierce discussion over an artistic work, when men are not ready to come to blows in the argument, when households are not divided, there is artistic stagnation. Grant that d'Indy's symphony was in certain respects a hard nut to crack. No one will deny that it contained passages of ineffable beauty and overwhelming power. Might not that which seemed strange or repulsive at one hearing reveal itself at a second hearing as worthy at least of still more earnest study and high respect? There was a time when the long night scene between Ortrud and Telramund was cut, for it was considered dull. Today it is held to be one of the most dramatic and truly Wagnerian scenes in "Lohengrin." When one thinks of the labor of preparing such a symphony as d'Indy's for performance, when one remembers the skill and sympathy shown by Mr. Gericke in the interpretation, the regret is keener that such a work is played only once, then left on the shelf till it is thought that the taste of the audience has been developed to such an extent that a performance after the lapse of two or three years may be advisable or at least safe.

As for "Don Juan" itself, it is one of Strauss' true masterpieces, to be classed with "Death and Transfiguration" and "Till Eulenspiegel." In it Strauss does not attempt the impossible, nor does he suggest a huge joke on audiences, commentators and critics. There is no need even of the excerpts from Lenau's poem for warm appreciation; the title is enough. Whether your Don Juan is the rake-helly hero of the legend or an idealist constantly baffled in the attainment of his desire, the effect of the music is the same. There is the suggestion of Spanish pride and brilliance in the pursuit, the ardor of wooing, the clash of swords, the indomitable energy—and then the end of all sensualists, glorious or inglorious, a morose ending. The love apples are in the end but Dead sea fruit. A few lines from the bitter reflections of Casanova in his harmless, pitiable old age would have served Strauss as well as the soliloquies of Lenau's man. Or the refrain of Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens"—"This is the end of every man's desire"—would have been still more appropriate.

Mr. Gericke may well be proud of the concert itself and of the warm appreciation so openly shown by the audience. He was heartily welcomed; the applause was a crescendo parallel with the constantly increasing brilliance of the performance. The scherzo in the symphony was played with uncommon spirit, and the adagio was sung with singular euphony and poetic feeling. He interpreted the fantasia in admirable fashion, and his reading and the orchestral performance of "Don Juan" were indeed superb. There remained the prelude to "The Mastersingers" and the deserved scene of recognition and gratitude. The orchestra was equally appreciated, and twice did it, at Mr. Gericke's request, arise and bow in acknowledgment after the "Don Juan."

Thus ended the 24th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, a season that had several uncommon features. But a review of this series of concerts will be included in the general review of the season which will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. de Pachmann, under the management of Mr. Mudgett of Symphony Hall, will give his second concert in Providence this season on Tuesday evening, May 9, in Infantry Hall.

The Faelten pianoforte school announces a series of recitals in Huntington Chambers Hall, beginning Saturday evening, May 6, and following with about three recitals a week until the close of the season. Complimentary tickets and programmes may be obtained at the school.

FOR SINGERS.

Granville Bantock's "Songs from India," "The Unutterable" and "In the Village" were sung for the first time in England, by Dr. Lierhammer, in London, March 13. Mr. Blackburn wrote this curious criticism: "Dr. Lierhammer has, without any doubt, a most charming and determined sense toward the western world of art, and he at the same time clearly sees that a mild sense of East, combined with West, may possibly bring him more nearly to that amateur feeling which is not quite the West and is not quite the East. Kipling reminded us many years ago that east and west are not quite interchangeable terms, 'and never the twain shall meet,' but Dr. Lierhammer certainly goes beyond Kipling's meaning, and discovers how significant that sort of western instrument, the fickle human voice, which he has trained to a most eastern idea, makes in the end for things that may be or may not be, but certainly for things which belong to the every-day world of polity. In fact, Dr. Lierhammer, striving in some sort of sense to bring to the East and the West a communication, reminded us of those lines in which Shelley denounced the East and welcomed the West, in which he made the West his god, while the later men of the day made the East their points of departure toward the roads of genius."

Another interesting feature of Mr. Williams' concert (Feb. 28) was the first performance in London in their entirety with orchestra of M. Alfred Bruneau's "Chansons a Danser." The text, by Catulle Mendes, consists of six poems on principal dances of the 18th century, and their distinguishing feature is the adeptness with which the poet has suggested the conditions of the period in which they were habitually danced. Mrs. Alix Grein's English translations are remarkably clever, but familiarity with French idiom is necessary to fully appreciate the suggestiveness of the poet. This, however, has been realized by M. Bruneau with singular felicity, and that which the poet has left unsaid the composer has expressed. In particular this is noticeable in "La Gavotte," the heroine of which is an old lady who seems to possess some of the attributes of Rider Haggard's "She," and has a lively recollection of a brilliant and eventful past. The bucolic spirit of "La Bourree," in which an enamored peasant swain praises the feet of his beloved because they are so large, is intensified by the music, and the delicacy and interweaving orchestration of "La Pavane" suggests with peculiar vividness the shimmering tints and myriad rays of the dresses of the dancers described by the poet as they trod the stately measure in imitation of the gorgeous plumage of the peacock. The grewsome dramatic contrast between Mazarin dancing the Saraband with "sacerdotal air" with his queen, while without the palace a dance of death was being executed by the people in rebellion, is made realistic by the composer, who is also to be praised for the deftness with which he has treated the text of "Le Passepied," which may be described as a conversation of eager emotionalism between an amorous young couple for whom, let us hope, "a marriage has been arranged." A better exponent of the songs than Miss Marie Brema could not be found; the London Symphony Orchestra played the accompaniments to perfection, and the audience were so delighted that they recalled the vocalist five times, and manifestly would have heard "Le Passepied" again.—The Referee.

"ARMIDA" REVIVED.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote as follows April 12:

"Gluck's masterpiece "Armida" was presented at the National Opera this evening, and evoked the greatest enthusiasm. The interpretation and the superb stage setting were continuously applauded by a crowded house. Since Wagner's operas were first produced here, there has been no musical event of such importance. It is hardly creditable, perhaps, to the musical reputation of Paris that it should have waited so long for a worthy performance of a great classic which is French in inspiration, the libretto having been written by the poet Quinault for Lully, the creator of the opera. It was nearly 100 years later that Gluck availed himself of it for his divine work. Properly speaking, tonight's performance is a revival, but in the early days of operatic production in Paris the work was never adequately rendered, and has waited these years for a setting worthy of the genius of librettist and composer. The manuscript upon which tonight's performance is based bears Gluck's own annotations. The precious score was nearly destroyed by a fire which broke out at the opera in 1874 and consumed other documents of a priceless value. Some idea of the work entailed in the production of a great classic may be gained from the fact that the rehearsals and the preparation of effects have occupied six months. An army of 760 persons, including artists, chorus and theatre staff, are mobilized during the five acts of the opera.

"It will be remembered that the scene is laid at Damascus in the time of the Crusades. The Crusaders visit the garden and palace of the queen and enchantress Armida. All fall victim to her charms save Rinaldo, the greatest hero in the army of Godfrey of Bouillon. Yet he, too, is presently ensnared. He falls asleep in a soft green valley, lulled to sleep by fairy music. Armida comes to kill him for his past contempt of her, but the dagger falls from her grasp. Love suddenly awakens, and she and Rinaldo become bound in the tenderest affection. The hero, returning to a sense of duty, resolves to cut himself loose from the enchantments of the palace, and to rejoin his military comrades. The queen, in despair of being able to retain him and having become completely infatuated, fires the palace and departs the scene.

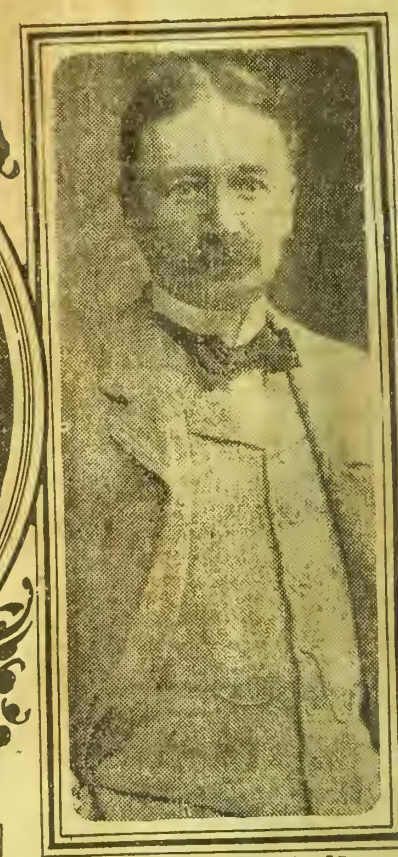
"There are some wonderful 'trucs' in the course of the production. One of the superbest effects is the carrying off, one might almost say the translation, of Rinaldo and Armida. An ingenious mechanism carries up the lovers on a bed of roses into the clouds without the apparent aid of wires. The final scene, the destruction of the palace, has never been equalled in lurid realism on the French operatic stage.

"Mlle. Breville is admirable as Armida, and Miles. Verlet, Dubel and Demongeot are especially to be remarked for their qualities of voice and action. As regards the male artists, MM. Affre, Delmas and Gilly are equally distinguished. A conspicuous feature of the performance is the beauty of the dancing, one of the early traditions of 'Armida.' It is apparent that the National Academy has lost nothing of its skill in that respect. The addition of 'Armida' to the repertoire of the National Opera is, indeed, an event memorable to music lovers."

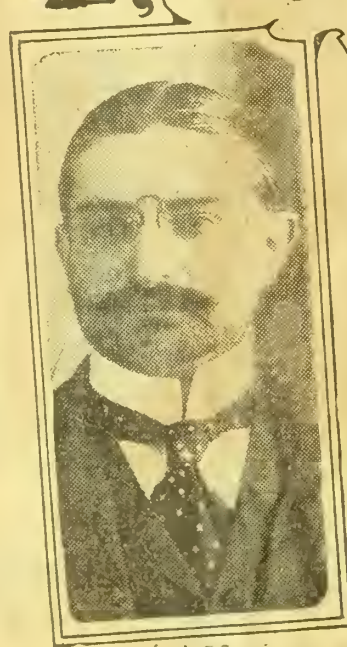
THE OPENING "POP" CONCERT IS GIVEN TOMORROW EVENING

RALPH OSBORNE, BASS.

LOUISE ORMSBY, SOPRANO



T. ADAMOWSKI,



MAX ZACK, CONDUCTOR.

GUSTAV STRUBE, CONDUCTOR.

Benefit of the Pension Fund of the Symphony Orchestra Tonight; Two Song Recitals; Other Musical Events of the Week; How Theodore Thomas Made His Programmes; Their Structure and General Character.

The Herald published last Sunday a review of "Theodore Thomas: a Musical Autobiography," edited by Mr. George P. Upton, and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The review was confined to Mr. Thomas' autobiography.

The second volume is made up chiefly of concert programmes arranged by Mr. Thomas, with an introduction in which he explains his system of programme-making. The programmes are those of the Mason-Thomas chamber concerts (1855-1868), the Brooklyn Philharmonic (1862-1891), the Irving Hall matinees (1863), the New York Symphony (1864-1878), the New York Garden (1865-1891), the concerts in Boston (1870-1875)—but the first concerts Mr. Thomas gave here were in 1869, and he gave concerts in Boston at a later date than 1875; the Thomas-Rubinstein concerts (1872-73), the Cincinnati Festivals (1873-1904), the New York Philharmonic (1877-1891), the Chicago Summer Night (1877-1899), the Columbian Exposition (1892-93), the Chicago orchestra (1891-1905), the Philadelphia Symphony (1892-1895) and other concerts.

At the end of the volume there is a list of works introduced into this country by Mr. Thomas, and the editor says in a prefatory note: "The following record of works rendered by Mr. Thomas for the first time in this country, showing locality and date of performance, has been prepared with scrupulous care, Mr. Thomas himself, Mr. Frederick Stock, assistant conductor of the Chicago orchestra, Mr. Theodore McNicol, its librarian, and the editor of this work having co-operated in its compilation. It may be relied upon as correct."

We regret to say the list is not scrupulously correct. We do not refer to typographical errors as "Chansson" for "Chausson," but to certain mis-statements of fact.

For example: "Bruckner's 'Te Deum,' Cincinnati, May 26, 1892." The first performance was at St. Louis in December, 1891, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Kendrick. Mr. Joseph Otten conducted the chorus of 500 and the orchestra.

"Dohnanyi: Symphony in D minor, Chicago, Jan. 16, 1904." The first performance was in Boston under Mr. Gericke, Nov. 28, 1903.

"Rimsky-Korsakoff, symphonic poem 'Antar,' Chicago, Nov. 29, 1901." "Antar" was first performed in this country at an Arion concert in New York, Mr. Van der Stucken conductor, sometime during the season of 1891-1892.

"Saint-Saens: Symphonic poem 'La Jeunesse d'Hercule,' op. 50, Chicago, Nov. 15, 1901." Mr. Thomas himself brought out this work in Boston, Nov. 14, 1877.

"Smetana: Symphonic poem, "Vysehrad." Chicago, April 24, 1896." "Vysehrad" was produced in Boston on the same date (public rehearsal) by Mr. Paur.

"Volkmann: Concerto for violoncello, op. 33. Chicago, March 17, 1893." But this concerto was played here at a Symphony concert by Mr. Giese, season of 1883-84, and before that both here and in other cities.

These instances are taken at random; they are enough to make one look with suspicion at any statement in the record. 'Tis a pity.

The Early Scheme.

Mr. Thomas' programmes have long been celebrated. His skill as a programme-maker has never been disputed; not only this; it was the envy and despair of other conductors. What were his guiding principles?

He himself tells us: "In earlier years they (the programmes) always included a Beethoven number; first, because Beethoven is the nearest to us in spirit; second, because he expresses more than any other composer; and third, because he has reached the highest pinnacle in instrumental music, which became through him a language. Thus Beethoven answers a double purpose; he gives delight to the educated and teaches the uneducated. His place was always in the first part of the programme. I have always believed in climaxes, also in giving people the most recent musical productions, and Wagner is the composer who satisfies both these essentials. Like Beethoven, he also answers a double purpose. He represents the modern spirit, and his effective scoring makes the desired climax. Wagner excites his hearers, especially the younger generation, and interests the less musical. In this way Beethoven and Wagner became the pillars, so to speak, of my programmes. The effect of these composers on the public was plainly apparent. So I placed them where they belonged, and then filled out the rest of the programme so as to keep within a certain limit of time, have each piece prepare for the one to follow, observe a steady crescendo, never allow an anti-climax, and 'keep a trump' for the last. I knew exactly the character of the pieces I needed for filling up and completing the programme after I had selected my so-called pillars, and began to hunt for them, but often I failed to find them. As I could not compose them, I finally had to give up the search in such cases, and change my sketch."

The trouble at first was in the public taste. It was difficult to meet the popular demand and still preserve the unity of the programme. For many years Mr. Thomas used an arrangement of Schumann's "Traumerei," and Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz" as sops to the public, tubs to the whale. He also found it difficult in the earlier and middle years of his activity to interest the audience in other masters' besides Beethoven and Wagner, to enlarge its repertory and broaden its horizon. "I have never wished to pose as an educator, or a philanthropist, except in so far as I might help the public to get beyond certain so-called 'popular music'—which represents nothing more than sweet sentimentalism and rhythm, on the level of the dime novel. Nor has it been a fad of mine, as some people have imagined, to persevere for half a century and insist upon preserving the unity of a programme. If anything, it has been a fixed principle, and the determination to be associated with something worthy and to represent something to which a man need not be ashamed of devoting his life, which have actuated me. The practical question of 'bread and butter' for the orchestra player also entered into the problem. If the only aim of a musician were to amuse the people, the sublimest of all the arts would soon be lost to humanity."

Later Programmes.

Today, according to Mr. Thomas, there is no crying need of the outward attractions, the so-called pillars of his earlier programmes. The audience has got beyond that scheme. "It recognizes the necessity of the lesser lights in the solar system of music, in order to measure the value of the greater. The craving for excitement of the nerves has given place to intellectual enjoyment, and a programme arranged from works by Bach and Mozart and ending with Beethoven is enjoyed as much as, at times, a combination of Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Strauss. The symphony chosen—either by rotation or advisability—decides the character of the programme. The time allowed for the performance, and the selection of works in keeping with that symphony, do the rest."

New Works.

Mr. Thomas was indefatigable in the production of new works. Mr. Upton in his long chapter entitled "Reminiscence and Appreciation" speaks of his reading through new pieces that he never put in rehearsal. Some were played through by the orchestra, and then the conductor would say to the librarian: "More stuff for the closet, Mac." Mr. Upton asked him why he produced so much new music, and he answered: "People cannot read the new music, but they should keep abreast of it, and the only way to know it is to hear it. It does not follow that I approve or indorse it because I play it. It is due to the public to hear it once. This has been a life-long idea with me." And so he was intimately acquainted with the Russian, Bohemian, Scandinavian schools, and the music of the "advanced style." Vincent d'Indy wrote to Mrs. Thomas after the death of her husband: "Accept this expression of profound sympathy

for the cruel loss which musical art has sustained by the death of the illustrious master to whom French composers and M. d'Indy in particular are solely indebted for their recognition in America." Mr. d'Indy surely knows that nowhere has more generous recognition been given modern French composers than in Boston, but he also knows that this recognition is only of late years. His tribute to Mr. Thomas is a just one.

Although Mr. Thomas for years chose his programmatic climax from the works of Wagner, he was never in the narrow sense a Wagnerite. He never believed that this music would eclipse that of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart. The people, he argued, should hear Wagner's music, as later he reasoned concerning that of Richard Strauss. He once wrote to Mr. Upton: "I do not care to dwell long on the subject, but I will say that I have neither sympathy nor patience with those so-called 'musicians' whose education begins and ends with Wagner"; and in another letter he wrote: "I am a Wagnerite, but not in the modern and New York sense. Your New York Wagnerite tramples under foot everything that is not Wagnerian. I do not think I can be accused of showing a lack of appreciation for Wagner's works, but I still think there is something else besides Wagnerian music. So, in that sense, I am possibly not a Wagnerite." After Wagner's operas were performed on the stage in this country, Mr. Thomas did not put on his programmes many of the excerpts which he had formerly played. "Much of his music is not suitable or legitimate for concert purposes." Wagner was often too realistic for the concert stage. "He often employs the same methods as the impressionist painters. Their pictures are effective only at a certain distance." Then there are the favoring operatic conditions. "While the brain is engaged with the dramatic action the eye can take in scenery, color, etc., and still not hinder the ear from taking in the flood-tone prepared by the composer and justified by the situation, so as to saturate the whole human system. All may be in keeping with the dramatic action, and yet be at the expense of music and without soul. The difference between the music of the concert room and that of the operatic stage is not sufficiently understood and observed today."

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Sundry Opinions.

In the course of his remarks about programme-making, Mr. Thomas discusses salient characteristics of certain composers. Thus the orchestral scores of Liszt show that he never entered into the secrets of Beethoven's orchestral world. He looked for new paths, and succeeded in making valuable suggestions, "but he was never able to reach the heights to which he so ambitiously aspired."

Wagner understood Beethoven chiefly from the intellectual side, "but also without soul." "He made a great impression on the world by his combination of intellect and passion, or sensuousness. He touched greatness in 'Siegfried's Death March,' but even in this chiefly by his intellect. Wagner did not care for humanity, but in his later life he became sentimental, as is shown in his 'Parsifal'—though the Flower Maiden scene shows that he remained sensuous to the last."

Both Liszt and Wagner suffered in their own period from lack of appreciation, "in consequence of the small size of halls and theatres at that time." Now the halls are too big, and the conditions are reversed; the modern music is heard to advantage, but Mozart and Beethoven suffer. For this reason Mr. Thomas decided not to give the Ninth Symphony again in an immense hall. "Our monster American halls and theatres are fit only for mass meetings and horse shows. Orchestral music of every school is ineffective in them."

"When a young composer today writes an accompaniment to a song or lullaby, he will try to use the same force as that of the Festspiel orchestra, to show that he also has the ability. We must now always have the 'biggest'—and not only that, but 'one more,' and enlarge upon the past, whether it shows progress or not. Many things thus take on a different aspect; but change is not necessarily progress."

And how about Richard Strauss, who to the illuminati of New York is a joke, and to others Antichrist in music? "He consciously writes practical impossibilities. In fact, he revels and delights in doing so. Now, the question is this: Should the composer not observe a certain standard and average technic for the orchestra, compatible with progress and practice, as in other relations of life—self-control and good manners, so to speak? A burning question remains, which every sincere musician ought to observe—purity of style."

Mr. Thomas believed that a work of any period should be given as far as possible under its own conditions, by using the same instruments as those for which the composer conceived it. The last few years of his life he gave works of Bach with an orchestra which balanced the chorus, and he observed the same proportions between wood-wind and string choirs as in the orchestra for which Bach wrote. By a "discreet rewriting" of trumpet parts, he obtained the characteristic color of the trumpets and made them powerful enough to blend with 16 first violins, 12 flutes, 12 oboes, etc. "The effect of Bach's music played by an orchestra thus proportioned is entirely different from that which is produced when played by the orchestra ordinarily used in modern times."

There are judicious remarks on the encore habit, the habit of coming late and the need of music for wearied American business men. "Even though the late comers to a concert wait until there is a pause, the disturbance is almost the same. If a symphony opens the programme, the movements are related to each other. In a programme without a symphony the pieces are selected with a view to the effect which each has upon its next neighbor, and this effect is nullified by any disturbance in the audience. The proportion of late comers, as a rule, is so small that a thinking person should feel embarrassed to belong to that class.

"One reason why I came to Chicago was because I understood the excitement and nervous strain that every one, more or less, suffered from who lived there, and realized the consequent need of establishing a permanent musical institution in such a community."

Mr. Upton's pages, 117-259 (vol. 1), entitled "Reminiscence and Appreciation," contain much that is interesting. An appendix contains an article by Mr. Thomas to Scribner's (March, 1881) and one written by him for the Chicago Tribune (1894); George William Curtis' speech at the farewell banquet given to Mr. Thomas in New York in 1891, and other pages of a memorial nature. Mr. Upton adds a sketch, "Early Music in Chicago." There is a perfunctory poem by Henry Van Dyke; there are portraits and fac-similes; and there is an index to the first volume. The work is well printed on paper of excellent quality.

LOCAL.

"A musical Club Meeting," a musical play by Messrs. W. H. Gardner and H. F. Odell, will be performed in Potter Hall on Monday evening. The play is a satire on a meeting of a woman's club. The profits of the entertainment will go to the Charity Club Hospital.

Miss Florence Wood, soprano, will give three Sunday afternoon concerts at her home, Pine Ridge road, Waban, on May 7 14, 21, at 4 o'clock. Among those who will take part are Miss Gertrude Holt, soprano,; Miss Mabelle Leslie, contralto; Mr. Robert Seaman, baritone; Mr. Franklin Wood, bass; Mr. Carl Behr, 'cellist.

Miss Helene Schumacker, assisted by Mrs. J. G. F. Schmonsees, violinist, will give a recital in Hutington Chambers Hall on Thursday evening, when she will sing arias by Verdi and Meyerbeer, and songs by d'Hardelot, Walther, de Fontenaille, Massenet, Ries and Gounod. Mrs. Schmonsees will play a sonata by Tartini, and pieces by Mrs. Beach, Straus and Dvorak.

Pupils of Mr. Everett E. Truette will give an organ recital in Berkeley Temple on Tuesday evening. They will play pieces by Bach, Boellmann, Guilmant, Dubois, Foote, Merkel, Widor.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Louise Ormsby, soprano, Mr. Ralph Osborne, bass, and Messrs. Adamowski, Strube and Zach, who will lead in turn the "Pop" concerts this season. Miss Ormsby was born at Sharon, Pa. She studied with Mr. W. L. Whitney at the New England Conservatory, and received there a teacher's certificate. She then went to Italy for further study, but soon went to Paris, where she was a pupil of Mme. Marchesi for nearly four years. She has sung in Paris, and in 1902-03 she gave concerts with much success in London and in English provincial cities. About a month ago she returned to this country, and she is now living in New York. She sang here at a private concert April 18, when her brilliant voice and general artistry gave much pleasure.

Mr. Osborne, who will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, was born at Peabody about 28 years ago. Mr. Osborne prepared in Cambridge for Harvard University and studied singing for five years with Miss Caroline Hayes. He entered Harvard and sang with the Glee Club and at Appleton Chapel until he decided to make music his profession. He left college, studied for a year in London; he then went to Paris, where he studied with Chevallier and Lassalle. He has sung in various halls and studios of that city. At an exhibition of the Operatic School of the New England Conservatory in the Boston Theatre, June 5, 1903, he took the part of Mephistopheles in "Faust."

Bronislaw Huberman played Tschaikowsky's concert for violin at a Philharmonic concert in London, April 13. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "He is one of those rare players who, without tearing a passion to tatters, nevertheless is full of passion; his playing of the second subject was marked by a particular selflessness; he identified himself with the composer; the music of this particular subject lends itself to much expressiveness, and he took every advantage of it with perfect technical skill; anybody who knows how difficult it is to realize technically and also emotionally very difficult passages will understand the achievement of Mr. Huberman. His playing is of the most refined order; he does not know apparently what it is to be out of tune: his tone is distinguished both by strength and by delicacy; and yet one feels an undercurrent of passion which is very striking. The work itself is a little tedious, a thing most rare with anything that Tschaikowsky has ever written, and the tediousness rather grows as the work continues. At one time we were inclined to attribute this tediousness partly to the soloist; but upon taking thought we find that the work itself is too extended, too thinned out for any musician to complete it without giving one a feeling of being fatigued."

THE "POPS."

For 19 years the concerts during May and June by the larger part of the Boston Symphony orchestra, which are better known as the "Pops," have been a sterling feature of Boston's summer entertainments, simply because, in addition to the regular symphony patrons, who welcome the seasonable musical relaxation, there are thousands of music lovers, whose tastes incline to melodies of a lighter vein than obtain during the winter. Then there is the additional feature of light refreshments, a chance to smoke, and the opportunity to study human nature and dress as exemplified in one's neighbors, who also indulge in the same privilege toward you. Everything will be conducted on the same general plan as in the past. Mr. T. Adamowski will conduct the first four weeks, and the balance of the season Mr. Max Zach and Mr. Gustav Strube will be the musical directors in the order named. The programme for the opening night (tomorrow) follows:

1. March, "Black Bess"..............Strube
2. Overture, "Mignon"..........A. Thomas
3. Ballet music, "Queen of Sheba". Goldmark
   Violoncello solo, Mr. Josef Keller.
4. Waltz, "Espana"..............Waldteufel
5. Selection, "Babes in Toyland"....Herbert
6. Overture, "Fledermaus"........J. Strauss
7. Serenade from "Les Contes d'Hoffman"..........................Offenbach
8. Overture, "1812"............Tschaikowski
9. Overture, "Rienzi"................Wagner
10. Waltz, "Jolly Fellows"..........Vollstedt
11. Selection, "Sho-Gun"...............Luders
    (First time.)
12. March, "Vienna Dude"..........Von Blon

Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall, and the prices will be: General admission to the second balcony and unreserved tables on the floor, 25 cents; the entire first balcony reserved, 50 cents, and seats at reserved tables on the floor at 75 cents, as before.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Paderewski will be the pianist. Mr. Gericke will conduct.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. First "Pop" concert. Mr. Adamowski will conduct. These concerts will be given through the week.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Miss Sigrid Olsen, soprano. Miss Katherine Halliday, 'cellist, will assist.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. Ralph Osborne, bass. Mr. Lewis Williams, pianist, will assist.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The concert in Symphony Hall this evening, under the auspices of the pension fund committee of the Symphony Orchestra, promises to be a most interesting event. Mr. Paderewski will play with the orchestra Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and Chopin's Ballade in A flat major, Mazurka in B minor, etude in G flat major, the Polonaise in A flat major. Mr. Gericke has selected as the orchestral numbers the "Adagio and Gavotte in Rondo form," by Bach, arranged for string orchestra by Segismund Bachrich, and the "Carneval Romain" and "Tannhaeuser" overtures. The box office at Symphony Hall will be open at 1 o'clock today for the sale of seats. The sale already assures a great audience.

Concert not given [illegible]
[illegible]
ski's breakdown
May 1. 1905

A POCKET PERIL.

The English physician whose contributions to the Pall Mall Gazette have been referred to in these columns discussed lately the matter of clothes and clothing. He believes in "flimsy, rubbishy" garments of today, as opposed to the durable clothing which passed as heirlooms from great-grandmothers to their daughters, and so on down to the last proud wearers. The less durable and the more frequently our clothing is washed the freer it is from germs. He mentions the handkerchief, a word that means literally a cloth to cover the head, held in the hand. Then there is the full form, pocket handkerchief. The physician says: "It is a pity that the habit of using 'trashy' articles does not extend to the use of the Japanese paper handkerchief, which is destroyed after use, and not allowed to dry and disseminate in the house and the laundry the germs of colds and influenza, and even, I fear, of tuberculosis. I have no doubt whatever that in fifty years the present handkerchief will be looked upon as a sign of an ignorant, careless and insanitary age."

This physician is not the first to protest against the inherent uncleanliness of the handkerchief and to inveigh against the use. When Montaigne looked reproachfully at a French gentleman "who in witty jesting was very famous" for what seemed to him an indecorous blowing of his nose, the gentleman asked why there should be a dainty linen cloth to pay honor to filth, and why the handkerchief should be carried about by a cleanly man. "Methought," said Montaigne, telling the story, "he spake not altogether without reason; and custom had taken from me the discerning of this strangeness which, being reported of another country, we deem so hideous."

For many years after the handkerchief was known in polite France it was not always put to what we now consider its proper use. Erasmus, in his book on etiquette (1530), advised its employment, but he added that this was not indispensable, provided the one afflicted with a cold obeyed certain rules. (It is here better to give the original Latin than a translation: "Si quid in solum dejectum est, emuncto duobus digitis naso, mox pede proterendum est.") The question whether a handkerchief should or should not be used was debated in France until shortly before the revolution. It appears from the lively picture of Parisian life drawn by De la Mesangere in 1797 that a few years before blowing one's nose had been raised to the dignity of an art: "One imitates the sound of the trumpet; another, the mewing of a cat; Perfection lies in not making either too loud or too gentle a noise." Toward the end of the seventeenth century it was considered the height of rudeness to offer one's handkerchief, "however white it may be," to any one for any purpose, "unless one absolutely insists upon it." In Italy they were perhaps a little more civilized, according to modern ideas, for Giovanni della Casa, archbishop of Benevento, in his curious treatise on manners and behaviors (1559), shows by some very singular and unquotable remarks that the handkerchief was then in common use in cities.

The early history of the handkerchief as a servant to the nose would be interesting reading. In the New Testament, handkerchief, napkin, apron are loosely used. The two former terms are translations of a Greek word which came from the Latin, "sudarium," a cloth used for wiping the face or the hands, and also worn over the face for purposes of concealment. The handkerchiefs or aprons in the Acts (xix., 12) were perhaps cloths worn on the head, but some think this sort of cloth was used as a modern handkerchief. Peignot tells us that the Romans in the time of Julius Caesar had tablecloths and napkins: the cloth was furnished by the host, but until long after the reign of Augustus each guest brought his own napkin, and there were some who preferred to wipe their hands on the heads of their young slaves. He tells us nothing about pocket handkerchiefs among the Romans, and some might argue that, as there were no pockets in those days, there could have been no pocket handkerchiefs; foolish reasoning, for the men used their girdle as a pocket, and the women the bosom of their robe.

Two words have already practically gone out of fashion before the microbic thing itself. No one today speaks of having a "handkerchiefly" feeling, and no one would write as Mme. d'Arblay wrote: "I began now a vehement nose blowing, for the benefit of handkerchiefing my face."

First Pop
May 2. 1905

NERVES.

Some may wonder why Mr. Paderewski, who is now suffering severely from nervousness, is allowed to remain in a private car in a railway yard, where passenger trains whizz by, where there is making up of freight trains by day and by night. They forget that there are various states and conditions of nervousness. The eminent pianist has for some months made a railway car his home. Whistles and bells have lulled him to sleep. His body has been long rhythmed by the motion of the train. He has been rocked as peacefully on the rails as the deep bass singer in the cradle of the deep. Were he to leave the accustomed scene, were he to hear only trolley cars or the rumbling of wagons, his nervousness would at first be redoubled. What effect this necessary railway life has had on the dynamic force of his concert performances would be an interesting problem.

The nervous person ordered by a physician to the country is for a week or longer far more nervous. The very stillness of the night irritates him. The sounds of nature startle him. An owl is more terrible than a brass band with a drum-major. A woodpecker triumphs over the most dogged effort of a pile-driver. Then there is the admired village cock with his salutation to the morn. The little birds singing their hymns of morning praise must surely be as large as ostriches, or they are survivors of some prehistoric, gigantic age

ard in a nightmare. The horse crossing a far-off bridge might as well trot through the bedchamber. The cracking of old wood is as the report of a park of artillery. Hark! What is that creaking on the stairway? Is it not the approach of some grisly spectre? And the poor wretch hunts vainly for a cool spot on the pillow and cries aloud: "Would God that it were dawn!"

Mr. Paderewski is accustomed to the railway as he is to applause. There are nervous patients who sleep best in a sleeping car, the name of which is irony to others, the sleeping car with its hideous promiscuity, with the berth that suggests the coffin.

AMPLE WARNING.

The Russians and other Europeans cannot say that they did not have fair warning before the trouble began. A Russian by the name of Basile Golovnine, brought up to serve in the navy, went in 1801 to England to join the fleet and study manoeuvres. He served under Nelson and others, and on his return to Russia he was made commander of a sloop. He then had many surprising adventures, and at last, on the peaceful errand of a survey, he was captured by the Japanese. At Hakodate he was imprisoned with two officers and several sailors in iron cages, but he was well treated elsewhere, and in 1813 he was freed through the efforts of a rich Japanese merchant.

Golovnine wrote an account of his captivity, and it will be seen by a few excerpts from the book that he was a shrewd and foreseeing man. At that time the Japanese government insisted that its subjects should be satisfied with their own civilization, and it forbade them to use foreign inventions. This led Golovnine to remark: "Other nations should thank Providence that Japanese statesmen have this idea, and should try not to give them any reason to change their politics for European ones. Were a sovereign like Peter the Great to reign over this numerous, clever, imitative, patient and industrious people, who are capable of anything, then, with the help of the riches and treasures which lie hidden in the depths of Japan, he would enable them in a few years to conquer the whole eastern ocean. What would then happen to the coast districts on the east of Asia and the west of America, which are so far from the countries that should defend them?"

Furthermore, Golovnine foresaw a possible change in this conservative Japanese policy. "What they would not do voluntarily they might be compelled to do through force of circumstances; oft-repeated invasions of neighboring nations might force the Japanese to think of means by which they could repel them and remain undisturbed. To attain this end they would require to build warships after the European model, which would eventually lead to a fleet. It is probable that the success of this measure would force them to take up other of our enlightened means which serve to exterminate human beings, and, finally, all European inventions would be employed by the Japanese. If they cared to invite teachers, they could get them from any part of Europe. Therefore, it seems to me that we should not annoy this just and honest nation, but if some necessary reasons force the Europeans to act otherwise, they ought to employ every means to act decisively, so as to finish the whole affair in several years."

Golovnine was not a mere hooting bird of ill omen. He did not say that the change would surely come, and that China in consequence world awake from its lethargy and be formidable to Europeans. He contented himself with saying: "It is not an impossible thing, and it may happen sooner or later." But he is now enrolled in the list of true prophets.

IN A HOOP.

Will crinoline return? There is a whisper that it will once more cage the beauteous and the ill-favored body with wiry impartiality. Sarah Bernhardt has been talking about it, "as was only to be expected," says a Parisian, "for the great actress is second only to the German Emperor in her capacity for enunciating an opinion upon anything and everything under the sun." She does not approve crinoline. Celine Chaumont characterizes it as a disorganizer of social life. Miss Sorel likes it. To her it is not repellant, for she says philosophically, "there are no ugly fashions for those who know how to wear them." Thus, as some of us gleefully remember, there was dissension over the tilting skirt. Many women smiled and donned it without a murmur, while some, of the Gothic order of architecture, pronounced it immoral.

Thus do fashions blaze, disappear as in outer darkness, and return like any well behaved comet. The circle of flexible, elastic material appeared with changes as the farthingale of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the hoop skirt of the eighteenth, the crinoline of the nineteenth. Clergymen and satirists have thundered in vain against the structure; professional amorists have been torn by doubts. It was not given to every woman to wear a hoop gracefully, as Miss Edgeworth admitted sorrowfully in one of her moral and instructive tales: "Everybody wears hoops, but—'tis a melancholy consideration—how very few can manage them." This was in 1800; but in 1812 Byron said in "The Waltz": "Hoops are no more, and petticoats not much."

The hoop proper has been described as not so abrupt as the farthingale and the crinoline as greatly softened from the hoop. The crinoline fabric—a manufacturer's name intended to express the composition of the thing with warp of thread and woof of horsehair—was first known about 1830. The World of Fashion of August that year spoke of "the new stuff called crinoline; it was at first announced as a material for shoes and bottines only, then for bonnets; now it is offered for dresses." In 1848 the author of the "Book of Snobs" on his visit to the Pontos saw the young women performing calisthenic exercises in the garden: "I saw them today, without any crinoline, pulling the garden roller. Dear Mrs. Ponto was in the garden, too, and as limp as her daughters. * * * Mrs. Ponto measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens, what a guy she is in that skeleton morning costume!" In 1869 one of Anthony Trollope's heroines protested that in the days of crinolines she had never worn one. Thus we go up, up, and thus we go down, down. Will the crinolette, a sort of bustle, return with the crinoline?

Modesty or immodesty with many women is largely a matter of fashion. Old writers found in the farthingale a deliberate challenge to the stout-hearted male. There was a fortress to be conquered. The satirist of 1753 no doubt admired the fashion against which he inveighed:

"Make your petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
May daintily show how your garters are tied."

But the Quakers a few years later were honest in their denunciation of the "immodest fashion of hooped petticoats." The women Friends of a New Jersey town saw in this garment "a branch springing from the corrupt root of pride." One of Hazlitt's finest passages is in praise of the old and apparently forbidding costume as opposed to the reckless display of the body, early in the nineteenth century, and it is well worth quoting and pondering: "The strange fancy dresses, the perverse disguises, the counterfeit shapes, the stiff stays and enormous hoops worn by the women in the time of the Spectator gave an agreeable scope to the imagination. The senses were never satisfied in an instant. Love was entangled in the folds of the swelling handkerchief and the desires might wander forever round the circumference of a quilted petticoat, or find a rich lodging in the flowers of a damask stomacher. There was room for years of patient perseverance, for a thousand thoughts, fancies, conjectures, hopes, fears, wishes. There seemed no end to difficulties and delays; to overcome so many obstacles was the work of ages. A wife had then some meaning in it; it was an angel concealed behind whalebone, flounces and brocade." It may be added that hoops were invented by the Spanish, and that the women of that land have long been famous for the proud decorum of their public conduct.

May 3 1905

AS ANATOLE FRANCE SEES IT.

The gentle ironist, M. Anatole France, in his latest book, "Sur la pierre blanche," represents certain Frenchmen, men of letters or acquainted with art, as conversing in company with Giacomo Boni, the archaeologist, in Rome. The sight of the excavated Forum suggests talk concerning the glories of the old Roman and Grecian religions. One of the company reads the record of an imaginary conversation between Gallio and his friends at Corinth—the Gallio before whom Paul was brought—the Gallio who, to use the language of the New Testament, "cared for none of those things." And, after sunset, in an inn the friends discuss the future of civilization, humanity, religion. What form of religion will follow Christianity? Will wars ever cease? Jean Boilly, an engineer, takes a gloomy view of the future, as far as universal peace is concerned. Through his mouth M. France of the Academy, the brave champion of Dreyfus, the man of the calmest philosophical inquiry, says plainly his say about the policy of this great republic.

"Suppose that Europe should become pacific, do you not see that America will become warlike? After Cuba has been reduced to a vassal republic, after Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines have been annexed, no one can deny that the American Union is a conquering nation. A Yankee publicist, Stead, has been applauded throughout the United States for saying: 'The Americanization of the world is now in progress.' Mr. Roosevelt dreams of planting the star spangled banner in South Africa, Australia and the West Indies. Mr. Roosevelt is an imperialist and wishes an America that is mistress of the world. Between us, he is meditating the empire of Augustus. He had the misfortune to read Titus Livius. The conquests of the Romans prevent him from sleeping. Have you read his speeches? 'My friends,' says Mr. Roosevelt, 'fight, fight terribly. Blows are the only good thing. The people are on the earth only for the purpose of exterminating each other. They that tell you anything contrary are immoral persons. Beware of men that think. Thought enervates. It is a French vice. The Romans conquered the world. They destroyed it. We are the modern Romans.' Eloquent words, backed by a navy which will soon be the second in the world and by a military budget of f.1,500,000,000." No doubt "South Africa" is a slip of the pen for "South America"; but Boilly has more to say.

"The Yankees announce that in four years they will wage war against Germany. In order to believe them, they should tell us where they expect to meet the enemy. Nevertheless, this madness leads to reflection. That a Russia, the serf of its Tsar, and a Germany, still feudal, nourish armies for battles might be explained by ancient habitudes and the survivals of a rude past. But that a new democracy, the United States of America, an association of men of business, a crowd of emigrants from all lands, without the common tie of race, traditions, recollections, thrown into the desperate struggle for the dollar, should feel at once transported with the desire to hurl torpedoes into the flanks of ironclads and to explode mines under hostile columns is a proof that the inordinate struggle for the production and the exploitation of wealth maintains with it the employment of brute force and a taste for it, that commercial violence engenders military violence, and commercial rivalries kindle among nations hatreds which can be quenched only with blood. The colonial fury of which you spoke just now is only one of the thousand forms of this competition to which our economists point with pride. The capitalistic system, like the feudal, is a warlike system. The era of great wars for industrial sovereignty has begun. Under the present regime of national production, it is the cannon that will fix tariffs, establish custom houses, open and close markets. There is no other regulator of commerce and industry. Extermination is the fatal result of the economic conditions of the civilized world of today."

According to another of the thoughtful company, a colonial political policy is "the most recent form of barbarism"; for what men call civilization is "the actual condition of morals and manners, and what they call barbarism is any preceding condition." Perhaps England has some excuse for colonization, for the sea is her only country. "One can readily conceive that in the present condition of the world nations which beget many children and manufacture many products search far off for territories or markets and acquire them by stratagem and violence." But why should France waste lives and money that Congo, Cochin-China, Madagascar and other colonies should buy cotton at Manchester, tools and arms at Birmingham and Liege, brandy at Dantzic, and wine of Bordeaux at Hamburg! "She has for seventy years hunted and pillaged Arabs to people Algeria with Italians and Spaniards!"

"The thing of most value to humanity is man himself. To make the terrestrial globe valuable, it is first necessary to establish the worth of man. To exploit the soil, mines, waters, all the substances and the forces of the planet, there is need of man, of every man; of humanity, of the whole of humanity. The complete exploitation of the globe demands the combined labor of men, white, yellow, black. By reducing them, diminishing them, weakening them; in a word, by colonizing a part of humanity, we act against ourselves. It is to our advantage that the yellow and the black should be powerful, free, rich. Our prosperity and wealth depend on their prosperity and wealth. The more they will produce, the more they will consume. The more they will profit from us, the more we shall profit from them. Let them enjoy abundantly our labor, and we shall enjoy their abundance."

And many other words were spoken by this company in the solemn Forum and in the little tavern which might well excite thought and discussion, words that are creditable to the heart as well as to the brain of Anatole France, but those that we have quoted are now of peculiar interest. The book is one to be read again and again. Even Mr. Roosevelt, whose literary taste, it is said, is fastidious, might find certain pages profitable, although they are inclosed by the traditional yellow covers.

AUTHORS' READINGS.

It is called a pleasant sight to see authors reading from their works fo some charitable purpose. There ar many persons who have curiosity i these matters, and they are willing t pay for its gratification, which is th true test of admiration. They go t see the author, as they visit a side sho at a circus. If the author could be pe suaded to write a poem or a chapter o a novel in the sight of the public, th price of admission might prudently l raised.

Authors on the stage are for once agreement; each one is willing to re from his own work; but is he willing listen while another reads? Th should all be obliged to sit on the sta after the manner of negro minstrels the "grand olio," with an "interlo tor" to announce the selections and question the readers in turn as to precise meaning of a suggestive coup or a sonorous sentence. While onc reading, the faces of the others wo afford a delightful study. It might more humane if they were allowed wear masks except when in acti Even the smile of interest and appro that at first seems petrified soon di

ars, and there is the facial confession boredom. Furthermore, each author ns the risk of losing his own readers. eing and hearing him, a former ad- irer may be bitterly disappointed. r. Johnson said after quoting differing inions of Addison and Pope concern- g Nicholas Rowe: "Perhaps the best vice to authors would be that they ould keep out of the way of one an- her." They should not only do this; ey should keep aloof from the public. e author should be to the world at ge a mysterious being, a veiled ophet. For this reason alone he should ver marry.

A STATE LOTTERY.

A man in Boston not long ago won 500 in a lottery, for lottery is still ayed here, although the fact may sur- ise many optimists. In Italy there is t discussion over the question whether e state should conduct a lottery. Some that the conduct of the government immoral and dishonorable; that it ould not spread deliberately the mbling fever. Others argue ingen- sly for the state; not only does the titution bring a large amount to the ional budget, but it would be the ght of folly to abolish it after many nturies, for people will gamble, and ey would be the victims of private eculators who would not be so honest the government. But is the govern- ntal lottery scheme a fair one? Five nning numbers are extracted every turday out of the numbers from one ninety. If you are to win, you must aw one or more of these five num- rs. If you draw one, you gain four- n times what you paid, but there are hty-five chances in favor of the gov- ment. If you draw two numbers, u win 250 times what you paid; ur own chances are ten, those of the vernment are 3995. If you draw ree, you gain 4250 times the sum ked, but your chances are still ten, ile those of the government are 117,- 0. There is the same proportion, if u draw four or five. By the thought- the lottery maintained by the gov- ment of Italy is characterized as : "Tax on the Imbeciles."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Certain cases decided lately in Lon- n are of interest to all keepers of ing houses. There was one of al- ed negligence, for a bun containing nething not recommended by the ters of books on advanced and sani- y cookery broke a tooth. But the t interesting case was that of a dy journalist" who ate some mush- ms in a Regent street restaurant. mushrooms had been artificially wn, and it was admitted that all sonable care had been taken with m. The woman was violently sick. question decided by the jury was : Were the mushrooms to blame the sickness? Only she and her nd who had eaten of the mush- m savoury on that particular day w intestine strife. She admitted t she had gone for 9½ hours hout food afterward, and dur- n that time had seen an evening formance at a theatre. The jury de- ed in favor of the landlord. Per- s the long fast brought on the sick- s; perhaps the play or the acting et Little Mary. Physicians testified he course of the trial that the best shrooms may sicken some. There men and women who were not born mushrooms, just as some apparent- good digestion cannot eat Brussels uts, although they are to them as food of the gods.

would seem that the decision in mushroom case turned on one t: Were the mushrooms the direct se of the sickness? Yet it was ad- ted that the mushrooms themselves e of the first quality. Suppose a should go into a Boston restaurant eat a clam chowder. Suppose it e proved that the chowder was be- d reproach; in fact, a marvel of hness and delicacy; no other eater lam chowder that day suffered; the shortly afterward was distress- y sick. Could he recover damages, even if he proved that he ate nothing else and drank no warring fluid?

INTERPOLATIONS.

It may be said without any reference to the merits in the case of Miss Marie Cahill vs. Mr. Victor Herbert, that interpolations in comic opera are expected and often inevitable. There have been famous interpolations in grand opera, as in Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." Does not the prima donna introduce all sorts of incongruous and anachronistic tunes in the singing lesson scene of "The Barber of Seville"? Did not Emma Abbott, according to the story, introduce "Nearer, My God, to Thee" in the garden scene of "Faust"?

A comic opera is produced as a tailor's suit is "tried on." If a line does not make its way, it is cut out. The leading comedian quickly appropriates for his own use all the fat lines given by the librettist to other characters. The tune of the ensemble music that is "over the heads of the audience" is dropped, and music with more go is substituted. And when a comic opera is recognized as popular, as a sure card, the librettist and the composer often do not know their dear child. If they are philosophical or true humorists—and to have a sense of humor is to be near the temple of philosophy—they wink at each other and pocket the royalties. To make a fuss with the manager or any one of the comedians may be artistic, but it is futile.

Mr. Herbert is reported as saying in New York that Miss Cahill "couldn't always sing in the key, anyway." The same might be said of many distinguished prima donnas, tenors, baritones. A male or female singer is not a machine. A temporary indisposition, excitement, nervousness—there are several reasons for false intonation. And there are eminent German workers in the operatic vineyard who sing in tune only by accident. Even then they do not know that they are true to the pitch.

It's an old story, this disagreement between the conductor and the star. If the composer's song does not go, it is either the fault of the singer or the conductor. When the composer is the conductor, it is always the fault of the singer. If the singer is not applauded, the song itself is poor, or the conductor hampers her. So in a church choir, if one of the singers comes to disaster, the organist is to be blamed. He has a personal grudge against her, or his breath smells of fireworks.

SUNDRY VOICES.

There have been several more or less extraordinary speeches of late. There is Marie Corelli with her "scathing" remarks on "over-rich fools." Miss Vida Duttou Scudder admitted Sunday in the face of the public that she feels occasionally like throwing a bomb into Commonwealth avenue to arouse the "upper classes" from their "apathy and indifference" toward many of their fellow-beings, who drag out a miserable existence in Beacon street, Bay State road, Chestnut Hill and other less desirable and remote districts. We ourselves have marked several houses in this avenue for looting, and our torch is of the latest variety, wind-proof. Then there is Mr. Benjamin Hanford, who exclaimed in a fine burst at a May-day celebration in New York: "Instead of the supreme court, we ought to have an official dice-thrower." Mr. Hanford evidently remembers his Rabelais. When the dice-thrower is appointed, he should be a comparatively young man, and his eyesight should be carefully tested, lest he soon and himself in the sad plight of Judge Bridlegoose, who was obliged to admit in his defence, when charged with handing down an unequitable decision, that his sight of late had become dim, by reason of which infirmity he was not able to discern so distinctly as formerly the points and blots of the dice: "Whence," said the good man and reservoir of learning, "it might very well have happened, as old, dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been mistaken in taking a quartre for a cinque, or trois for a deuce." Even if the United States Official Thrower should make a slight mistake through visual imperfection, he might well say that the imperfections of nature should never be imputed unto any for crimes and transgressions. "And who would offer to do otherwise should not thereby accuse the man, but nature and the all-seeing providence of God."

We are more interested, however, in Miss Scudder and her bomb. The trouble in these excursions is this: In the consequent flurry after the explosion, any looter is liable to errors in judgment—he will find on his return home that the article he carried off is a pretentious sham or of little commercial worth or practical value; the Russian samovas turns out to be an imitation made somewhere on the East side of New York; the grand piano is sadly out of tune and the sounding board is cracked; the copy of Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night" is the Denver reprint, not the original edition. There should be experimental bomb-throwing in the very street where the expression of disapproval or the call to the apathetic is to be made; and looting drills should be conducted immediately after the trial explosions. There might be preparatory practice at a night school, with kindergarten blocks appropriately labelled for the future emergency. And to each looting party experts in bric-a-brac, jewelry, pictures, binding and wines should be attached.

May 4, 1905

THE IDEAL "LADY CLERK."

An English periodical gives the world an idea of what is expected of an ideal "lady clerk" in London. "Lady clerk" is a vile phrase, but we are now concerned with more important matters. The ideal clerk, it appears, should do exactly what she is told to do; she should be silent when at work; she should be undeviatingly courteous, even when the employer enters irritated by an unsatisfactory breakfast or by the "business engagement" that tore him from the bosom of his family the night before; she should dress simply and pay more attention to her boots than her hat, for the ideal lady clerk takes off her hat, but not her boots, when she settles herself for the day's work; walking to and from the office should be a delightful pastime; when it rains she should wear overshoes, and not be obliged to change boots in business hours, for her employer might then be distracted; her breakfast should be a good "staying" meal; she should rest her brain and cultivate bodily strength with rings, parallel bars, wooden horses and the flying trapeze; she should never gossip; her handwriting should be legible, without vulgar flourishes and accompanying facial contortions, and thus she will avoid cramps of various kinds; she should be an accomplished speller and a discreet punctuator; she should always date her letters correctly; shorthand and the use of the typewriting machine should be to her as a second nature; when extra work is given to her, she should leap with joy; she should not underbid her working sisters; her interest in the employer's business should be keen, and she should mind her own; it is better for her not to carry a pistol; when she leaves the office at night she should refuse male company, or to use the chaste language of the periodical, she should "by her quiet, self-respecting bearing find herself her best protector."

If she does all this, the "lady clerk" will "enjoy her life, receive untold kindnesses, and find and share much happiness, besides enjoying the dignified and worthy pride of being independent and self-supporting and of helping to make the world go round, as even the coral insect builds the island." But would not any self-respecting woman protest against her alleged resemblance to an insect, coral and exotic, or domestic and familiar?

The ideal "lady clerk" would cause her employer much infinite anxiety, unless he were free and outspoken and could marry her; for such a prize in the matrimonial market would at once arouse fierce competition. Male clerks and junior partners would exchange bitter words, if not blows, in their rivalry. The long silent partner, observing her, would become eloquent. The ideal clerk would seem to all the ideal wife. Peaceful herself, she would engender the keener strife. An imperfect being would be more advantageous to an employer in the long run.

TIMOROUS MALES.

The minister and all the wedding guests kissed and danced with the bride in a New Jersey village. "She was the gayest of the gay," but she went home and soon took to her bed with the smallpox. Now the minister is in quarantine and the kissers are in a highly nervous state. A man runs all sorts of risks when he kisses any woman, but what is smallpox to a true lover or a gallant New Jersey cavalier? Thomas Hardy wrote an ironical story based on a somewhat similar subject. Is it not the first tale in the series about noble dames? Then there is Mr. Swinburne's poor clerk who kissed the once sumptuous beauty after she was leprous. Kissed her alive after she had been spat out and cursed and cast forth for a base thing, and kissed her when she was a corpse. A still more heroic kiss was that of the wandering youth who met on the island of Cos a huge serpent who told him gently that she was the daughter of Hippocrates imprisoned in that loathsome body, but if he should kiss her on her monstrous mouth her enchantment would be at an end and she would love him dearly the rest of her life. In Leigh Hunt's version the youth greatly dared and was rewarded, for the maiden was of wondrous beauty; in Sir John Maundeville's story a knight determined to free her, but his courage failed him, she was so hideous and horrible, and he fled to the ship. "And when she saw that he turned not again, she began to cry, as a thing that had much sorrow, and then she turned again into her cave. And anon the knight died." No doubt she is still waiting for the one to free her. There are islands that work a spell over some who would fain visit them and yet know that they will die without ever seeing them, even from a distance. Who would not step foot on Corsica, Corfu, Lesbos, the island of Herman Melville? But there is Cos, and there the fair daughter of Hippocrates waits and weeps.

Are men less brave in these commercial days? We read lately of a husband in New York who neglected his wife because a physician thought that she might possibly suffer from cancer. He would not kiss her, he was afraid to use a drinking glass that she had touched, and finally he could not endure the sight of her, so abject was his terror. The irony of it is that the deserted woman is attractive and without taint. Women are more courageous and devoted. How often they nurse husbands who, after lives of genteel coolness or shameful neglect are, through sickness, physically repulsive! There's Miss Bessie Davis, a chorus girl, who was shot by an impetuous youth because she would not marry him suddenly on a Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon. When told that she would recover she said: "Eddie's a good boy, and I would not want him to hang. I will never speak to him again, though." Yet, now and then you hear of a man who shows true courage in his relations with the disturbers of landscapes and routine. There is at the Lyceum Club in London, a club for women, a stranger's room, in which the members are allowed to entertain male friends at tea. A young man, thinking that he and his friend were alone, proposed to her and was accepted. In his rapture he kissed her on the cheek. They were not alone; a severe and elderly woman saw and

...and reported the case to the executive committee. Such courage would make the daughter of Hippocrates from her serpent's body.

THE LAST SPEECH.

An Italian senator, Gen. de Sonnaz, died recently. Just before he died he had himself dressed in his uniform; he called for champagne and proposed "The Health of the King and the Prosperity of the Country." Thus did he add to deathbed sayings that ultimately go into books of anecdotes. Of course, there is doubt concerning some of the more famous speeches, just as there is always some one to dispute a fine saying made at any time. No one believes today that Cambronne exclaimed at Waterloo: "The Guard dies but never surrenders," and the short and emphatic word put by others in his mouth and eulogized sonorously by Victor Hugo is said by later envious or shocked persons to have been a melodramatic invention. According to some, John Randolph did not cry out, "Remorse," but repeated the name of a caller the day before, "R. E. Morse," and at the same time expressed regret at not seeing him. Nor did Goethe's "More light!" refer to an approaching celestial vision; the poet wished another candle. There are always disillusionizers as well as denigrators.

Some of the memorable last sayings have come from the scaffold, when the mind was comparatively clear and the executed wished to show dignity or bravado, according to his innocence or guilt. When a rope broke in a Russian town, the victim said that nothing was done in his country properly; that his country could not even twine a rope. "Prove to him that he is wrong," said the Tsar, and the proof satisfied even the hanged. Certain famous criminals have shown poor taste before the dance in the air, as Jocelin Harwood, who arrived at Tyburn insolently drunk. He was such a blowhard on the cart that the crowd hissed him, as another crowd hissed Samuel Shotland, who took off his shoes, threw them at the people and said with a grin: "My father and mother often told me that I should die with my shoes on, but you may all see that I have made them both liars." As Mr. Charles Whibley well says: "A great man dies not with so mean a jest." When the chaplain asked Tom Austin if he had anything to say, he cried out: "Only there's a woman yonder with some curds and whey, and I wish I could have a pennyworth of them before I am hanged, because I don't know when I shall see any again." We are not told of Gilderoy's last words, but the most accomplished scoundrel was hanged so high that he passed into a proverb. How exemplary the gallows conduct of Jack Sheppard. He asked pardon for his crimes, and then said: "Of two virtues I have ever cherished an honest pride; never have I stooped to friendship with Jonathan Wild or with any of his detestable thieftakers; and, though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes." Think for a moment of Deacon Brodie in full suit of black and with dressed and powdered hair. The day before he sang his repertory of flash songs and cracked his jokes. On the day he prayed, "O Lord, I lament that I know so little of thee," and when he mounted the platform he muttered: "George, you are first in hand." Was Charles Peace's dying speech wholly admirable? He asked, "What is the scaffold?" and gave the answer: "A short cut to heaven." There is a touch of disfiguring sanctimoniousness in this. Nor can one approve the flippancy of the Frenchman who walked toward the guillotine with a fresh cigarette in his mouth. "Don't you want a match?" asked an admirer in the crowd. "Thank you, no," was the answer, "I'll light it when I get there."

Fortunately for many famous men who die in bed, they are unconscious at the last. They are thus spared misrepresentation through the ages. Otherwise what they might have said in delirium or in the foolishness of weakness, mental or physical, would be remembered to their injury.

Mar 5, 1905

RALPH OSBORNE'S SONG RECITAL

Ralph Osborne, a basso cantante, assisted by Lewis Williams, pianist, and Miss Margaret Gorham, accompanist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a most friendly audience. Mr. Osborne sang Charon's air from Lully's "Alceste," "Bois Epais" from Lully's "Amadis," Massenet's "Printemps Dernier," "Chanson du Ble" from Massc's "Les Saisons," Lalo's "Marine," George's "Le Flibustier," Erlanger's "Fedia," Vulcan's couplets from Gounod's "Philemon and Baucis," Tschaikowsky's "Pilgrim's Song," Foote's "When Icicles Hang by the Wall," Michel's "Chanson 1830" and Ralph's air from Bizet's "Polie Fille de Perth." Mr. Williams played a prelude and gavotte by Bach, a serenade by Groendahl, an impromptu by Gabriel Faure, Chopin's etude in F minor, polonaise in C sharp minor and waltz in C sharp minor.

The programme stated that this was Mr. Osborne's first appearance in Boston. We remember him in an operatic concert of the New England Conservatory in the Boston Theatre two seasons ago, when he sang as Mephistopheles in the last scene of "Faust."

The programme yesterday was one of unusual interest. Lully's "Bois Epais," composed for an alto singer, is familiar to concertgoers, but the highly dramatic air from "Alceste" is not well known here. As sung by Mr. Osborne, its effect was irresistible. The music was first heard in 1674, and one may ask in all seriousness whether the art of dramatic expression by means of vocal tones has made such huge strides as the moderns insist. There is a nobility in the expression, a classic atmosphere that Gluck himself might have envied. He, too, wrote an "Alceste" that drove Lully's from the stage, but when he came to Charon he gave him the famous horn call, a call of bodement, sinister and dolorous. Thus prophetically he announced the day when the dramatic expression in opera should be in the orchestra, not in the mouth of the singer. Lalo's "Marine" is a masterpiece in miniature, full of the sea and the salt and the foam and the sound of it. George's "Flibustier" is a sturdy song of vagabondage, and Camille Erlanger's "Fedia" is singularly effective, with its haunting accompaniment, its varied expression, its character drawing—and all without extravagance.

Mr. Osborne has a manly, sonorous, vibrant voice that has both baritone and bass qualities. It is a voice that lends itself easily to sustained song, declamation, florid passages. At present he uses it with more attention to diction than to the rules of bel canto, and he should consider his vocal ways, lest through his striving after dramatic expression, he impair the voice itself. He is inclined to sing with open tones, when both the pedagogue and the teacher of diction would shake sorrowfully their heads.

The charm and effect of Mr. Osborne's performance were in the voice itself, rather than in his vocal artistry, and also in his indisputable dramatic intelligence. Thus his performance of Charon's air was more effective, and at the same time more artistic than that of "Bois Epais," for in the latter there was not the continuance of the pure vocal line that is here necessary to full success. The little song of Massenet was sung with French grace—there was even the gesture at the end—the gesture after the manner of Victor Maurel—but the expression of true sentiment was not convincing.

Much better in this direction was the delivery of "Drink to Me Only," which was given as an encore after the second group. Admirable was the interpretation of Erlanger's "Fedia," with the differentiation in expression.

Mr. Osborne has learned much in Paris in matters of diction. Let him beware, however, of French mannerisms and vicious tricks in vocal art. More than one American has learned diction and hardened his tones in Paris; more than one has gained a certain metallic brilliance and lost vocal bloom. Nor is it necessary for an American to be more nasal than the French, especially when this nasal quality is not due to the character of the language, but to an erroneous system of voice-placing.

Mr. Williams was heard to his best advantage in Faure's Impromptu, to which he gave the charm of vague and restless melancholy and the touch of elegance that characterize this composer.

The singer and pianist were warmly applauded.

THE SCHUMACHER CONCERT.

Miss Helene Schumacher, assisted by Mrs. J. G. F. Schmonsees, violinist, and Miss Schumacher, accompanist, gave an invitation recital last night in Huntington Chambers Hall. She sang d'Hardelot's "I Hid My Love," Walther's "May Day," Verdi's "Pace, Pace Mio Dio," de Fontenailles' "Obstination," Massenet's "Ouvre tes Yeux Bleux," and "Serenade du Passant," Urbino's air from "The Huguenots," Ries' "Blauen Fruehlingsaugen," "Veilchen" and "Hinaus," and the "Ave Maria" of Bach-Gounod, with violin obbligato. Mrs. Schmonsees played a sonata by Tartini, a romance by Mrs. Beach, R. Strauss' "Wiegenlied" and a humoreske by Dvorak.

The indulgence of the large and deeply interested audience was asked for Miss Schumacher, who was suffering from a slight cold. No such indulgence, it seemed, was needed, for hearty applause followed every number. The singer also received flowers. Mrs. Schmonsees' playing was also warmly appreciated.

A FOREST FIRE.

One that knows not Cape Cod reads of the fire in the woods between Centreville and West Barnstable and smiles. "Woods on Cape Cod? Why, there's nothing there but sand, scrub pine and cranberries." As a matter of fact, the woods in many Cape Cod districts are of a peculiar beauty. Their charm is inexpressible; it is incredible to those who have not come under the spell. We do not refer to the tall pines that are occasionally seen, as at Cotuit, but to the humbler and more companionable trees that make so many roads beautiful to them that pass over them—state roads fit for automobiles, rough and narrow roads, roads that are traced and now and then are kept only through the driver's faith or instinct. These humble woods are singularly free from all that is fearsome or repugnant. There are forests, even near a town, which inspire fear. There is danger in them. Some strange apparition will meet the adventurer. The sun never shoots its rays through the forbidding, dismal branches. There are vegetable blotches and blains. Monstrous shapes, phantom insects and spectral creeping things are at home.

Of the turbid pool that lies in the autumn forest,
Of the moon that descends the steeps of the soughing twilight,
Toss, sparkles of day and dusk! toss on the black stems that decay in the muck!
Toss to the moaning gibberish of the dry limbs.

But the woods of Cape Cod in the region visited lately by fire are friendly and fragrant. They invite human beings to dwell among them. They are gayly colored. They are full of cheerful life. They are warm with sunlight, and the trees send out their gratitude in perfume. They welcome impartially the passing cottager, the camper-out, the wandering Portuguese knife sharpener or Italian organ grinder. Advantage is sometimes taken of this hospitality. A carelessly thrown match, a neglected fire for cooking or for warmth—and the forest is soon ablaze. And for years to come mournful stumps or blackened trunks will hold up shrivelled, tortured, reproachful arms.

"FEELING FINE."

The purist, while he rejoices in the news of President Harper's physical betterment, will regret that the patient said to a reporter in New York: "I am feeling fine." Let it be admitted that "fine" is here an adverb. President Harper then said, in effect and by the card: "I am feeling in a fine manner, elegantly," or it is possible that he intended to say he was feeling well. If he had said: "I'm feeling just elegant," his speech might easily be pardoned as a gracious condescension to put the Sun reporter at his ease. As the Sun has editorially remarked: "The English language is what it is, not what it ought to be." A certain eminent Bostonian, naturally fastidious in matters of dress, when business took him West fifty years ago, tucked his trousers inside his leg boots after he left Albany, that he might inspire the westerners with confidence.

One may say: "President Harper used a sturdy old English provincialism." It is true that in Scotland and English provinces "fine" may mean in good health, well, prosperous, in good spirits. "Hoo's a' your folk?" "Oh, fine, man." And so "finely" in English dialect may mean very well in health. We find, however, no such combination as "feel fine" in dialect use. President Harper, in the presence of his intellectual peers, would no doubt have said: "I have the sensation of being in good health"; but he knew that such a speech would be an affectation in New York.

It is not that he said "fine" instead of "finely." Only a prig, a parsing, pedagogic, purblind prig, would say: "I feel badly." "Bad" is to be used in regard to feeling or being, and "badly" in regard to doing. Richard Grant White gave an excellent example: "That was done very badly, and I feel very bad about it." He then added: "Now as to the use of 'feel' with a word expressing condition or appearance, the whole analogy of the language shows that the latter word should be an adjective, and not an adverb." He gave as examples: I feel sad, glad, sick, sorry, wretched, happy, sinful, "and so forth through all the vocabulary of seeing and condition." The phrase, "I feel fine," did not spring instinctively from his lips; but as White said in a footnote: "I hope that no one expects to find in that book ('Words and Uses') a discussion of all the bad or uncertain phrases which are spoken as English. The book contains only 450 pages." Men and women will continue to feel fine in spite of all the solemn grammarians; yes, they will feel as fine as silk.

NAN'S CASE.

The case of Nan Patterson is remarkable not so much for the circumstances that put her on trial for her life as for the manner in which the trial was conducted. It is not necessary now to inquire into the innocence or the guilt of the girl herself: two juries that heard the evidence could not agree. A foolish chorus girl was suddenly raised from the position of a giggling soubrette fond of admiration and birds and bottles, to that of a dramatic personage. Farce became melodrama which a violent death dignified by turning it into tragedy. For the dead man there can be little sympathy; he was neither honorable nor chivalric, according to the code established and approved among men of his own calling. He was far from being an Oakhurst or a Hamlin. As for Nan, she was not inherently tragic; she was a chorus girl in an incongruously tragic position.

Lazy, laughing, languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea.

The one heroically tragic figure is that of the wife, who forgave before as well as after death.

But was ever a murder case conducted with so little regard for the proprieties, the decencies of a solemn occasion? Recall the jesting of the attorneys, the published chatter of the accused after each day of the trial, the wise opinions as to her guilt or innocence interwoven in the daily account of the proceedings, the special articles of outside experts, from Mr. Richard Gallienne of the angora school of poetry to Mr. Belasco, "a shrewd and unerring judge of human nature"; the disorderly crowds, the jam and the confusion, with women fainting or trodden under foot in their wild desire to see a sister at bay.

The old theory that an accused was to be considered innocent, even by court officials, till he was proved guilty has exploded long ago, and with it went the equally antiquated idea that the first duty of a prosecuting attorney is to discover the truth. Today the district attorney considers it his duty to gain a conviction; to this he brings all his ability and strength, and for this end he is apparently supported by the resources of the state. Did not a district attorney some years ago in New York openly avow that it was his duty to convict by any means whatever, that it was the duty of the prisoner's counsel to gain an acquittal at any cost; that incidentally, by accident, the truth might come out in the course of the trial? The district attorney has a part to play; his reputation is at stake; his shrewdness, his eloquence will be doubted if the accused escapes. If the facts are not with him, let them be twisted; if there is no substantial proof, let there be innuendo and sophistry. In Nan's trial the prosecuting attorney was characterized as "a question hound." There was significance in the description: it was something more than a rhetorical flourish to prejudice the jury.

The punishment of Young was sudden and final, so far as this world is

erned. The punishment of Nan has een one of long torture—nor is it now t an end, whatever may be the dispo- ition of her case. The pity of it is hat her guilt or innocence was not roved definitely and for all time; but hat the trial of a human being for her ife was turned into a raree-show, with awyers battling with each other for ap- lause, without a deliberate and united ffort to ascertain the truth, with a aping or hysterical crowd, with out- ders selling their views, opinions, "im- ressions," analyses for daily publica- on. No wonder that any foreigner siting this country wonders at such ministration of justice.

May 6 1905

A TRANSFORMED WORD.

In country villages and in cities you e the sign "Garage." In the villages e word excites the natives to incredi- le feats of pronunciation. Some pre- r to speak of the building as the auto- obile shed. The word has had a arious history. It was originally a rm in navigation, and it was defined s the act of making boats or vessels hter a place on a river bank where ey might be protected against ice or oods, or any such accident. It was fterward applied to the act of putting ilway cars in a safe place, a depot, a assenger or freight house. And it as then applied to the track on which is action was performed. But just hen and by whom was the word twist- d into the present application? Thus modern inventions not only bring in eir own special vocabulary and add ords to the language, but they also ansform in singular fashion words reputable standing and definite eaning.

In connection with this word, can y one tell when and why "barge" was st used in New England to describe e generally uncomfortable and often ringless long stage that goes from a ilway station to a village, or is used r picnics or other occasions of doubt- l gregarious enjoyment? We once ad that these stages were originally the form of a boat on wheels, but e writer was one without authority. d other derivations in the article were otesquely imaginative.

LATE-COMERS.

Although the dramatic season is near- l over, there are still complaints roughout the land against the in- rility of late-comers. The Herald blished lately some vigorous re- arks of Theodore Thomas concerning ese disturbers of concerts. The thea- egoer who takes his seat for the pur- se of enjoying a play or a play-actor s still more cause for indignation. In ll regulated concert halls no one is owed to go to his seat during the rformance of a piece; but in the ayhouse stragglers go down the aisle their arrogant will during the first t.

Some are inevitably belated. The in may not arrive on time; the street r may be blocked. The chronic late- mer has no such excuse. He is de- erately late. There are some who e the theatre as they would a club a restaurant. They have few home versions; they are not given to read- g; they have a small circle of ac- aintances. The women are anxious r opportunities to show handsome stumes; the men do not wish to rry the evening meal. They form the bit of going regularly to this or that eatre without special thought of the ay or the comedians. What does it atter whether they are late or in their ats at the raising of the curtain? ey will surely be seen if they go wn the aisle while the play is in ogress. The costumes, the coiffures ll be more closely observed; they will tract the more attention, the more e people in the audience and those the stage are disturbed.

The trick is an old one. The play- right, Thomas Dekker, wrote a rious book, "The Gull's Horn-Book," hich was published in 1609, a book satirical advice to the swells of the riod. In chapter six a gallant is told w he should behave himself in a playhouse. It was the custom then for swells to sit on the stage: "Present not yourself on the stage," says Dekker, "(especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath by rubbing got color into his cheeks and is ready to give the trumpets their cue, that he's upon point to enter: for then it is time, as though you were one of the properties, or that you dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras with your tripos or three-footed stool in one hand and a teston mounted between a forefinger and a thumb in the other: for if you should bestow your person upon the vulgar, when the belly of the house is not half-full, your apparel is quite eaten up, the fashion lost."

The marginal headings are here most appropriate: "The time to go upon the stage: advantages of being a nuisance."

No doubt in the old amphitheatres late-comers disturbed the spectators thrilled by a tragedy of Aeschylus or Sophocles, or following eagerly the dialogue of Menander or Aristophanes. Were there encore fiends in those days? Aristophanes invented the topical song. Was the comedian obliged by the roaring public to add "extemporaneous" verses?

OCCUPATIONS AND LIFE.

A vast multitude of human beings delights in statistics. They will tell you with self-gratifying authority that there are 30,000 bees in a good swarm; or they will assume an air of doubt—"I think that the eggs of the cod amount to something like 9,300,000—I am not sure, mind you, but I think that is the number. Let's see, who was the man who counted them? Leuwenhoech? Yes, it was Leuwenhoech"; or they will lug in by the heels some absurdly irrelevant fact with a jaunty air: "That reminds me, Ferguson; do you know that the facets of a butterfly mount up to 37,-656?" They are reasonably sure of not being contradicted in the company they keep, and it is a sad fact that the most tiresome ass in these matters is usually and disagreeably correct.

An English list of occupations arranged in order of longevity is now going the rounds and exciting comment. Clergymen of the Church of England live the longest, and the three classes that are shortest lived are bankers, London laborers and barkeepers. The second longest lived class is that of dissenting clergymen. No doubt the mere act of dissenting shortens comparatively their life. It is easier and safer to agree to everything, to be willing to sign forty as well as thirty-nine articles. We are told that action is indispensable to a vigorous and long life; but the life of many of the Church of England is one of inaction; furthermore, they are friends of what is euphemistically described as good living. On the other hand, even bishops have their trials and tribulations; there is always a Mrs. Proudie, as in Trollope's clerical tales. A commentator says the list is "instructive"; "we make only the obvious comment that clergymen live the best lives and consequently the longest; and the farmers come next." But in this country farmers often live an unwholesome and morose life. Painters and musicians are pretty well down in the list between butchers and cabmen. Butchers are popularly supposed to grow fat and lusty in the atmosphere of meat. Musicians for years have had the reputation of irregular habits, but prominent painters—and we suppose there is reference here to artists, not sash and blind painters—have as a class reached old age in other European countries. There is a delightful essay by Hazlitt on the old age of artists. In it he refers to the statement that artists, or at least academicians, live long; he then says that artists in general are not a long lived race. "They break up commonly about 40, their spirits giving way with the disappointment of their hopes of excellence, or the want of encouragement for that which they have attained, their plans disconcerted, and their affairs irretrievable; and in this state of mortification and embarrassment (more or less prolonged and aggravated) they are either starved or else drink themselves to death." And why are barkeepers at the bottom of the list? Many of them are most temperate. Possibly their lives are shortened by their constant view of the follies of mankind, by the necessity of hearing hourly such chatter and twaddle the other side of the bar.

The longevity of other members of the animal kingdom has been calculated. The eagle, carp, raven, swan, elephant, crocodile, are said to go beyond 100 years. The rhinoceros lives to be 50 or 60, because he is not thin-skinned. The camel, lion, goose, parrot, pike, stag, may reach what is called a good age, from 40 to 60 years. One of the most pitiable sights is the venerable and tottering house dog of 10 years or a dozen. The bee knows one year, the stickleback two, the polypus two, and there are the insects to whom a day is as much perhaps as threescore years and ten to the respected citizen. It is how you live, not how long you live. There are men who are dead at 30, and do not know it. There would not be room in all the prisons, if they were emptied for the purpose, to accommodate the murderers of their youth. The cross-legged tailor may have lived a longer life than the archbishop, though it be not so reckoned by count of years.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect me.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

According to statistics, the United States leads the world in the consumption of coffee, and England is first in the consumption of tea. This is a gloss to the old saying that the coffee-drinking nations of the world must finally give way to the tea-drinking nations. Then there is the note for posterity that tea-drinking Japan discomfited sorely tea-drinking Russia; but Russia leads the world in the consumption of spirits. A century ago coffee was known, even by the taste, to but a few of the Japanese interpreters who talked with Thunberg.

But how seldom a good cup of coffee is to be had in the United States. Think of the abominable fluid that is served under the name in nine-tenths of the inns in this country, in England, in Germany—one might add, in towns of other countries. Every housekeeper prides herself on her own peculiar preparation, yet the visitor often forces himself to drink it through courtesy. Now it is bitter, now it is thin and weak, now it is smothered in cream, and now it has some indefinably objectionable taste. To some, coffee is only an excuse for sugar, although the Bedouins consider it a proof of insanity to take sugar with coffee. There are Romans who eat for their breakfast in a wine shop a little cup of the strongest coffee laced with rum, a bit of sweet cake, and a long cigar. On the island of Hellgoland the ordinary milk put in coffee is that of the sheep, and it has a sickish taste. We speak from personal experience, for there was only one cow on the island. Let the globe trotter talk: he will count on one hand the cities where he drank coffee that was coffee, and one of the cities is New York. It should be remembered, on the other hand, that coffee is somewhat in the taste of the drinker. In the course of the civil war a patriotic firm in Boston swore that the soldiers of a New England regiment should have the best of coffee, and an expensive mixture of Mocha and Java was sent to the front. Loud were the curses of the soldiers. "Shoddy" and "sharks" were applied to blend and senders. The firm could not understand the complaints. The head expert was summoned and the situation explained. "I'll satisfy them"; and he sent a cheap Rio. The soldiers were delighted: "That's the real stuff." Nor is a Turkish or Arabian sign a sure beckoning to the true article in an American town. What one of you does not remember the vile, muddy concoction served in a "Turkish divan"? In Egypt the beverage in the common coffee shops is made to suit the natives—"bitter as death, black as Satan, and hot as Jahannam." The grain is therefore roasted to blackness, boiled to bitterness, and the scalding stuff has the consistency of water gruel.

Victims of coffee will cry out against a license law, and forget that coffee itself has been regarded by Mahometans as an intoxicant; that today many physicians frown on it. The fumes were supposed to intoxicate, and the drink, first publicly used at Aden about the middle of the ninth century of the Hejra, has been time and time again condemned, forbidden, then allowed. The most scrupulous condemned it. See d'Herbelot for the reverend fathers that approved and disapproved. Thus Gemaledin Mohammed, surnamed Dhabhoni, who gave it up and then travelled, came home with some infirmity; he began to drink coffee, and lo, he was his former self. The first mention of coffee in English literature (1601) was by Parry, and he mentioned it as a liquor "which will soon intoxicate the brain." Foreigners first drank it in England. Evelyn mentions one Nathaniel Conopios, at college, "the first I ever saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England till thirty years after," and Evelyn wrote in 1636. Does not the allusion in Pope's "Rape of the Lock" refer to the drink as an intoxicant?

"Coffee (which makes the politician wise
And sees through all things with his half-shut eyes.")

Coffee houses themselves were for a time under the ban. The first in England was opened at Oxford in 1650 by Jacob, a Jew; and there coffee "was by some, who delighted in novelty, drank." Seven years afterward a barber, James Fair, in London was arraigned for "making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbor." And one may see from the comedies of Wycherly and Congreve that coffee houses were looked on askew by the righteous of their period. Yet today, at a winter evening party in a suburb where prohibition rules, the singer or the elocutionist will vie against the sound of coal put into the furnace and the smell of coffee preparing for the guests.

It may be that coffee was discovered by a prior after he had been told by a keeper of goats or camels that his beasts were awake and jumping all night after they had eaten the berries; or by a mufti who wished to make longer prayers than were made by the other dervishes. Sultans prohibited as do the physicians today, and all in vain. The statistics show the popularity of the berry, however base or adulterated the drink itself may be. The grown New Englander may raise his cup in Munich, Rome, New York, Vienna, Damascus, Cairo—there is now no such coffee as the innocuous cup given to him on a Sunday morning when he was a boy, the cup into which he crumbled doughnuts against his mother's protestation.

May 7, 1905

THE "POP" CONCERTS.

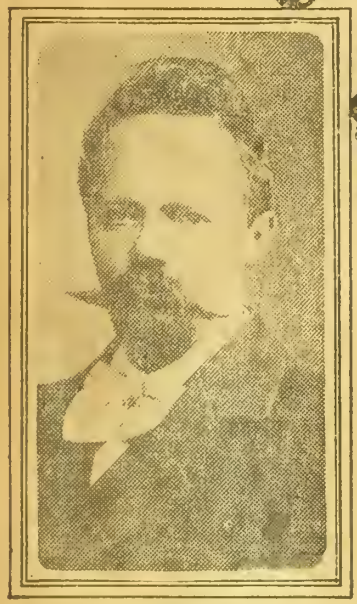
Seldom in the long history of the "Pop" concerts has a season opened more successfully than that of the present year, and the scenes in Symphony Hall during the evenings of last week proved conclusively that a large Boston public takes an intense interest in these events. The splendid body of instrumentalists has again given entire satisfaction in the well-chosen programmes, and the comfort and pleasure of patrons have been given every possible attention by the management. The success attending the class of programme presented last season was so distinct that the management has wisely adhered to the lighter and brighter selections which were given prominence last year, and Conductor Adamowski has shown a full sympathy in the action of the management in retaining similar programmes as the attraction of the present season. The selections made for tomorrow evening give a good idea of the general character of the present season's scheme. The operatic numbers are taken from "The Fortune-Teller," "Carmen," "Bohemian Girl" and "King Dodo"; the marches are the "Hussar Drill," "Slav," and "High School Cadets"; the waltzes are "The Kiss," and "The Skaters," and among the other selections will be the first performance here of "Sous Ta Fenetre," by A. Lachume. These concerts will be continued each week day evening through this and next month.

A REVIEW OF THE MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE PAST SEASON

JAN KUBELIK

ESTELLE CLOUGH, SOPRANO.

FRANZ VON VECSEY.



E. HUMPERDINCK, COMPOSER.

AVON SAXTON, BARITONE.

Compositions, Composers and Performances; the Leading Artists and Comments on Their Work; Some Impressions That Haunt the Memory; Production in Berlin of Humperdinck's New Opera; Tomorrow Evening's "Pop" Concert.

THE Bostonian has been told recently by Mr. Heinrich Conried and by Mr. Henry Theophilus Finck that his city is not musical. Mr. Conried based his statement on the fact that Bostonians did not crowd the Boston Theatre at the two performances of "Parsifal" in German (with the best seats at $10 apiece). Mr. Finck argued that, because Mr. Conried's season of a week in this city was not well supported and there was discriminative criticism of Mr. Paderewski's playing at his recital, Bostonians are unmusical. As a matter of fact, the operas, with the exception of "Parsifal," drew full houses, and the pianist's performance at the recital was, as a rule, sadly unworthy of him. Is the musical condition of a city to be judged solely by its support of opera? If a pianist plays badly, should not the truth be told?

The opera, as it is performed at present in this country by Mr. Conried's company, is the plaything of fashion and the most Corinthian and meretricious of the arts. Mr. Conried is not to be blamed harshly. He is a manager and in New York he gives the people that support him what they want. If the star system were abolished, if the best operas by Gluck, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi were produced solely with a view to artistic results; if unfamiliar operas of worth were revived or made known, not to suit the whim of a prima donna or of a tenor; then if opera were produced in Boston to beggarly houses, there might be just cause for the reproach.

The true musical condition of a city is to be judged by the attention paid there to music that does not depend for its interest on the aggressive personality of its interpreters; by the attention paid to symphony and chamber concerts and to concerts in which choral works are produced; by the character of the societies that give these concerts; by the appreciation of the audiences that make the life of such societies possible.

A short review of the season may serve as a document for present and future use in determining the musical condition of Boston in 1904-1905. It will tell at least what was offered to audiences.

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The Symphony Concerts.

Complaints would be made against the character of symphony concert programmes and the interpretation of these programmes, whoever the conductor might be, and however the programmes might be chosen and arranged. Concerning the technical proficiency of the Boston Symphony orchestra, there is no dispute. The euphony and the brilliance are praised in all the cities that are visited, and foreign conductors and virtuosos frankly admit the surprising technic. Fifty composers were represented last season: German, French, Italian, Russian, English, Scandinavian, American, Polish, Bohemian, Swiss, Hungarian. Of these 10 were Frenchmen. Twenty-three symphonies, seven suites, nine symphonic poems, 24 overtures, nine pieces of a miscellaneous nature and 17 concertos were played. There were 13 vocal pieces. The soloists were Mme. Gadski, Mrs. Williams, Mme. Homer, Miss Foster, Messrs. Van Hoose, Van Yorx, Campanari, Gilibert, Merrill, singers. The violinists were Miss Nichols, Messrs. Adamowski, Barleben, Hess, Kreisler, Ysaye. The solo 'cellist was Mr. Krasselt, whose departure from the orchestra will be regretted by many. The pianists were Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler, Messrs. d'Albert, Buonamici, Josefty, de Pachmann, Paderewski, Ruebner, Schelling. Mr. Ferir played the viola part in Mr. Struhe's symphonic poem, and Mr. Gebhardt the piano part in Mr. Converse's "Two Poems."

It may be truly said that the programmes were as a rule more diversified, more interesting, more effectively arranged than during the preceding season. The orchestral performance was not only of a high order of excellence, it was often unsurpassable. Mr. Gericke has always been famed for the purity of his taste, his indefatigable zeal in rehearsal, his exquisite sense of proportion in performance. There are certain compositions which probably do not appeal to him, and with them he is not always fortunate. His interpretation, for example, of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony was pale and unemotional; on the other hand, his reading of the same composer's "Manfred" was intensely dramatic. He often displayed last season a breadth, a warmth and a passion that some have in former years denied him, although they admired other qualities of his character as a conductor. Certain interpretations due to him and to the orchestra so admirably trained by him will be long remembered, and it is doubtful whether they could be surpassed in any European city—such performances as those of the symphonies by Brahms, Cesar Franck, d'Indy, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice," and the symphonic poems by Liszt, Saint-Saens and Richard Strauss. Surely this is not the work of a one-sided, ultra conservative conductor. In whatever Mr. Gericke has undertaken, he has displayed the utmost sincerity and care. This is his nature; he could not do otherwise. But he has also displayed an elasticity and a fire, and, in certain works, an imaginative comprehension in a greater degree than in any season since he returned to us in 1898. It is a pleasure to add that his work has been warmly appreciated.

The soloists more than once disappointed. Miss Muriel Foster, contralto and Mr. Ruebner, pianist, gave no reasonable excuse for their engagement. Mr. Campanari was singularly unfortunate in his selections, for he is not at home in the music of Gluck, and the aria from "Cosi fan tutte" is of little interest without the dramatic scene and action. Mr. d'Albert perversely chose one of his own concertos, and Miss Nichols brought out a remarkably dull composition by Bruch, music that is deluted Bruch.

Mr. Schelling, a pupil of Paderewski had honorable intentions, but nothing of the hypnotic charm and authority of his master. Mr. Josefty was nervous and ineffective. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler wasted her indisputable talent on Herbert's concerto. The conspicuous soloists were Messrs. Buonamici, Hess, Krasselt, Kreisler, de Pachmann, Paderewski and Ysaye.

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Orchestral Work.

No orchestra visited Boston. Mr. George W. Chadwick gave a concert of his own compositions on Nov. 21, 190[illegible]. There were two Pension Fund concerts (Nov. 27, 1904 and March 5, 1905). The Orchestral Club, Mr. Longy, conductor, gave two concerts. The list of the most important orchestral works played by

r the first time is as follows (B. S. O. Boston Symphony Orchestra; O. C.—rchestral Club.):

D'Albert piano concerto No. 2 in E major Albert, pianist) B. S. O. Feb. 4, 1905; rdler, meditation on 7th prelude of Bach Codman, solo violinist), B. O. C. Jan. 4, 05; Bruch, serenade in A minor for violin arle Nichols, violinist), B. S. O. Feb. 11, 05; Caetani, symphonic prelude in A minor, S. O. Jan. 28, 1905; Chabrier, Danse Slave, O. C. Jan. 4, 1905; Chadwick, Sinfonietta l "Hobgoblin" at his own concert, Nov. 21, 4; Converse, two poems "Day" and ight" for piano (H. Gebhard) and orches- B. S. O. Jan 21, 1905; Dukas, "The Sor- er's Apprentice,"' B. S. O Oct. 22, 1904; eges, prelude to "Axel," B. O. C. Jan. 4, 5; Goldmark, overture, "In Italy," B. S. O. 4, 1905; Hadley, symphony No. 2, "The r Seasons," B. S. O. April 15, 1905; Hue, e "Titania," B. O. C. April 18, 1905; dy, symphony No. 2, in B flat major, B. O. Jan. 7, 1905; Liszt-Motti, Legend, "The mon of St. Francis to the Birds," B. S. O. 3, 1904; Rachmaninoff, piano concerto in harp minor, No. 1 (C. Buonamici, pianist), S. O. Dec. 17, 1904; Rimsky-Korsakoff, dko," B. S. O. March 25, 1905; Ropartz, tasia in D major, B. S. O. April 29, 1905; t-Saens, symphony in E flat major, No. 1, S. O. Nov. 26, 1904; Satie-Debussy, "Les mopedies," B. O. C. Jan 4, 1905; Sinding, isodes Chevaleresques," B. S. O. Feb. 25, ; Smetana, overture to "The Kiss," B. S. April 7, 1905; Sporck, "Boabdil," B. O. an 4, 1905; Strube, "Longing," for viola Ferir) and orchestra, B. S. O. April 22, ; Suk, symphony No. 1 in E major, B. S. Oct. 29, 1904; Vander Stucken, "Pax Tri- hans," B. S. O. Dec. 23, 1904; Hugo Wolf, nthesilea," B. S. O. Nov. 19, 1904, and alian Serenade," B. S. O. April 1, 1905.

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Chamber Music.

r. Hess, who at once proved himself be an admirable violinist and con- t master, was naturally the leader of Boston Symphony quartet, the suc- sor in direct line to the Kneisel quar- and the Arbos quartet. A string artet, like confidence, is a plant of w growth; but the experience and the lity of Mr. Hess quickly told, and concerts of the first season were ch more than a substantial promise the future. Six concerts were given. e pianists that assisted were Miss s der Ohe, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler, ac. Samaroff and Mr. d'Albert. The eisel quartet gave six concerts. The formances were characterized by e finesse and extreme polish, and the yers showed a gain in breadth and . The programmes were not so in- esting as in preceding seasons. The eisels were assisted by these plan- s: Messrs. Walter Damrosch, Arthur hiting, Hofmann, Schelling, Wein- rtner. The Hoffmann quartet gave ree concerts and showed a decided hnical and aesthetic gain. The play- were assisted by Miss Alice Cum- ngs, Miss Edith Thompson, Mrs. ach. The Eaton-Hadley trio brought a new work at each of its three ncerts. The singers at these concerts re Mrs. Hall McAllister, soprano; . George Deane, tenor; Miss Edith stle, contralto. The Olive Mead quar- t and the Caroline Belcher quartet o each a concert.

ll the foregoing concerts were well ended. We regret to say that the ee concerts of the Longy Club (wind truments) were not so fully appreci- d, although the concerts themselves re among the most artistic of the son. To many no doubt a concert wind instruments is an acquired ste. Like Gretry, bored by the violas Mehul's "Uthal," they would give a ls d'or for the sound of an E string. series of 13 Sunday afternoon cham- concerts, managed by Mr. H. G. cker, was given in Chickering Hall. e leading local chamber clubs and trumental players and singers of putation at home and abroad took t. The price of admission was low, the concerts as a rule were of cellent quality. The public interest s so great that a series under simi- conditions will be given next sea- s.

iss Terry gave her annual series of amber-concerts (four in number). he most important works performed re for the first time were as follows (B. S. Q.—Boston Symphony quartet; K. —Kneisels; H.—Hoffmann; L.—Longy; H.—Eaton Hadley; C. H.—Chickering Hall.):

as der Ohe, violin sonata in F sharp ma- B. S. Q. Jan. 2, 1905; Bach, string quartet G minor, K. Dec. 6, 1904; Caplet, Legend wind instruments and strings, L. Jan. 19, ; Converse, quartet in A minor, K. Nov. 1904; Glazounoff, string quintet in A ma- B. S. Q. Jan. 2, 1905; Hure, Pastor- L. March 2, 1905; Juon, piano trio op. 17, (Adamowski trio) Feb. 5, 1905; Lacroix, tet, L. Jan. 19, 1905; Leclair sonata for in and viola, B. S. Q. Nov. 28, 1904; Lekeu, no quartet, H. Nov. 16, 1904; Longy, Lento, Jan. 19, 1905; Pierne, Pastorale, L. Nov. 17, ; Rachmaninoff, piano trio in D minor, H. Dec. 19, 1904; Rasse, piano trio in B or, E. H. Nov. 21, 1904; Redman, piano tet (his own concert), March 24, 1905; e string quartet in D major, H. March 1905; Thomas, A. excerpts from quintet. C. March 5, 1905; Weingartner, piano t, K. Feb. 3, 1905; Wolf, Italian sere- K. Oct. 25.

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Operas and Choral Works.

r. Henry W. Savage produced "Par- fal" for the first time on any stage at th Tremont Theatre on Oct. 17, 1904. re were 16 performances (Oct. 17-24). re was a return engagement of a k beginning Nov. 28.

he Metropolitan Opera House com- y, Mr. Conried manager; gave per- ances at the Boston Theatre during week beginning March 6, 1905. The eras were "Lucia di Lammermoor," rsifal" (for the first time here in man March 7 and 9); "Cavalleria ticana" and "Pagliacci," Strauss' edermaus" (first time here in Ger- n, March 9), "La Gioconda," "The guenots" (in Italian and French), "Die Meistersinger."

r. Savage in "Parsifal" introduced se singers to Boston: Mme. Kirkby- un (first appearance here in opera). e. Hanna Mara, Miss Wickham, srs. Pennarini, Maclennan, tenors; choff and Egenieff, baritones; Gris- d and Cranston, basses. Messrs. Rothwell and Grimm conducted here for the first time.

Singers of the Metropolitan opera company heard here for the first time were: Mme. de Macchi (Santuzza and Valentin), Miss Bella Alten (Nedda, Adele in "Die Fledermaus," Eva), Mr. Caruso (Edgardo, Canio, Enzo), Mr. Giraldoni (Alfio, Barnaba), Mr. Parvis (Enrico, Silvio). Mr. Vigna conducted here for the first time.

It is not necessary at this late day to compare the performances of "Parsifal." It is enough to say that although the prices of admission to Mr. Savage's production were much lower than those to Mr. Conried's, the ensemble, the mounting and the stage management of the former were superior to the ensemble, mounting and stage management of the latter, and there was more scrupulous care in maintaining the "atmosphere." Mr. Rothwell proved himself to be a conductor of the first rank, and Mr. Putnam Griswold was an admirable Gurnemanz.

Mme. de Macchi was a dramatic soprano of more than ordinary force and authority; Miss Alten was a pleasing soubrette. Mr. Caruso, unfortunately, was not famous in voice, yet he often moved and thrilled. Mr. Giraldoni, who has a commanding position in Italy, turned out to be a baritone with a disagreeable tremolo, and although he acted well the part of Alfio he was dull as the Spy in "La Gioconda." Miss Fremstadt's Kundry was an excellent impersonation and the performances of "Die Fledermaus" and "The Huguenots" gave much pleasure. Messrs. Dippel and Goritz were amusing comedians. Miss Edyth Walker enlarged her reputation here.

Although the exhibition of the operatic school of the New England Conservatory (April 11, 1905) as a pupils' concert does not call for attention in this review, it may be stated that scenes from Bimboni's "Haiducul" and Rossi's "I Falsi Monetari" were performed here for the first time.

The Handel and Haydn gave two performances of "The Messiah," a miscellaneous concert, and Haydn's "Creation." At the miscellaneous concert Volbach's "Raphael" was performed for the first time in America (Feb. 19, 1905). This work sung lustily and not with effective dynamic contrasts is ingeniously made and unimaginative. The music is supposed to portray the emotions of one looking at three Madonnas of Raphael.

The Cecilia performed Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" (Dec. 13, 1904). Mr. Edouard Colonne conducted the Wage Earners' concert the night before, but was unable to conduct at the subscription concert. Mme. de Montjau, and Messrs. E. P. Johnson and Hans Schroeder then made their first appearance in Boston. Mme. de Montjau sang with exquisite musical taste and with rare poetic charm; Mr. Johnson sang intelligently; Mr. Schroeder was wholly inadequate. The Cecilia also performed Dvorak's Borcsome "Requiem" as a doubtful tribute to the memory of the composer (Feb. 7, 1905—Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Hussey, Messrs Van Yorx and Merrill), and gave on April 4 an unusually interesting concert when Charpentier's "Poet's Life" was performed for the first time in America (Miss Isabelle Bouton, Mrs. Child and Mr. Barrow, soloists), and Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" was performed here for the first time with orchestra.

The Choral Art Society gave two concerts; the Apollo Club, four; the Boston Singing Club, two; the Orpheus, one. Chausson's "Hymn Vedique" was sung here for the first time at a concert of the Orchestral Club, April 18, 1905.

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Recitals of All Kinds.

Singers gave these recitals: Miss Barrows and Mrs. Folsom, Dec. 13; Mr. David Bispham, Oct. 25, Nov. 7, 16, 28; Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Hunt, March 13; Miss Alice Cole, Jan. 11; Mr. Kelley Cole and Miss Jeanne Faure, Feb. 16; Miss Florence Dingley, Feb. 9; Mr. Willard Flint, Dec. 2; Miss Katharine Foote, Nov. 17; Misses Grosvenor, Philba and Eaton, Jan. 24, April 17; Mrs. Hartmann, March 31; Miss Leveroni, Jan. 24; Miss Martin and Mr. Terry, March 17; Mme. Melba assisted by Miss Sassoli, harpist; Mr. Van Hoose, tenor; Mr. Gilibert, baritone, Dec. 10; Mr. Ralph Osborne, May 4; Miss Parkina, assisted by Miss Sassoli, harpist; Mr. Van Hoose, tenor; Mr. Gilibert, baritone, Dec. 18; Mrs. Rice and Mr. Deane, Jan. 10; Miss Schumacher, May 4; Mme. Sembrich, Jan. 14; Miss Sandborg and Mrs. Corbett, Feb. 2. Mr. Sharpe gave a series of four concerts at his house in Chestnut Hill.

The pianist's recitals were as follows: Mr. d'Albert, March 1, Mr. Charles Anthony, Nov. 26; Miss aus der Ohe, Nov. 14; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Feb. 8; Miss Alice Eldridge, March 27; Mr. R. Frimi, Jan. 26; Mr. Felix Fox, Feb. 28; Mr. Paolo Gallico, March 23; Mr. Gebhard, Nov. 29, March 14; Mr. Josef Hofmann, Nov. 5, 15, Dec. 7; Mr. Jamieson, April 25; Mr. Frank O'Brien, Feb. 15; Mr. de Pachmann, Nov. 10, 17, 21, 29, Dec. 5, April 15; Mr. Paderewski, April 1; Mr. Richard Platt, Jan. 24; Messrs. Randolph and Hutchinson, four hands, Jan. 30; Mr. Silvio Risegari, Feb. 16; Miss Frances Rock, Feb. 9; Mr. Schelling, March 2, 11; Mme. Szumowska, Jan. 7; Miss Edith Thompson, Dec. 15; Mr. Wesley Weyman, Nov. 29, Feb. 1; Mr. Whelan (with orchestra), Jan. 18. Mr. Faelten gave recitals at his school.

The violinists were as follows: Mr. Kreisler, Jan. 10, 13, 30, Feb. 2, March 4; Master von Vecsey, Feb. 14, 18, 25 (with Mr. Zilcher, pianist); Mr. Ysaye, Dec. 17 and (with orchestra) Feb. 8.

Mr. Anton Hekking, 'cellist, gave recitals Feb. 13, 23, April 10, and Mr. Albert Taylor, 'cellist, a recital on Feb. 2.

Mr. Guilmant gave organ recitals on Nov. 14, 23, and Miss Laura Henry one on March 22. Mr. Henschel lectured on his intercourse with Johannes Brahms, Dec. 1; the Dolmetsches gave two concerts on Nov. 22, and Mrs. Edith Noyes Porter a concert chiefly of her own compositions on Feb. 10.

There were other recitals—recitals of pupils, for charitable purposes, of a semi-private or private nature.

The symphony by d'Indy aroused lively discussion, and there was dispute concerning the comparative merits of Messrs. Kreisler and Ysaye—both great violinists, although the latter's performance last season was singularly uneven and at times unworthy of any violinist of great reputation. It might be said that Mr. Kreisler is a most accomplished virtuoso, who now and then is a convincing and persuading interpreter. Mr. Ysaye has more imagination and is a creator.

In every season after the smoke and fury of solo performance a few impressions haunt the memory. The hearer now remembers gratefully Mme. Melba's singing of Hue's "Pagan Evening"; Mme. de Montjau's singing of Marguerite's Romance, with Mr. Lenom's English horn obbligato; Mr. Gilibert, with his French songs; the piano accompaniments of Miss Cave, who is now the wife of Mr. Cole, whom she accompanied; the exquisite playing of Mr. de Pachmann in six recitals; the ensemble piano playing of Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson; Mr. Paderewski's performance of Chopin's second concerto; the violin playing of Messrs. Kreisler and Ysaye, although the latter's playing was singularly uneven and at times unworthy of him; the operatic impersonation of Mme. de Macchi, Miss Edythe Walker, Miss Fremstad, Plancon, Griswold, and the operatic singing, or rather the voice of Mr. Caruso, when he was in good physical condition. Add the Kneisels' performance of Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and the excerpts from Debussy's quartet, the Longy Club's performance of Pierne's Varied Pastoral, the performance by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, Miss Nina Fletcher, and Heinrich Gebhard of Mr. Loeffler's songs—one of the most artistic and memorable concerts of the season—and the performance of the symphonies by Cesar Franck and d'Indy and of Richard Strauss' "Don Juan" by the Symphony Orchestra.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mrs. Estelle Pinckney Clough, soprano; Engelbert Humperdinck, composer of the new opera, "Der Heirat wider Willen," which is described elsewhere, and Mr. Avon Saxon, baritone. It also publishes caricatures of Ian Kubelik and Franz von Vecsey, by O. Gulbransson.

Mrs. Clough, whose home is in Worcester, attracted attention in 1903-4 at New York by her impersonation of Aida and Nedda in the performances given by the Theodore Drury (negro) opera company. Her voice, action and personal charm were then highly praised by audiences and critics. She sang last season the soprano part in Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha," at Washington and Baltimore, under the direction of the composer, and on last Thursday she gave a concert in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, where she sang arias by Weber, Delibes and Masse. She is now preparing the leading soprano parts in "L'Africaine," "Lakme," "Aida," and of the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute," with a view to impersonating the characters in Europe.

Mr. Saxon was born at Winsor, in Nova Scotia. He studied in the United States and in London. On his return he joined the Boston Ideals. After an operatic tour in Australia he founded the "Meister Glee Singers," in London. He created the part of Friar Tuck in Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" (1891). After a visit to this country he returned to England and sang in London and in the provinces. He has visited South Africa four times with a company and revisited Australia. He now purposes to make Boston his abiding place.

Engelbert Humperdinck, who was born in 1854 at Siegburg, is best known here as the composer of "Haensel and Gretel," though other works have been performed. "Haensel and Gretel" was produced at Weimar in 1893. His other stage works are "Die Koenigskinder" (1898), "Die sieben Geislein" (1897) "Dornroeschen" (1902).

LOCAL.

Manager Mudgett has had a large number of orders for seats for the De Pachmann Chopin recital, at Infantry Hall, Providence, next Tuesday evening, from Boston admirers of the Russian pianist, who makes his last appearance in New England on this occasion. The programme is that recently played by De Pachmann at Jordan Hall.

HUMPERDINCK'S NEW OPERA.

"Die Heirath wider Willen," an opera in three acts by Engelbert Humperdinck, was produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, on April 14. There was a distinguished audience. Mrs. Cosima Wagner was present, for Humperdinck was the teacher of her Siegfried. The libretto is based on the comedy "Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr," by Dumas, the elder.

A correspondent in Berlin writes to The Herald as follows: "The first act takes place in the park of a girls' school. The pupils, returning from a walk, place flowers before the image of the Virgin. Only Miss Hedwig de Merlan remains behind to give vent to her feelings. A cavalier has lately approached her and told her that he would put a letter in a certain part of the park. Hedwig acknowledges that she is in love with him, but should she take any notice of the billet-doux? Her friend, Luise Mauclair, reads a letter in which the said cavalier, Robert de Montfort, declares his love and asks for a rendevous. Hedwig does not wish to hear of this and runs away when Montfort appears. Luise pacifies the latter and promises to bring her friend, provided he be honest in his intentions. While Montfort is still waiting for the two young ladies, his friend Duval appears and influences him to court Luise. Duke Philip of Anjou, who is on the point of going to Madrid to become King of Spain, insists that Montfort should accompany him, but in view of his adventure the latter declines. Soon Hedwig and Luise return and a double love scene takes place, which comes to the notice of the abbess of the school. Soldiers arrest Montfort and Duval and take them to the Bastile.

"In the second act Montfort and Duval are in the Bastile. The governor informs them that they will remain there until they have rehabilitated the honor of the ladies. The young men agree to marry them. After the ceremony has been performed the couples separate, and the husbands go to Madrid. The comedy comes to an end in the Spanish capital. The husbands go to a ball given by the French ambassador. The representative of France has informed Duval and Montfort that he will introduce to the King two charming French women, who will win him away from his favorite, Mme. de Orsini. The two women turn out to be Hedwig and Luise, and the latter confesses to Montfort and Duval that she has been the cause of all the trouble against them. The King of Spain makes love to Hedwig. Montfort appears at the moment when the King kneels before her. The men quarrel and the King orders Montfort's arrest; but Hedwig pleads for her husband and the King forgives. Montfort and Hedwig, Duval and Luise then return to France.

"Unfortunately, Humperdinck has not remained true to his intention of writing a genuine comic opera. In his music he again and again falls back on themes belonging to the music drama, and as a result his score is marred by weak passages. This fact is to be regretted, for Humperdinck in many parts of the opera shows that he has an appreciation of what a comic opera should be. One is especially convinced of this in the second act, but in other scenes the orchestral music does not fit the text or situation. However, throughout the opera Humperdinck displays his great technical ability. The composer does not seem to consider the fact that the most serious situations in a comic opera must be of a light nature, and that serious persons connot use the same musical language as they do in a tragedy."

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Mr. Blackburn wrote of Ysaye, who founded the Society of the Libre Esthetique at Brussels in order to hurry up the progress of modern music: "We understand that Ysaye made no sort of condition as to the limit of time; modern music was the thing which he was interested in, and to that object he gave a great deal of his labor and thought. One always feels a little sad in learning such news as this, simply because that which is modern in music to even a great master like Ysaye is immediately fascinating, and yet we know that in a very few years that music will lose its sense of modernity; he who at present is in companionship with all of us will discover for himself that, beyond a certain point of assimilation, it is impossible for a man to go."

A new opera, "An Old Story," by Michael Ivanoff has been produced at the Russian Opera House, St. Petersburg, with unusual success. It is in four acts, and is described as distinguished by its frank and abundant melody, dramatic sentiment, original and peculiarly interesting instrumentation, which is at times rather complicated. This Ivanoff, not to be confounded with Michael Ippolitoff-Ivanoff of Moscow, was, nevertheless, born at Moscow in 1849. He was a pupil of Tschaikowsky, and then (1870-76) he studied in foreign countries, especially with Sgambati at Rome. This is his third opera. His other works are, for the most part, in manuscript. The list includes a symphony, a symphonic poem, a prelude, "Savonarola," music to "Medea"; overtures; a "Suite Champetre"; a ballet, "The Vestal" (1889); songs and piano pieces. He has translated books by Hanslick and Nohl into Russian, and is the author of "Pushkin in Music" (1900). His home is in St. Petersburg, and he is the music critic of the New Times.

A sort of symphonic poem, "Elegy," by Armand Marsick, a young violinist of Colonne's orchestra, was played for the first time at a Colonne concert in Paris, March 12. Mr. J. Jemain wrote: "The work reveals a highly gifted nature whose individuality is not yet prominent." It seems from his remarks that the instrumentation is too compact and does not always clothe beeomingly the thoughts. Mr. Jemain regretted the absence of any programme or argument.

A new symphonic poem, "Der Festesstoerer," by a young Hungarian composer, gave pleasure lately at Budapest.

Gluck's "Paris and Helen" was performed lately "for the first time in Germany" at Hamburg. The opera was produced at Vienna in 1770; but this is not regarded by north Germans as a German performance. The Berliners used to say: "The Bavarians are the connecting links between Austrians and men."

The overture to Hasse's "Pyramus and Thisbe" was played at a Symphony concert, Dresden, March 17.

Richard Strauss' music to "Enoch Arden" was played lately in Philadelphia by Mr. Brigham, the baritone, who read the poem. The Ledger (April 23) was amazed at the interest formerly excited by the music.

"Familiar as we now are with the recent compositions of Richard Strauss, his wonderfully compelling lieder and his marvelously full orchestral works, the thinness and inadequacy of 'Enoch Arden' certainly give just cause for wonderment. Its only possible raison d'etre is that it was the first thing of its kind; in these days it makes a very elemental form of entertainment and one that is difficult to take seriously. It takes about an hour and a quarter in the performance, a full hour of which is devoted to the reading of Tennyson's old-fashioned and sentimental poem

After reading pages and pages of this work, there will be an occasional interlude by Strauss (only one or two of which possess any real value or beauty) and then more reading. All of the music might be played off in 15 minutes. It seems hardly worth while. The 'melodrama' may come to hold an important place in modern musical literature, but 'Enoch Arden' must be relegated to the archives as archaic not only as a poem, but as music."

May 8. 1905

A SOCIAL MANIAC.

There are persons who are demented with the mania of introducing the incongruous or the indifferent to each other. The victim of this mania is a social plague. He argues shallowly in this manner: "If I, A, know and like B and C, B and C should know each other, for they would become fast friends." He does not stop to think that B and C may not like him; that they greet him only out of common courtesy; that B and C would surely dislike each other on account of A's introduction. The maniac respects not the decencies of time or place. He will perform the ceremony in a crowded car or in a pew at a church funeral. It's a wonder that he does not insist on an old friend of the dead man shaking hands with the corpse; for the maniac in his frenzy is constantly urging old mutual acquaintances to know each other.

He has more than one formula. The most offensive of them is this: "Johnson, shake hands with Smith." Mr. Johnson has long plumed himself on the fact that he did not know Smith. He disliked him intensely, and with the greater intensity because he had no just cause. He disliked his face, his body, his dress, his foolish, brittle laugh, which he had compared to the sound made by a barkeeper cracking ice. He had avoided him with the utmost ingenuity for three or four years. He had torn himself from the club when a member brought him in, lest he should be forced to meet him. He had refused invitations to stag dinners because Smith had been invited. And now he is caught. He had not noticed old Auger when he took the only vacant seat in the car. But there sits Auger just beyond, and he leans forward and says: "Shake hands with Smith." What can Mr. Johnson do? He does not wish to make a scene, so he stretches out his hand and Smith solemnly milks it. Then there is that ghastly attempt at conversation, tentative, experimental conversation. How it would surprise Mr. Johnson to learn that Smith had entertained for months a like aversion toward him, toward his "affectations," "his air of smartness," his "feigned interest in sociological questions." And henceforth they are doomed to bow to each other, to admit that the other is worthy of acquaintanceship. They may glare in agony at each other; they may even in exchange a few words, as "How are you today? Have you seen Auger lately?" and the honest answer from either one would be: "No—d—— him."

Or suppose there be neither one-sided nor mutual aversion. A says to B, "I wish you to know C. Two such good fellows ought to know each other." That speech settles it. A prejudice that is akin to Corsican hatred is planted at once in the breast of each, and the prejudice grows until it, too, is a mania. Or the names of the suddenly introduced are mumbled in the joyful eagerness of the maniac. Mr. Johnson, knowing nothing about Mr. Smith, not even his name, but wishing to maintain his fictitious reputation of good nature, makes some remark that stabs Smith, who is a sensitive plant, that is in direct conflict with some pet theory, or he makes some jocose allusion to jailbirds, little knowing that Smith's brother is doing the state a slight service on account of a too-daring financial operation. If there be no verbal unpleasantness, nevertheless the two are under the necessity of bowing vaguely to each other. The constraint develops into dislike, and at last the bored Smith has the audacity to forget that he ever was introduced to the distinguished Mr Johnson. Is Mr. Johnson relieved by this? Not a bit of it. He complains bitterly: "You remember that chap you introduced to me at Bilkington's funeral? He came in with old Gunnybags and sat next the aisle. He has a watery lip and he never looks you in the eye, and he always wears rubbers in the winter when the pavements are dry. Well, do you know, he had the nerve to cut me the other day? What's he got against me?"

An introduction should be a carefully considered act of ceremony. The wishes of the proposed parties should be consulted. The introduction should then be distinctly and modestly voiced. It is only the maniac who describes in the course of the introduction the calling and attributes of each person: "Of course, you know Mr. Johnson by reputation. He is the sporting editor of Zion's Bulwark, and you must have read his book on 'Bunco Men I have Met'; Johnson, you saw Smith's paintings at the Porphyry, 'Sunset at Castoria,' and that realistic picture that made so much talk, 'The Barkeeper's Saturday Night.'"

A PALPABLE HIT.

Col. Gaston Bordeverry has been entertaining New Yorkers and the strangers within the gates by shooting off his wife's clothes at the Hippodrome. By this feat both prurient curiosity and the desire to see a human life in danger have been abundantly satisfied. In one of Eugene Sue's novels an Englishman follows a show from town to town because he knows that the wild animals will ultimately kill and possibly eat the tamer. He lives solely for that sight. If there were such a frequenter of the Hippodrome, he at last had his thrill, for the gallant Frenchman, firing the last shot, hit his wife near the right temple and not the aimed-at last button on a shoulder. The button, therefore, did not break and release the dress. A flesh wound was the result, and not a living statue.

There has been fine shooting on the stage in these feats of skill. Some years ago a man in this country thus killed the play-actress, his wife, and similar tragical stage episodes are told in the annals of the theatre. The deaths were accidental. The marksmen were not like the amateur in Baudelaire's prose poem, who failed miserably in the shooting gallery until he said to his wife with her mocking cackle: "Do you see that puppet over there with its nose in the air and with the haughty air? Well, my dear, I shall imagine it is you." Lo and behold, he shot the doll's head off, and, turning to his wife and kissing her hand, he exclaimed: "Ah, my angel, how I thank you for my skill!" There have been more sinister stage accidents when jealousy or hopeless passion made the aim inappropriately sure. But in the opera "William Tell" the chief anxiety is concerning the baritone's intonation, and not about the safety of the boy who looks so foolish with the apple on his head—boy in name and girl in substance.

Romantic and realistic stories have been written on the deadly revenge of some one of real or fancied wrongs. There is treacherous handling of a rope, there is trickery with a gun, there is an attempt to startle the nerves that should be asleep. Such an accident is the climax of Edmond de Goncourt's "Les Freres Zemganno." Col. Bordeverry knew that he could not miss his aim, so he called in a gunsmith, who told him the forward sight on the rifle had been tampered with, and the colonel at once suspected a former assistant. Here is at once the material for a shilling shocker. The assistant had made love to the woman, who had spurned his offer; the colonel had won his wife from the assistant; there are several fanciful and traditional "true causes of the accident": but without doubt the reason of the disturbance in aim or in shot was much more prosaic.

Will the nerve of man and wife remain unshaken? The crowd of spectators will undoubtedly be the greater for the accident. There will be a "next time." If the beautiful brunette who takes the "Leap to Death" should land there, and another be found next day to take her place, hundreds would be turned away. The handsomer the woman, the wilder the excitement. In his green salad days Mr. Arthur Symons wrote a poem about a gypsy girl at a fair who stood against a wooden target and allowed her father to frame her against the wood with broad, large-hafted knives thrown with marvellous skill. The sight moved Mr. Symous to the extent of nine verses, of which the last is as follows:

"Fast in the wood they stood, and she slipt
from amidst them, and laughed,
And the light in her eyes danced up and drank
the light as a draught;
We passed from the tent, ashamed (I hope) of
the horrible sight,
But the light of the brave girl's eyes was a
flame in my brain that night."

And, of course, Mr. Symons went and paid his shilling the next day to be shocked again and also to be delighted.

May 9. 1905

POLITICAL SLANG.

The Herald on Monday morning alluded to the term "Half-Sheeters," the latest addition to English political slang. Nearly every trade or calling has its peculiar vocabulary, and many of the terms, at first despised by lexicographers as slang, are admitted later as words in good and regular standing. Some of these trades or professions have their special dictionary; thus in France there is Bontmy's "Dictionary of Typographical Slang" (1878), an entertaining little book of 139 pages; and in England there is Wilson's "Glossary of Colloquial Slang and Technical Terms in Use on the Stock Exchange and in the Money Market" (1895), in which bears and bulls are discussed, but there is no allusion to lambs. Is there a dictionary of English political slang, a book that corresponds to Mr. Norton's "Political Americanisms" (1890)? We fear that Mr. Norton's volume is not sufficiently known. How many students of history in our colleges could explain correctly the origin and application of such terms as Adamites, Agricultural Wheel, Aliunde Joe, Era of Good Feeling, Kitchen Cabinet, Pipe Laying, X. Y. Z. Mission, Young Hickory, Ash-Pole? The volume would be an entertaining and instructive textbook, and so would any well edited volume of English political slang, although the English are less imaginative in their invention.

A SINGER'S HUSBAND.

The confusion between Emil Stengel and Wilhelm Stengel in the announcement of the death of the former undoubtedly gave the latter, the husband of Mme. Sembrich, the keen delight of reading certain obituary notices hastily written about him. Surely nothing save that which was kindly met his eyes, for he is an exception in a long list.

The husband of the prima donna is seldom a heroic figure. In the old days of the opera he was a temporary ornament, a watchdog, a step to respectability, or a rascal who cut a dashing figure on his wife's earnings and deserted her when her voice was worn and her waistline merely a tradition. In these tamer years he serves as business man, press agent, claqueur; he looks after the baggage, he is genial in the newspaper offices, and occasionally he runs off with the cash and the lady's maid. Then there is the shadowy, self-effacing husband, who is never seen in foyer or stage box. He is not at the supper after the opera; he is more at his ease over a glass of beer with a member of the orchestra. He adores his wife and wonders how she stooped to him. This species is exceedingly rare, yet one or two have been seen within the last twenty years.

How different the life of Mr. Stengel. He has been and is not only a devoted husband, but a guide, philosopher, friend to his wife. An excellent musician, he was piano teacher at the Conservatory of Lemberg when the 12-year-old Marcella went to him for lessons, for the child at that time purposed to be a pianist, though she was tempted to be a violinist. Mr. Stengel taught her for five years and then took her to Vienna for further study. It was at Vienna that she became aware of her voice, and in 1877 she made her debut in Italian opera at Athens. She was then 19 years old. We mention this fact, for there are some who find a strange delight in taunting any singer with her age, to which they generously add years, from five to a dozen.

Marcella's piano teacher gave up his position and all thought of his own musical advancement and honor for love of her before she was famous, before there was promise of her brilliant career. His love has been genuine, unselfish, romantic. They have known hardships and bitter disappointments, but they have never lost faith in each other, not even after she was renowned. They loved each other when they were doubtful of the future; they are loving companions after her artistry has made them rich. His indisputable musical acquirements have been for years devoted only to her service. He is her counsellor and critic, jealous and zealous for her vocal reputation. His life is wholly hers, and, not from any affectation, but because he wished to be even more closely identified with her, has his card in later years borne the name "Sembrich" joined to his own by a hyphen. May it be long before such a union be cut by the severer of households. Surely it is their earnest wish to die together.

THE DOOR-HARP.

Mr. Johnson is indefatigable in procuring material for his great work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast"—the first volume is still in the press, in consequence of a late and thorough revision. He searches everywhere for sociological notes and thereby at times provokes domestic misunderstanding and the censure of the neighborhood. A man of the country in summer, he exclaims in winter with Walt Whitman:

"O an intense life! O full to repletion and
varied!
The life of the theatre, bar-room, huge hotel
for me!"

His researches often keep him up to a late hour. He studies street-car life after midnight, and has thus made observations of incalculable benefit to the race. A belated one often asks, as he takes a car between 1 and 2 A. M., where do all these passengers come from at this time of night; whither are they going? Mr. Johnson knows; he knows, and the answer in surprising detail and endless ramification will be in tome IV. or VI.—Mr. Johnson has not fully determined even the precise chapter for these notes.

Returning home at late hours, his one anxiety has been not to disturb Mrs. Johnson, who is poco nervosa, to use the melodious speech of Italy. He has learned the quietness of the mouse in passing her bedroom door. He shuts his own chamber door after the manner of the late Charles Fechter in the celebrated scene in "No Thoroughfare." He has given up the use of safety matches, for the ordinary domestic match rubbed quickly on the seat of his trousers is comparatively noiseless. There is, to be sure, a striking clock in the hall, but fortunately it strikes the half-hours and from 12:30 to 1:30 there is a chance for amiable deception.

Mrs. Johnson some weeks ago saw a beautiful door-harp in a furniture shop. This species of harp is not described in music encyclopaedias; it is not in the colossal new English Dictionary, either under "door" or "harp"; yet the harp exists. Some are cheap and some are dear. The one that attracted Mrs. Johnson's eyes is in the shape of an antique lyre; it has seven horizontal metal strings, which can be tuned by a key; seven metal balls are hung in such a manner that when the door to which the harp is attached is moved ever so slightly the balls beat against the strings and produce sounds which to some are agreeable. Mrs. Johnson had seen a harp of inferior quality and less possible violence on the reception room door of a physician, and had longed for one in her own flat. She could not withstand the temptation. The harp was sent to her. It arrived on one of Mr. Johnson's sociological evenings when he left his home at 7:30. "I'll surprise Herb

r," said Mrs. Johnson. She hung the rp on the door that opened on the ir landing, tuned the strings, opened d shut the door till she had heard ough, and in due time went to bed.

Mr. Johnson came home sociologically l. After most interesting investigans in various quarters of the town, he l into the Porphyry about midnight, yed there till after the closing hour, ssed his car and walked home. He ssed two illuminated clocks, but he it his eyes that he might not know w late it was. At last he was before own door. It had long been his cus- to throw this door open boldly, that night not sqneak. On this occasion made an uuusual effort. The harp ponded nohly. The little bells sound- like the Arlington Street Church mes on a holiday. Dazed and fright- d, Mr. Johnson knocked himself inst a hall chair, which in turn shed into an aesthetic crockery um- lla pot. We regret to add that Mr. nson swore. There was a sound of e one stirring. Mrs. Johnson ap- red in the corridor with her hair n and a candle in her hand. Belated ologists have queer tricks of mem-

Mr. Johnson, instead of excuse or logy, said to his wife as though in fidence: "Eustacia, this remiuds me Tennyson's 'squisite line, 'Love took he harp of life, and smote on all the ds with might.' I was thinking of when I came up the stairs." His held the candle to the clock face. minutes of 2. Then she looked at overturned chair, umbrellas, her and and laughed. "Herkimer, never l Tennysou. Don't you think you working too hard on your hook?" the bells echoed her laugh as Mr. nson walked bedward with assumed portentous dignity.

May 10 1905

SHREWD AMORISTS.

oston is without salons, in the nch acceptation of the word. There no genteel meeting places for men womeu to sit in the afternoon or ning to talk together concerning the , literature, manners, life, the soul. re is no salon, even though some less stranger may read a paper. re is no salon, even though a singer pianist or violinist monopolize the ntion. Perhaps the street car is nearest approach to the French in- tion. The judicious, attentive lis- r in these cars hears frivolous chat- and gossip, domestic revelations, opin- on the latest play and the visiting er from Bulgaria, discussions of po- al, economic, moral questions. It in a car that a woman remarked: m thankful that my husband does come home to lunch." The car was stopping, and the voice was loud penetrating. Passengers dropped spapers, took their eyes from the l advertisements. All stared in the tion of the voice. But the woman the car and the passengers were e onward ready to burst with curi- y.

me may have thought her lazy, a ern, or one with a soul above ekeeping. Others may have pict- a disagreeable husband, rude in ch, coarse in his table manners, a of morning cocktails. Let us think e nobly of human nature. Let us gnize the woman as a shrewd and osophical amorist.

it be true that it is not good for to be alone, it is also true that it t good for man and woman to be regularly and constantly together. No woman who has made a thoughtful y of marriage would enjoy the ing presence of her husband in the ing till high noon. See him as he carelessly: "I shall not go to the till this afternoon." He is in way; he is superfluous, cumbrous ture. If he persists, he becomes ntimately acquainted with the run- of the domestic machinery. He s the creaking and the straining the roar; he realizes that the hear- are heated; he feels the need of lu- ting oil, but let the maid-of-all- or the wife confront him and he owerless. Like Mr. Brooke, in ddlemarch," he is of miscellaneous ons and uncertain vote. Suppose he leaves the house soon after breakfast; he should not be allowed to return till after the heat and the burden of the day. His head is full of a great scheme; how insignificant to him seems the chirping of his wife and the twittering of the little ones. The car was blocked; he sat in a draught, or he hung by a strap. His nerves are racked. No wonder that the luncheon is unpalatable to him; that he threatens to change the meatman and the grocer; that he looks at his wife and says to himself, "How Jane has aged!" If he keeps still at luncheon, his wife fears that he is sick, overworked, or he is financially embarrassed; if he gives way to his temper, there are the wife's tears or winged darts of epigram. The house door is slammed by the sullen man. The wife is left behind to brood over lost illusions or to meditate revenge.

The return after the work is far different. For him the open door and fond arms mutely embracing. He has been slaving for her sake the whole day. His long absence is the proof of his industry and self-denial. No luncheon at the restaurant or club could be so savory as the simple meal at which she sits. She thinks thus, and who would shake her faith? That which at noon would have provoked a storm now excites laughter. Sundays and holidays have some significance to them, and a vacation is as a return to the days when she hung out the red banners of love in her cheeks.

The woman in the street car was not a sly coquette; she was not callous. She knew the sweet uses of separation which brings the keener joy to the later companionship.

A KNOWN GRAVE.

Mr. William H. Lovelace, who died at Malden, wished that his ashes should be thrown overboard by a seafaring friend, and for this reason, as he stated in his will: "That my wife will not feel sad thinking of a lonely grave, as she won't know where it is." Thus did he endeavor to shield her from unhappiness after he was gone.

This clause may justly give the document the right to be included in the long list of singular wills, such as have been compiled and annotated by Gabriel Peignot and other antiquarians —wills malignant, blasphemous, grotesque, sentimental, jocose. Many of the testators have wished to be buried at sea, as Mr. Samuel Jeffery, purser of the Amphion: "My grand request is that, when it shall please God to call me aloft, some good fellow will stow my 'piciolo corpo' into my great strong chest; if I die strait, they will, I know, have occasion to force me in; but never mind, I'll promise not to sing out; and then, after securing it well, to keep me safe from all intruders, launch me overboard in good deep water, with plenty of ballast." Many have wished to protect their wives, as William Blackett, Esq., Governor of Plymouth, Eng: "I also make this further request to my dear wife, that, as she has been troubled with an old fool, she will not think of marrying a second." Many have wished no mourning at the grave, from Lodovico Cortusio of Padua, who disinherited any one that wept at the funeral, and left his property to the one that was able to laugh the loudest—and his body was borne by twelve maidens ready to marry, dressed in green, who sang gay and refreshing airs—to the German whose ashes were thrown to the winds from the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor, after which the friends ate and drank hugely and for hours to his memory. We doubt, however, if any will before that of Mr. Lovelace contained a clause of similar intention.

Yet how many left behind find comfort in their visits to the grave of the loved one. "My companions said unto me, if I should visit the tomb of my dear mistress, my grief would be in a measure assuaged." To many the sorrow of sorrows is the very thought of an unknown grave. For such there is no consecrated ground, no spot consecrated by memory and affection. The poet may say in his sublime faith:

> "And now I am willing to disregard burial-places and dispense with them,
> And, if the corpse of any one I love, or if my own corpse be duly rendered to powder and pour'd in the sea, I shall be satisfied,
> Or if it be distributed to the winds, I shall be satisfied,"

but the mourner is seldom so indifferent. The dying cry of Jacob is still that of thousands: "Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron. * * * There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife; and there I buried Leah."

May 11 1905

"NOTHING DOING."

A contributor to the New York Times book review asks: "It is permissible, is it not, to use a slang expression, if it is dignified by age?" And, pray, what is this "slang" expression? "Nothing doing." The contributor finds the phrase in the Creevy Papers in a letter written in 1803, but this use of the verb "to do" is much older, nor was the phrase thought to be slang. As the grammarian puts it: "To be doing is used with a passive signification for which in more recent use the passive form 'being done' is often substituted."

But the noun "doings" which is now used in the best society, though respected by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, the translators of the King James version, fell into disrepute in the eighteenth century. Johnson said of it: "Now only used in a ludicrous sense, or in low, mean language." And so words are like families, now high in favor in the community, now shabby lodgers in Queer street. There are dialect uses of "doings" in England. The word means "proceedings of an exciting nature, festivities," and the phrase "great doings" is not uncommon in this country; but was the word with the meaning "odd jobs" ever used in New England? When a person in Kent keeps a small farm and works with his team for hire he is said to do doings for people. Or was "doing" with the meaning "a helping, a supply of anything" known in New England?

READERS OF CHARACTER.

And now a Chicago shoemaker boasts of his ability to describe unerringly the character of a person by looking at his boots after two months' wear. A sole worn on the inner side shows hesitation and weakness in a man and modesty in a woman; but worn on the outside it shows that the wearer is "inclined to adventurous, uncertain, fitful deeds, or, if a woman, to bold, self-willed, capricious tricks." If soles and heels are worn squarely, "the wearer is a resolute, able business man, with a clear head, a trustworthy official, or an excellent wife and mother."

There is much nonsense talked and written about character reading. Some pretend to judge by walk, general carriage, handwriting, ears, mouth, and so on through features, habits, dress. A man, they say, is weak, cringing. "See how he walks!" But the poor wretch has corns. He is obliged to pick his way on the smoothest and dryest sidewalk. Corns may or may not be simply a matter of digestion, as a deep thinker insists; this is certain—they turn the proudest minded into the outwardly humblest. An earl of England, whose mind was pre-eminently practical in matters of precedent and routine, had "the forced gait of a shuffling nag." As for the countenance, one may say with Lord Holland, "It is unjust, ungenerous and unmanly to censure a man for that signature which God has impressed upon his countenance; which, therefore, he can by no means remedy or avoid."

The shoemaker has much to do with the future wearing of the shoe. It is he that gives character to boots, not the man that wears them. "My shoes are full of feet," said the negro minstrel when queried as to his walk. An excellent wife and mother may find a heel wears unevenly, just as a statesman's trousers may bag more easily at the knees than the irreproachable trousers of a dead-game sport. Men with large mouths are not inevitably generous, nor are the small-eared necessarily miserly. The man that prances with chest thrown out as though he were following a brass band may be henpecked at home. It was said long ago of shoemakers that they were born politicians and infidels. There are many that care not about politics and are of the faith. The shrewd judge of character, the one that plumes himself upon his ability, sooner or later buys a gold brick, and a large one.

CORSET AND BOOTS.

A woman in Manhattan brought a suit for separation against her husband and made horrid charges. Not only was he in the habit of striking her in the eye and punching her in the chest, but in more excited moments he would catch hold of her tongue and try to jerk it out. He would say to her in a nasty way that it was high time she paid board to him; he called her bad names, he took her rings from her, he never gave her money, but he was always wanting money from her. And twice did he kick her out of the marriage bed.

We see the tears of sensibility in the eyes of sympathetic women; we hear strong and chivalric men curse fiercely such a brute. But stay a moment. The wife confessed on the witness stand that on several occasions she wore her corsets and boots to bed that she might get out of the house quickly in case of fire. What man of you would endure such a wife? What woman can now join in the hue and cry against the "monster"? Grave magistrates have heard arguments as to whether a man should be obliged to live with a woman whose feet were chronically cold. Such women are to be pitied; whether they are to be endured is another question. But the woman that in the blessed privacy of her own home goes to bed with her boots on from an absurd fear of fire puts herself beyond the view of sympathy. Mrs. Silleck added the enormity of corsets.

We have searched the books on anthropology, sociology, etiquette, etc., and find no precedent. Dr. Cabanes wrote a delightful essay: "What is the Date of the Night Shirt: a Study in Retrospective Hygiene." Although he is a man of profound and curious learning, pretty wit and exuberant imagination, the preposterous idea of a bedded wife in boots never occurred to him.

From the purely aesthetic point of view the conduct of Mrs. Silleck cannot be censured too severely. There is no more beautiful sight than a fire. As Plotinus well said: "Fire surpasses other bodies in beauty, because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form: for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature." The colors, the roar, the thought of the consternation of the sleepers, the sight of active courage, the heroism of the contention with a mighty element—all these things fill the soul of the amateur who looks on. But the saved woman must be in the one fitting and appropriate costume. For this reason alone we do not like to think of lovely woman in pyjamas. The sight of a rescued wife or maiden aunt in corsets and boots leads to a suspicion that there was deliberate preparation for the fire: it recalls the burning of the summer hotel the day after the last guest has gone, the destruction by fire of the well insured shop soon after Christmas. It is true that Mr. Silleck would not have basted his wife, should not have caught hold of her tongue. A man of more dignity would have left the chamber and slept in the bathtub or on the parlor grand pianoforte.

A FORGOTTEN SECT.

A woman died recently at an advanced age in a Connecticut town, and in the obituary notice she was described as a Sandemanian. What does Sandemanian mean to the average newspaper reader today? A Sandemanian to him might be a member of some tribe in the South seas. Yet Robert Sandeman came to Boston, and the first meetings of the Sandemanians were held in Boston.

It was in 1764 that Sandeman emi-

grated to this city. He was then 46 years old, the son-in-law of the Rev. John Glass. He had adopted the views of this deposed clergyman and established a church at London in 1762. In 1765 he left Boston for Danbury, Ct., where he gathered a church, and in that town he died in 1771. He wrote half a dozen treatises, among them "The Sign of the Prophet Jonah" and "On Solomon's Song." It is said that he established societies in other parts of New England and in Nova Scotia.

The first meetings of the Sandemanians in Boston were at the Green Dragon Tavern in Union street, the famous inn characterized by Daniel Webster as the headquarters of the revolution. The Sandemanian Chapel was in Hanover street, near Cross.

The members held the belief that faith is a simple assent to the divine testimony concerning the Saviour as recorded in the New Testament. All were required to partake of the Lord's Supper, a love feast, once a week, but the communion consisted of their dining together at each other's houses between the morning and afternoon services. They gave each other the "kiss of charity" and abstained from "blood and things strangled"; they washed each other's feet, "when as a deed of mercy it might be an expression of love," for they understood the precept literally. They believed in a community of goods, "so far as that every one is to consider all that he has in his possession and power liable to the calls of the poor and the church," and they thought it was unlawful to lay up treasures on earth. They were opposed to lotteries, card playing, dancing and any other diversion that might be connected with sinful circumstances. A second marriage disqualified a member for eldership, but lack of learning or engagement in trade was not a disqualification, if the instructions given to Timothy and Titus could otherwise be carried out. They would not worship with any society that did not profess their simple faith.

The sect, also known as Glassites, numbered fifty years ago in England and Scotland only a little over 1000 members. It is our impression that there is still a chapel in London. In the earlier years of the sect John Wesley classed the Glassites with "seceders, non-jurors and what not."

Sandeman was a man of education, who at first did not enter the church for which he was intended, but he manufactured linen and afterward turned preacher. The inscription on his monument is not without true pathos. We omit the verse of a hymn that follows the date of his death:

"Here lies, until the resurrection, the body of Robert Sandeman, a native of Perth, North Britain, who, in the face of continual opposition from all sorts of men, long boldly contended for the ancient faiths that the bare word of Jesus Christ, without a deed or thought on the part of man, is sufficient to present the chief of sinners spotless before God. To declare this blessed truth, as testified in the holy scriptures, he left his country, he left his friends, and, after much patient suffering, finished his labors at Danbury." And some there are who, tossed on the sea of doubt, seeing no light and without a compass, may well envy this forgotten man his simple faith, his patient, trusting life.

May 12 1905

"SCROONCH."

The Charlotte Observer remarks: "Please add to your new dictionary the word 'scroonch.' 'Scroonch up clos' to yo' mammy, honey, an' go to sleep.'"

"Scroonch" is a good word, but it need not be added to any one's new dictionary or vocabulary. It did not come originally from the Gold Coast in a slave ship; it is not a Creole term; its root did not grow in Spain or Portugal, or in a province of France. It is an old dialect word still used commonly in Scotland, Ireland and England. The usual form is "scrunch," but it also appears as "scrunsh," "skrunch," "scrounch," and in North Yorkshire as "scroonch"—to crush, squeeze, crumple, though its primary meaning is "to crunch, to crush between the teeth, to eat noisily." In some countries they speak of the frozen snow scrunching beneath the walker, and so "the scrunch of a boot on the road" is found in literature. Compare with "scrunch" the equally common word "scrunge," to crush, squeeze, crowd, press. We have heard in New England the rind of pork described as "the scrunch," and also a boy referred to as "scrunching an apple." No, the word is not a new one. As used by the Charlotte "mammy" it is synonymous with "snuggle up."

"HEAVENLY DEATH."

The present period is characterized as grossly material, but it is doubtful whether there was ever a more general inquiry into the great problems, life, death, immortality. There is a sporting weekly in London, the Referee, a periodical devoted to the race track, the prize ring, the playhouse, boating, etc. The circulation of this paper is very large, and at least once a month there is an able and scholarly first page article on the tendencies of religious thought, agnosticism, the instinctive wish for a personal immortality and on like subjects. In this country the Sun publishes frequently letters from Goldwin Smith and others. Prof. Smith only a short time ago began a letter as follows: "Wall street may not take an interest in the religious question. That multitudes do I have proof before me in the published series of letters on the thesis 'Do We Believe?' stated to be a selection out of 9000 letters on that subject sent to the London Daily Telegraph, a thoroughly secular paper, in the course of the last three months of last year."

The one absorbing question in all these various articles is concerning the immortality of the individual. A book that may be of great cheer to many has just been published. Its title is "The Book of Heavenly Death," a compilation by Horace Traubel from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

A singular volume might be compiled from the poets who in all ages have considered death. It has been said that the fear of the great transfer and promotion came in with the early church; that it was unknown to the Greeks and Romans and to all natural and barbarous races. The dread may have been unknown, but remember the expressions of never-ceasing regret that Ulysses heard when he visited the shades of his once mighty associates, the classic elegiac poems, the bitterness of the Preacher in Jerusalem. In Elizabethan times, Brachiano, in Webster's tragedy, voiced the general thought: "On pain of death, let no man name death to me; it is a word infinitely terrible." How gloomy and forbidding many poems by Christian poets! Read Blair's "Grave." The poet sings:

> "'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
> We make the grave our bed, and then are gone";

but the long poem itself is most depressing. The later bards, whether they followed the Christian faith or, with Swinburne and Morris, struck the pagan note, are not wholly reassuring. There is Henley:

> "The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
> And all the words of Death are grave and sweet";

but Henley had learned of Whitman.

It has been, it is, the fashion for those who know not Whitman to dismiss him as a gross materialist, yet he was the most spiritual of poets. His praise of the body was inevitable, for he worshipped it as the temple of the soul. "And as to you, Death, and you, bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me." As Mr. Traubel says in his preface: "With him immortality was not an argument; it was a vision." He said that to reason about immortality is to deny it; to doubt concerning death is to doubt concerning life itself. Death does not disintegrate the individual; it passes the individual on. This faith, this joy in death, was expressed by him not only in the famous serenade, "Come, Lovely and Soothing Death," with its praise for the sure enwinding arms of the cold enfolder; his serene and mighty confidence was voiced in many poems from the time of the first thin quarto to the last year of his peaceful old age. For there was never such an optimist as Whitman. Mr. Traubel tells us that when Col. Ingersoll said to the poet, "I cannot argue out immortality," Whitman replied, "Neither can I." Ingersoll added: "I cannot see it," and Whitman answered: "I can see it."

The wholesome virility of the man, the supreme authority that was recognized by all that came in contact with him—these qualities live in his poems, and one feels the truth of his proud declaration: "This is no book, who touches this touches a man." Nowhere are these qualities more apparent than in the lines on immortality, on heavenly death. In these days of doubt, questioning despair, or of the indifference of the Sadducees, the voice of Whitman is as the voice of an inspired bard; and it is not that of some dreamy mystic or frenzied ascetic, it is the consoling and invigorating utterance of a robust, fully equipped man who knew the world and human nature, sympathized with men and women, and saw that they were immortal beings.

> "And as to you, Life, I reckon you are the leavings of many deaths.
> (No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before.)"

THE OLD HOME.

Mrs. Abram L. Stone of Chicago, for her own sake and that of her daughter, wished to move into a more fashionable quarter. She objected to a "green sink" and windows that "wouldn't open from the top." Papa Stone objected: "The old place is good enough for me or anybody. It has fireplaces, high ceilings, high windows, and is comfortable. No flat for me. It is a little old-fashioned; that's what I like. Then, we have lived here so long, it would break me all up to leave." The irreverential Miss Stone remarked that her pa often said that the basement was plenty good enough for him, that he had no social pretensions. And Mrs. Stone added: "All that we see of him is at the breakfast table. Then all we see of him is just his newspaper and toothpick. He comes home late and goes right to bed."

We do not defend Mr. Stone's unblushing use of a toothpick at breakfast; but many men will sympathize with him in his reasonable conservatism and attribute his long continued absences from home to the domestic nagging. It's the old story of the conflict between two generations. The house, once thought so comfortable, stored with so many associations, is at last in an unfashionable quarter. The "environment" is not an aid to the daughter's social ambition. The wife begins to be ashamed of the street and feels like apologizing when she gives her address to new acquaintance or shop clerk. The husband-father is finally goaded into removal, and his remaining years are years of discomfort and loneliness. He feels himself a prisoner in a stuffy flat. He can no longer go upstairs to bed. There is no feeling of privacy. He no longer has a home. His only escape in case of unwelcome callers is the kitchen.

There are today men in the Back Bay who look back with tears in their eyes on the old home in the South end. They remember the roomy, solidly built, comfortable house, with large hall, broad staircase, cedar-lined closets, cellar attic. From the back window of the sitting room they saw a patch of green and grapevines. There was a little park in front, with trees, shrubbery, flowers, birds, children and nursery maids. There was a room upstairs that was sacred: the youngest child, the Benjamin, died in the back room of the second story. On Sunday friends dropped in to dine, and Judge Boompointer came around the night before for his game of cribbage and glass of old Medford. The neighbors began to move, and the mother and daughters at last had their way. The house was sold at a sacrifice. In the new home there is no room for the books; they are stored with old furniture and other things once valued. There is no open fire, for the hearths in the apartment house are merely decorative.

The old house is now a boarding house. Men sit by the windows on a Sunday with coats off reading the newspapers. Or a woman with her hair in curl papers yawns on the floor above a those on their way to church. The hal reeks with the boarding house smell There is a sign in the basement window "Sunday Dinner—Turkey and Ic Cream." The landlady sees from time t time an old gentleman standing opposit and looking wistfully at her house fro top story to basement. Why does h not ring the bell? There is a vacar room—the very room where the littl boy died. Has the placard fallen dow in the parlor window? But the ol gentleman never rings the bell. To hi the house is peopled by ghosts—t ghosts of his child, of his friends wl once were merry at table with him, a of his own happiness.

May 13. 1905

THE COURT.

During the winter the court is merel a hole between the two apartmen houses. Mrs. Johnson, who has d cided views on hygiene, keeps open window in each room that looks o on the court, but the opposite neighbo are afraid of air, and they live in dumb show, as far as the Johnso are concerned. A sewing-woman ma sit by a window; the maid in the kitc en leaves off work for a passage c arms with the grocer's boy; there a friends at table across the way; the may be courting; and the Johnso catch glimpses in the flats below c preparations for the night, but the scenes are all noiseless, pantomim Although there are five or six railwa tracks close to the kitchens of th houses, although street cars whizz c groan in the street below the parlor Mrs. Johnson speaks to callers of th delightful quiet of the neighborhoo and while she speaks the house quive and shakes and the door-harp laug in metallic cachinnation.

The warm days come, and lo, th court is as a sounding-board. There now enforced intimacy. All window are open. The Johnsons are sudden aware of domestic differences in the fl where all seemed happiness too dee for words. Nagging, bickering, con plaints, revilings—a woman's shrill s prano—a man's grumbling bass—th soft, thick voice of the "colored help —the shriek of a badly trained child these form a domestic symphony tha is more realistic than the one ima ined in music by Richard Strauss. Eac flat proclaims its happiness or woe. A belated reveller coughs alcoholically an insists on taking a bath at an absur hour. A staid citizen reads the whol of an evening newspaper in a nas voice to his deaf mother-in-law. Boot tossed on the floor by those undressin sound like dumb-bells dropped by cannon-ball tosser. The young woma with pronounced musical talent—th true Belle Dame Sans Merci—practise faithfully the difficult sonata. "I won' stand it any longer" is a remark tha borne through the night air, admit of various interpretations. Does it re fer to the sonata or to the reprehensibl conduct of some unworthy spouse? Fa down the court are groans, or a voic as in delirium. "I saw them taking can of oxygen into the next house, said Mr. Johnson on Monday, wishin to be sociable at dinner; and on th following Friday a coffin was carrie with some difficulty down the neighbo ing stairway, while the children of th block were in high glee on the side walk. That night one of the flats wa dark; but there was boisterous woo ing in the basement, and the alcoholi cough was accompanied by the soun of stumbling feet and violent treat ment of furniture that stood appareatl in unexpected places. Man is a gre garious animal.

REASSURING.

The Emperor William is breathing
t threatenings and slaughter. The
panese are a scourge of God, and it
ay yet be the pious duty of the Ger-
ans to take up Russia's lask in op-
sing the yellow peril. Therefore the
rman officers and soldiers should at
ce give up beer and wine, and the
ficers especially, with the assistance
their corsets, should live a straight-
ed life. Hot air, do you say? Yes,
t air that may yet set the eastern
misphere in a blaze, for the per-
ious activity of the restless William
ay soon find play outside opera-bouffe.
ere is much inflammable material to
tch fire from the breath of his dis-
ded nostrils. Yet, in the midst of
rs and the rumors of wars comes
assuring news from Berlin; good old
stoms will be observed at the wed-
g of Crown Prince William and
chess Cecilia. There will be a torch-
ht dance, and each guest will re-
ve a garter with the monogram of
bride.

Dances with lighted torches were
own in France five centuries or more
o. Sometimes the cavalier stepped
ward with a lighted taper or torch,
nced nimbly around the room, then
se a partner with whom he danced
a moment, gave her the torch and
nt back to his seat. She in turn
ced a cavalier to dance with her and
n handed him the torch. Sometimes
h dancer, provided with a torch, tried
blow out his neighbor's while pro-
ting his own. In the seventeenth
tury this dance was chiefly per-
med in France at weddings of the
bility.

n Germany the tapers carried by the
lemen were many colored. When
dance was revived at Berlin, in
21, wax torches were used. The
nce and princess walked solemnly
und the room, and they were fol-
ed by councillors and ministers, ac-
ding to their rank. The princess
ced to the King and asked him to
nce; she afterward danced with all
princes, while the bridegroom was
ally courteous to the princesses.
dance is not unlike a polonaise,
it was performed at the wedding
tivities at the court of Russia when
Duke of Edinburgh married the
r's daughter. There was also a
geous "Fackeltanz" at the marriage
Margaret, sister of William II., with
nce Frederick Charles of Hesse.
elve pages entered the white salon
9 P. M. They bore holders of
ught silver, which held thick white
x candles, and presented them to
lve ministers. The married couple
n walked behind these ministers,
made the tour of the room, and
chamberlains brought up the rear.
ey all stopped before the Emperor.
e bride made a curtsey; the Em-
or rose and offered her his arm. The
cession again went round the room,
the bridegroom invited the Em-
ss. The "dance" continued for an
r, until all the princes had marched
h the bride and all the princesses
h the bridegroom. At the end,
es, Emperor and Empress, princes
princesses, formed in two lines at
door of the bridal chamber, and the
g couple passed between them.
n the chief bridesmaid distributed
of the bride's garter among the
pany; not the real garter; but there
e several basketsful—bows of red
white silk, with the bride's initials
old and silver.

his ceremony of the garter is a very
one, observed in many lands and
ong the rich and the poor, by nobles
by peasants. Some, no doubt, still
ember the delightful scene in one of
enbach's operettas—is it "La Jolie
fumeuse"? Even in the north of
gland the young men at a wedding
eavored immediately after the cere-
ny to take off the bride's garter in
rch, before the altar. She was gar-
ed with ribbons, which were gen-
lly left untied. The winners in the
test wore the garters in their hats.
some places, to prevent this scene,
bride gave away the garters, which
carried in her corsage. In other
ces the bride, after the wedding sup-
untied her ribbons and let the
bride-men pull them off. Some folk-
lorists look back for the origin of this
custom to the ancient ceremony of
loosening the zone, and there are anti-
quarians who trace the origin of the
Order of the Gartér to the nuptial cere-
mony just described.

It is much better for the Emperor to
revive these old customs than to be
making trouble in Morocco or compar-
ing the Mikado to Attila. Can he not
be content with prancing in the torch-
light dance to the music of any one
of the three pompous dances that
Meyerbeer wrote for the weddings of
as many Prussian princesses?

May 14. 1905

FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Mr. Napier Lothian now completes his service of 50 years as an orchestral conductor, and there will be commemoration of this event at the Boston Theatre on Monday night.

Would that Mr. Lothian could be persuaded to write his reminiscences while his memory is still fresh, for the volume would be entertaining and of permanent value to all interested in the history of the playhouse. At the present day the orchestra leader of a theatre is often a mere intermediary between the manager of the local theatre and the musical director of the visiting company. In the old days his duties were of much importance. Not only did he lead his men in the overtures and entr'actes chosen by him; he was expected to provide incidental music, to suit the needs of the piece and the stage; to accommodate himself to the whims of comedians, pantomimists, dancers; to compose off-hand 20 measures for this bit of business suddenly introduced; to accentuate by appropriate music of his own the effect of a scene or situation. He had much to do with stage business, and was counsellor, adviser, critic, as well as musician.

The early life of Mr. Lothian was adventurous. Born in New York city, he was generally useful as a boy in the Chatham Theatre, but he studied the violin, and when, in 1849, he went with his father, a musician before him, to look for gold in California, he took his violin. Many were his adventures on the way, from the time the party floated down the Mississippi in a species of Noah's Ark till he began giving concerts in Sacramento in 1852. On the journey he knew privations, and even hunger. He still remembers vividly the day when there was fear lest the provisions would give out, when pilot biscuits were dealt out as cards to the members of the party; each one was expected to look out for himself until the Fort was reached, and as his father had paid half-price for his boy, young Napier received a biscuit on only every other deal, although his appetite was twice that of a grown man.

In San Francisco he joined the minstrel company of Backus and Burbank, and the story of those early minstrel days, when Magulre was the great western manager, is one of much interest. At that time in California there was three truly popular tunes: "The Arkansas Traveller," "The Gal on the Log," and "Gray Eagle," a strathspey that was played when the horse Gray Eagle won a famous race. Young Napier was recognized as a master on the plains and the goldfields by his performance of "The Arkansas Traveller," and more than once he paid his way by playing it in rough saloon or gambling hell. In San Francisco he became acquainted with Charles Burke, whose memory as a star he still cherishes, and with Mrs. John Wood, who then and long afterward befriended him. He returned East with Christy's minstrels, but went as orchestra leader with Mrs. Wood when she took the Winter Garden in New York. Here his readiness and skill found full employment, for Mrs. Wood herself was most versatile. Mr. Lothian had, as a boy, donned a girl's skirt, and learned thoroughly the principles of ballet dancing; he had served later as a pantomimist; he had played in comedy. The theatre was his home and he was familiar with every detail of the service. Did Mrs. Wood, with a few notes in her voice, appear as Amina in "La Sonnambula"? The missing tones were cunningly supplied in the orchestra while she acted the part inimitably. Those were comparatively simple days, when Joseph Jefferson would write to a friend in Boston that he was earning $10 a week and was comfortable.

There had long been rivalry between Dodworth's band and the band led by the elder Lothian. The former wished at last to retire from the business, and he sent for the son of his old rival. The name "Dodworth" was kept, but Mr. Lothian was the leader when he was persuaded to come to Boston in 1862 to take charge of the orchestra for Morris Brothers' minstrels. The elder Morris had a peculiar way of keeping the receipts. Each night they were put into a scrap of newspaper and then carried in an inside pocket until the end of the week, when after the necessary expenses were provided for, the balance was divided. There was then no thought of a bank account. Good luck turned Morris' head, and he wished to own and control a real theatre. The Continental was hastily built, and Morris, who had been advised by Mr. Lothian to secure E. L. Davenport as manager and leading actor, but shrank from the idea of paying a large salary, soon came to grief. Mr. Lothian, however, remained at the Continental until his close friend Koppitz, then at the Boston Theatre, was called as musical director to Selwyn's Theatre, which had just been built. Mr. Lothian went to the Boston Theatre in 1868, and has remained there ever since.

He was often invited to take other positions and actors and actresses who knew the man and his capabilities would send for him to give them his services. For some years his orchestra was famous at the Grand Union in Saratoga and more than once was Mr. Lothian, a favorite with the guests, begged to play "The Arkansas Traveller" for the pleasure of a southern judge and his friends.

But one should hear Mr. Lothian's reminiscences from his own mouth; his picturesque descriptions of stage people once celebrated, now, alas, almost forgotten save by veteran theatregoers; stories of the Ravels, and how Gabriel, an old man, after Blondin and another distinguished tight-rope walker in the company, had done surprising feats, danced a hornpipe on the rope to the amazement of the audience and the dismay of Mr. Lothian, who could not fiddle fast enough for him, so incredible was Gabriel's agility; stories of Burke and Charley Thorne of the earlier years, of Jefferson in San Francisco and how he failed there with "Rip Van Winkle"; of Elize Ostinelli, afterward the wife of an Italian marquis; of Lotta and how he surprised her by his dancing as William A. Bokus when he played the part with her; of the peculiarities, whims, generosity, extravagances, sad endings of so many that furnished amusement or thrilled the spectators. Not the least interesting of the these stories is that of the origin of the Boston Ideals, how Mary Beebe happened to be engaged, of the doubt at first of any permanent success, and of Mr. Lothian's large share in the establishment of the company. Mr. Lothian tells his reminiscences with unfailing good humor and with critical discrimination in judgment, as one that not only has seen and heard, but has himself been closely associated on and off the stage with those whom he remembers kindly. Mr. Lothian will tell some of his experiences on Monday night. It is a pity that his adventures are not put down for the delectation of a coming generation.

THE 1000TH "POP" CONCERT.

The management of the "Pop" concerts should be congratulated and take a justifiable pride in the fact that tomorrow evening will be the occasion of the 1000th concert of the series. The maintenance of the "Pops" during all these years shows that Managers Ellis and Comee, who have had charge of them throughout their history, thoroughly understand the wants of the Boston musical public. The concerts occupy a unique place in the musical events of this year, and have done not a little to add to the social enjoyment of residents and visitors. The orchestra that has been steadily employed at the "Pops" has always represented the best instrumental talent obtainable, and it is not surprising that foreigners who have heard these concerts for the first time so frequently express their surprise at the high standard of work done by the men of the orchestra as compared with that of the great European capitals. Conductor Adamowski has done not a little in maintaining the high standard of these concerts in recent years. Tomorrow evening the first waltz on the list will be that by Strauss, "A Thousand and One Nights," and among the popular numbers which justify the title "Reminiscence Night" are selections from "Robin Hood" and the "Sphinx," Gillet's "Loin du Bal," Handel's "Largo" and the march "Up the Street." These concerts will be continued this month and next.

PERSONALS.

The Herald publishes today a picture of Miss Isadora Duncan, the American dancer, who has made a sensation in European cities by her dances expressive of musical compositions and pictures and statues. Her bare-ankled artistry has already been described in The Herald. The picture is from a photograph of Von Kaulbach's painting of her. The Herald also publishes portraits of Mr. Napier Lothian in the sixties and today.

Mr. Gardner Lamson, formerly of Boston, will sing early next season at the Essen-Dortmund opera houses.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch will make Chicago his home for at least a year or more.

Another infant phenomenon, Vivien Chartres, a 9-year-old violinist and a pupil of Sevcik at Prague, will make her first appearance in London tomorrow night. Her father is a leader writer on a London daily, and her mother is an Italian poet, Annie Vicanti.

John Baptiste Calkin, whose church music is well known here, died at London April 15. He was born at London in 1827.

Mr. Walter Damrosch said to a New York Sun reporter on May 10 that Mr. Felix Weingartner would "play with" the Boston Symphony orchestra and elsewhere next season, in addition to his engagements in New York as a conductor. Did Mr. Damrosch mean by this that Mr. Weingartner will conduct a Symphony concert here?

Maria de Macchi, the dramatic soprano who visited Boston with Mr. Conried's troup, will travel through this country next season with her own Italian company.

Prof. Harry B. Jepson of Yale University gave an organ recital in Jordan Hall last Wednesday evening, complimentary to the New England Conservatory of Music. The programme included selections from Wildor, Bach, Jepson, Ropartz, DeBoeck and Gigout.

Edwin Klahre of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall Thursday evening. The programme included pieces by Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin, Rubenstein, Kjerulf, Liszt.

A HANDBOOK to Chopin's Works," by G. C. Ashton Jonson, is published by Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York. Mr. Jonson, an Englishman, says in the preface: "This book is not intended to be read straight through and then placed upon the shelf. It is a handbook, a kind of musical 'Baedeker,' a guide through the 'Thoughtland and Dreamland' of Chopin's Kingdom."

Some time ago a correspondent, E. S. B., put these questions to The Herald:

(a) "What is the best life of Chopin?"

(b) "Is the ideal of (sic) Chopin playing to play as he played his own music; and how do persons of the present day know what this was? If they do, why is there no recognized standard?"

(c) "Can Tschaikowsky's Life by his brother be read in English?"

The most complete, the authoritative life of Chopin is by Frederick Niecks. It is in two volumes, and it is published by Novello & Co. A more concise and less expensive work, "Chopin," by J. Cuthbert Hadden, published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., is excellent in all respects, though Mr. Jonson characterizes it as superfluous. Then there is Mr. Huneker's biographical sketch of 85 pages in his study of Chopin, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. For the interpretation of the works themselves, Jean Kleczynski's "Three Lectures" should be consulted.

The second question of the correspondent might easily serve as a text for a long and unsatisfactory discussion. Contemporaries of Chopin described his playing. Some dwelt upon the exquisite spontaneity of his freedom in rhythm, his rubato, the marvellous charm of his poetic expression. These descriptions are familiar, but a remark of Moscheles is even more significant to us: "His piano is so delicate that no very strong forte is required to give the desired contrast. Thus we do not miss the orchestral effects which the German school demands from a pianist, but feel ourselves carried away as by a singer who, paying little heed to the accompaniment, abandons himself to his feelings." It should be remembered that the monstrous machine, the modern concert-grand, was then unknown, and the pianist seldom played in a huge hall. Any pianist, therefore, who chooses to treat Chopin's music in a "manly," "heroic" spirit, or plays in a conscientiously exact, precise, analytical manner is far from the true Chopin, as far as the one that slobbers in sentimentalism. It is also impossible to think of Chopin playing either one of his concertos in Symphony Hall with an orchestra as large as that which usually accompanies. There is a standard recognized by many who have given much attention to Chopin's music, and, although certain pianists known prominently as Chopin players may differ in shades of interpretation, in certain moods of detail, the prevailing spirit is the same. It is not at all probable that Chopin himself ever played one of his compositions twice exactly in the same manner. "No very strong forte" was required, so delicate was his piano. Mr. de Pachmann, now easily the first of all players of Chopin's music, has profited shrewdly by this remark of Moscheles.

Mr. John Lane of London will soon publish an English translation of Modest Tschaikowsky's life of his brother Peter. Alas, the Life in this form will be abridged.

To go back to Mr. Jonson's book. It is not intended to be a biography. After a short chapter, "Chopin's Postion Among the Great Masters," the life of the composer is sketched in six pages. A few pages are devoted to Chopin as a virtuoso, a teacher, his taste in music, and the various editions of his works—the three best editions, according to Mr. Jonson, are Klindworth's, Theodor Kullak's, and Breitkopf and Haertel's. There is a bibliography with critical notes. A table of the works with dates of composition and publication and with names of persons to whom the works were dedicated, with a chronological list of the works in approximate order of their composition completes the introductory section. The main portion of the book consists of a short account of each composition, its distinguishing features and its relative importance, notes of any interest, and "an epitome of comments or criticisms that have been made upon it by all the great writers, critics, biographers and virtuosi who have written about Chopin and his works." These compositions are grouped according to the opus numbers.

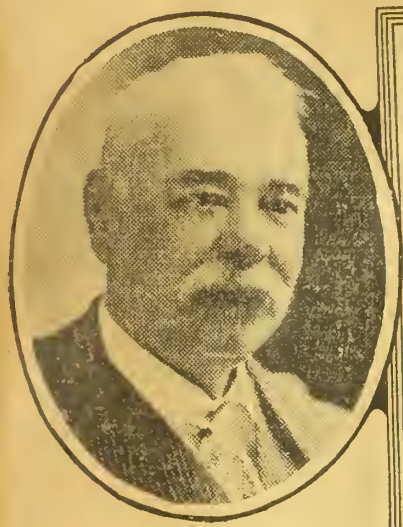
Take, for instance, the ballade in G minor, op. 23. First, there is a general note about the four ballades, their characteristics. It has been said that each has a story, and that the performer must have a definite idea of this story before he can give a satisfactory interpretation, but Rubinstein's warning against the fetters of any inexorably preconceived interpretation is quoted. Remarks by Karasowski, Ehlert, Bie, Niecks, Kleczynski and Huneker are added. Then the ballade in G minor is considered by itself. The reader learns the opinions of the composer, Schumann, Karasowski, Kleczynski, Huneker, concerning the music, its moods, its intention. There is an analysis of the structure, helpful and not too technical.

Mr. Jonson's own comments are often shrewd, often poetic and generally sane. Thus he mentions the title "The Winter Wind," given to the Etude op. 25, No. 11, the one in A minor: "It has not, however, a wintry chill about it. It is more a reflection of late autumn." And he quotes as a suitable motto these lines from a poem by George Meredith:

"The great Southwest drives o'er the Earth,
And loosens all his roaring robes behind him
Over moor and field."

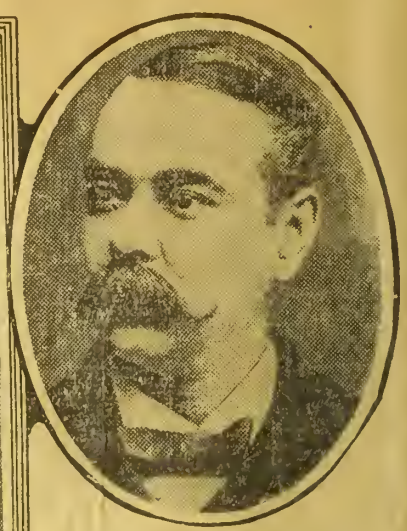
This volume should be a familiar handbook to all teachers and students of the piano. It will interest the concert-goer, and, if he be unprejudiced, it will assist him in discriminative criti-

NEW BOOKS ON MUSIC AND BIOGRAPHIES OF MUSICIANS



NAPIER LOTHIAN
Today.

ISADORA DUNCAN, DANCER.



NAPIER LOTHIAN
In the Sixties.

A VALUABLE BAEDEKER TO CHOPIN'S WORKS

Napier Lothian's Fifty Years' Service as an Orchestra Leader; One Thousandth "Pop" Concert Tomorrow Night; Recitals.

cism of the various interpreters. The book cannot be too highly commended. Mr. Jonson says on his title-page that the volume is for the use of concert-goers, pianists and pianola players, and in the introductory note he pays a tribute to the pianola, "which has rendered it easy for any one sufficiently interested to acquire quickly and systematically an intimate knowledge of the works of the greatest masters." He purposes to write similar handbooks to the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg and other composers.

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Sir Edward Elgar.

"Sir Edward Elgar," by Robert J. Buckley, is the second volume of the series, "Living Masters of Music," published by John Lane of London and New York. The editor of the series, Mrs. Newmarch, says that the distinguishing features of the books will be "that touch of intimacy which gives to contemporary biography its greatest value and vitality. * * * Biographical matter will not be neglected, but each book will aim at being an essay on the man and his work, rather than a detailed biography." This essay on Elgar, as the one on Henry J. Wood by Mrs. Newmarch, is one of most enthusiastic eulogy. There is no attempt at any discriminative judgment. The panegyrical pitch is maintained from the beginning to the end. The boy Elgar is described as "a compound of Keltic fire and fancy, derived from some remote unknown ancestor, and the cold, stern determination of the practical Anglo-Saxon; baffled hero, victorious there; every achievement a new point of departure, every summit painfully gained displaying a wider prospect; the very obstacles in his path arousing a keener spirit of combat, a deeper resolution to emerge a conqueror." If Elgar had not been brought up with musical surroundings, he might have been a poet; he "might have emulated Dante or Milton." "He was born to high emprise." "To him a sonata of Beethoven was as clusters of grapes in the vineyards of Eshcol and a Bach prelude and fugue more to be desired than much fine gold." The boy was impressionable; the transition in the minuetto of Beethoven's first symphony to the key of D flat and back to C "left him breathless." "Preludes and fugues innumerable flowed from his ever-busy pen." And all this was before he was 15 years old!

In this bifalutin manner, Mr. Buckley follows th career of his hero. Even when Elgar smoked a pipe at the meetings of the Worcester Glee Club, the pipe was not "a puny briar of these degenerate days," but an antique church warden, "whose length suggested a dignified aloofness and whose curling incense gave a glory to the scene." Mr. Buckley visited Elgar at his cottage under the shadow of the Malvern hill. He saw him in a sunny tent on the lawn. In this tent were easy chairs, a table and a couch, which at once reminded Mr. Buckley of Rossini dashing off operas in bed. Elgar said to him: "No man has a greater reverence for Bach than I. I play three or four preludes and fugues from the 'Well Tempered Klavier' every day." In the cottage itself he told him that he wrote a certain recitative and chorus, "As Jesus passed by," 6000 feet above the sea level. "It has at least that claim to be called high art," he remarked airily; and a bit of a wag, too. Yet he is not "a great laugher in point of cachinnation. He laughs internally, deeply, silently. Still he laughs out occasionally, though seldom. His laugh is not melodious. Rather is it harmonic, a dissonance, a sort of minor second that is never resolved." Elgar expresses a strong desire to know everything about everything. "But for his pipe he would lack repose." If the critics had known enough they would have felt on hearing "Froissart" like paraphrasing Macaulay's remark on Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity"; any one stanza is enough to prove that a great genius was born to the world. "King Olaf" showed that here was a man who "could reconcile Bach and Berlioz, Handel and Wagner." Elgar is "a genius of many facets—a receptive nature saturated with the tints that make the rainbow of beauty." Yet there is a picture of him in which he is smoking a cigar and aware of the fact that he is being photographed, and he looks singularly like ordinary men who are not saturated with tints save that of tobacco smoke.

There are passages in the "Te Deum" that "sound like soul transcriptions."

As for "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," they are mirifick works. The critics, sunk in fine frenzy, find it hard to keep pace with the composer. "Swinging up the slopes of Parnassus with ever increasing length of stride, he leaves them panting, breathless, declaring that the ascent is too steep, or, if less candid, that the last peak was the highest, and that further climbing is but climbing down." For again we are told that Elgar is a true genius, one that "lives in the age to come, is often so far in advance as to be almost out of sight, a mere dot on the horizon." Not only is Elgar without a rival as an orchestral expert except Strauss, "and in knowledge of the poetry of the individual instruments Elgar is probably first," but, pray, listen to this—Mr. Buckley's outburst demands a separate paragraph.

"To listen to 'Gerontius' or 'The Apostles' is to be left in an emotional state wholly unlike that induced by any other composer. If there is a trace of Wagner it is a Wagner of more tenderness; if of Berlioz, a Berlioz of greater depth and reality; if of Tschaikowsky, a Tschaikowsky of sweet reasonableness and celestial hope."

Why should such a book be published except possibly by the firm that owns the copyrights of the composer's chief works? The list of Elgar's compositions, with the opus numbers, has a certain value, otherwise the volume is merely a rhapsody of Mr. Robert J. Buckley, whose swollen eulogy is as sounding brass of a tinkling cymbal. It is better to write the life of a composer after he is dead. To express a final opinion on his works during his lifetime would be injurious to him if such an opinion were possible, or expressed in cool, judicial language. Sir Edward Elgar is undoubtedly a man of parts, whose now famous works may seem to later generations creditable to an Englishman, works that show technical skill, fine passages, and much that is dull or singularly commonplace and sentimental. He has enjoyed during the last two years the benefits of a carefully worked boom, so that he may be excused for taking himself very seriously; but if he has a sense of humor he will laugh "internally, deeply, silently" at Mr. Buckley's book, which deserves a prominent place among the curiosities of musical literature.

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Other Biographies.

The Herald some time ago praised highly Mr. Newman's "Wagner," the first volume of a series, "The Music of the Masters," published in this country by Brentano, New York. The volumes "Tschaikowsky," by E. Markham Lee, and "Beethoven," by Ernest Walker, are not of equal worth; the study of Beethoven is far superior to that of Tschaikowsky. Mr. Lee, although an M. A. and a D. Mus of Cambridge, is not the man to write about Tschaikowsky. In the first place, he knows little about the composer's life, or he would not make this astonishing statement: "The fourth symphony, * * * dedicated to 'this best friend' (whoever that may have meant at that time)." Nor are his statements of fact always accurate. See his remarks, for instance, about the "Pathetic" symphony. The title was given by Modest, not Peter Tschaikowsky. There was "a definite set of ideas" in Peter's mind when he wrote the symphony. His marriage was not "mysterious," but it was unfortunate. Mr. Lee wrote without knowledge of Modest's life of his brother, and he leans with childlike faith on the shoulder of Mrs. Newmarch, who is, by no means, a safe guide. In his criticism he is, first of all, patronizing. He deplores the "pessimism" of the composer, and does not appreciate the oriental qualities that characterize much of his work. Thus the marvellous trio in the 5-4 movement of the "Pathetic" symphony has "somewhat wearying dimensions," and "one tends to tire a little of the very persistent and prominent reiteration of the tonic in this peculiar rhythm." Mr. Lee would have, undoubtedly, displayed more enthusiasm in a book on Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, or some other highly orthodox English composer. Mr. Lee is a M. A., yet we find him speaking of a "bourn" as though the word meant realm or domain, and not a boundary, a limit, or a goal (p. 125). The analyses of the less familiar orchestral works of Tschaikowsky are not without interest.

Mr. Walker is also a M. A. and likewise a D. Mus., but Oxford is his university. His "Beethoven" opens with a chronological table of the composer's life. The compositions are grouped and considered, and the final chapter is a study of Beethoven's music as a whole. A remark at the beginning of the first chapter, "Choral Music," might easily prejudice the reader and persuade him to put down the book. Speaking of "Christus am Oelberg," the writer says: "The trio for the Seraph, Jesus and Peter is almost as cheerful as Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' (though, of course, far better as music)." Why "of course, far better"? Does Mr. Walker really think this trio better music than Rossini's "Sancta Mater" or "Quando Corpus"? But such rash and conventional statements—statements that are no doubt expected by the smug English public—are, fortunately, few. Mr. Williams has the courage to say: "It is comparatively rarely that we meet in Beethoven's songs music that would be worth troubling about were it not for the magic of his name." The descriptions of the chief works are as a rule sensible, free from extravagance in praise, yet highly and discriminatively appreciative. Mr. Williams has not the original thought or the literary incisiveness, color or imagination of Mr. Newman, but his comments are often shrewd in substance and in expression. Thus he speaks happily of the pianissimo end of the "Coriolanus" overture, "where the fiery chief subject gradually fades and flickers into silence." To him Beethoven, though a Titan, is not flawless, not infallible. The greater part, if not all, of the chapter on his music as a whole is excellent. There is a sense of historical perspective; there is a sense of proportion. "It is only the very youthful and shallow person who thinks that 'Le Nozze di Figaro' is any the less a masterpiece because 'Goetterdaemmerung' is written for a larger orchestra and deals with more complex emotions." In Beethoven's third period "We find side by side grim uncouthness and unearthly serenity, wild passion and noble majesty, inconsequential antics and delicate charm, tortuous involutions and limpid simplicity." There are many sayings that might be quoted: "Beethoven came not to destroy, but to fulfil"; "His great slow movements—which, after all, are those portions of his works that most of us usually think of primarily when his name is mentioned—are, so to speak, full of all the lights and shades of humanity, as no music was before and extremely little music has been since." "No composer has suffered so much at the hands of what may be called the interviewer type of critic, who simply will not at any price let the work of a great artist speak for itself." Mr. Williams says, with reference to the great work of the composer: "All kinds of performers, from the rigid dullard to the inherent sentimentalist, can do their worst

them; but they remain with all their rength and beauty undiminished and exhaustible. * * * And the more we udy the great music of Beethoven or ny one else, the more do we recognize e impossibility of 'describing' anything t the mere shell. It has no 'meang,' it is simply itself; and great art something in connection with which nguage, which after all is only one the media for the expression of ought, is both inadequate and irrelent." The book is an excellent one for ident or general reader.

"Beethoven: a Character Study. Tother with Wagner's Indebtedness to ethoven," by George Alexander seher, is published by Dodd, Mead & , New York. This study is practiclv a life of the composer, with occaal comments on important works. is a serious work, and it, as a rule, is mmonplace in its seriousness. Little, anything, is said that has not been d before, and this sentence will give air idea of the author's expression of ginal thought. "The naturlangsamt necessary to the birth of any great work sometimes extends to its recltion and appreciation by the public."

"Modern Composers of Europe," hy thur Elson, published by L. C. Paige Co., Boston, is a compilation which l be of material assistance to those o do not know where to find the rces of information that were open the compiler, volumes in French, rman and English, music periodicals l programme books. The author gives graphical sketches of French, Russn, Bohemian, German, Italian, Nethand, Scandinavian and English comsers, and he indulges himself in critl remarks, which are often necessarilborrowed, for he has had no opporhity of hearing many of the works scribed or in some instances of even ding the scores. As the critical reks are often those of broad-minded l sensitive men of knowledge, expence and appreciation, they may be d with pleasure. When the author aks for himself, he refers gayly to e meaningless ravings of some of the ter-day French harmony-jugglers," aningless, of course, to him, for en he says that Debussy "chooses to ue all his music with a studied queness of effect, and wander through aze of ever-changing keys and harnies," he shows that he has not en the trouble to acquaint himself h Debussy's harmonic system, which founded on as fixed laws as any sysn approved by Richter or Jadassohn. nt-Saens, it appears, has not, like se modern strange and fearsome d-fowl, "thrown over the older melic simplicity to struggle frantically in sea of tone that gushed forth at reuth and inundated the world." As matter of fact, the ultra-modern nch school, represented by Cesar nck, Gabriel Faure, Debussy, d'Indy, been affected slightly, if at all, by gner. The members of this school ired, they did not imitate. There is e of Massenet than of Wagner in ussy's music, but Debussy is chiefly self. In the list of young English posers we miss the name of, perps, the most remarkable of them all, ef Holbrooke, who by some leading lish critics is hailed as the coming n, by reason of his imagination and e orchestral expression. The book undoubtedly be of service to many, account of the biographical matter. re are 30 or more portraits of compers.

LOCAL.

"The Omos of Omona," a two-act ic opera, book by W. H. Gardner, sic by H. P. Odell, both Bostonians, be performed at Jordan Hall on t Monday and Tuesday evenings by Massachusetts Choral Society. The f singers will be Adele Okie, Laura Bestwick, Anna B. Fitz, Paula denschuh, Emma C. Munster, Mer- D. Nason, William Wilson, D. E. ven, T. W. Wingfield, Charles E. erson, J. E. Thornton, Charles T. . There will be special costumes deed by Mr. Harry C. Whorf; Mr. Coleman will have charge of the cing, and the composer will conduct. plot is as follows: Three comedians landed by shipwreck in Omona, and mistaken for royal personages travg incog. The monarch Omo is kidned the day they arrive, and two of comedians are chosen to rule jointly is stead. The monarch at last retus, and the comedians retire from ofe. The stranded play actress rems as the bride of the prime minis-

recital will be given at the Faelten oforte school on Tuesday evening, n Miss Mary Hoit, Miss Louise Jens- Miss Ada M. Loveland and Miss a M. Browning will play solo pieces. overture to "Tannhaeuser" will be ed by eight pianists, and there will llustrations of general training. Res were given on Friday and Saty evenings.

e Verdi Orchestral Club, Mr. John Hockton conductor, assisted by Mrs. rles F. Proctor, soprano, will give last concert of its seventh season in kering Hall on Tuesday evening. orchestral pieces will be by Keler t, Gounod, Langey, J. Strauss, Ben- Reinecke, Corri, Verdi, Rollinson. Proctor will sing an aria by Verdi songs by Becker and Barnby.

. John C. Manning gave a Chopin tal under the auspices of the Dorter Social Club of Women May 8.

sacred concert will be given this ing in Steinert Hall by Mr. Arvid lund, baritone from the Royal Opera, kholm, and Mrs. Dagmer Moltrecht plund, pianist, assisted by the Har- male chorus, in aid of the Swedish ers' emergency fund. The programme will include airs by Verdi, Gou- Thomas, Soederman, Reissiger, se, a piano piece by Saint-Saens and choruses by Reissiger, Duering, Gustaf and Kuntze.

STRAUSS AGAIN.

Richard Strauss' "Domestic" symphony was performed in London for the second time on April 1, and the composer conduetcd. The Pall Mall Gazette was moved to say: "Strauss is one of those very fortunate modern men who, although being modern among the the modern, is acclaimed with enthusiasm by practically every musical artist in western Europe. This last symphony of his, as we have already observed in these columns, is a work which combines intense complexity with an intensely beautiful simplicity. A certain American paper rather went out of its way to attack the present writer because he made a point of the essential simplicity of Strauss. By using such a phrase we have no idea of rejecting any thought which is concerned with the complexity of this great master's scores. Strauss uses every possible means known at present in the musical world in order to complete his musical idea. That idea, however, in everything which he has written in recent years is perfectly intelligible, and, as we have said, simple to anybody who has 'ears to hear.' All the elaboration with which he adorns that essential conception is due to his magnificent understanding of the modern orchestra. A man may write a composition in which he uses all such orchestral resource, and yet there may be no simplicity of idea running, as a golden thread, through the entire work. To put the matter in other words, Strauss is, from a musical point of view, gloriously decorative. That is to say that he knows precisely how to clothe in the most magnificent garments the central greatness and emotional humanity of his elemental thought. To analyze precisely his method of work would possibly be to lend oneself to a varlety of contradictions; but this is certainly the impression which his last and greatest work has left upon us, and we do not think that we are very wide of the mark in setting down this theory; for, indeed, we have found the work of Richard Strauss most easy to follow essentially, however difficult it may he to follow in detail. In any case, his genius is now universally recognized, and it is a fine thought for musicians in England to remember that they have been among the most prominent to give him the applause and the encouragement, or 'the wreaths and roses,' which in his lifetime are due to him, and which even his assured future renown could not possibly give him in such fulness."

May 15, 1905
H. M. Ticknor
died May 13 at
San Francisco.
born in Boston July 4
1836.

Mr. Ticknor wrote for many years with vigor and taste on dramatic and musical subjects. His education had been broad and his acquirements were varied. He had a wide knowledge of the literature of several countries, he had lived abroad in an atmosphere of art, he had studied thoroughly the principles of elocution and song, he had heard the most distinguished singers and virtuosos of the opera house and concert hall, he had seen the famous tragedians and comedians of 40 or more successive years. His critical opinions were therefore something more than the expression of a passing whim or the outburst of one suddenly surprised into admiration or dislike.

He believed firmly in canons of art, and his belief was based on a knowledge of accepted rules and approved traditions. At the same time his mind was constantly receptive, and although he would have agreed to the proposition of M. Anatole France that the object of art is beauty, not fixed truth, he would have added that forms and definitions of beauty may change with the generations. Though his taste was naturally conservative, he was warm in his appreciation of strength and beauty whenever he found it expressed in stage situation or dialogue, or in music by a modern, without regard to the nationality of this modern.

His Mind Was Richly Stored and His Articles Scholarly.

His articles were written, apparently, with great care, as though for a review rather than a journal; yet he was an uncommonly rapid writer. His mind was richly stored, and even a dull play or a concert of mediocre interest was full of suggestion to him. One thought led quickly to another; there were apt comparisons, pertinent reminiscences, illustrative digressions; so that the article, written easily and at one breath, in what Mr. Clement Scott once called the red-pepper hour of journalism when read the next morning was found to be sound and scholarly, readable and helpful. His criticism was not merely destructive; he would censure a reading, an interpretation that seemed to him unwarranted or false, and then he would suggest one by which the actor or musician would make a more striking or more legitimate effect. And he remembered the dictum of Goethe that it is the first duty of criticism to find and point out that which is good in a work. Remembering this, he was neither mealy-mouthed, nor namby-pamby.

He had an effective vein of sarcasm, which was used effectively against that which he thought prejudicial to the best interests of art, and he used this weapon also against the pretender, the incompetent, the charlatan.

Of late years he was more disposed to dismiss offenders or the inadequate in silence, and to spend his strength in encouragaing the young. His style had the measured tread, the sonorous cadence, the verbal elegance of the older school of writers who did not believe that literature and journalism were necessarily irreconcilable terms.

ANCIENT TRIBUTES.

Some time ago The Herald referred to tributes paid the character of the Japanese by Dean Swift and Defoe, who, of course, spoke only from the general report among Englishmen. There is a still earlier tribute by an Englishman, one R. Willis, who wrote in 1565 an account "Of the Island Japan and Other Little Iles in the East Ocean"; "The people are tractable, civill, wittie, courteous, without deceit, in vertue and honest conversation exceeding all other nations lately discovered, but so much standing upon their reputation, that their chief Idol may be thought honor." This account is to be found in Hakluyt's "Voyages." There are other interesting notes about the Japanese in Hakluyt's compilation: "They love war so well that they wear their swords even in their houses; they never cheat; they are generally tall and haughty; they handle the pike very dexterously and make it lighter and longer than ours; their language is very emphatical and stately like the genius of the nation whose manners are all great and haughty."

KINGS AND BARONS.

The terms king and baron are in common speech as applied to great manufacturers, merchants, promoters, monopolists, as silver king, nitrate king, alkali king, copper king, coal baron. The term king is more complimentary than baron, nor is it merely a question of degree, for baron, justly or unjustly, bears with it the remembrance of the fine old gentlemen in suits of armor who supported themselves by plundering the common people. This modern meaning of baron is not recognized by the New English dictionary, but king thus applied is traced back to the fourteenth century, "King among all the sons of pride." The application, however, is too general. Richard Nash, the beau, was known as the first King of Bath, but when was the appellation first applied to a commercial magnate? A story is told that is probably as good as any other that might be invented. When George Hudson, the first to develop railways, was living in great style at Albert Gate sixty-odd years ago, he received an abusive letter from an anonymuncule. The letter was addressed: "To George Hudson, Esq., the Railway King of Kings." Hudson's friends were greatly tickled and at once dubbed him the "Railway King", and a few weeks later the Times thus alluded to him. The poet Shelley spoke of the kings of thought "who waged contention with their time's decay," but what were they to the fur kings of the Northwest or the sugar kings of Jamaica in their palmy days?

WANTED.

WANTED—A capable maid-of-all-work to go into the country; small family; good wages.

Many housekeepers are now in despair. There is the cottage waiting in the mountains or by the sounding sea. But where is the faithful maid-of-all-work to go with the family to make the summer restful and a joy? Mrs. Johnson is told at the intelligence offices—O irony of the descriptive title!—that the maid-of-all-work is fast becoming extinct. Like the young doctor, the young servant girl now wishes to be a specialist, for if she be quick, capable, honest, she can by her specialty earn more money with less work. The luxury of living has grown to such an extent that even a family with a comparatively small income feels itself obliged to have at least two servants. As for the maid-of-all-work that is willing to go into the country for the summer, that will go and not weep violently on the back doorsteps because she is lonely, that will not sulk or leave after a month, regardless of prayers and curses, she is a unicorn in the servant kingdom; her price is far above rubies.

Mrs. Johnson has specious arguments when she addresses humbly Olga or Mary or Bridget: "Just think it over. You will be away from the hot and dirty city, you will have pure air and quiet. You will come back with a better complexion, your cheeks will be filled out, and you will have no temptation to spend your money. You will come back a different girl, ready for the winter's work." This girl is tempted by the thought of a church of her faith; this one by the promise of sea baths; another by drives with the family; another by the village library with a reading room and illustrated papers. The answer is either a stony stare, or a disdainful toss of the head, or an impudent laugh. "I went into the country last year and there was no excitement." "I went to a place and there were no street lamps." What is health, what is the beauty of nature to Norah? She is not to be won, even by the promise of an occasional drive over a sandy road behind a plug devoured by horseflies and goaded constantly to action by diligent use of the whip, now with lash and now with butt, and now with frantic yells.

Is this reluctance due to temporary separation from a young man? Mrs. Johnson has gone so far as to say: "You're a pretty girl, and there are nice fellows in the village. They'll take you sailing, and there's dancing in the town hall." It is her last card. Will it take a trick?

The girl who came from the country to go into service in the city seldom wishes to work again, even for two or three months, in the country. She prefers the basement room, the roar and the dust, the sight of the crowded streets, the Sunday outing. Dearer to her than the cooling swish of surf or smell of sun-kissed pines is the open street car, with her young man's arm around her, or the harbor excursion boat. In the country she is bored and not to be consoled. The isolation that means so much to the master and mistress is to her full of terror. She is naturally gregarious. Somewhere bands are playing and all her friends are there. She may endure the exile for a few weeks. On a roasting day in August she says she can stand it no longer—no, not for a dollar more a week. Mr. Johnson will be seen the day after pursuing his sociological studies in the intelligence offices of the city, while Mrs. Johnson and a guest appear in the amusing farce, "Light Housekeeping." He returns with a triumphant air, escorting the new girl, whom he has entertained on the way with fruit, candy, a picture magazine and sparkling conversation. Mrs. Johnson looks at her suspiciously. The girl's pompadour is immoral, and she has the general air of a stranded chorus girl of the back row. Two days afterward Mrs. Johnson announces her intention of going to Boston: "That girl will never do, Herkimer. She's fresh and she's an idiot in the kitchen. I caught her yesterday going to the beach with my bathing suit. I suppose you chose her for her shape. You'll have to pay her a week's wages and her fare. While I am gone you can take your meals at the washerwoman's. The walk will do you good." But will Mrs. Johnson be more fortunate in a choice?

May 16, 1905

ON BUSTLES.

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Halsey, secretary of the Presbyterian foreign missionary board, who returned last week from the Congo, brings the glad news that "Christianity is making advances in Africa. The natives become very much excited over it. The women of Bulu wear leaves tied about the waist with hemp, and a bustle of the same material."

Some time ago a lecturer in Cambridge was telling of the slow advance of certain savage races. He mentioned two or three tribes who still boil men and eat them. An optimistic woman rose from her seat and interrupted: "You say they boil them." "Yes," an-

swered the lecturer. "But is not that a step, a decided step forward? They no longer eat them raw." And so the bustle may be considered by the sanguine a step forward.

The Herald has already considered the threatened reappearance of crinoline. It is said that with this reappearance the bustle will also return. But has it disappeared? Has it not been worn in some form or other by civilized women for many years? Where did the word itself come from? From the substantive "bustle"—"activity with excitement"—or from the participal adjective "bustling"? Learned etymologists disagree on this important point. The thing itself was originally merely a species of pillow, which was tied about the waist. It was mentioned by gentle poets as early as the eighteenth century:

"Such locks the nymphs now wear (in silks who rustle),
In rich luxuriance reaching to the bustle."

Miss Mitford in 1830 described a woman with "a waist like a wasp, a magnificent bustle, and petticoats puffed out round the bottom." When did the wire monstrosity come in? In 1838 the bustle was a projecting mass of muslin, silk or cotton—there was no thought of a wire framework, euphemistically called "a dress improver." Dickens spoke in 1835 of "a little coquette with a large bustle," but he gave no minute description; nor did Trollope, when he mentioned the countess' bustle in "Barchester Towers." The slang synonym "bird cage," which came in about 1860, may give us a hint as to the appearance of the wire frame. Broadside ballads are invaluable in giving information as to fashions and fads. Read "The Agricultural Irish Girl," which was published forty-five years ago:

"She has no great education, for
She's not much past her letters;
But for acting like a lady, I
Would like to see her betters;
She does not read Ouida's works,
Nor How Bells' fashions pages;
And she does not wear those things behind
The ladies call bird cages."

The bustle was also known as the canary cage, the bishop, the false hereafter, and the French had ingenious synonyms, as volapuk, strapontin, lieutenant, nuage. There is a singular allusion to it in Poe's "Thousand-and-second Tale of Scheherazade." The Sultan listens to all sorts of incredible stories told by the inimitable Scheherazade, until she mentions accomplished ladies who, inspired by one of the evil genii, perpetually upon the watch to inflict ill, think personal beauty consists in a peculiar protuberance, and since bolsters are cheap in that country "the days have long gone by since it was possible to distinguish a woman from a dromedary." The Sultan cries out: "Stop! I can't stand that, and I won't. You have already given me a dreadful headache with your lies. * * * And then that dromedary touch—do you take me for a fool? Upon the whole, you might as well get up and be throttled."

Readers of books on African travel may wonder that the Bulus should affect a bustle, for nature has cushioned—generously—their bones. But as Burton says in his "Gorilla Land": "The negro combines with inordinate love of finery the true savage taste—an imitative nature—and where he cannot copy the Asiatic he must ape the European; only in the former pursuit he rises above, in the latter he sinks below his own proper standard." It's a pity that these African women, some of whom are undeniably pretty, should not draw the line at the bustle.

A NEW MOON.

A contributor to the Referee speaks of looking at the new moon, "not through glass, of course—it is my pet superstition to have the windows opened before I venture to glance at the new moon."

Many of us are scrupulous about seeing the new moon over the right shoulder or directly before us, but there is not enough attention paid the medium through which we look. It is true that the authorities differ in some instances, but these rules should be rigidly observed by prudent persons: Never look at the new moon for the first time through trees, through a veil or through glass. It is a good thing to bow to the new moon and turn over a silver coin in your pocket, for silver is the moon's own metal. If you have no silver, immediately turn head over heels. If a maiden looks at the first new moon of the year through a silk handkerchief which has never been washed, the threads will multiply the vision, and as many moons as she sees through the handkerchief, so many years will pass before she is married. And it is an easy matter to find out your fortune for the year without going to the astrologer, the clairvoyant or the wise woman. Take a pint of clear spring water on the first new moon and put into it the white of an egg laid by a white hen, a glass of white wine, three almonds peeled white, and a tablespoonful of white rose water. Drink the mixture on going to bed, in three draughts, and repeat these verses three several times in a clear voice, but not so loud that it can be overheard by anybody:

If I dream of water pure
Before the coming morn,
'Tis a sign I shall be poor
And onto wealth not born.
If I dream of tasting beer,
Middling, then, will be my cheer—
Checkered with the good and bad,
Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad;
But should I dream of drinking wine,
Wealth and pleasure will be mine.
The stronger the drink, the better the cheer—
Dreams of my destiny, appear, appear.

Pleasant dreams! 'Tis a pity that the experiment cannot be tried before 1906.

Begin everything, building, sowing, any business scheme, planting, with the new moon, but don't kill your pig until full moon, or the pork will be ruined; if you put off killing till the wane of the moon, the pork will waste in boiling. And one word more. The idea that the moon has any harmful influence on the health of human beings is now scouted and called an old wives' fable. But the Hebrews, Greeks and Romans were afraid to sleep in moonbeams. "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night." One that sleeps in the moonbeams may not awake a lunatic, but the practice is not to be commended. There is no doubt that the moon in oriental countries has a blighting effect. Sir Richard Burton, who was far removed from what is carelessly called superstition, refers to this more than once: "I have seen a hale and hearty Arab, after sitting an hour in the moonlight, look like a man fresh from a sick bed; and I knew an Englishman in India whose face was temporarily paralyzed by sleeping with it exposed to the moon." And some believe that if corns are cut after the full moon they will gradually disappear.

May 17, 1905

THE VILLA SUICIDE.

Suicide now seems a rather common manner of trying to rid one's self of responsibility or disgrace, of throwing the burden on the helpless or the innocent. Many are thoughtless in the trouble that they thus give strangers. A man, or a woman, takes a room in an inn and thinks the list of privileges paid for includes the right to kill one's self by poison, pistol-shot, razor, gas, strangulation. Mr. Robert W. Chambers, in his story, "The Repairer of Reputations," tells of the opening of the first Government Lethal Chamber on the south side of Washington Square, New York, in April, 1920. A block was torn down and converted into a garden with lawns, flowers, fountains. In the centre stood a small, white building, severely classical. There was a single door of bronze, and a marble group of "The Fates" stood before the door. The Governor said, in his dedicatory speech: "The Government has seen fit to acknowledge the right of man to end an existence which may have become intolerable to him, through physical suffering or mental despair. It is believed that the community will be benefited by the removal of such people from their midst." But Mr. Chambers does not describe the interior of this Lethal Chamber: he does not give a detailed account of its conveniences.

Only a day or two ago we found out that Mr. Chambers' idea had been anticipated. In 1834 suicide became alarmingly common throughout France. An article, entitled "The Suicide Villa," published in the Follet of Nov. 2 of that year, recognized the existence and spread of the mania, evil, crime, or what-you-will, and declared that it would be an act of enlightened philanthropy to make the violent ending as comfortable as possible. The writer advocated, therefore, the construction of a pleasure-house in an outskirt of Paris, where any person disgusted with life could find suicide in all its forms, adorned with everything that would mask horror, and at such a trifling cost that suicide would be within the reach of the humblest. Black-robed servants would courteously show the various rooms. In the garden there would be a canal of deep water, with handy Swiss and Chinese bridges to serve as jumping-places. There would be elegantly furnished pavilions for those who wished to follow Werther, and the pistols would be of Lepage's most approved make. A tower would be at the disposal of any one who should prefer a fatal fall. "In the interior of the villa, rooms hermetically sealed, provided with good beds and chafing dishes, will be at the disposal of lovers who wish to confide to charcoal the last chapter of their romance. In salons there will be daggers and other sharp weapons, and also stout silken cords for those who may prefer to end their days suspended vertically between the sky and the earth. In the library the complete works of M. V—— will await those who wish to bore themselves to death." Bathrooms would be ready for imitators of Seneca. Or if any one should choose the death of Socrates, hemlock would be served in a golden cup, or crystal glass. Poison would be served also in the course of a sumptuous feast, and one might choose from an elaborate menu, according to his taste, a vol-au-vent with poisonous mushrooms, arsenic sauce, birds stuffed with morphine, etc., etc. It would be sweet to die in such a villa, far from noise and any disturbance; to be able to choose one's death under the gilded ceilings of a palace, or under the shade of bowers, and to find in the last moments, silence, discretion, respect. "Near each instrument of suicide would be found legal cap for the inscription of last wishes, and a dictionary of rhymes for those who, obedient to the fashion of the day, desire to bid the world a poetic farewell. But that which would give the establishment a philosophical and consolatory atmosphere would be this: To delight the last moments of the amateurs, in the parlors and gardens of the Funereal Tivoli one would find mingled with the lethal instruments all that makes up the joy of life—flowers, women, gentle melodies, exquisite wines, masterpieces of art, miracles of luxury. And, perhaps, awakened to a better mental condition by this pleasing aspect and these engaging pleasures, he that enters here with a fatal determination will leave with a smile on his lips, with a comforted mind, and ask of heaven to lengthen the days which he had purposed to cut short."

Mr. Chambers improved on this scheme in one respect The one that entered the Lethal Chamber paid no fee whatever. The building with its conveniences was a state charity. How much more graphic the description that we have translated from the French! Yet some may say that the mystery of Mr. Chambers' building as a purely literary stroke is more effective than the French detail.

A NOTE ON FISHING.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, answers ex-President Cleveland's remarks about such clubs and women's duties in general by this tu quoque: "I have heard of families that starved because the fathers went fishing all the time. We should condemn fishing. Fishing is a terrible thing." This reminds us of the powerful argument of Mr. Slinkers, the "polish'd, skarcastic" editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty. The controversy was about a plank road, Artemus Ward tells us. "'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the Eagle of Freedom sees it? This used up the Eagle of Freedom feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinu'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr. Slinkers has few ekals."

We do not well see how families can starve because the fathers go fishing all the time. If they go all the time, they must surely bring home some fish. No; the fence may not be repaired, the empty jug may not be taken to the village store, one of the women may have to do the chores for a night, but the family does not starve. We might add that fishermen are peaceful persons, but this proposition has been vigorously disputed. Leigh Hunt insisted that old Walton must have been cruel because he talked beautifully about putting a hook in the gills of a fish. Alphonse Karr pretended that the angler is more ferocious than the hunter, for the latter, as a rule, kills only his game—sometimes his dog or a neighbor—while the angler kills the worm for bait and the fish with which it is caught. And a draughtsman named Grandville drew the inside of an angler's skull filled with all sorts of murderous thoughts toward fish caught and to be eaten and free only to be caught.

In spite of Dr. Johnson's too celebrated dictum, the angler has long been recognized as a philosopher. Statesmen have never been so harmless and philosophical as when holding the rod. Mr. Jules Claretie reminds us in his pleasant causerie of 1904 that Waldeck-Rousseau was a passionate fisherman, and that when he was offered the presidential chair of the Society of Anglers of Roanne he answered that this office was perhaps the one for which he was best prepared by conscientious study and practice for which he never found sufficient leisure.

Think of these women's clubs in solemn congress and ex-President Cleveland fishing. How well the words of Claretie may be applied: "This at least is certain: the man that fishes gives us the sensation of evident superiority. We fuss about and stir ourselves; he contemplates. We frighten ourselves; he rests. We make an ado, and he is silent." There is the thought of the angler near the Pont de la Concorde on the memorable 4th of September, when Gambetta harangued the crowd from the steps of the Corps Legislatif. While the empire was crumbling, an angler said to his neighbor on the bank: "What a noise they're making up there! It's too bad, for down here they were beginning to bite."

Mr. Claretie once went so far as to say that if the theory of a Dr. Lynch turns out to be true, and if five centuries from now the earth will be inhabited by madmen and a rational being will be exhibited as a freak, this rational one will be a gentle and thoughtful philosopher, a fisherman. This excited a member of the Institute to an amusing denial. According to him, the state of the angler's soul is more wildly romantic than that of Lara, Manfred, or Dumas' Antony. Fishing is a violent exercise. "All the muscles are in action; ask the soldier what he thinks of the fixed, immovable attitude in a bayonet thrust." The angler is more ferocious and more sly than the hunter, because he does not see his game. His imagination is constantly excited. "One never knows what may happen," and this is enough to seduce poor humanity. The motions of the body in attempting to follow the fish once hooked are prejudicial to victims of heart ailments. The physical and intellectual faculties are all absorbed in watching a little red spot which bobs up and down in a streak of sunlight. The Greeks were not a restful race, and they were inveterate fishermen. "I am sure that the wily Ulysses fished on his long voyages, and especially when he was with Calypso. Like Alpine climbers, automobilists, slaves of the queen of spades, fishermen

passionate, nervous beings who wish any price to escape commonplace lities and to give themselves up to emotions. Thus did a member of Institute answer Mr. Claretie, but swered for the mere pleasure of tation. The verdict of the world t a fisherman is a gentle philosopher not been upset by members of the ch Institute, by dealers in paradox, by officers of women's clubs in erica.

MAY 18 1905

WISE GRASSHOPPERS.

ll friends of art are glad to learn Mme. Emma Eames has mortgages other symbols of affluence, even gh there is a balance due her on a icular mortgage. Although her home ow in Italy, her business affairs are nsacted in Boston, and in fact have n looked after for ever since she be- to earn enough to consider the ce of investments.

n former years the prima donna was and thoughtless. She lived in aces and delighted in purple and fine in, stewed meats and flowing wine. r prodigality was proverbial. When voice became thin, or her beauty ed, or for some unaccountable reason was no longer the fashion, she fell kly into a sad and morose old age; peddled matches or sang in the eets or in Paris thought herself lucky be an ouvreuse, that terror to foreign atregoers; and too often the hospital s the anteroom to a pauper's grave. as the story of the ant and the grass- pper to which Andran set music as a rning to reckless singers—if there are today.

But now the prima donna has land d beeves. She seeks the friendship of sident advisers, solid bankers and kers rather than hot-headed princes, nuous sons of the suddenly rich, hand- me visionaries. She is not content h blazing minerals in the form of klaces, pendants, tiaras, rings; she uld fain own whole blocks of houses, ner lots, preferred stocks, sure and rative bonds. No tea pot or stocking ber savings, but she visits the safe posit companies. She accepts invita- ns, but gives no wildly luxurious sup- s. When she entertains, she bids one two to a simple dinner, which the ited accept as a greater compliment. is is true, today, of the race of prima nas; we do not speak with reference one or two. Here and there are ex- tions. An Italian, perhaps, has not instinct for saving; the money ned easily is spent by her uncon- ously, and such a woman thrills her dience by the display of passion. The erican singers have done much to re- m the operatic stage; they have in- duced thrift and a prudent coolness.

A SOLECISM.

A contributor to the New York Sun erts that the habit of taking cheese h salad is wholly American in ori- ; that in England cheese is served er coffee, and salad at a typical Eng- h meal has no dressing on it and refore is unworthy of consideration; t the French prefer the salad with chicken, and dislike the idea of ting cheese and salad together. "Ex- t in the case of Camembert, Pont veque and some of the finer cheeses, taste of cheese does not mingle lly with that of salad." And with a commonplace remarks on spread- a thin layer of cheese over the Eng- h water cracker after it has been sted, the contributor dismisses the portant subject.

William Maginn once declared that beautiful mutual adaptation of cold and cold water was beyond all ise, "and indeed forms a theme of er-ceasing admiration, being one of ture's most exquisite achievements." ere is no such mutual adaptation of ese and salad either historically or tronomically. Pliny wondered at barons nations who, "living of milk, e for so many hundred years either known, or else not regarded the efit of cheese"; and cheese is men- ned only twice in the Bible. But the cient Romans knew many varieties, domestic and imported; there were cheeses made near Lucca that weighed a thousand pounds apiece. The cheeses of France were supposed to taste like medicine, and the Romans did not like the aromatic relish. Nor did the old physicians look kindly on cheese unless it were soft, new made and without salt. The ancient Roman gourmands and gourmets ate their cheese at the end of the dinner, probably with fruit, as the French have always preferred to do. We learn from books of behavior published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that nuts were passed on a plate, apples and pears were peeled and handed to the guests by the knife: "If they are large, they should be cut in half"—we have seen a French pension mistress make one pear go among eight at table; cheese was cut into little pieces and served at the point of the knife, while sugar plums were spooned. Never a thought of cheese served in any other way.

How was it in England? Robert Burton spoke disrespectfully of cheese as a melancholy food. "I take that kind which we call Banbury cheese to be the best, the older, stronger and harder, the worst." As for salads they were the abomination of desolation, and he quoted from a comedy of Plautus:

> Their lives, that eat such herbs, must needs be short,
> And 'tis a fearful thing for to report
> That men should feed on such a kind of meat,
> Which very juments would refuse to eat.

But cheese was nevertheless eaten, fresh and toasted. In the former state it was eaten with fruit by the more luxurious. There is as witness Sir Hugh Evans, who dismisses Simple with the words: "I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come." Even Nym loved not "the humor of bread and cheese," and Cade's breath was unpleasant to his rude followers, for it stank of toasted cheese. Dr. Venner (1650) recommended "after meat" as the proper time and "in little quantity"; he added "roasted cheese is more meet to entice a mouse or rat into a trap than to be received into the body." Dr. Muffett (1655) called Parmesan the best; after that the Essex, Banbury, Cheshire and the Holland cheeses, "if their makers could but soberly put in salt." William Webb (1656) said of the Nantwich: "Nor can I think that cheese be equalled by any other made in Europe for pleasantness of taste and wholesomeness of digestion even in the daintiest stomachs of them that love it."

Salads in those brave English days were eaten as a rule at the beginning of a meal to sharpen the appetite, and the ultra-fashionable affected various kinds. They were classed with olives and capers. Paragraphers sneer at Chicagoans for putting sugar in claret and dressing lettuce with sugar and vinegar; but such were the practices of the Elizabethan swells. In the middle of the seventeenth century onions were eaten "saladwise with sweet oil, vinegar and sugar," but oil was considered by many a doubtful addition, a French trick.

The salad as an inevitable course at dinner in this country is of comparatively recent date. At first it was lettuce with vinegar and sugar eaten before or with the meat, and bread was rubbed over the plate to absorb the dressing, which was thought to be cooling; for this salad was a summer dish. As for cheese, it was usually a domestic product and eaten with doughnuts or pie. Even now thousands cannot bear the idea of apple pie separated from cheese, and we like to see a healthy boy fill a doughnut hole with old-fashioned Herkimer. Salads in variety were in America first a necessity with the suddenly and ostentatiously rich, and with humble foreigners who dined at cheap tables d'hote. Cheese with salad is a purely American solecism, one that should quickly and sternly be discountenanced.

AN OLD CHANTEY.

A correspondent writes: "Can you tell me the origin of a song I heard last summer in Gloucester? I wrote down this verse as sung by an old seafaring man:

> "Old Stormy died in Mobile bay,
> Storm along, John, Stormy along!
> And we'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
> Stormy along, storm along, John!
> And lower him down with a golden chain,
> Storm along, John, Stormy along!"

This is a version of an old chantey, a windlass or halliard chorus, once familiar to sailors, though not so famous, perhaps, as "Reuben Ranzo," "Haul the Bowline" or "Whiskey, Johnny." The solo singer announces the fact that "Old Stormy" is dead and gone and that he was a "bully old man," but the precise locality of his death is not named in the version we have heard. Then there is this verse:

> "When Stormy died, I dug his grave,
> I dug his grave with a silver spade,
> I hove him up with an iron crane,
> And lowered him down with a golden chain.
> Old Storm Along is dead and gone."

> Chorus: "Ay! ay! ay! Mr. Storm Along."

Who was old Stormy? Was he a purely mythical character? We know more about Reuben Ranzo, who started in life as a tailor, shipped on a whaler, was taught navigation by the mate—"a good man"—then married the captain's daughter and became himself a captain. We know, also, Miss Sally Racket, who pawned a sailor's jacket and sold the ticket—that is, we know her by name, for she is a most undesirable acquaintance. Then there is "Whiskey, Johnny," a temperance lecture for all yachtsmen:

> "I drink it out of an old tin can,
> Whiskey killed my poor old dad,
> Whiskey drove my mother mad,
> Whiskey caused me much abuse,
> Whiskey put me in the calaboose,
> Whiskey fills a man with care,
> Whiskey makes a man a bear."

And what is the comment of the chorus listening to this tale of alcoholic woe?

> "Whiskey, Johnny!
> I drink whiskey when I can."

This reminds one of the toast: "Well, here's down with what killed poor father!"

We are under the impression that there is a reference to "Old Stormy" in one of its forms in Mr. Hall Caine's "The Christian" in a scene between John Storm and Glory Quayle.

In connection with this subject it may be said that we have seen no reference in the talk about the removal of John Paul Jones' body to the old song "Yankee Man-of-war," descriptive of the hero's cruise in the Irish channel.

> "'Out booms! out booms!' our skipper cried,
> 'Out booms and give her sheet.'
> And the swiftest keel that ever was launched
> Shot ahead of the British fleet.
> And amid a thundering shower of shot,
> With stern-sails hoisted away,
> Down the North channel Paul Jones did steal
> Just at the break of day."

There was another song about Jones descriptive of the fight between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. The two of them might be used appropriately at the burial service at Annapolis. They are not published in Frank Moore's "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution." It is said that the second was much sung in 1813. Were the two written long after Jones', deeds, to stir the Americans to sea action?

May 19, 1905

TRUE INDIVIDUALIZATION.

"Hurley of the Gap" is a strong-arm panhandler, and he is now in New York jail. His real name is Joseph Herlihy, but the nickname is a heroic, Homeric one. One thinks instinctively of Leonidas of the Gate, of Horatius of the Bridge. What healthy schoolboy was ever weary of the names given to the men beneath and behind the walls of Troy?

It is a singular fact that, although this is an age of personality, the golden age of individuality, distinguishing, graphic, picturesque titles are given chiefly to criminals, to men and women who are against society. The highly respectable are known, as a rule, only by Christian names and surnames, with some title of honor or rank. There is little or no attempt to characterize each one by a nickname. But burglars of high degree, yeggmen, thieves, confidence men are honored as were Achilles, Ulysses and the rest of them; as were the American Indians and other poetic and primitive tribes. These fanciful names are specifically complimentary and descriptive. It is not necessary to see Foxy Larry or Jim the Sneak; one need not read through the ac the daring deeds and cunning de the name itself points out the peculiar genius of the man and suggests exploits. Occasionally a general will be known familiarly to his soldiers by some term or phrase of characterization, but it might be said that he by virtue of his office is against the ideal, dreamed-of society. The wealth of imagination distributed among criminals is shown by the amazing slang invented constantly by them.

ARBOR DAY.

The Hartford Courant wishes the name "Arbor day" to be changed to something else. "The present designation is a hybrid affair, and clumsy at that; as an esteemed contemporary has pointed out, the great majority of the people are not Latinists, and when they speak of an 'Arbor' they mean a structure with vines on it. 'Tree day' is plain, honest English—and American."

Yet the Courant is no doubt unruffled by the use of such vile hybrids as "per day," "per week," "per head." We are not referring to the familiar "Six dollars a week per"; but to the mixture of Latin and English. Is "Arbor day" a vile hybrid? Is it a term repugnant to the great majority? Does the Courant object to "arboretum"; would it prefer "botanical tree garden"? Does it forbid the use of such terms as "arbor vitae," "arborist," "arboreal," "arborescent," "arboriculture" in its columns? In good old English of the sixteenth century sarsaparilla was known as arbor vine. Nor for years did arbor in English mean solely a bower or shady retreat, etc.; it was applied to a plot of ground covered with grass, to a flower garden, to an orchard, to trees or shrubs trained on framework, to a shaded walk. Every one understands now the meaning of the term "Arbor day." Why be fussy, why wish to change it? Would "Tree day" tell the whole story any better? Independence day, Decoration day are terms that are not full and explicit; they are not the one fitting and explanatory term for the implied thought; but they, with "Arbor day," have been accepted and are in the language.

WHITMAN'S TALK.

The Saturday Evening Post is publishing selections from the diary of Mr. Horace Traubel, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors, and these extracts are entitled "The Good Gray Poet at Home: His Familiar Talks of Men, Letters and Events." There is no questioning the unselfish devotion of Mr. Traubel to Whitman's memory, and Mr. Traubel himself is a man of indisputable parts; but if he had a keener sense of humor he surely would have chosen his excerpts with more care.

"April 3, 1888—My mother had sent Whitman some cookies. 'The best part of every man is his mother,' said Walt. * * * April 15, 1888 (Sunday)—To W.'s in the forenoon. He was trying on a new red tie. 'Red has life in it—our men mostly look like funerals, undertakers; they set about to dress as gloomy as they can.'" Now, if Walt had talked to Mr. Traubel on the symbolism of the color, on the use and abuse of the cravat! We dislike to think of the poet wearing a "tie"; he might as well have worn "pants" or "phoned," or "wired" a friend, or "enthused" over a heroic deed. It is hard to think of him as wearing any "tie," red, black, lavender, green or speckled.

Whitman was old and sick when he talked to Mr. Traubel, and is it wise or kindly of the latter to publish at this late day some of Whitman's confidential remarks? The poet is quoted as saying of New York literary men: "They are mainly a sad crowd; take the whole raft of them—Stoddard, Fawcett, the rest—what are they saying or doing that is in the least degree significant? * * * New York gives the literary man a touch of snow; he is never quite the same human being after New York has really set in: the best fellows have few chances of escape.

is all right I love him. But all, I do not think that Stedman ver drew very deep water. His estimate of the American poets misses the chief points is wide of the truth." Stoddard and Tawsett are dead, and neither one was fair to Whitman during his life; but why should Stedman be jogged in, who was generous and enthusiastic in his consideration of Walt as poet and man? Not that we blame Walt for freeing his mind, for talking as he felt; but should Mr. Traubel publish such confidential talk at this late day, even if the record in his diary was letter perfect at the time? The most amiable, the most tolerant, have their moments of depression, even their hours of spleen, and they then speak loosely or wildly about men and women whom they love. They would be grieved and ashamed if their speeches were reported to these friends. Nor do we think that because a man is a public, a world character, every word that falls from his lips is worthy of publication. How few great men preserve fully their reputation after the publication of their letters, after the biographer has done his best! Take Tennyson, whose name comes to us now as the admirer and friend of Whitman. Was his fame not wounded by the biographer, one of his own family? He is no longer the mysterious bard, the poet of "Ulysses," "The Eagle," the "Vision of Sin" and those early poems that will be remembered when the "Idyls of the King" are classed among priggish court compliments. Whitman himself said to Mr. Traubel after he had spoken of Stedman: "Well—ask Stedman to forgive me." Mr. Traubel answered: "To forgive you? He need never hear!"

There is much that is interesting in these published notes. Thus there is no truth in the characterization of Mathew Arnold as "one of the dudes of literature." One would think that Whitman would have liked Dr. Johnson, but no! "I don't admire the old man's ponderous arrogance; he talked effect—seemed rather inclined to bark men down, like the biggest dog—indeed, a spice of dishonesty palpably possessed him. Johnson had a spot, and he will be kept well to it, a local English spot." And here is a passage that is one of Maeterlinck's essays boiled down: "The common heroisms of life are anyhow the real heroisms, the impressive heroism; not the military kind, not the political kind; just the ordinary world kind, the bits of brave conduct happening about us; things that don't get into the papers; things that the preachers don't thank God for in their pulpits." When Whitman talked in this vein there was need of a reporter and a publisher.

"UNDESIRABLE."

A young man who persisted in remaining in a suburban boarding house "after his presence had become undesirable" was charged in court with trespass. Not that his table manners were rude; not that he sneered at the food, made ironical remarks about the quality of the coffee and sprang musty jokes about hash; not that he burned an extraordinary amount of gas; not that he had some annoying physical ailment; not that he chattered. He was undesirable because he did not pay board for several weeks. Twice had he been ejected, but he took advantage of an unlocked door to get back.

To the earnest student of sociology this is a pathetic story. There is a tale of a prisoner who, freed after years of confinement, wept bitterly when he found himself at liberty in the full sunlight and with strange men and women in the street; and he begged that he might go back to his cell, his only home. To this suburbanite the boarding place was home; he knew no other. And he was voted undesirable because he did not pay a stated sum each week. Ejected, he missed his chamber. Perhaps it was only a hall bedroom, lighted by a fish-tail burner, with a narrow bed, a deal chest of drawers, a chair and a wash-stand with a tin slop-pail. Perhaps it was a spacious room, with old-fashioned, massive furniture, provided with a practical lamp or an argand burner. In either case he was accustomed to it. He slept there comfortably without disquieting thought of what he should say or how he should look at the end of the week when the landlady would remind him of his indebtedness. He was used to the food; he had no vain, extravagant expectations; he was not in danger of any shock to his nerves; his digestion would not be impaired by rich and tempting meals. The fellow-boarders were thoroughly known; he was familiar with their whims and opinions and political and religious views; he had learned subjects of conversation that should be avoided; he knew just what to say to the sensitive man who once had aspirations, what compliment would please the faded maiden on his left. No wonder that, ejected, he came back, like the cat who, lost in the moving, returns to the house now inhabited by others. Where could he be as comfortable, as much at ease?

He had no money and he was "undesirable." There are many men and women who are thus undesirable, who are soon taught to believe themselves superfluous. Cousin George is without employment. He is not lazy, he is honest, he strives to do his best, but he is of limited capacity. He loses one job after another. He does not complain, he does not go about like the woman in "Forget-Me-Not" crying out melodramatically: "The world owes me a living." He is not one of those who will not work until they are offered the position of president or at least a secretaryship in some well established corporation. He cuts out advertisements; he invents schemes; but for some reason or other, if he obtains a position, he does not keep it. If there is a reduction in the force, he is the first to go. "Poor George," his friends and kinsmen say. For a time they try to help him: they ask him to make himself at home, to drop in any time for dinner. It is not long before they weary of him; and, instead of inviting him, they discuss his case after they have dined on stewed meats and claret. "Why didn't he keep his place? I tell you what he ought to have done——" There is shaking of wise heads. Poor George realizes that he is undesirable; he is soon convinced that he is superfluous. At last he says to himself that it is of no use to play longer at the game. He disappears. In some instances he joins the army, in others he turns on the gas.

May 20 · 1905

AN OLD CUSTOM.

The Bangor News says: "Another queer custom that prevailed in this section of Maine down to a comparatively recent date was that of removing the plate from the coffin after the funeral and just before the body was lowered into the grave and keeping it in the best room in the house among the ornaments and bric-a-brac." This custom was by no means confined to Maine; it was practised throughout New England, not generally, but here and there. Has the practice wholly gone out? The age is more gentile: it is the fashion to say "casket," a vile Americanism; suppose the familiar lines read:

"No useless casket enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him."

There are strange consolations in grief. The physician of Norwich wrote: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave"; but it is also true that man is sometimes grotesque both at the grave and in after grief. Some in England did not shrink from carrying in the pocket a piece of the coffin of a loved one or wearing a ring made of coffin metal as a remedy against the cramp, and women preferred such a remedy to an eel-skin garter. The coffin plate in New England was a wall ornament, a pious souvenir, a memento mori. No doubt there were collectors of such plates, for the furious mania of collecting has no respect and shrinks not from desecration. We have seen in a well appointed house in Albany, N. Y., which has now passed into the hands of another family, three memorial death certificates framed and hung in a row on a wall of the parlor. They told the names, dates of birth and death of the three successive wives of the owner of the house. They were formulated and engraved expressions of personal loss and bereavement, with blanks filled in the handwriting known in the schools as Spencerian. A photograph of each wife, neatly inserted, would have given the final touch, but there were portraits of the wives on another wall, so that an illustrated memorial might have seemed superfluous if not ostentatious.

A WORD IN TIME.

One does not like to think of Mr. John L. Sullivan and Mr. Charley Mitchell facing each other in the arena. Nestor was a terrible old blowhard; and the patience of the Greeks listening to his interminable reminiscences and his vainglorious personal anecdotes shows the unfathomable depth of their reverence for old age. But Nestor contented himself with telling how he beat great Clytomedus, Enops' son, at buffets; he did not put on the gloves.

Mr. Sullivan has often delighted true Bostonians. He is a conversationalist of rare fancy, shrewd sense, amazing spontaneity, inimitable vigor and picturesqueness of expression. It is a pity that Mr. Henley did not know him before he died; he would have ranked him with the two great talkers, Hazlitt and Lamb. We can easily imagine Dr. Johnson and Mr. Sullivan thoroughly understanding and appreciating each other. In an ideal city Mr. Sullivan would be handsomely lodged, clothed and fed at the public expense—as some were at ancient Athens—on the condition that at stated hours he should talk freely from a platform on the Common. We see him now, the Peripatetic of the Mall, the Sage of the Grove, the Philosopher of the City Hall Porch. Think of the influence he would thus exert. His Sunday "Jolts" are pungent and philosophical, and should be pondered by all readers of The Herald, but think of the personal magnetism of the man. Why has he not accepted an academic chair?

But we do not like to think of him again meeting Mr. Mitchell in the ring, not for effective tunking, bashing, plunking, boring out merely as a raree show. Such a mill would be without the gusto of youth or the pride of maturity. The last public appearances of many stage people, tragedians, comedians, singers, fiddlers, pianists, have been pathetic. Mr. Sullivan has been a great virtuoso. Let him give no opportunity to the younger generation to doubt it. Let him content himself with communications by word of mouth, not by blow of fist; let him enjoy the unabated confidence of his old friends; let him continue to educate the public by wealth of personal recollection, by advice drawn from the reservoir, one might say the tank, of experience, by the unerring shots at folly as it flies.

TRUE GALLANTRY.

Many have seen Marguerite Lemon—an auspicious name—in operetta and grand opera, but few have queried concerning her domestic life. It seems that the supreme court of New York lately annulled her marriage to a Mr. Littell, who had been married before. The first wife had obtained a divorce from him in Illinois on the ground of abandonment. But to the Earnest Student of Sociology the one important feature of the Lemon-Littell case was this: "While Justice Dugro was listening to the arguments of counsel, Mr. Littell and his first wife sat in the court room and chatted pleasantly together."

Such conduct may surprise the superficial. They would have the woman "draw herself up to her full and queenly height and say in withering tones, 'Sir! How dare you?'" or she should burst into a passionate flood of tears. But how foolish, how unphilosophical such behavior would be! How awkward for the others in the room! It is much more agreeable to think of Mr. Littell saying to No. 1: "How well you are looking! Haven't you missed me a little bit? Do you think N. Patterson did it? Are you going Europe this summer?" To think No. 1 looking at No. 2—who was the court room—and then saying softl "Do you really like her better than y did me? I suppose she had more tu than I; but it was you that left u and now she is leaving you." Y know a man—he called himself t largest alimony club in New York who, having been twice divorced a most amicable manner, took gre pleasure in giving a dinner to his fi wives after his marriage to No. 3, wi for some reason or other, was not pre ent at the joyful reunion. There w delightful reminiscence, good eating a drinking, and there was not a word a gesture to spoil the prevailing gaye We should not be at all surprised learn that Mr. Littell went throu the operation known familiarly as op ing wine that very evening with No.

Books of etiquette are singula remiss on the subject of the pro behavior to be observed between vorced husbands and wives when t meet at social gatherings, or in a r way car, or in the street. Our own lief is that the ex-husband should ways be gallant, and the ex-wife s timental or coquettish. Neither should make the other ashamed of earlier choice. Each should convi the other that good taste was displa in the mutual selection. To affect ter indifference would be absurd a possibly, impudent, for either one w the slightest sense of humor might late amusing anecdotes. The ex-l late amusing anecdotes. The ex-l band should at least wish to have reputation of the taste of a collee and no high-minded ex-wife would willing to admit that, however un genial the temperaments proved to there was nothing in the man to pl the eye or the mind of the woman ordinary intelligence. The recipr compliments should be sincere, not some, and with a dash of retrospec appreciation.

In Maeterlinck's "Ariane of Ba Bleue," the wives, Selysette, M saude, Ygraine, Bellangere, Allad brutally treated by the monster in turn is nearly killed by the villag are freed by Ariane. But they i on staying with Bluebeard, and Ariane leaves the castle, while B beard strives vainly to retain her. T is a profound truth in this fantast version of the legend.

NOVEL AND PLAY.

In a bookshop last week a yo woman asked for the novel, "The L of St. John," and she was slow to lieve that the play of the same was a wholly original dramatic p and not adapted from a roma "Why, I thought, of course, that play was taken from a novel." left only outwardly convinced, an doubt visited other shops in the of finding a better informed clerk.

This is a sign of the times. Do novel enjoy instantaneous popula instantaneous, but in nine cases o ten ephemeral, the playwright immediately to work with plane, c hammer and nails. The piec thrown hurriedly on the stage an comedians are pitched on wit There is curiosity to see the pla find out in what respects it differs the novel, to see the heroine and hero in flesh and blood palpitatin the other side of the footlights. dramatic critic may use Sarcey's w in his review of "Gerfaut"—the brought out in Paris about tw years ago which made that exce play-actress, Miss Brandes, far Moreau based the drama on a celebrated romance by Charles de nard, a now forgotten but inge Frenchman, from whom Thac borrowed freely. Sarcey spoke o changed ending by Moreau, and added: "But when a play is fo on a book, the latter does not exi far as the critic is concerned." other words, the play is to be j by itself, not in comparison w novel or poem or a historical e that inspired it.

MUSICAL IMPRESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN GIRL IN MUNICH

May 21/1905

E. N. LAFRICAIN,
Conductor.

LOTTIE WILLIAMS,
Soprano.

ALLEN C. HINCKLEY,
Bass.

EMORIES AND JOYS OF STUDENT DAYS

gner Selections at the "Pops" Tomorrow Night—Mrs. Vinello Johnson's Annual Operatic Recital on May 29—Personal Notes.

When Mrs. Fiske brought out a stage rsion of "Tess," was not the first iquiry, "How can she look the part?" e playgoer remembered Hardy's pust milkmaid and wondered how the sght and nervous actress could create ay illusion. But the stage Tess, not Tomas Hardy's, was the woman of t t particular play. Take our old fend Cyrano. He had an enormous nse, so that Gautier, at the beginning o his essay, indulged himself in a pre f on nasology, and treated of Soc rtes, Caesar, Napoleon, Pierre Cor nlle, elephants, negroes and others. Rstand, however, would not have nde so much of this nose had it not bn necessary for stage purposes, for, a Menage tells us, Cyrano's nose led h to kill at least a dozen persons in dls. "He could not bear any one lking at it, and he at once drew his sord." But what difference does it mse in a play whether Du Barry was a londe or a brunette? Yet there has bn long dispute as to whether her h was black or chestnut. (See Dr. Canes' curious essay in "Les Indis- cr ions de l'Historie.") Or what mat te whether Villon be represented on th stage as a thorough blackguard, or as a romantic and unmoral person c able of pure love and mighty deeds? T play's the thing.

he "quick seller" must be drama- tid before it is forgotten. There are m agers and playwrights who argue th audiences will be interested more in a story which they already know so thing about than in one that is de- v ped on the stage for the first time. O ra librettists, too, look now toward th novel or the play: "Tosca," "Ad- ne," "The Resurrection," "Mme tterfly." Boito for the Verdi of t t years went to "Othello" and lstaff." If a play succeeds in Paris, an librettists hurry across the bor- An Italian is now working over ou's "Sorceress"; a Frenchman Maeterlinck's "Ariane and Blue-

beard." Who knows but that plays by Pinero, Jones, Chambers may yet be served as libretto, and that Candida, the poet and the priggish husband, may yet sing in a curtain trio? The fact that many admirable novels are unfitted for stage adaptation, that many plays lose in direct force and appeal when they are put into operatic form, does not discourage the restless adapters or the curious spectator. "Tess" is already a stage play; Mr. Schenck has written an opera on the same story, and Mr. Savage may produce it. Poor Tess may yet figure in ballet and pantomime.

May 21, 1905

AN American Girl in Munich: Impressions of a Music Student," by Mabel W. Daniels, is published by Little, Brown & Co. of Boston. The impressions are written in the form of letters. Miss Daniels, who is known here chiefly by her songs and duets, and by the music of the operetta composed for the Vincent Club and performed lately in Jordan Hall, lives in Cambridge and is the daughter of the president of the Handel and Haydn. She studied seriously in Boston before she went to Munich in 1902.

It may be said of these letters that they are written in a pleasant, unaffected manner. It was once said by a professional cynic that every woman writes with one eye on her paper and one on the public, but he excepted a German countess, a voluminous bluestocking who had only one eye. Miss Daniels' letters are not self-conscious; she writes as a normal and intelligent girl would talk. She is enthusiastic, as a young student should be; but her enthusiasm is seldom gush, and there is no gush more tiresome than that of the girl student over her teacher of piano, violin, song or composition. Miss Daniels' descriptions of boarding-house life are amusing; the types chosen by her are national rather than parochial, and they will be recognized easily by frequenters of pensions; the landlady, whether she be a baroness, a "Frau Apotheke," or the widow of an advocate—the Herr Doktor, proud of his wretched English; the woman of rank, aggressive, with beady eyes, who characterizes each city by its general and special cookery; the German sentimental maiden with the corseted army officer who calls on her as her betrothed, but only in the presence of her mother. The girl that is looking forward to study in a foreign city will now read with vivid interest this book, as well as that of Amy Fay's. They that have left student life far behind them will read of Miss Daniels' experiences, expectations, enthusiasms, with sympathy, as they recall their own adventures in search of a musical education; the general reader will find entertainment in the pages. No doubt in her later years Miss Daniels will not be so strongly impressed by Messrs. Thuille, Stavenhagen and the rest, who were to her as giants in the Munich mist; she may even smile over her rapt enjoyment of German singing and wonder at her eulogy of "Haensel and Gretel" and other works that once seemed to her masterpieces. But what would a book like this be without enthusiasm? A healthy young woman who takes everything in life and art as a matter of course is dear neither to the gods nor to men.

They that are bored by talk about music—and there are many such, especially among professional musicians—will find pleasure in Miss Daniels' enjoyment of life, in her observation, and in her descriptions of men, women and things. There is more than one well sketched pen portrait: as the harmless young curate from the north of England: "One of those men who have soft, gentle voices, Vandyke beards, and always sit on the edge of a chair. He had been to the church tea that afternoon, and shown a praiseworthy desire to make himself agreeable." There are reflections which show that Miss Daniels thinks for herself and has an individual, unconventional expression.

Looking Back.

There is to many after the problems of life have been settled for them a peculiar pleasure in looking back to their days of hopes and illusions, and they read the diaries or the letters of young students, restless souls like Marie Bashkirtseff, or ordinary plodders, with a certain melancholy, for they are reminded of their own years of preparation. There died some months ago in Paris, a highly respectable citizen, a distinguished logician and politician. His name was Wallon, and he was known as the "Father of the Constitution." He was grave, austere, rigid—as the French say, eminently "correct." Yet he was the original of Henry Murger's Colline, the companion of Schaunard, Rodolphe, Mimi Pinson, Musette in the land of Bohemia; he was the Colline whose song before he goes out to pawn his famous coat in Puccini's opera always commands applause. Dead long ago were his companions; and the true Latin Quarter disappeared years ago. Did the rigid logician never look back on those days with sadness, with mourning for his lost youth? Was Murger's romance his favorite bed-candle book? Did he see the opera, either Puccini's or Leoncavallo's?

The young student will never forget those years in the foreign city. He was to be an illustrious pianist—no, it was not too late; did not his teacher reassure him? He was to be a great composer. One day he had his doubts, but the kindly old German, who had known Schumann and could not understand why any modern Frenchman should ever write a progression of perfect fifths, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Work. Do you think a composer comes down like an angel from heaven?" The girl knew that she would one day be applauded as Aida or Brunnhilde. The youth of 25 or 30 years ago soon realized the folly of his ambition. He is now a sedate teacher in a young ladies' school, and he gives lectures in a perfunctory manner on the history of music, while some of the more daring in the class read the latest novel. His life is one of routine; he is as a horse in a brickyard. The girl came back, gave a song recital in her native town, found no remunerative engagements and only a few pupils, and chose the better part: She married a business man, and sang to him, and then to her children. But drudge and wife still remember the days in Germany, France, Italy. If they revisit the city afterward, the charm is gone. The landlord of the beer house where Ferguson drank innumerable litres and shouted his worship of the moderns and his detestation of the ancient worthies is dead, and another rules in his place who knew not Joseph. Alas, some of the then modern idols are no longer worshipped, while the shrines of the ancients are still crowded with adorers. Where is Schnitzelhammer, who led the class in counterpoint, whose blackboard exercises were the envy and the despair of his classmates? That was 30 years ago. It is surely time to hear from Schnitzelhammer, but his name is not in Riemann's "Musik Lexikon" nor in the succeeding indexes of "Die Musik." Did he die young? No; he is a village organist and school teacher. He could write amazing counterpoint; but he had no imagination, and no symphonic poem, no overture by him ever startled even a beer garden audience, although he has composed nine symponies—all in manuscript—and a mass of choral preludes for the organ. The city itself has changed. The students seem a noisy, vapid lot. The beer is not so good as it used to be. How could he ever have eaten the food or smoked the cigars? It was all different in his time. For some reason or other, music does not sound as it did then. He remembers von Buelow at Munich conducting Rheinberger's "Wallenstein" before the students and the composer with tears in his eyes thanking the conductor for the "wonderful performance," and von Buelow answering, as though he really meant it: "Why should the performance not be wonderful when the music is so beautiful." Conductor and composer are dead, and can the "Wallenstein" be said to be alive? Those were the only years in which Ferguson himself truly lived. Ah, Bohemia! "A pleasant land * * * not replete with polite chintz drawing rooms and neat tea tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; a land of chambers, billiard rooms, supper rooms, oysters; a land of song; a land where soda water flows freely in the morning; a land of tin dish covers from taverns, and frothing porter; * * * a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young." Ferguson, like Thackeray, lost the way to Bohemia, but to him its capital is still the most picturesque city in the world. Yet others wonder at Ferguson's recollection of those days, and are the first to call "The Adventures of Philip" a dull book, and its author an overrated novelist. And there are nights when Ferguson—his hair is almost white and he is careless in his dress—dreams once more of Munich, Berlin and Paris; he is again ambitious, eager, sure of his future; he has been invited to conduct his symphonic poem, "The Last Judgment," with a motto from Revelations on the title page; his symphony has been played by the Philharmonic and also at Coionne's. He wakes; it is a gray morning, and he must teach giggling or sentimental girls.

On Various Subjects.

"The Story of the Violin," by Paul Stoeving of London, a volume in "The Music Story Series," is published by the Walter Scott Company, London, and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

There are intelligent men and women who drop a book if, opening it at random, they see the phrase "root, mon." And one that opens Mr. Stoeving's volume at the prologue and reads: "The violin—what a wonderful thing a violin is! Muse over it—its tone, its form, its history, and its position in the world of art today—and you stand facing a miracle," might be excused for putting this story of the fiddle aside forever. Nor would "it was the robin's song in March, ushering in the new spring," reassure him. Fortunately the prologue is short, and the succeeding chapters are valuable for their historical and biographical contents. Naturally Vidal's monumental "Les Instruments a Archet," other works on the violin, and biographies of makers and virtuosos, have been ushed, but credit is given and Mr. Stoeving has made his own researches and arrived at his own conclusions. He finds today a doleful sterility in violin composition, especially in "the output in small pieces." "What do we get? Is it not the Character-stueck without the character, the Fantasie-stueck without fantasy, musical slop for the most part, written for teaching purposes at the instigation of publishers rather than the sacred call of the muses? This is sweeping, and sounds hard, but look at our violinists' recital programmes. Generally speaking, they have been fiddling away for the last 20 years or more on the same old effective pieces (I need not name them), just as they did on the Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Bruch, etc., concertos, with an occasional loan from an old master. Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski still must do service, and even their airs varies are suffered with a grunt from the critic. * * * Are the muses shunning a generation which persists in shouldering the enormous weight of present-day technic? * * * I think, in spite of the Kubeliks and Kreislers, whose triumphs ring in our ears, our time will go down to posterity as a very uninteresting age in the annals of violin art. * * * What is needed is perhaps not another Viotti, who can write classical concertos, a Vieuxtemps, a Bruch, a Brahms, or a Tschaikowsky who squeezes the fiddle like a demon to get the most tone out of it for the sake of his orchestra. No; the violin world, I think, is waiting for its Chopin.

There is a chronological table to show the descent of violin playing since the founding of the Roman school; there is a carefully prepared list of violin makers; there is an index; and there are pertinent illustrations. The book is useful and it is good reading. It is a pity that the binding chosen for the series is tawdry.

"Makers of Song," by Anna A. Chapin, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, tells in an easy, pleasant manner of troubadours of all nations, Adam de la Halle, Spanish song writers, Hans Sachs, Guedron, the gypsies, the Florentines who invented opera, Lully, the Scandinavian bards, the romance of Stradella (a mere legend), Purcell and the origin of the airs sung and danced during the Reign of Terror. The book is for the general reader rather than the music student, and the former will be misinformed if he accepts blindly all Miss Chapin's statements. For example, the music to de la Halle's "Robin and Marion" was chiefly made up of popular songs composed before de la Halle ever thought of a Neapolitan show. He arranged folk tunes, he did not compose for this pastoral. The book is agreeable, but superficial and at times erroneous.

"Tonal Counterpoint," by Walter R. Spalding, assistant professor of music in Harvard University, published by Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston, is a practical and excellent textbook. The author's views are catholic and appreciative. He says many excellent things in his preface: "In both exercise and work of creative imagination should be found the broad principles of all musical art; there should be life, spontaneity and freedom, and all the voices, whenever possible, should say something except where a confessedly homophonic style is being used. In music, of all arts, the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' * * * Very few rules are given as to 'what not to do' in music. Almost anything can be done at some time or other (for music is not a matter of morals), when for the sake of special effect a departure is made from the normal rules. What is needed is a well-trained instinct as to whether any given effect justifies itself. * * * In a sense any book on counterpoint is an anomaly. From books one can as well learn how to write counterpoint as to make a watercolor. The only way to gain growth in fancy and facility in expression is to write music." Mr. Spalding's explanations are given in a clear manner and the illustrations and examples are taken impartially from the old composers, as Bach, Leo and others, and the moderns, as Cesar Franck and Richard Strauss. Such texthooks are rare.

"Lessons in Music Form: A Manual of Analysis of all the Structural Factors and Designs Employed in Musical Composition," by Percy Gaetschins, published by Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, may also be recommended to those who wish to analyize musical works. The book is not intended to prepare a student for the application of form in practical composition.

"Beethoven and His Forerunners," by Daniel G. Mason, is published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Mr. Mason discusses the periods of musical history, Palestrina and the music of mysticism, the modern spirit, the principles of pure music, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and there is a chapter of conclusion. Mr. Mason is an eminently serious writer, one that has studied and meditated. It is a pity that, like certain other deep thinkers, he is at times almost unintelligible when he would be most impressive, that he is inclined to be dull when he would be especially communicative. There are passages of fine insight and poetic expression, but the volume as a whole is trying.

THE "POPS."

The season of "Pop" concerts at Symphony Hall has thus far proved an uninterrupted success. The series of special nights planned for the season will begin tomorrow evening, when the programme will combine selections from Wagner's operas. The most important pieces will be the march and overture from "Tannhaeuser," the "Fire Charm" from "Die Walkuere" and the prelude to the first and third acts of "Lohengrin." Mr. Adamowski will conclude the portion of the season assigned to him as conductor with the concerts of the present week. On Monday, the 29th inst., Mr. Max Zach will take the direction of the "Pops" for a series of evenings.

LOCAL.

Mme. Vinello Johnson's annual operatic recital will be given at the Majestic Theatre Monday evening, May 29. Her pupils will be assisted by Mr. Robert Bruce and Mr. John Zeger and a male chorus. Arias will be sung by Mrs. L. M. Wallace, Miss Helen True and Mrs. Nash. Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be performed in Italian, with Miss Belle G. Dadnum as Santuzza; Mrs. Brewer, Lucia; Miss Deborah Colew, Lola; John Zeger, Turiddu; Robert Bruce, Alfio, and with a crorus of 50 voices and augmented orchestra. Mr. Jacques Benavente will conduct; the coaching and stage direction will be by Mr. James Gilbert.

Pupils of Mme. Gertrude Ducheana will give a song reeital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. The programme will include songs by Ponchielli, Laio, Bolto, Handel, Gounod and others. Miss Lovejoy, Miss de La Barraque, Miss Pendergast and Mr. John Creighton will sing in songs and duets. Miss Charlotte Gemmel and Miss Ethel Parker will play piano pieces, Mr. F. C. Adell will play violin pieces, and Mr. Stanislas Kenelmj will be the accompanist.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Lottie Williams, soprano, Mr. E. N. Lafricain, bandmaster and cornetist, and Mr. Allen Hinckley, bass.

Miss Williams, who was born in Charlestown, has studied in Boston with leading teachers. She will soon go to Florence, Italy, for further study. She is already known here and in the neighborhood by her work in concert hall and in church. She will give a recital at Whitney Hall, 246 Huntington avenue, on Monday, May 29, when she will sing songs by Handel, Gluck, Juliet's waltz song (Gounod), Rogers, Debussey, Massenet, Schubert, Ries, Tschaikowsky, MacDowell, Tosti, Haynes, Norton, Chadwick. Mr. Guckenberger will be the accompanist.

Mr. Lafricain has been appointed conductor of the Municipal Band of Boston, and the first concert under his direction will be on the Common the second Sunday in June. Born in Montreal, he was educated thoroughly at the French College. He left his home in the early seventies, and was in turn bandmaster of the Stoneham, Marlboro and Leominster bands. In 1876 he joined the Germania Band of Boston as first cornet, and at the same time became a member of the Boston Museum orchestra. In 1886 he joined the Boston Symphony orchestra and was a valued member of that organization till 1902, although in 1898 he went with Mr. Pauer, then the conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, and also of his own orchestra. In 1892 he was appointed conductor of the Naval Brigade Band, and he held the position for ten years. Mr. Lafricain has been connected with the orchestra of the Boston Theatre, and is now a member of the Tremont Theatre orchestra. From 1895 to 1898 he was leader of the Boston Star Orchestral Club, made up of prominent members of the Symphony orchestra. As trumpeter and cornetist, Mr. Lafricain has an enviable reputation far and wide. He is not only a virtuoso of high rank, he is an excellent and experienced musician. It is now his intention to give music of the best quality, classic and also popular, to the people of this city—music that all will honestly enjoy.

Two Americans are singing at Covent Garden, London, this season. Mr. Allen Hinckley, a Massachusetts boy, and Mr. Clarence Whitehill. Mr. Hinckley may be remembered by some as a member of the Bostonians three or four years ago. He left this company and became a member of that of the Hamburg Stadt Theatre, where he sang for two seasons. He made his first appearance at Covent Garden May 1 as Fasolt in "Das Rheingold," and he impersonated Hunding in "Die Walkuere" the next night. The Chronicle said: "For once in a way Fasolt was well represented. Mr. Hinckley possessing a fine voice and singing with remarkable smoothness and charm"; the Pall Mall Gazette was "not much moved by Mr. Hinckley's interpretation of Hunding"; the News said that his Hunding was praiseworthy: "his voice is really sonorous, and though I personally dislike the use of the vibrato, and consider it especially unsuitable for such a personage as Hunding, Herr Hinckley (why "Herr"?) is probably going to prove a very useful member of the company."

Saint-Saens has promised to write a new opera for Monte Carlo next winter.

Miss Ternina will not be able to sing before next fall.

Messrs. Kreisler and Busoni will soon give concerts together in Spain.

A great singer, Anna de La Grange, died at Paris April 23, whose death attracted little attention here. She was over 80 years of age. The daughter of a piano maker, she was herself a skilful pianist when Bordogni heard her and advised her to be a singer. She studied with him, and made her debut at a private performance at Paris in 1840 of an unpublished opera by Flotow, "The Duchess of Guise," for the benefit of Polish refugees. In 1841 she began a brilliant career in Italy, and in 1848 (Dec. 1) she appeared for the first time at the Paris Opera in Rossini's "Othello." Political events closed this theatre in 1849; she sang in Germany, Russia, America, and did not return to Paris till 1853, when she appeared at the Theatre Italien. She again wandered, and then sang in Paris again from 1863 to 1866. Pougin describes her in her prime as tall, beautiful, graceful, elegant, a trained musician, with a voice of great compass, marvellous vocal skill, rare dramatic force and intelligence. She shone in "Don Giovanni," "La Traviata," "Ernani," "Il Trovatore," "Robert le Diable," but especially in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto," not only as a singer, but as a lyric tragedian of incomparable dramatic power. She was married twice, to Prince Ghika, who died, then to a Russian, Count Stankowich, who also left her a widow. She spent her later years with her son-in-law, Francis Thome, the composer, and was highly respected as teacher and woman.

Mr. Gilibert is singing at Covent Garden. His appearance as Don Bartolo provoked the Pall Mall Gazette to say: "We sometimes have wondered why Mr. Gilibert chooses to content himself with doing so little, gifted as he is with an exquisite sense of humor and with a very fine vocal equipment." Mr. Gilibert once told us that he was sadly handicapped in opera by his excessive weight.

The appearance of Mr. Maurel as Figaro in Rossini's "Barber" (May 3) inspired this eulogistic flight in the Pall Mall Gazette: "In every respect it was triumphantly humorous, and something more than that—it was most artistically methodic. We have before described M. Maurel as an artist who carries one away in his actual performance, but who in afterthoughts reveals to you something of the magnificent art which went to his preparation of any particular role. That particular consideration which is so curiously inevitable in the case of his rendering of Iago is by no means so obvious in his interpretation of Figaro. We can imagine a more boisterous, a more exuberant Figaro than this, but we cannot imagine a more intellectual rendering of the part. Whether Rossini intended his Figaro to be so extremely careful about every gesture, about every significance of his movements, we need not attempt to decide; it is sufficient that Maurel, with far seeing thoughts, chooses to make every gesture, every movement, even down to the manner in which he walks across the stage, the outcome of what can only be described as habitual thoughtfulness. He remains, in our opinion, practically the greatest lyric artist of the modern stage, for not only does he sing and act with perfect musical sentiment, but he also has the brain to perceive every movement and all such activity as that which he himself, with all the faculties of his mind constantly alert, seems to direct."

AT RANDOM.

Brahms, from the outset of things, never seems to have definitely set himself to interpret just one human life, as we know it day by day. He was a stern and somewhat arid thinker in music, and it cannot even be claimed for him that he had so much of versatility as to separate his "two personalities," a phrase used by Otto Jahn, in the same sense as Wagner, Bach, Mozart and others had already so done in their dramatic work. Nevertheless, the quintet (op. 88), as one hears it more by more, is a work which, in the end, by its pure masculinity, appeals to the brain in some very subtle sense, and also by a sentiment of thoughtfulness which, in the long run, means a definite conquest.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"I cannot give a criticism of the singing of the choir in Bach's 'O Ewiges Feuer,' partly because the concert was too late for the exigencies of the modern newspaper, and partly because the shrill, long trumpet drove me from Queen's Hall. Mr. Solomon, who played it, is not so adept at the task as Mr. Morrow, and consequently the instrument was a shade more distressing than usual, but it has always struck me as a singular fact that lovers of Bach who say they suffer agonies from the dissonances of Richard Strauss should be able to sit through such painful shrilliness. It is a matter of taste, I suppose—some people revel in sour apples—but I must confess that I am not yet educated up to the long Bach trumpet."—Mr. Baughan in the Daily News (London).

MUSIC NOTES.

Pupils of Mme. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury will give a concert in Potter Hall on Monday afternoon. The programme will include Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and songs by American composers.

Miss Ella Frances Stevens of Cambridge gave a piano recital at Mr. E. Carl Grant's music rooms, 161 Tremont street, last Tuesday evening. She played pieces by Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Schubert and others. Mr. Grant played a movement from a sonata by Beethoven.

Herald, 28 1905

A CHEAP ARTICLE.

Is it true that human life is nowhere cheaper than in the United States? The statement is frequently made, and they that make it might bring forward the reckless cartage and disposal of dynamite as a proof in one direction. A 10-year-old boy in Lewiston, Me., playing on a dumping ground, naturally investigates everything within reach. An unopened can! What is inside of it? Perhaps something to eat, something to play with, or possibly a jinn who centuries ago disobeyed Solomon and was housed therein and sealed with Solomon's seal. Dynamite is almost as powerful as a jinn, and little Willie Booth would have fared better if an awful form had arisen and stretched his legs and towered above him and after acknowledging the might of Allah and his Prophet, asked the trembling boy what he wished him to do in gratitude: slay a monarch, or build a city, or give to him a long buried treasure. But jinns are scarce in Maine and dynamite is plentiful, otherwise the can would not have been sent to the dumping ground. The horrible accident near Boston is still fresh in the minds of many; Pennsylvania knows too well the force of the explosive; and scarcely a day passes without news of some humbler tragedy caused by the more wanton carelessness in transportation or in use.

MR. CONRIED'S DEGREE.

Mr. Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House has been invited to sit on the stage of Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, at the annual commencement exercises of Harvard University in June. "The invitation was accompanied with the announcement that the university is to confer on him the degree of M. A." But he is already on the Atlantic, on his way to make further operatic contracts, to order costumes and scenery and other attractions for the stockholders and subscribers, so he will not probably be present to receive the degree, although since he is a man of force, he may send his astral body. (Did not Sir Gilbert Parker see lately in the House of Commons the astral body of a member confined to his bed at home, yet eager to attend?) Perhaps Mr. Conried will give an operatic week in Cambridge next season in token of gratitude. Boston knows nothing about opera, he says, and of course he will never visit it again; but he might allow Bostonians provided with the price of admission to see the show in Cambridge. Last season many in Cambridge were invited by Mr. Conried to see "Parsifal" at the Boston Theatre, and they attended, 200 or 300 in a bunch, with joy and the appreciation of those who do not pay. M. A.? They should give Mr. Conried the LL. D. degree.

WOOD'S CASE.

The case of George H. Wood, accused of murdering a man in a New Jersey village, is a singular one. It may seem incredible to the hopelessly prosaic. He was accompanied, as he says, on his ill-starred journey by a man named Henry Wolf, but Wolf was wholly imaginary being. There was a little black man" who was also with him, and kept talking to him. A severe cross-examination brought out no contradiction. One of the experts on the witness stand described Wood's genius as a "psychic aura."

Students of dual consciousness are familiar with extraordinary cases of a double life led by an unfortunate being wholly without his knowledge; they know how a man will suddenly disappear from his home and at last be found far off, working at a trade or engaged in a profession or business wholly different from that to which his life had been devoted, with another name, ignorant of all that had happened before the spell came upon him. Not only do the treatises describe such unfortunates, but cases are recorded from time to time in the newspapers throughout the land.

The Herald some time ago referred to an extraordinary novel, "Force Ennemie," by John Antoine Nau, published last year, the first book crowned by the Academie Goncourt. The hero is an intermittent lunatic, who knows when the attack is coming on by the appearance of a singular person who counsels him and remains with him until he is sane again. This man of a world known world, this evil adviser, this hostile force, dreaded by the world, yet necessarily familiar to him.

Whether courts and juries will be ick to recognize such wild aberra- ns is a question. Krafft-Ehbing wrote s now celebrated book for the ben- t of the Austrian courts, that certain rverts might be treated judicially as natics and not as ordinary criminals. r. Icard wrote a singularly learned eatise, published in Paris by Alcan, r the protection of women charged th certain crimes, from homicide to romania. How far Austrian and rench judges have been informed or fluenced by these books has not been nted in statistics. This is certain: at some men and women of former nturies condemned to death and exe- ted would have been committed to ylums had the present knowledge of ental states and conditions then pre- iled.

AT LAST.

Mr. Goodwin, released from prison, ns most happy over a beefsteak and French fried potatoes." He had nged for these particular dishes for ars. He could at last have ordered ore pretentious meats and vegetables, rench sauces, foreign kickshaws. He anted beefsteak and "French fried tatoes," and he ate them.

Who in comparative freedom has not perienced like wants? The boy rched with fever in the old bar- rous days, when the physician would t allow even the drop begged by ives, said to his mother that if he er recovered he should keep a pail water by his bed and drink freely t of a tin dipper. The sojourner in foreign city thinks constantly of the eal that he will order when he re- rns home. The Frenchman in Chi- go, the American in Berlin, the Eng- shman in Buenos Ayres, all thus think ike. Who has not met the American a European city reminiscent, ex- ctant, unhappy as he names green rn, sweet potatoes, buckwheat cakes, rk and beans, johnny cake—all sim- e dishes? Who at some swollen mpous feast or at some Gargantuan dermanic feed would not gladly ex- ange all the courses for the thin ces of pork fried in cream with fried ples, or the bowl of berries and milk, the Tunbridge tart that so delighted s boyhood? Who knows today the ory of a Tunbridge tart—made out of ices of doughnut dough, with layers Shaker apple sauce between? Did e name come from England or from unbridge, Vt.? The dish was a fa- rite forty years or more ago in the ighborhood of the Vermont village. hat true New Englander would not ve up any French or German sweet r a heaping plateful of pan-dowdy? ss, scant justice has been given to is dish of dishes in the new English ctionary. Its origin is "obscure"; but eat men have shared the same fate. here is no warmth, no true appreciation in the definition: "A kind of apple dding, variously seasoned, but usually ith molasses, and baked in a deep sh with or without a crust." It is an merican compound, one fit for the ds, hence probably a certain English alousy, but what is a damson tart to pan-dowdy? Hawthorne did not dis- in to introduce the pan-dowdy in his Blithedale Romance." The traitor, harles G. Leland, described it as "a nd of coarse and broken-up apple e," but he was a Philadelphian by rth and, remembering scrapple and pper-pot, regarded not the truth.

The old dishes, so dear to memory, e no longer easily obtained, and the petite of youth, alas, is gone for- er. The American, after his exile, is ceu secretly disappointed when he or- rs for the first time the things he so reted across the Atlantic. It is a asure to know that Mr. Goodwin hestly enjoyed his beefsteak and rench fried potatoes."

N Y Ag 23. 1905

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mr. William Collier, an American median, appeared early this month t the Comedy Theatre, London, in The Dictator." He attempted, like a ue American, to make a speech, but me conservative Briton in the gallery bawled out, "Shut up!" whereupon Mr. Collier, in his merry way, remarked: "Shut up? Right," and left the stage. The audience was much pleased by his courteous behavior, and Mr. Collier was then obliged to speak. The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on this international episode, declares that the American actors are superior to the English in point of temper. "They are imperturbable, nothing can ruffle their cheerfulness. When an English comedian does not get the laugh he expects, he is put out, and his discomfiture will mar his acting for minutes. The American goes on calmly, hoping, no doubt, for better luck next time, but never betraying the least sign of chagrin. He never quarrels with his audience." The Pall Mall no doubt speaks here of the class of entertainments in which Mr. Collier appears. It may be said that, inasmuch as the lines spoken by such comedians are often of their own invention and introduced by them, the American is quicker, nimbler, more fertile in improvisation. He has more jests to speak, and he can well afford to indulge now and then in a miss. He is often surprised that the audience laughs at all. He strives after the best average in a possible number, and knows that if one line fails, the next will bring down the house. With the Englishman a jest is a serious matter. It was born with difficulty and it needs tender nourishment and fostering care. That such a child of fancy is not at once appreciated is a personal reflection on the parent. Hence the bitter disappointment, the ensuing gloom, the resentment. The American takes the whole thing more lightly. But is Mr. Collier pleased with the judicial degree that he is "a most diverting blend of Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Seymour Hicks"?

A FAMOUS DANCER.

A once famous woman is dead—Carolina Rosati, a star of the ballet in the years when the ballet was an art. The chief facts of her career have been told in the newspapers—how, born at Bologna, she appeared at Florence when she was 10 years old, became celebrated at Venice five years later, triumphed at London and Paris, left the stage about 1865 and died "at her villa, on the gulf of San Juan, at the age of 82"—but the narration was coldly statistical. It is a pleasure to learn that she died in a villa, not in a charity hospital, not as a trembling and wrinkled teacher of little girls wishing to learn the steps and the deportment of the ballroom. Let us see what contemporaneous gossip had to say about her golden days and nights.

After she became celebrated in Italy she appeared in London in a ballet, "Coralia," based on the story of Undine. She was not only a graceful and brilliant dancer, she was a remarkable pantomimist. Three years afterward she made her debut at Paris at the Theatre Italien. This was in 1851, and scarcely was she on the stage before she tripped and was carried to her dressing room. See how carelessly history is written: Some say she fell down a trap; some say she did not dance again that season; others that she insisted on completing her performance—the opera was "La Tempesta," founded on Shakespeare's play; and finally, two of the most scandalous gossips give the wrong year. Three years afterward she appeared at the Opera with better luck: She did not trip, she became the rage. The bitter Charles de Boigne found fault with her because, like Taglioni and Guy Stephan, she was billed as "Mme." "There are only demoiselles in the ballet." At the Opera she gained more than Taglioni, Essler, Carlotta Grisi, Cerrito ever gained. "Her figure was a little too full." She was an emotional mime and an agreeable dancer, says De Boigne, but he disliked her trick of saving her strength; she was too economical, and she rested after each whirl and caper—"a dancer with a box office draught!" Desarbres said she was of no particular school. "She shone by reason of her incomparable grace."

Her adorers were lavish, and not only in conventional expressions of enthusiasm. One of them sent a bouquet to her house, lest, thrown on the stage, it might kill her, it was of such huge proportions. This bouquet was exhibited at Barjon's, and crowds gaped at it and would fain touch the lace flounce that was wrapped as paper around the trunk of this tree of flowers—lace worth f.1200. De Boigne, in a sour footnote, deplored the condition of the opera house in 1856: "From flowers the dancers have passed to lace. Soon, when they show themselves, they will receive Mobilier stock!" Desarbres was more gallant: "She is more than a dancer. She is a spell, a seduction."

Hazlitt wrote a delightful essay on the old age of artists. A curious volume could be written on the old age of ballet dancers. Did Mme. Rosati, as some of her sisters before her, spend her last years in charitable work? Did she quietly prepare for the grave by reading books of devotion? Or did she sit idly, remembering past glories, regretting her youth and the decay of the ballet? Was she ever tempted, an old woman, to do a few steps? Marie Madeleine Guimard, once the glory of the Paris' Opera, died, almost forgotten, when she was only 73 years old, and not long before her death she was induced to dance for her friends. A stage was rigged in her parlor, with a curtain that allowed the bodies of the dancer and her husband to be seen only to the knee. They danced with feet and legs that were still young, for their age was in the head and torso. And later the marvellous woman had a little box made like a theatre, and on its stage she danced with two fingers the steps of some ballet in which she formerly had ravished the eyes and the understanding of the spectator. This was a true virtuoso ending. Who would like to think of La Rosati as snuffy, querulous, lachrymose, rheumatic?

A DESPISED TIP.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asked a barber to trim his hair in a hurry, and he was so pleased with the barber's nimbleness that he gave him five cents as a tip. The barber, as the story goes, had the nickel framed and he devised an inscription: "John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, one best tip." And now they that sit in the gate speak against the tipper and he is the song of the drunkards.

Mr. Rockefeller's chief fault was in giving the barber any tip at all. It appears that he has been for some time a regular customer—or client, as the genteel say. The barber could reckon safely on a certain amount of money from him during the year. He had learned what subjects of conversation were agreeable; he was not obliged to experiment in leads at the risk of running up against a stone wall of prejudice. No doubt others sought his skill on account of Mr. Rockefeller's choice. Barbers are human, and it must have been a pleasure for him to minister in any way to the comfort of such a rich man. The glory should have been enough. (We say nothing against the undemocratic, un-American habit of tipping in general.)

We are told that Mr. Rockefeller on this particular occasion exclaimed "Good work!" and felt in his trousers pocket for change. He was in a hurry, it should be remembered, and he drew at random a coin and gave it to Mr. Phelan in token of his appreciation. All coins feel alike to a man of such wealth. To him there is no appreciable difference between a cent and a trade dollar. He reckons only in thousands. It is the intention, not the precise sum, that makes such gifts valuable. No doubt had Mr. Rockefeller's attention been called to the nickel he would have added a cent to it, or possibly exchanged the nickel for a dime. Some give a barber a cigar, but the Rockefellers, it is said, do not smoke, for tobacco dries the blood, affects the heart, brings on dimness of vision and dizziness. Mr. Rockefeller would not willingly lead a fellow-man into temptation; but he showed him full appreciation. The barber received his just fee for the actual operation. Pride, the glow that comes from knowledge of artistry, should have forbidden him from accepting a gratuity. Mr. Rockefeller was in a hurry; the greater reason for not taking advantage of him. Mr. Phelan's skill was complimented. "Good work!" Is not this tribute enough to satisfy the soul of any virtuoso? Should greed be added to vanity?

20,000 APPLICANTS.

A matrimonial club was raided lately in Chicago and 20,000 "mush letters" and 6000 photographs of "husband-hunting women" were seized. The letters and photographs should be published in book form for the benefit of all earnest students of sociology. The letters are not all "mush." Here is one that is eminently practical:

"I have been in very hard luck and I don't care what happens. I guess I had better get married. If you want me, write, but be sure that you have $25,000. That will help a great deal in aiding us to settle down." Like Wordsworth's phantom of delight, she has endurance, foresight and strength; she can warn and command; whether she would comfort is another question.

Here is a blend of naivete and shrewdness: "I have to work like the dickens and I have a stepmother. I am 18 years old and never went with the boys. Send me your picture and tell me if you were ever married before." We should prefer either of these applicants to the writer of the following:

"I suppose the streets are ripe with people in the city tonight, while here among the hills and meadows the frogs are croaking; the wind is sighing and whispering through the rills. I have been very frank with you. I would hate to have you deceive me. I have quite nice shaped features, blue eyes, dark brown hair, very pretty teeth and small feet." She's too lovely. She wishes to be where the electric lights are at work all night, where bands are playing and there's a merry-go-round. She would probably interfere with one's work. On the other hand, here is an applicant who might prove too exacting, but she admits that she is 40 years old, and she has waited: "I want a man who is a flower with love and affection oozing from all its petals. Maybe, however, I need a few more years' preparation for the most solemn of steps—matrimony. I admire a man of good physique, kind, gallant, conscious (sic), as good morals as can be expected nowadays; home-loving and fond of children." She paid gladly the fee of $2 to join the club. Another is discriminative and also philosophical: "Love is the destiny of us all. At times it seems it is going to sidetrack and pass us. Therefore I ask you to help me find a handsome man of 50 or over, who has some money and can make more. I am a young girl of loving disposition; do not powder, except on special occasions; can cook and know how to dress on nothing or little. I want love and fidelity. Do not send me the names of any travelling men. I am 39 and dark." The most emotional of all is one—age, color and waist measurement unfortunately are not given—who writes from Moreuci, Mich.: "I beg of you to tell the 'Unknown' that the reason I did not return his photo is because I was so completely overcome when I saw it that I couldn't; to measure my love would be as impossible as to measure the distance that stretched last night between the shining stars and the throbbing sea."

A Chicago detective read many of these letters and remarked: "I never thought there were so many fools in the world." The remark was unsociological and heartless. To the man of feeling the letters are indescribably sad. Twenty thousand women are eating their heart in loneliness and bitterness. They have been led to think themselves superfluous; they have nothing to look forward to but a morose old age.

May 24. 1905

SIMS AND READE.

Mr. George R. Sims was lately called an alien. The charge was to him so absurd that he did not mind it: at least he says he did not mind it, but what stung him was the nasty way in which the charge was made. Here is Mr. Sims' own characterization of the sender: "One of the ignoble vermin who make the postal system a pestilence sends me an anonymous postcard." Such language carries one back to the good old days of literary and theological discussion.

It is too late in the day to write essays against such anonymous correspondents, whether they wish to wound an innocent woman or persuade an editor that he should at once leave his chair; but it may be said that the word of Charles Reade's coinage is finer than Mr. Sims' long sentence. Reade's word is "anonymuncule," and it annoys extremely the one to whom it is applied. First of all because he is doubtful as to its precise meaning. He suspects covert allusions; he wonders if his identity has been discovered, if there is not some reflection on his personal cleanliness or some disreputable deed that he thought unknown. He understands "anonym"; the rest of the word bothers him. "Ignoble vermin" is precise; he can say at once, "I'm nothing of the kind"; but "anonymuncule"? It's the old story of the raging fishwife who was dumb with anger when she was called a hypothenuse.

AN ABUSED STONE.

Miss Edith Gibney, who won her suit against Mr. Steiner for breach of promise, will not give back the jewels given her by her former adorer. Nor is she daunted by the superstition that the opal is an unlucky stone. Her courage, or, as some may think, her folly, will revive the discussion concerning the opal, and in all probability the old familiar story about the stone which, given by one negro minstrel to another, brought about the death of several will be retold.

But when and where did the belief that the opal is unlucky first take root? The stone was commended by the ancients. It preserved the eyesight of the wearer, and it dimmed the eyes of others about him "with a manner of cloud," so that they could not see what was going on. It was approved by the writers on demonology as a cheerer of the heart, a safeguard against poison, diseases communicated by the air, fainting, heart troubles, and any malignant ailment. If one carried it wrapped in a bay leaf he was invisible. Its beauty has been praised for centuries, but best of all by George Meredith: "A really fine opal, coquetting with the lights of every gem; it shot succinct red flashes, and green, and yellow; it was veined with lightning hues, and at times it slept in a milky cloud, innocent of fire, quite maidenlike." Who, pray, first gave the opal a bad name?

ANIMAL PARADOXES.

King Edward is highly pleased with the skeleton of the huge antediluvian lizard given by Mr. Carnegie to him and the British nation. To many the sight is fearsome, and it is a common remark that life would not be worth living if like things were now crawling, squirming, flying or whizzing. Yet it is possible that to the truly brave lizards from seventy to one hundred feet long would not be so terrible and repulsive as that little insect known to the English as a "bug." Suppose a cockroach were the size of a cat, a rat the size of a horse, a flea as large as a cow, and then think of the terror they would inspire. Mr. H. G. Wells has used this idea skilfully in his "Food of the Gods." Even the dachshund, a most amiable beast, would not be a desirable companion if he rivalled the hippopotamus in bulk. As the nervous system of men and women is now constituted, the size of the animal is not the primary cause of terror. There is the elephant, for instance, the sagacious elephant, who, according to Charles Reade, is always a desperate villain, but we prefer to say with the devout old zoologist: "There is no creature among all the beasts of the world which hath so great and ample demonstration of the power and wisdom of Almighty God as the elephant; both for proportion of body and disposition of spirit." Little children are drawn instinctively toward it. The ancient Hindu gods and demigods and sages consulted it. Mr. Johnson cannot see one without wishing to feed it with the freshest peanuts. There have been amiable rats, but one would not have had them larger. The young girl pets her squirrel. If it were tailless, would she not run from it as from a rat? A plumeless peacock is repulsive, although its intentions be strictly honorable. Now it is highly probable that these gigantic lizards were well disposed. To us moderns their structure is peculiarly offensive: the long neck, the insignificant head, and then the enormous body! But if we had lived then, our eyes and our perceptions of the beautiful would have welcomed the sight. Poets would have eulogized the lizards and painters painted them at home and abroad. Anthony Watteau would find much to shock his artistic eye and mental disposition in the Boston of 1905. It is sometimes said of a man that he was born out of due time; that he should have lived in this or that period, but the most of us are creatures of our own period, and see and feel and think and die with it.

NOAH II.

How and when the world will come to an end are favorite questions with the otherwise unoccupied. One deep thinker is sure that there will not be enough oxygen 300 years from now; another looks forward to a colliding comet; a third imagines everything suddenly sizzling in consequence of the conversion of electricity into fire. A Chicago seer, deeply versed in Mazdaznan philosophy, assures us that in 1909 a wave of insanity will sweep the United States and there will be need of asylums for the sane; that the year 1913 will be "dreadful"; and soon will come the grand transformation scene. Only he that has mastered "the centralizing life principle, its revelation through man's twelve senses and the individual breath of seven seconds" will rise superior to it all; this secret will be imparted, no doubt, for a ridiculously small sum—strictly confidential. Meanwhile, the world eats and drinks and loves and hates, and in the intervals does some business, as it did while Noah was building the ark.

This reminds us that "Benjamin of the Flying Rollers" is collecting animals, for he, too, is sure that the world will soon come to an end, and he says his collection will equal Noah's. "Flying Rollers," it appears, is the name of a sect building the city of David outside the limits of Benton Harbor, Mich. Mr. Benjamin has not yet started his ark; he is first getting the animals, two by two. He has an Australian sheep and pigeons and a goat, cockatoos, parrots, a Belgian hare and other animals, and he has contracted for an elephant and several lions. "He purposes to have all of them when the time comes." Let us hope that he has not contented himself with the account in Genesis, but has pondered the wisdom of the Rabbinical literature and the Koran. The lions were of much use to Noah, for they and other wild animals devoured the scoffers who tried to board ship when the water began to come down, but the lions gave him much trouble in the ark, and injured him so severely that he was lame for the rest of his life. He was very busy in the ark, for he was obliged to keep feeding the animals, who would not eat at the same time. He also had to feed Og, who was too big to enter, but he sat on the ark, and Noah passed his food to him through a hole. For this reason alone the holy man could get no sleep for twelve months. The ark was in three stories, the lowest for the beasts, the middle one for the men and women, and the top story for the birds. And some say that cats and swine were created miraculously in the ark, the former to eat the rats, the latter to dispose of the garbage.

Noah, we are told, was by trade a carpenter. Nothing is said about Mr. Benjamin's calling, and there is natural curiosity as to the precise meaning of "Flying Rollers." Mr. Benjamin is by no means the first to make his preparations in time. A large and entertaining volume could be written on the men and women thus mocked by their neighbors, from the years of the early church to 1905. To some weary of the world this firm belief in an imminent destruction of this globe is a consolation, but the vast majority find comfort in the saying of the Mahometans: "Five things are known to no created beings, only to the Creator: The time of the day of judgment; the time of rain; whether an unborn child will be male or female; what will happen tomorrow, and when any person is to die." There are timorous souls who would not mind death so much if they could be assured that everything would go to smash with them.

Mar 5. 1905

NOUNS OF MULTITUDE.

To the devoted friend of chorus girls, lobster or angel, birds are birds, accompaniment of bottles. He is seldom wise in the terminology of this special branch of natural history. Nor are all the more staid, true epicures, who cannot endure feminine distraction at table, wholly sure about the nouns of multitude. Thus we heard lately at the Porphyry this question raised: "You speak of a covey of partridge, a bevy of quail, a flock of plover, a cover of woodcocks; but what is the word for a collection of snipe?" There was a long and painful silence. No one dared to confess ignorance, until one murmured in his corner, "wisp."

Is "wisp" the proper, technical word? In the old "Book of Saint Albans" (1486) there is a long list of nouns of multitude, and in it mention is made of "a walk of snipes." Furthermore, we read "a congregation," not "a flock" of plover; and "a fall," not a "cover" of woodcocks. It would be interesting to know if any of these quaint old terms exist anywhere today in this country. Does any one speak of a gaggle of geese, a muster of peacocks, a nye of pheasants, a clowder of cats, a dule of turkeys? Some of the words are truly poetical, as a murmuration of starlings, an exaltation of larks, a watch of nightingales, a charm of goldfinches; and a shrewdness of apes and a labor of moles have a peculiar fitness.

"K" OR "T."

A correspondent writes: "Does the term 'Benedick' ever mean a bachelor? And which is the correct form, 'Benedick' or 'Benedict'? I have seen both forms used by writers."

The term is applied properly to a newly married man, especially to an apparently confirmed bachelor who marries. It seems to us that the proper form is "Benedick," after the name of the Lord of Padua in Shakespeare's play: "How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?" but the New English Dictionary prefers the form "Benedict," and derives it from the Latin "benedictus," blessed. Benedick's name comes from the Latin, but why should the derivation of "Benedick" be sought so far back? The dictionary adds that "Benedick," as commonly used today, comes from Shakespeare's hero. Yet some see in the use of "Benedict" a skit on the order of St. Benedict, the members of which were vowed to celibacy.

As you say, the word is applied loosely and erroneously by some, even by writers of authority, to a bachelor. Thus you will find this dialogue in Charlotte Bronte's "Professor": "'Are you married, Mr. Hunsden?' asked Frances, suddenly. 'No, I should have thought you might have guessed I was a Benedick by my look.'"

"MEN OF THE WORLD."

There is a discussion in a New York journal over the old subject, the definition of a gentleman. One correspondent sent the opinion of a servant whom h had tried to engage: "We told her th we must have breakfast at 7:30. She r marked with some disdain that no ge tleman has to leave for work before 9.

This definition is as good as an other in these days. The oldest defin tion, "a man of gentle birth, one who entitled to bear arms though not ran ing among the nobility," is now chief historical; the definition, "a man chivalrous instincts and fine feelings" fast becoming obsolete; "a man money and leisure" is now accepted b the great majority. After all, the defi tion depends on the character of the d finer. Did not a witness in the Thurt trial describe a man as respectable b cause he always kept a gig?

There are other terms that admit multifarious definition. A woman in shop a day or two ago was advised buy a peculiarly hideous article b cause "all our best people prefer it But we remember being in a crowd restaurant and hearing a young man at ease ask the waiter at what hour t "best people" were to be seen the The waiter answered honestly, and could have hugged him for it: "I don know, sir; we feed the most betwe 12 and 1:30." Did not Wyclif in h translation of the Bible, when he ca to that verse in Daniel which appeal keenly to the imagination of De Quinc translate it: "Balthasar, Kyng, ma a grete fest to his best men a the saud"?

There is another term that admits many definitions—"man of the worl Just what is a man of the world? T liberally educated of all nations wo agree on naming Alcibiades as t supremely glorious type. Emerson th characterized Napoleon Bonaparte. So would name Sir Walter Raleigh, So mou, Lord Peterborough, Mirabe Charles of Sweden; others would m tion the late Caesar Young. The her of Bulwer or Disraeli would be gu if they were to show themselves in T mont street dressed as they dazzled their period. Could even Beau Brumm carry successfully today his favor evening dress—blue coat, white wai coat, black pantaloons buttoned ti to the ankles, striped silk stockin opera hat? Or would the old Ital maxim, "A gentleman is fine enou when he is black, new and neat," app to the young sport about town? T there are the men of the world who ure in Pierce Egan's loud novel would they not find the social atm phere of Boston uncongenial? Wo they not be run in by the police? street car conductor gave us an ex lent definition. The car was an open and he was confidential. Some farmho is still missing him, for he is a cl looking, wholesome young fellow. called out the names of the str with respectful distinctness and "sir" to an old gentleman who as many unnecessary questions. He telling of classes of passengers he ried: "Last night I had some real of the world. There were three of 'e finely dressed—they all had tall plug and $60 or $70 suits. They had ladies with 'em. I tell you they w elegant. They'd all been drinking, they just turned over the next seat sprawled out and made themselves fortable. They joked with everyb and they howled and sang all the up the avenue. That's the kind of ple I like to carry." The man of world described by Bulwer and would not have disdained such pany.

MATERIAL FOR HEROINES

It is rumored that Mrs. Hum Ward is at work on a new novel that her heroine will be a famous of long ago, who will be rebaptized thrown into modern surrou Apropos of her last novel, they are talking of Lady Caroline Lamb, Ward's Kitty, but the talk is if not mealy-mouthed. Perhaps most incisive portrait of Lady Car is the long note of Henley to a of Byron—and here it may be said the suspension of the Macmillan tion of Byron edited by Henley one of the true losses to literatu be classed with Moore's destruct Byron's Memoirs and Lady Bu

burning of "The Persian Garden." Henley's description of Lady Caroline is a masterpiece, but this must suffice: "Vain, selfish, wilful, spoiled, she was one of those bravos of the heart who, while they must still be challengiug—challenging for the excitement of combat aud the glory of victory—yet often lose their heads, forget their prime object, and are left hurt or dead upon the ground. And, as she was unscrupulous in attack, so was she disadvantaged by defeat, to the loss, not only of dignity and self-control, but also of all self-respect and all care for others. She could jilt, it seems, without a pang—as many women can; but she might not endure disdain—as, for that matter, what woman ever could?"

What women living today will serve as models to be painted by novelists of future generations? Sarah Bernhardt would perhaps be named first of all. Is it true that Daudet introduced her in his "Nabob"? The ex-Princess of China, the Saxon princess, the Queen of Roumania, Duse? The last named figures in one of d'Annunzio's novels, and only a cad could write as he has written. Will any modern singer serve the future novelist as Anastasia Robinson served George Meredith? Is there any French woman of a modern salon to help out a future Mrs. Ward? We doubt whether the present period will furnish a wealth of material for character drawing. Clara Ward and the poor Saxon princess might figure in some story of intrigue, but how many women now of a certain local reputation will inspire minute portraiture or subtle or painfully labored analysis? Is the individuality less sharply defined? Is the period more prosaic? Disraeli looked about him and at times wrote personal memoirs of men and women whom he knew; he changed their names and called his memoirs novels. More than once a novelist has attempted to describe Boston society, and in some instances it has been whispered that there was an attempt to paint true portraits. But how feeble and dull are these novels for the most part! Mr. Howells was more successful, but his Lapham and the others are types, not individual characters. It may also be questioned whether a realistic portrait of a man or woman will stand out as boldly as one based on knowledge and experience, but created and vitalized by an effort of the imagination. If you were asked to name the two most prominent Parisian women today, the two most widely known outside of France, whom would you name? Would they not be Mmes. Bernhardt and Guilbert? And if any novelist fifty years from now were tempted to make either one his heroine, would he have as rich material in published and contemporaneous letters and memoirs as that explored by Mrs. Ward?

HATLESS.

For some seasons young men and women of summer cottages and hotels have affected the fashion of going about with uncovered head. There have been sporadic instances of the fad in Boston, but the sight of a hatless man in a city street beneath the dog star may well excite remark, and although Bostonians are now noted for their courtesy—see Mr. Bok's account of his thrilling and incredible adventures in this town—the hatless one looked expectant of hoot and jeer and discomfiting attendance of rude boys.

It's all a matter of fashion. Think of the fate of the first man who wore a silker, plug, stovepipe, chimneypot, beaver, bell topper, castor, goss, tile, topper, washpot, cady, or however you choose to call it. Mr. John Hetherington, a haberdasher of London, made his first appearance in public with his new hat on Jan. 15, 1797, about 11 A. M., in the Strand. His family advised him against his action, and then remained at home to pray. A contemporaneous newspaper informs us that the haberdasher was arraigned before the lord mayor on a charge of breach of the peace and inciting to riot, and he was required to give bonds in the sum of £500. "It was in evidence that Mr. Hetherington, who is well connected, appeared upon the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (which was offered in evidence), a tall structure, having a shiny lustre and calculated to frighten timid people. As a matter of fact, the officers of the crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped and a young son of Cordwainer Thomas, who was returning from a chandler's shop, was thrown down by the crowd which had collected, and had his right arm broken." The defendant claimed that he was exercising a right to appear in a head dress of his own design, and the Times of the following day encouraged Mr. Hetherington: "In these days of enlightenment it must be considered an advance in dress reform and one which is bound, sooner or later, to stamp its character upon the entire community." The Times spoke as an inspired prophet. The plug is still the symbol of English respectability.

Some time ago an Englishman advocated the abandonment of the hat, at first in summer, later in all seasons, but he was considered as an amusing creature, a stimulator of newspaper copy, and therefore a true benefactor. But now a physician, one of authority, urges this abandonment. His argument is based on the premise that the head, the most important and, in a sense, the most sensitive part of the body requires the least protection. Clothes protect us against cold and sun. Now the healthy scalp requires no protection against cold, for if the skin of the face is unprotected why should the thick scalp with a covering of hair be coddled? Men wear hats which are as a rule unventilated, and become bald in consequence, for Bluecoat and hatless boys do not become bald. The man that wears a hat when there is no sun sooner or later destroys the natural protection against the sun. But should not some protection against the sun be worn, especially by the bald? Here the learned leech eludes the curious. Listen to him as he sneaks away: "But, as for the protection of the head in summer time, I have not space here to discuss the rational principles of clothing in hot weather, to which this may be referred. To this subject I may return at a more appropriate season." Summer will soon be here in spite of the present discouraging outlook. Shall we be obliged to wait for the dictum of the learned London leech? Shall we follow the example of the ancient Romans who did not like to have their heads covered, except in war by a helmet. The Roman mob in Shakespeare's play throw up caps, but this mob was practically a London crowd, and the caps are of the dramatist's invention. The Roman peasants and slaves, however, wore head coverings in all varieties, preferably one that much resembles the modern billycock. But how would Julius Caesar, Cicero, Antony and the rest of them have looked in the combination of toga and plug, toga and panama, toga and derby? The thought is intolerable. It will be a long time before the smug and respectable citizen can walk hatless in the street without exciting adverse comment. Nor would he better his condition by turning his night dress into a species of toga and stalking solemnly in it to his accustomed place of business.

May 26, 1905

MME. DUEHEANA'S RECITAL.

Miss Christine de La Barraque and Other Pupils Heard by Enthusiastic Audience in Steinert Hall.

Pupils of Mme. Gertrude Dueheana gave a song recital in Steinert Hall last evening. Mr. F. C. Adell, violinist, assisted, and Mr. Stanislas Kenelmj was the accompanist. There was an enthusiastic audience that filled the hall. Miss Christine de la Barraque sang the aria "Suicidio," from "La Gioconda," Gabriel Faure's "Apres un Reve" and Pfeiffer's "Malgre Moi"; Miss Florence Lovejoy sang the waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet," and Marguerite's Prison Song from "Mefistofele"; Miss Evelyn Prendergast sang Lalo's "L'Esclave" and Handel's "Sorrow Overwhelming." Mr. Adell played pieces by Massenet and Dancla. Miss Charlotte Gemmel and Miss Ethel Parker played the overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," arranged for four hands, and there were solo piano pieces by Chopin, Lack and S. B. Whitney. Mr. John Crighton sang songs by Van de Water, Rogers and Tosti, and with Miss Lovejoy, a duet by Nicolai.

Miss de la Barraque has a rich and sympathetic voice and marked dramatic temperament. Her interpretation was engrossing.

All the singers and players were recalled and there were additions to the programme.

A ROVER.

A story was toll lately of a five-cent piece which, after knowing innumerable pockets, returned after an absence of twenty-three years to the man whose name and address were stamped on it. This spurred Mr. Gleason, the superintendent of the University Club, New York, to tell his story of a silver half-dollar. In 1859 he stamped his name and the date on a fifty-cent piece, which went almost immediately into circulation. In the year 1883 a friend met him, and, saying, "I think I've got something that belongs to you," handed him the silver piece.

It was once the fashion to write novels in the form of a personal narration by some inanimate object which had gone from hand to hand or house to house. These novels were necessarily a series of sketches of life, now pompous, now lowly, now benevolent, now criminal. Extremes were pictured. Such tales were Smollett's "Adventures of an Atom," Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather" and Charles Johnson's "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea." The latter is probably the most famous of its class. There were several editions of it in the latter half of the eighteenth century and in the earlier years of the nineteenth. The full subtitle of the edition now before us will give an idea of the character of the book: "Wherein are exhibited Views of Several Striking Scenes, with interesting Anecdotes of the most noted Persons in every rank of Life through whose hands it has passed." Johnson in his rebuke of vice drew striking pictures of well known men and women of the time, and he was accused of wanton injustice and outrageous satire, which naturally helped the sale of the novel. Thus, for instance, the infamous society called "the Hell-Fire Club," with the orgies in which Dashwood, John Wilkes and others shone balefully at Medmenham Abbey is described with minute particularity. The manuscript was sent by the publisher to Dr. Johnson to have his opinion if it should be printed, and he thought it should. What publisher could be induced to publish "Chrysal" today, even though the photographic sketches were of contemporaries, unless the author were persuaded to chasten his style, for the book is a coarse one—but the age was not squeamish.

Mr. Gleason's half-dollar during its travels between 1859 and 1883 might have passed through the hands of grocer, thief, badger, army officer, Lincoln, Grant, Beecher, Lester Wallack, Lydia Thompson, Rubinstein, a tenement widow—all manner of men and women of high and low degree, famous, infamous, obscure, conventional. Now, suppose some imaginative person with descriptive power and an eye to biographical and historical accuracy should sit down to write a novel with the half-dollar as narrator. Would the form of the novel condemn it even in manuscript? Many now shy at any novel written in the form of letters. Would they accept this other form that once piqued curiosity and gave pleasure? Would the rumor of scandalous or vitriolic descriptions bring buyers in shoals to the bookshops?

May 27 1905

WHAT NUMBERS?

That lottery has been played constantly in Boston has been known to many — lottery and other ingenious games of chance. After the raid in Roxbury many might exclaim with Walt Whitman: "These so, these irretrievable." Where are the lucky numbers now? Some indignant moralists think that the crusade against the lottery should be relentless, that denunciatory sermons should be preached at least once a month. Men and women are born gamblers. This is seen among natural and savage tribes, and in the childhood and the maturity of the civilized. To obtain something for nothing or to get ten times the value of a thing exercises fully the mental capacity. The suggestion that sermons, pungent, eloquent, severe, will inevitably put a stop to the game of lottery reminds us of a story told by Gaoriel Peignot in his "Predicatoriana." The Abbe M. at Lyons thought it his duty to denounce the lottery in a sermon to an audience composed chiefly of women of the people. He said, in substance: "A woman does nothing but think of it all day, dream of it at night, and waking, she recalls the dreams; runs to her neighbor, and says: 'I dreamed last night of numbers thirteen and sixty-four, we had better take them.' She gives up work, rushes to the bureau, and throws away the petty gain of a week. She tosses into the infernal gulf of chance the money that should support the family, rear and nourish the unfortunate little ones, who through the madness of their mother will find themselves without bread." And he thundered against the pernicious game, which ruined families, led to theft and murder. At last he left the pulpit in the full glow of exhortation. A woman of the parish pulled his robe. "Monsieur l'abbe, pardon me for detaining you a moment; but I should like to ask you, didn't you just now name numbers thirteen and sixty-four?"

The state and the church have long been associated with lotteries. The first lottery in England was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral; a state lottery was drawn in England as late as 1826. The Herald spoke only a day or two ago about the gross unfairness of the Italian state lottery, called by a socialistic journal "the tax on imbeciles," and even Queen Elizabeth was taxed by Cardinal Allen with "sundrie shameful guiles of lotaries." The trouble is, when the game is played fairly, that the chances are all against the ticket buyer, or, to use the swollen language of Herbert Spencer: "In the holder of a lottery ticket, hope generates a belief utterly in variance with probability, as numerically estimated."

SPLIT INFINITIVES.

The letter of ex-President Cleveland read at the dinner to Prof. Young included a split infinitive, "to personally participate," and no doubt the purist will at once send a letter of protestation to his favorite newspaper. The split infinitive goads certain persons to frenzy. Some, as Richard Grant White, declare its use to be eminently un-English. We remember a protest written thirty years ago in which the split infinitive was described as a barbarism of speech introduced lately by American journalists. (When in doubt lay the blame on the newspapers is the golden rule of all professors of rhetoric and amateur literary men.) The writer cited as examples: "She is learning to elegantly dance"; "I propose to tomorrow return home." We doubt if these particular examples could be found in any decently edited newspaper, nor would such insertions of the adverb occur to any routine writer.

The split infinitive is by no means an Americanism. It is found in the works of good and approved English authors for at least two or three centuries. Thomas Fuller did not hesitate to write: "If any man refuse so to implore, and to so receive pardon, let him die the death." Goold Brown, in his great treatise on grammar, dismisses this subject in a short "observation": "It is true that the adverb is, in general, more elegantly placed before the preposition than after it; but, possibly, the latter position of it may sometimes contribute to perspicuity, which is more essential than elegance. * * * The right to place an adverb sometimes between 'to' and its verb should, I think, be conceded to the poets," and he quotes from Burns: "Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride." We do not hold a brief for the split infinitive: but we maintain that much nonsense is talked and written about it. The position of the adverb is largely a matter of euphony, and the

nse should never be forced and unnatural. Sometimes the split infinitive adds rhetorical force to the thought. In ex-President Cleveland's sentence there was no rhetorical or euphonic need of splitting the infinitive, but the expression of thought was the one characteristic to him, and therefore natural. Prof. Young did not suffer thereby.

STAGE INFLUENCE.

In a New York town a little girl, excited by a kidnapping scene in a play, stole a baby in its go-cart for the sake of a reward, and then, not knowing how to take care of the child, killed it. A monument has been erected in the Pere Lachaise cemetery, Paris, to Robert Planquette, and the occasion brought with it the revival of stories told about the first performance of his "Cloches de Corneville." One of these stories may be set against that of the girl kidnapper. When the operetta was first performed in London, a 12-year-old girl of French parentage told Planquette that her grandfather, a notorious skinflint, was so impressed by Shiel Barry's impersonation of Gaspard, the miser, that he vowed he would lead a life of benevolence. He kept his vow, and he began by giving all his children a halfpenny each.

Of course, the kidnapping case will be brought up as evidence of the demoralizing influence of the theatre by all those who firmly believe that the sign, "The Way to the Pit," should be taken symbolically, that the playhouse is a sink of iniquity. But as a matter of fact, do moral or immoral deeds or speeches on the stage have any abiding influence on the spectator? However rough or low an audience, the moral sentiments are those most heartily applauded. Any allusion to true love, to the sanctity of the relations between a mother and her children, any spurning of a bribe, any defeat of a villainous plot, will be cheered to the echo. The unfortunate actor who is cast as the outrageous villain is hissed and howled at. Remember the scoundrel in that engrossing melodrama, "The Span of Life," the villain with the staccato laugh who poisons grapes on the vines with a hypodermic syringe, that the child-heir may eat and die, the monster who shoots with unerring aim in a lighthouse and then appears suddenly with his laugh in South Africa; when the part is impersonated by the admirable Mr. Delmore, his histrionic triumphs are rewarded by deafening groans and shrill hisses of remonstrance from toughs of every variety. We remember Mr. John L. Sullivan in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands"—it is one of our choicest theatrical recollections. Was not every chivalric deed of the realistic actor greeted with cries of "Good boy, John"? Yet how many in the audience resolved then and there to lead a better life? Was any one inclined to drink excessively ever turned toward the path of temperance by "Ten Nights in a Bar Room"? Do Camille's sisters who weep copiously while she dies abandon their ways?

These emotional paradoxes are frequently observed. There was a profound knowledge of human nature, and not merely masterly irony, in Charles Reade's description of the cruel jailer, who, after torturing a prisoner, would read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and rage violently against Legree's enormities.

AROUND A NAME.

One of the cheapest forms of wit is the pun on a man's name. We remember the late Samuel Hand, a distinguished lawyer of Albany, N. Y., turning fiercely on such an offender. Mr. Hand was in his office preparing a brief to argue before the court of appeals. In came a lawyer from New York, who wished to engage him as counsel, and thus did he attempt to ingratiate himself: "Hello, Hand, there you sit, wise as an owl, and handy as ever." To which Mr. Hand replied, after a long and glacial stare: "Oh, thrice-sodden ass, how often do you suppose I have been forced to listen to that fool-born jest!"

Common names, Green, Chase, Waite, Reed, Potter, Graves, Locke—how easy it is to play stupidly upon them! The temptation is irresistible to those who have neither invention nor imagination. Run over the surnames, patronymic or local, surnames of office or of occupation or surnames that were at first nicknames, and even the humblest punster will be able to disconcert or irritate a deep thinker. Yet there are strange coincidences in names, and records of them are preserved by the curious. One was published not long ago in the Pall Mall Gazette. About three years ago John Lamb was indicted for sheep stealing; the chief witness in the case was Patrick Wolfe, and the owner of the mutton was a Mrs. Fields. It was Mr. Justice Kekewich who, listening to the action, "Heap vs. Pickles," gave it as his judicial opinion that the parties were a very mixed lot. At Stockton a boy named Scrape was sentenced by Magistrate Birch on the evidence of a woman named Sneak. A man was killed by a train at Bethnall Green Junction; the name of the engineer was Charles Death. A tennis match was played between Mr. Pine-Coffin, Mr. Tombs, Mr. Sexton and Mr. Parson. At an inquest at Stepney workhouse the name of the dead man was Dust; the first witness was Sand, the third Grittey. A Midland train was driven by Sharpe, and the guards were Quick and Swift, while in 1901 a Great Eastern train was driven by Drake, and the guards were Goose and Gander, while an official in the van was named Duck. It was a Bloomsbury parson who, when a couple wishing to be married gave their respective names as Toogood and Best, said: "Come tomorrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And, of course, there is an allusion to the incident in Jamaica when the Rev. Mr. White (a negro), at a district called White Horses, near the town of Black River, married George Green and Emily Grey, and William Brown and John Scarlett signed the register. Then there was Dr. Roe, who married Miss Fish and afterward changed his name by reason of a legacy to Salmou.

It has been said that parents should not name children until the latter are able to have a voice in the matter. In the old days, when there was any doubt or dispute or no expectation of an inheritance or bequest, the Bible was consulted and a name given, often, apparently, at random. Or there were "significant" Christian names, as Fear Perkins, Remembrance Brewster, Remember Allerton, Original Lewis, Thanks Shepherd, and names still more grotesque. We knew a gambler, years ago, named Byron Pond, and he had never read a line of the noble lord. How many persons of inferior physique or mind bear ironical names, Christian and surname!

Play actresses, singing women, fiddlers, poets, pianists, surely have a right to change their name. Let William Smith, Jr., fiddle like Wieniawski and the announcement of his coming does not inspire a mad rush to the box office. The irreverent in this country turned Wieniawski into "Wine-and-Whiskey," but the parody itself was a tribute and an advertisement. You doubt whether Mr. J. Brutus Hinkens would really be an ideal Hamlet, and Miss Lucy Jones will never sing as well in the ears of the American public as Signorina Francesca Scafferoni. Let us suppose that Mr. Paderewski was announced as George Blivens, and had black hair, cut short and carefully parted in the middle, and long, glossy whiskers, and that he came from Poland Spring instead of the fair land of Poland.

may 28 1905

THE GREAT PIANIST'S ADVENTURES IN BOSTON

Impressions of This and Other Cities —Musicians as Letter Writers—

Max Zach to Direct "Pops" —Recitals Past and to Come.

THE fifth volume of Hans von Buelow's letters, published by Breitkopf & Haertel, is of peculiar interest to Americans, for it contains the letters written by the pianist to friends during his first visit to the United States (1875-1876).

The fifth volume! The letters from 1880 to 1894—the year of his death—are yet to come. Here are in the five volumes about 2700 pages of large size, filled with subjects of interest to professional and amateur musicians, to all lovers of entertaining gossip, to all students of character; pages illuminated by wit and sarcasm and irony; pages of bitter melancholy and malignant, satanic humor, and now freakish, whimsical; pages of shrewd criticism on life and manners, books and men; pages of deep sentiment and affection, then wildly fantastical with jests in four modern languages and quotations from the Greek and Latin writers. Who but Buelow would have dreamed, after his wife had been taken from him by Wagner, of referring to her as he did in a letter from Edinburgh in 1875: "My oldest daughter, Daniella v. B. (by Mrs. Cosima Wagner of Bayreuth)." And later he alluded to her carelessly as his "widow."

When, pray, did Buelow and Liszt find time to write their letters? Nearly a dozen volumes of Liszt's letters have been published—four volumes of those to his Princess alone. Think of the indefatigable labors of the two: Liszt, a virtuoso, always busied in his art, teacher, conductor, yet answering fully and patiently any letter that might be written by potentate, friend or humble musician. Buelow's life was even more active and wearisome, but his letters are always charged with life; his spirit is changeable, but there is always spirit. There were other celebrated musicians whose letters are more familiar to the world at present. Mozart's are often charming by reason of their simplicity, naivete, and the man was frank as the boy, but Mozart's life as a man was far more contracted than that of Liszt or Buelow. Beethoven's are now gruff, now trivial, now pitched in a key of desperate intensity, but seldom of interest except as a key to the writer's character. There is a studied elegance, a species of prim refinement in Mendelssohn's letters, and one is surprised that each one does not begin: "I take my pen in hand;" but Mendelssohn was at home in any circle—although Chopin and Berlioz probably made him feel uncomfortable without effort or knowledge on their part—he had a pretty knack of description, he was alive to the beauties of nature, he could talk fastidiously about books and pictures, and with condescension or aversion concerning the music of others. Von Weber was a trained writer, and it is surprising that more has not been said about his letters. Then there is Berlioz, whose letters are inimitable—a man of rare literary ability, who might have written his masterpieces as books instead of musical compositions. And there is Tschaikowsky, whose letters are of absorbing interest as the revelation of a peculiarly sensitive and noble soul, letters that bear reading again and again—and he, too, was voluminous.

Buelow in Boston.

Buelow's first letter in America was dated "Athens (Boston), Oct. 18, 19 (1875), after midnight." It was written in French to Ullman, the manager. He had played for the first time here, and with great success. "I earned it; I have worked like a negro since my arrival. What a charming audience! A revised edition of that of London or Edinburgh. I feel it in my bones that I shall be as sympathetic to these people as hitherto I have found them toward me. Chickering touched me this evening—he embraced me with an enthusiasm of which I did not think him capable. His wife, charming, a true lady, also showed me much affection and sympathy." A few days later he wrote to a German friend: "The new world is at least 66 and 2/3 per cent. more endurable than the old; that is the result of my studies of life for 12 days. I could reckon the hours spent here as the happiest of my life, if my health were in better condition. The orchestra is made up chiefly of Germans, the conductor is also a German, and they are excellent players; their intelligence is not yet beer-soaked; they have, indeed, a dash of idealism. They are very willing—never weary of rehearsal—on the contrary, they are glad that I have so much to do with them, that they may profit thereby." Whether he wrote in French or in German, he interlarded English phrases and sentences. Thus he spoke of sauntering along Tremont street in heavenly weather: "Einem Indian summer first rate." "Very glad I began in 'Athens,' and not in Yankeepolis. * * * Yes, ma'am. So it is." He even punned in English, as when he spoke of recitals in providence ("providential mission"), and in describing his route to New York he coined the macaronic word "gehighway't." Yet he was petulant: "If there were only no Germans in foreign lands!" And he referred gracefully to the beer-chump ("Bierluemmel") of a conductor, from whom he separated. "So far I have not found it to be true that the principal pleasures to be found in this country are those which people take with you. On the contrary, the New Englanders are a much bettered edition of the old, much warmer, heartier, and thereby finer bred than the Old Englanders—and there is more 'ginger' in them. Do you understand this Americanism? It's good: and it sounds better than the French 'chien.'"

One or two letters were written from Boston in January, 1876, but the next one of interest is dated April 3. It was written to the Baroness D., to whom Buelow addressed a fantastical epistolary courtship. "Wretched night—wretched day, coldly damp—grey sky, but the matinee passed off 'cosi cosi.' The audience, as always here, charming, somewhat methodistical, but on the whole not too lukewarm. It gave me much pleasure to see you so beautiful and flourishing last night. Yet I was pained to see you nodding your pretty head and moving your adorable feet to the frightful music played by Mr. H——. I played it well, I like his touch very much—but, frankly, it was had 'musiquette'—you do not really like such music, do you? Or to please you, is it necessary to write such stuff?" He wrote the baroness on April 8: "Mr. E. invited me to go to the theatre with her to see 'Married in Haste' (one of the stupidest and 'misinformed' pieces of the English repertory—frankly, the English in the matter of comedy show a lack of talent that is truly grandiose—I found myself sick and left in the middle of it, abandoning her to her natural 'cavaliere servente,' a great baby 19 years old."

When Buelow was in Chicago in February he freed his mind about many things, and he spoke about Boston. He was asked in which city he had found the most musical culture—a tactless question that reminds one of the "Rolling Mill Man" before a Chicago audience. Applauded wildly after a monologue, he came forward to make a speech. Beaming on the audience, he said in passionate tones, "After all, ladies and gentleman, there is only one city"—the enthusiasm was indescribable, and when there was at last a lull he added: "And that is—New York." Buelow answered the reporter that he had travelled so fast he had only superficial impressions. "Music is cultivated in two ways; lacking a better expression, I may say in breadth and depth. With respect to the latter, I regard Boston as the most cultured city, but the people are narrow and too pretentious for the measure of their knowledge. Puritanism chilled art in New England, and the wonder is that it has not slain it in the last hundred years. It killed the drama in England, and much music into the bargain. Who knows whether without it more than one Shakespeare might not have arisen? But puritarism was the death of the drama. The Bostonians feel indifference not only in sufficient measure, but they make a parade of it. They regard it probably as one of the fine arts. It is not, it is simply paralysis." And then Buelow told a story in illustration. He talked with a Boston publisher who kept looking out of a window. "You must have many poets here," said Buelow. "Why?" "Because there are so many dreamers among you." "Philadelphia has a broader intelligence; she hungers after music and knows how to prize it. I found there the most sensitive audience in America."

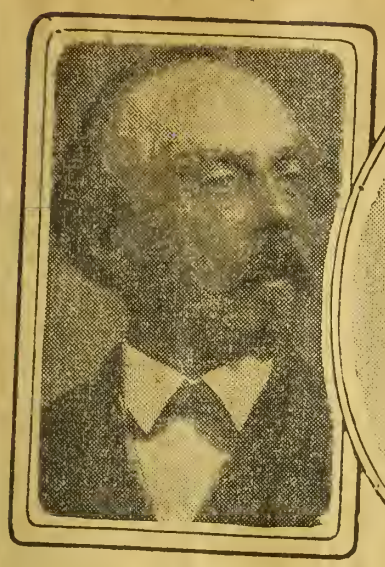
General Impressions.

At first Buelow, like Clara in the story, was simply delighted. He wrote to his mother from New York when he first visited it, that with the exception of music, civilization in America was half a century ahead of that in Europe, that Europe in comparison was in "a barbarous middle ages; noble country, wonderful people!" The railway cars were like state rooms, heated admirably, with beds undreamt of in Germany, with a darky to wake one at the right time and to black one's boots, with conveniences for washing, etc. "Imagine the condition of a country in which journalists feel so fine, are so distinguished, write with such originality and virtuosity. Truly is Europe old and lame. There are only two young countries, Russia and America. If I were only half as old as I am I should make my home in Russia; as I shall soon be (pardon this ungallant remark of a person), I belong here, as for eight weeks each hour has told me." He found himself a new man, a new artist. The enthusiasm of the American women delighted him, "in contrast with the machine-like deportment of the English." After 41 concerts he found America "heavenly." The negroes pleased him, he found them sympathetic. He wrote to his mother about a wonderful hotel in Cleveland; he described minutely the furniture of his rooms. The rooms in America during the winter, often overheated, nevertheless allowed him to take daily cold baths, which in Europe he was obliged to stop toward the end of November. "And the excellent eatables and the fine tea and coffee, and above all the beneficial ice water. No tobacco nausea poisons the dining room." Looking back on Europe he cursed "its poverty." He dwelt on the comforts of travel. He prided himself on the fact that his classical programmes were enjoyed, for he would make no concessions to popular taste, and he writes that his predecessors, Thalberg and Rubinstein, had been as severe as he was, for his own task would then have been easier.

In Cincinnati two piano teachers visited him. They courted his opinion on the tempo of a movement of a certain sonata. Only politeness hindered him from saying: "You are both idiots." What did he say? "I told one he was correct in his opinion, and then I told the other that he was right. They are terrible—these musicians in each town who call on me and ask advice or praise. They are more fatiguing than my concerts and journeys." This reminds us that when Mr. Paderewski gave a recital in Boston, a ten

HANS VON BUELOW'S LETTERS ON HIS FIRST AMERICAN TRIP

May 28 1905



HANS VON BUELOW.

DEBORAH CORLEW.

MAY BELLE DADMUN.

MAUD BREWER.

ed to the artist's room during an mission. He went to the pianist, m he had never met before, opened lume of Chopin's works, and asked: ay, Mr. Paderewski, how do you r this passage?" New Orleans sed Buelow. "I played well tonight, t perceived at once that the audi was an aristocratic one; it knew secret of nuances (nuances are thing in music as in love); it could nguish between sound and tone; I thed freer when I saw the plebians e West replaced by the patricians e South." On Feb. 16, 1876 he gave ew Orleans his 84th concert in 130 He called the city a "hyper-Italown, with Florentine May weathwith fresh strawberries and yellow s. "I swim here in pleasure and life more than 50 per cent. than ve in any other large city of United States. I am better underhere: the audience has a patrician me; the people have finer nerves, appreciate better my super-refined ces. they follow me immediatcly, I can play more in the southern in which I truly feel."

his concerts in New Orleans were vell attended. The city, he wrote s mother, had not recovered from civil war, and it, as the whole , was impoverished by "the sysic and continuing oppression." ting to his baroness from Indians, he characterized the town as "a very little civilized."

New York he was ailing and went his bed to the concert hall, "I was d to pay the physician $120 for 20 What do you say to that? That ens one away from the desire of g sick.' If one pays $85 for a suit thes. he has still, besides the bill, venir, a beautiful and lasting one, en in Paris is seldom such fine and excellent workmanship to be ned."

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On Women and Things.

low more than once in these letays glowing tributes to the Ameriomen. Some one asked him if they musical. He answered: "Oh, yes;

ery pretty. I freely confess that I them better than the women in pe. I find them sympathetic. They small hands and feet, and to me are the chief characteristics of a woman. Still another beauty in merican woman delights me: the and the character of the car. This of the first things I am in the of observing. A pretty ear is a rful attraction in a woman; well-ed and chiselled, it works like a et. Too thin, do you say? Ah, you connoisseur. I like women thin, slender, graceful. You cannot inme to say anything against the can women, I am wholly devoted m." He wrote the baroness from ukee: "I detest fat, heavy, logy n; the famous Flemish school of Rubens, disgusts me. A woman be light, as a feather in the of course in the physical, not the meaning of the phrase. A woman be portable. I detest everything s lazy, sluggish, heavy. How I this morning my singer and her Irish by race, whose laziness me miss the only possible train!" e are some allusions to his readhile in this country. He advised f his friends to read Tennyson's n Mary"—"it pleased me very and order Swinburne's essays, a ng book." "Do you know Longs 'Psalm of Life'?" he wrote to Laussot; "it is utter bosh." He another friend to read Sardou's y, "Nos Intimes," and Feuillet's "Un mariage dans le grand "—"you will find in them instruen world-matters and manners as s brain-strengthening and enliv- entertainment." He counselled me woman against singing too songs by Schumann and Franz, gainst playing too much of the 's music: "Unhealthy! Better music by Felix Mendelssohn, believe me, Study Field's concerto in A-flat major. Play in public! Yes, ma'am." At Chicago, when he was excited and could not sleep, he read a comedy "(not a new one)" of Sardou's, my favorite French playwriter's 'Uncle Sam,' and was highly diverted. Get it and share my pleasure. It's capital—although a very much exaggerated picture of American manners and morals.

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His Breakdown.

Rubinstein visited this country in 1872. He appeared before an audience 215 times and received f.200,000, half of which sum was deposited at Vienna before he sailed. "May heaven preserve me from such slavery," he wrote; "under such conditions there is no chance for art—one grows into an automaton, performing mechanical work; no dignity remains to the artist, he is lost. * * * The receipts and the success were invariably gratifying, but it was all so tedious that I began to despise myself and my art. So profound was my dissatisfaction that when, several years later, I was asked to repeat my American tour, with half a million guaranteed to me, I refused point blank."

"The correspondence between Buelow and the manager, Ullman, before the former agreed to come to America, is amusing in its cynical spirit. Buelow insisted on f.100,000 in gold and f.1000 a month for personal expenses. He was to give 172 concerts, but he protested against this, and Ullmann then, according to Buelow's story, "said 120, and murmured 130—not 150." As a matter of fact Buelow gave 139 concerts in 28 weeks.

We have seen how gayly the pianist started out. He was tired when he landed, and he took care of himself: "I live like the president of a temperance society, not a drop of beer, wine or coffee do I drink." He thought his programmes were not too long. He wrote from New York: "With a tardiness of 10 minutes and plenty of pauses they never last over two hours." He avoided society when he could—"this 'monde,' more or less 'immonde.'" In January he began to find fault with his lot. The concert at Brooklyn "pleased my manager more than it did me; the hall was well filled, but I suffered much from the gas over my head and the draughts on my feet." Later in the month he wrote from Buffalo that he had not agreed to give six concerts in the week: "It's a slavery, but one that is among the most endurable which so far in my life I have enjoyed." In April he wrote: "I travel like a trunk—and I believe that I shall soon arrive at a like state of insensibility—one could check me. But there's the difference—a trunk is not obliged to play the piano for two hours between two trips. The industry of the future will come, perhaps, to the manufacture of trunks for such a use. You have no idea how atrocious, horrible this life of a slave is. Bad inns, dead halls or halls with an echo to justify the jest of a foe to music who characterized it as the most expensive and disagreeable of noises, rebellious pianos, and then—but I spare your eyes the detailed description of all these tortures so varied and yet so regular." He feared a brain attack followed by paralysis. "My brain is half-dead, my legs and hands do their duty like drunken negroes." He wrote to his mother that if it were unmanly to complain, it was also unmanly to give nerve-rasping concerts in such a shameful number. "I feel dreadfully played out, knocked out; after I have journeyed six days in the week and given six concerts, I am good for nothing on the seventh. I cannot think. I cannot move a pen.* * * A description of the hardships and the unpleasantness of concert playing—to play on a piano damaged by transportation good music to unmusical people or to empty seats in monstrous halls where it sounds confused, empty and dry—you will not demand from me. This life is frightful beyond all conception."

He wrote to Ullman, who tried to soothe him. "Read over your contract. There should be a clause in it about sickness. Be sick occasionally, and this would force you to demand rest for some days. * * * Be prudent, calm; talk as little as possible. Do not say that certain things in America inspire you with disgust. Praise everything unreservedly, if you can. I know well, and I knew, that America could never be a country for a man of your stamp, but you need another sum of f.100,000 (such is public opinion in England) that only America can give you, which you need so as not to be obliged to work or to suffer privations when you can no longer work. Stay, then, the next year in America and in New York in the manner I have written. * * * Give up any idea of a mission. Take America as it is—the country for you to make money in, not for anything else. Your mission cannot be accomplished for 20 years. After the second, return to Europe, and then go back to America four years afterward." Buelow wrote in answer a dignified letter, but he wrote to his mother that he should sail for Europe as soon as he felt strong enough to do so. "I am too old, too stale to take root in this new world—six years ago this might have been possible—today it is too late." He had fainting spells. He feared a paralytic stroke. "There is nothing more absurd than to be idle in America, to be sick, to spend money." Why not forfeit f.25,000? His last letter in America, written to the baroness, is dated May 31, 1876.

In the later letters in this volume there are several allusions to the United States, and it is evident that Buelow was often ready to visit us again. He did return. His farewell concerts were given here in Music Hall in March and April, 1890. Let us hope that the letters written during that second visit will soon be published.

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PERSONAL.

The portrait of Buelow, published today, was taken by Warren of this city when the pianist first visited us.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Dadmun, Mrs. Brewer and Miss Corlew, who will appear in "Cavalleria Rusticana," tomorrow evening at the Majestic Theatre.

Mr. Henry Hadley announced a concert of his own composition in Paris for May 23. The orchestral pieces were his symphony, "Youth and Life," his Oriental suite and his overture to Stephen Phillip's tragedy, "Herod." He was to conduct the orchestra and Mme. Cahiers (Mrs. Morris Black), contralto, was to sing.

The Brahms Society of Vienna will build a memorial house, a museum, in honor of its patron saint.

Eduard Strauss is writing his autobiography.

Joseph Holbrooke of England is writing an opera founded on Byron's "Marino Faliero." Donizetti wrote one 70 years or so ago.

Jacques Thibaud fiddled in London on May 8. Mr. Baughan wrote: "If any one deserves a full house it is M. Thibaud, but London continues its career of prodigy madness, and neglects adult artists for little boys in sailor suits. We have all heard Mendelssohn's violin concerto times without number, but I doubt whether the solo music has ever been played with more distinguished elegance than last night. Indeed, my opinion is that within the last 15 years no violinist has done as much for the Mendelssohn music."

Miss Marcella Craft, soprano, formerly of Boston, has been engaged for the opera house at Mayence.

The composer of "For All Eternity" and many other popular songs, Sig. Angelo Maschcroni, died at Bergamo, Italy, on April 10, aged 52. Owing to the existence of the "music pirate" he had been compelled to return to his native country, finding it impossible to dispose of any new songs, and his royalties on his published ones having been reduced to vanishing point. This may interest those who hail the "music thief" as a benefactor.—Referee (London).

Who is "Mme. Arctowska," a "native of Philadelphia," who sang in London Philadelphia," who sang in London April 28? "She studied with Koenig in Paris and has already sung in Berlin, Paris and other continental cities."

The English are truly loyal. Mme. Albani has given a concert in London under the patronage of the Queen.

Miss Vera Jachles, a Russian pianist, played for the first time in London on May 6. She is said to have a good technic, but comparatively little command of nuances.

Mr. Baughan of the Daily News (London) praises Mr. Herold's impersonation of Lohengrin. He describes his voice as full, rich and expressive; "but Herr Herold is not only a singer. His acting displayed a clear idea of the meaning of the part, and he is the only Lohengrin I have seen and heard who suggests that the knight is not an ordinary mortal. Even Jean de Reszke was too much the famous tenor making a triumph in the part of Lohengrin. If Herr Herold continues to develop as he has developed during the last year, he will become one of the great singers of the world." Mr. Blackburn also praised him and said if the impersonation erred at all, it was on the side of exuberance. "Lohengrin is a very difficult part to play: whether Wagner meant it to be so or not we can now never discover, but the spirituality of the idea, which Wagner refined later on, in the character of Parsifal, was by Herr Herold thoroughly made actual." Mr. Baughan also wrote this good line: "So many Elsas tear a passion to tatters and insist on being the prima donna."

Mr. Vernon Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette paid this tribute lately to his colleague, Mr. Joseph Bennett: "Mr. Bennett, who will always remain as one of the great critics of modern times, found Wagner too much for his later feeling for music. And thereby hangs a tale. Mr. Bennett, well learned in all musical art, and, indeed, one of the pioneers who visited Bayreuth in its earliest Wagnerian days, rejected a musician who is comparatively old-fashioned when set side by side with Richard Strauss. Yet many among what may be called the 'critical fraternity' describe the writings of such a man as Mr. Bennett as being somewhat old-fashioned, thereby passing a judgment which is quite outside any possible justification. Mr. Bennett is not in the least old-fashioned; he has taken the day just as he found it, and he has given to us an impression of his own day at the summit, at the zenith, of its being. Berlioz, in France, and Wagner, the great critic of Germany, have in their several walks done the same thing. But Berlioz and Wagner were also composers, and, naturally, they therefore were somewhat engaged in their own ideas when they criticised so ably the work of other composers."

An opera, "Jessica," founded on "The Merchant of Venice," with music by Joseph B. Foerster, has been produced at Prague.

Perosi, who is not now conspicuously in the limelight, has gone to Sardinia to study folk-tunes.

Max Vogrich's "Buddha" will be performed at the Paris Opera, and there is already lively protest against this "German invasion" warranted neither by the work itself nor by the fame of the composer, as the objectors put it.

LOCAL.

Pupie's recitals were given by the Faelten pianoforte school at Huntington Chambers Hall on May 25 and 27. There were solo pieces, ensemble

tried her radio-activity on a dog, who did not suffer, apparently. And then she tried it on an editor. What happened is unknown to the world at large, for she stopped talking to work the lantern.

When the audience was in darkness she told her hearers that they were negative—an unfair advantage to take of them—and she begged them to be positive and logical. She showed on slides "formulae for certain states of mind": One is described as looking like a pyramid of smoke with an orange at the top. A cannibal's temperament thrown on the screen "adumbrated something between a fungus and a smashed cigar." "We were given in turn," said an unsympathetic reporter, "the psychic symbols of a vampire, a toast-colored miser, a fickle person, marked like a backgammon board, and something else like a windmill of limelights, that was left unexplained for the reason that 'it would take till midnight.'"

Mrs. Wilson believes that the ideal in life is to rise to a higher state of vibration. Here she differs from the latest schools of physicians, who are sure that disease comes from a too high state of nervous intensity, whose aim is to lower the vibrations of the patient. She exhibited higher forms of emotions, and they looked like "bisected melons." "A mother kissing her child came out like a cluster of revolving periwinkles, and in the case of a nun at her devotions the symptoms were similar, but more so." Yellow stands for intellect, green for deceit, brown for sellishness, blush-rose for pure love, and blue for something that is intolerable and not to be named. Cowardice comes out all over spots. Here Mrs. Wilson again differs from other deep thinkers. Of the auric colors as given by Yogi Ramacharaka in his invaluable treatise, "Fourteen Lessons in Yogi Philosophy," green of a bright shade represents tolerance and other qualities which some might consider "refined deceit"; a dark blue, religious thought and emotion; light blue, spirituality. There's nothing about blush-rose. According to Caraccioli, rose is the symbol of impure love; green, of hope; blue, of the halter; and he finds nearly all the colors symbolical of evil. Another says that yellow represents jealousy, wealth, nobility; green, hope, affection, youth; brown, humility; blue, love and treason. If one could only be sure of some one thing in this world of illusions and delusions!

A lecture of a similar nature was given in Boston early last winter, and the auric colors of various individuals were thrown on a screen. The lecturer said that each aura had been photographed. One was that of a sea captain on the bridge at night in a terrible storm. The name of the photographer on that occasion was not mentioned. Mrs. Wilson should come to Boston. She knows, she knows.

TRULY ENGLISH.

The man is to be pitied who finds no pleasure in reading about eating and drinking. Think of the feasts in Homer, "The Thousand Nights and a Night," Scott's novels, the tales of the elder Dumas, the wondrous magician. There are pages of Dickens that make one positively hungry, though the story be read on a full stomach. Thackeray is never so delightful as when discussing wines and cookery, and to some his "Memorials of Gormandising" is a finer masterpiece than "Esmond" or "Vanity Fair." Old cook books are pleasant reading, and the fury of the collectors of them can be easily understood. The gentle florist, Anatole France, has written more than one gorgeous gastronomic description. How fine the taste of Baudelaire in "La Fanfarlo" as displayed in the dissertation on sauces, seasoning, meats, wines, and especially on the truffle, "the dark and mysterious vegetation of Cybele, the savorous disease which the earth has hidden in her entrails longer than the most precious metal, the exquisite matter that defies the science of the agriculturist as gold the science of paracelsus," etc. Champagne seldom "dishonored" the table of La Fanfarlo and her lover, Samuel.

There need then be no apology for publishing here the bill of fare at the Festival Dinner of the Royal Society of St. George in London: Appetizers, Imperial clear soup, boiled Hampshire salmon and cucumber, Thames white bait devilled, Norfolk sweetbreads and truffles, roast beef of old England (Devon Baron) with Yorkshire pudding and English new potatoes and beans, Royal navy ice punch, roast Buckinghamshire duckling and apple sauce with peas and lettuce salad, Colchester asparagus, braised Berkshire ham, Trafalgar pudding, Colonial ice pudding, dessert, coffee. How thoroughly English! How heavy, how indigestible! Could there be any play of fancy, any touch-and-go repartee after such a meal?

ADAPTABILITY.

The Baron Charles de Ketschendorf was arrested in New York because he was noisy before a theatre box office and refused to take his place in the line. He was sullen in the presence of the magistrate, and said passionately that it was an outrage for a gentleman to be arrested by an ordinary policeman. To which Magistrate Wahle replied: "You are in America now. We have no gentlemen here except those who act the part. Your actions were anything but gentlemanly, and I fine you $5." This baron happened to have $5 concealed on his aristocratic person.

"You are in America now." There are some Americans who, we regret to say, do not remember in a foreign city that they are not in America. They protest violently against the folly of this or that custom, ordinance, law. They do not see why in Germany they should take off the hat in a shop. Why should they not cross a railway track, if they are willing to take the risk? Why should they stand patiently in line in a postoffice, for even in America there are many who will not take their turn; this may be seen any day in Boston. Petty foreign regulations made for the safety of travellers seem to them childish or tyrannical, and there is a scene, and there is waving of the stars and stripes and there is screaming of the eagle. We remember a young American woman in Paris—she is now a prima donna. Arriving at the St. Lazare station from a suburb, a courteous old Frenchman offered her assistance in leaving the car, for the step was high. She drew back, her eyes had a cold, hard-boiled egg expression, and she said: "Musseer, gee swees Amuricane." The old gentleman lifted his hat: "So I perceive, mademoiselle." She acted in good faith. She had undoubtedly been told that Paris was full of raveuing wolves disguised as venerable and decorated Frenchmen, and she thought that, if she accepted the courtesy of a hand, she would at once be borne away to a mysterious cab with a masked driver, in spite of her struggles and loud cries for the American consul. There is no city without annoying police regulations, without traditions concerning behavior in public. The stranger within the gates should comply with them. To scream in protest is useless, and the screamer makes himself ridiculous. In travel it is better to move along the curve of the least resistance.

A LOOKER-ON.

Paul Verlaine, shortly before his death, expressed deep regret that he had not made his son a restaurant waiter, instead of advising him to go into the army. As a waiter the young man, he said, would have gained a fuller knowledge of life.

What a cynical volume could be written by a waiter or a barkeeper in a fashionable inn! Octave Mirbeau has shown us what a chambermaid could do in this direction, and, although the book is well calculated to shock the smug, it has of genuine interest to the sociologist. It has been said that the ordinary human being is afraid of a waiter; hence his desire to propitiate him with tips, to prove to him that he really does know a thing or two. Only a great man, one sublimely unconscious, one full of some inspired mission, can eat and talk at ease, fearlessly, in a private house with a man watching his plate and hearing his conversation. Men and women are only truly comfortable when they are persuaded that a waiter does not understand their language; but this is a polyglot age and grievous mistakes are often made. Temple Thurston sketched an amusing, yet sad, scene in a London restaurant last month. Because the wife had spoken to a foreign waiter in abominable French and he had answered her in French, she therefore concluded that he knew no English. (This beautiful process of reasoning may be observed in any foreign restaurant frequented by English and Americans.) She and her husband —"one of that insignificant type of British subjects who grow an unkempt red beard and fold their hands for half an hour after dinner"—discussed waiters as a class: "They're the scum of this earth." "They're absolute sharks," and still more violent words. "This waiter seemed overwhelmed, amazed, completely bewildered; yet there it was his duty to stand, and standing there he was drawn to listen."

The witness of this scene pitied any waiter's lot. "A waiter does not make his own conditions of life; they are made for him by a fat man in a small office who has never known what it is to have a sympathy with his fellow-creatures." But think of the opportunity waiters have to observe the comedy of life. There was once an extraordinary person, John Stewart, "Walking Stewart," who saw many deserts and cities, wrote many books and was immortalized by De Quincey. One of his wildest volumes, "The Harp of Apollo," is here in the Public Library. It is not easy reading; it probably has never influenced nation or man, although the author earnestly urged "the thoughtless people of Ireland and America to substitute the harp of Apollo for the harp of Erin and Columbus"; but on the title-page Stewart described himself as "the only Man of Nature that ever appeared in the World; whose Studies were pursued, not in Libraries or Colleges, but in the great Volume of Life, in the most extensive Travels ever performed by Man." Travel will do much for a shrewd man, but the waiter in a frequented inn of a great city has no need of travel; that phantasmagoria of the world is presented to him as he stands and waits. He does not know segments of life, as one glued to a library chair, or yawning through a club window. He sees man, carnivorous, herbivorous, omnivorous, as he is. He knows the foibles, whims, vices of the race; he looks imperturbably on the foolish freshness of youth, the plotting and the striving of maturity, the exhibitions of physical and mental senility. Alike to him are pomps and vanities, amorous confidences, political intrigues, race track gossip, the eternal interchange of thoughts concerning women, horses and dogs; talk about books, poetry, art, financial schemes and plots and counterplots. He notes the gradual rise and fall of habitues. It is not his duty to advise a simpler diet, to protest against inordinate drinking. He sees men rushing, or crawling, to their fate. He sees them the playthings or the slaves of women. He accepts preposterous orders from the suddenly rich without the flicker of a smile. If the whimsical Marquis de Castelcicala orders half a dozen oysters and Montrachet, clear turtle and punch, red mullet stewed in port, champagne, fillet of beef, Chambertin, grouse with yquem, gruyere, nectarines and figs, Chartreuse and Noyau, he makes no sign of admiration. The bleached hair of 1904 is darker this year, the chin of the sumptuous beauty is less firm, but the waiter's courtesy is fixed and invariable. The statesman talks before him confidentially, and is never betrayed. Why does not the waiter write his memoirs? He has seen and heard too much; he would not know where to begin. His habit of silence forbids. Viewing the world as he is about to leave it, he hesitates between cynicism and profound pity.

Jun 3 1905

NONPAREIL HIKERS.

A correspondent, C. E. B., writes to The Herald apropos of the editorial "To Hyke" published June 1: "About fifteen years ago, on the Delaware river I saw a peculiar kind of narrow cat boat. It had a plank to serve as an outrigger, which was run out amidships, and men went out and sat on it to keep the boat from capsizing. The plank of course was run out on either side to suit the occasion. These planks were called hiking boards, and the boats themselves were called nonpareil hikers. When there was need of human ballast the men were ordered to hike out. I have had much to do with boats along the coast, but I have not heard the term 'hike' or 'hyke' used except in this connection and on the Delaware." The word was used not long ago in a New York newspaper that plumes itself on its picturesque English, but it occurred in a description given by a westerner. Why should this English dialect word be used commonly in the West and in Delaware, and not in New England?

GOOD EATING.

Ex-President Cleveland rebukes those who "speak slightingly of the rabbit as eating qualities." "One who can relish tender chicken and refuse to eat nicely cooked rabbit is, I believe, a victim of unfounded prejudices."

Conies, the parent rabbits, were long considered as indigestible, provocative of melancholy; a black meat, breeding nightmares; but young rabbits have long been approved by thoughtful eaters. They were once eaten very young, and Topsell protested quaintly against the practice of cutting them out of the mother: "I trust there is no man among Christians so inhumanely glutonous as once to devise, or approve, the sweetness of so foul a dish." Tame conies are not so good as the wild ones, for every creature doth partake in taste of the air wherein he liveth, and the air of the rabbit warren is not favorable.

The hare was praised extravagantly by Horace and Martial, and Apicius gave many receipts for dressing it, but the rabbit was not much esteemed among the Greeks and Romans. Today there are many ways of cookery of the latter: brown or white fricassee, young rabbit in curl papers, croquettes, fillets, gelatine, gratin, rabbit pie, pudding, soup, scallops, mince of rabbit au fait, rabbits a la venetienne, white giblets, turban of fillets, kickshaws with Italian sauce—and, best of all—how the savor arises as we write!—rabbit and onions, but the rabbits must be young—those whom the gods love die them young.

HONEST KISSES.

There are honest kisses in Paris, and King Alfonso found them on the lips of the Dames des Halles. The Queen of the Market, attended by her train of fishwomen, gave him a bouquet, and he kissed her hand and cheeks, while the crowd laughed and cheered. She is young and pretty, but Alfonso was also kissed by a brawny woman who lifted him and exclaimed: "He's such a little dear." President Loubet, a man of fine tact and discrimination, kissed the pretty girl.

Many rulers have courted secretly or openly the good will of the Dames des Halles, who have figured in tragic as well as in comic scenes, as terrible viragos, as angels of mercy. It was said not long ago that this feature of Parisian life is about to disappear; that the retail stallholders must go. Room is wanted for the wholesale market. The poultry sellers will be the first to leave. But what will librettists and playwrights and caricaturists do without them? Mme. Angot was a living character, although her adventures were not perhaps identical with those sung so lustily in the operetta, and there were many Dames as picturesque in life and forcible in speech. And with the Dames des Halles the cantinière will soon be merely traditional. The latter was the child of the revolution, although women, even troops of plays actresses, followed the armies of the Bourbons. For the first great heroine was Felicia Lognet, who at the age

strapped a keg of brandy on her hip followed her husband, a cuirassier the revolution. She was hardly an retta soubrette, for she had "legs a panther, her arms were bare and ity, her voice that of a beast of y, shrill and broken with cries of ultuous rage." At Toulon she load- and fired a cannon which otherwise ld have been spent; at Hoheulin- , while she gave drink to two nded hussars, a bullet tore away finger. "I have still nine left for country," she said. She made the eat from Moscow; she was in the paign of 1814, "sitting on the shaft her cart, clothed in rags, her feet fed into cavalry boots, an officer's cocked over one eye, and wiping glasses with a Russian flag." More one of these women married a shal or a man of high degree under first empire. The daughters of regiment were conspicuous during second empire: some were dec- ed for bravery on the battlefield, many were distinguished as minis- ng angels, who looked after the nded under fire. For years the iniere has been a glory of the ich army.

d now a utilitarian committee has eed that she is of no use. Ten dred and seventy-three women in ct piped blue are to be mustered of service. The type, however, will be preserved, on the stage, in and in the annals of France.

DANGEROUS OPERA.

e national opera in Paris has n thirteen homes since it was first d in the Salle d'Issy in 1659, and s known more than one attempt assassination of a ruler. The famous of these murderous en- ors was the one against Napoleon parte on Dec. 24, 1800. Napoleon, consul, was going to the opera, was in the rue de Richelieu, to the first performance in Paris of n's "Creation." The conspirators igged a cart with a barrel of gun- er and balls, and this cart, drawn small horse, was in the way of l and escort when they passed gh the rue Saint-Nicaise, but the sion took place after the party had d. One of the guard was wounded, passers-by to the number of thirty- were killed or wounded. Napoleon, theless, heard the oratorio and sat t Josephine and her daughter till urtain fell. It is said that the on provoked by the tragedy d the effect of Haydn's music, but musicians who took part had a of gold struck in honor of the oser and sent it to Vienna with plimentary address. In October e same year Napoleon was warned attempt to assassinate him at the , and at least twenty conspirators arrested.

1858 the Opera was in the rue de der, and just outside the building si and his company made their cel- d attempt on Napoleon III. Belle- shot with his pistol a little too high the same Napoleon, on Sept. 8, was about to enter the Theatre n. George Augustus Taylor was at the Cafe Riche the night of rsini affair, and just as he was ering coffee and liqueurs, there "three successive and violent con- ns as if three huge doors had slammed to." The restaurant was ce invaded by the police. One of onspirators, Dr. Claude Bernard, ried in London and acquitted, and the wild popular belief that 400,- French infantry, "their bayonets g in the morning sun," were pre- g to invade England, arose the teer movement. The Journal des urt says nothing about Orsini's but it tells a queer story of Or- inviting a Frenchman at Nice to fast with him. The Frenchman ed, saying by way of a joke he was a serious eater, given to and that Italians ate only polenta acaroni. He then went to break- with a Russian countess whom Or- vas courting. In rushed the com- friend, an Italian, Pepoli by name, called the Frenchman into an ante- ber and said that he came on the part of Orsini, who had consecrated his life to Italy; that there was no more mortal insult than any offence to the Italian flag; that he came as witness to the inevitable duel, for the Frenchman had insulted Italy by sneering at polenta and also macaroni. The countess came out and by her mockery showed Pepoli the folly of his friend.

Let us not forget the Duke of Berri, son of the Count of Artois, afterward Charles X. The duke was assassinated Feb. 13, 1820, in the vestibule of the Opera. The performance was not over, but as the duke was escorting his wife to her carriage he was stabbed in the vestibule. Carried to a lower hall, he died the next day; but the audience, knowing nothing of the attack, shook with laughter at the pranks of Don Quixote and Sancho in the "Noces de Gamache," the last of three pieces on the bill. This tragedy caused the hall to be condemned.

Spanish rulers have been fortunate in the matter of assassination, even when in rude justice they may have in past centuries deserved a violent death. In the nineteenth century there were three attempts on the life of Isabella, and when the priest Merino did his best in 1872, the busk of her corsets saved her. Alfonso XII. was shot at twice and missed, and King Amadeus was beset by five at Madrid. They have been more fortunate than Presidents of the United States. But what has this youth Alfonso done to deserve a bomb? Emerson sang in his "Boston Hymn":

> "God said, I am tired of kings,
> I suffer them no more,"

but the sage of Concord would not have recommended a bomb in this instance. When one remembers the great number of royal visits to the Paris Opera the attempts at assassination may be reckoned as surprisingly small. Only a duke was actually killed.

June 4. 1905

BRILLIANT COMPANY OF SONZOGNO THE PUBLISHER

Ciler's "Adriana" and Giordano's "Siberia" Well Given—Stories of the Operas—Reaction in Public Taste—Wagner at "Pops."

ITALIAN composers and singers have again invaded Paris and been again in fashion there. The brilliant company of Sonzogno, the publisher, gave operatic performances last month at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, and Gemma Bellincioni, the great lyric tragedian of Italy, took the part of Amalia, the goat-herd, in the production at the Opera Comique of Dupont's opera "La Cabrera," which, the work of a young Frenchman, took the prize of f.50,000 offered by Sonzogno in an international competition.

This Italian season has been called by some of the Parisian critics "a big success of snobbery." The Paris correspondent of the Referee does not find the new operas performed particularly interesting; "but the Italian singers are quite good and Paris likes to get into its pretty clothes, to sit and yawn discreetly and to pretend to enjoy itself thoroughly, because it is the fashionable thing to do." On the other hand the more serious critics of Paris have devoted much attention to both the operas and the unusually good performances, and the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote after the performance of "Adriana Lecouvreur," with which the season opened (May 2): "The reception given to the work—not in itself one of the best specimens of the Italian school—may be said to mark a reaction in public taste in matters musical." The public, he wrote, tired of French works without salient melody and composed in futile imitation of Wagner's music-dramas, demanded a return to the old tuneful school.

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Previous Invasions.

The Italians have often been at home in Paris, from 1645, when Mazarin induced singing people of his own country to visit the city. In 1752, the Italians were even in the Opera itself, and here started the famous "War of the Buffoons." Later, in 1778-80, such singers as Mara, Todi, David, Garat, sang in the operas of the leading Italian composers, and in 1789 the first independent Italian opera house in Paris was founded by Leonard, the hair dresser of Marie Antoinette, and he appointed Viotti, the distinguished violinist. Leonard's real name was Autie, and he made himself famous by his skill at "poser les chiffons," the art of alternating locks of hair with folds of colored gauze. It is said that one day he thus used 14 ells on the head of a court dame. Seized, in the Reign of Terror, he escaped and died as valet of Monsieur in 1820, a man of reminiscences and memoirs. The Reign of Terror, of course, put an end to this operatic scheme, but in 1801 the Italians were back again, at first under the management of that extraordinary woman, Montansier, who was turned a year or more ago into the heroine of a play, a woman whose life provoked foul libels, as "La Ribaude du Palais Royal" (1790). The Italians wandered from theatre to theatre, but generally with success. The period from 1825 to 1837 was a glorious one. Not till about 1865 was the Italian opera in Paris obliged to struggle for its life. The repertory became small and too familiar; out of the new works introduced, only five or six had life; Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi were the sole composers; the elder generation that was contented with the old repertory died out; seekers after something new stayed away. After 1878 there were sporadic attempts to revive the glories of the Salle Ventadour. Victor Maurel succeeded as a manager (1883-84) for a time, and finally lost all that he had saved and borrowed. Again was there a lack of novel and interesting works.

The opera as it furnished material for Balzac, as it inspired Gautier and de Musset was the Italian opera in Paris. Think for a moment of the great singers that shone there, and outshone even the dazzling audiences within the last 100 years—Pasta, Cinti, Pisaroni, Malibran, Sontag, Giula Grisi, Persiani, Pauline Garcia, Alboni, Brambilla, Cruvelli, Frezzolini, de La Grange, Parodi, Bosio, Steffenone, Penco, Patti, Krauss, Stolz, Albani, Sanz, Calve, Josephine de Reszke, Hastreiter, Sembrich, and Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Mario, Salvi, Morianl, Tamberlick, Zucchini, Radiali, Delle Sedie, Masini, Pandolfini (the elder), Gayarre, Maurel, Jean de Reszke—we name at random.

Toward the end a star would draw an audience, but during the palmy years of the Italian opera in Paris the ensemble was the thing, the chief singers were all stars of the first magnitude.

This same Sonzogno, the publisher, tried his luck in Paris in 1889. He paid in advance for the Theatre de la Galete for two months, and it is said that he then exclaimed: "Provided I do not lose more than f.150,000!" He brought out Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," with Calve, who was accused of often being false to the true pitch, but whose black hair pleased when bleached hair was too common; Bellini's "Puritani," Gluck's "Orpheus," with Helen Hastreiter; "Linda," with Cotogni as Antonio; "Maria di Rohan," "Sonnambula," with Semhrich (who first appeared in Paris under Maurel's management as Lucia in 1884) "Lucia."

Sonzogno furnished the Parisians much mirth. At the end of the first month he exclaimed: "I expected to lose money, but not to such an amount." "Why did you try to give a season?" was asked. "Only to bore Crispi." The story of the Italian opera in Paris is a great storehouse of anecdotes, gossip, scandal. Octave Fouque's "Histoire du Theatre Ventadour" (1829-1879) is only an entertaining chapter. The earlier history is told by Castil-Blaze ("L'Opera-Italien") and others.

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Cilea's "Adriana."

Sonzogno in 1889 had no new works for bait in Paris. For last month he announced works by Giordano, Cilea, Filiasi, Mascagni, Leoncavallo. Cilea and Filiasi are unknown in Boston, and the latter is hardly known in Italy.

Francesco Cilea, born at Palmi in 1867, studied at the Naples Conservatory. He has composed a student opera, "Gina" (1889), performed at the Naples Conservatory; "Tilda" (Florence, 1892); "L'Arlesiana," founded on Daudet's play, "L'Arlesienne" (Milan, 1897), "Adriana Lecouvreur" (Milan, 1902). A child wonder, he composed pieces when he was 9 years old. A pupil of Paolo Serrao, he has written an orchestral suite and a trio. "Adriana" was produced in London, Nov. 8, 1904.

"Adriana" is based by the librettist, Arturo Colautti, on the famous play by Scribe and Legouve, which, written for Rachel, gave her in 1849 the opportunity of going from the classic into the modern drama. Legouve wrote an amusing account of Rachel's performances before the performance; how the few months they spent in writing the piece were spent by her in taking a dislike to it; she was a fickle woman, she consulted everybody, and she was influenced by anybody. When the play was read to the committee of the Comedie Francaise, they watched Rachel's face for a cue; she neither smiled, yawned, applauded nor frowned. "The general apathy was so thorough that Scribe, fancying that one of our judges was about to drop into a sound slumber, stopped short and observed: 'Don't mind me, my dear fellow, I beg of you.'" The play was rejected, but the authors would not give it to other managers, for it was written for Rachel and the Comedie Francaise. These other managers begged and begged. One said: "My leading lady has never had a chance yet to die on the stage, and would be delighted to die of poison." Six months went by. At last Rachel saw a great light, and the play was put in rehearsal. And how she rehearsed! "She sacrificed everything to her art; she listened to hints, discussed them, gave in the moment she was convinced, but not a moment before." Her cry, "Ah! Maurice," when, delirious, she recognizes her lover, sounded like an inspiration of the moment, but it took her three days to accept the real pitch of this cry as the authors wished it. "It sounds false, it sounds theatrical," she would answer. At last, after three days of miscarried attempts, the cry entered her very heart, and she reproduced it with admirable inaccuracy. I say inaccuracy, because on her lips this cry became sublime. That was one of her special gifts—you handed her a penny and she transmuted it into a louis." It was in "Adrienne" that she abandoned poetry for prose, the peplos and the chlamys for the brocaded gown, the antique for the modern.

It is the fashion now to make novels into plays and plays into operas. The playwright argues that the popularity of the novel must draw audiences; the librettists cherish the fond hope that if a play is successful, a libretto based on that play must be dramatic. But the opera and the drama are two very different things, and the play that is of absorbing interest may turn into a dull libretto, nor in opera is there opportunity for the slow and minute development of intrigue or for the working out of a purely psychological problem. The librettist of "Adriana" cut away the first act of the play, sacrificed all secondary interests, and introduced into his third act a pantomime and dance, "The Judgment of Paris," performed while Adrienne and the Princess de Bouillon discover that they are rivals. Instead of elemental or subtle characters, instead of passions, there are petty intrigues; the action is episodic. Hence, according to one critic, short melodic phrases, now graceful, now sentimental, now violent, but there is no dominating emotion, nor is such emotion possible in a comedy-drama. There is much to entertain, to please, but little to move the hearer. Or, as Mr. Henri de Curzon puts it: "The music has a certain vivacity, a certain piquant lightness in the expression of the feverish life led by the characters in the play, a certain poetry in half-tints in the delicate orchestration, a penetrating note in dolorous situations, as in the death of Adrienne." The music is compared to that of Massenet, "but without that infinite skill in technic and in orchestration which redeems and hides whenever there is need of it the looseness or poverty of ideas." The opera was criticised more favorably in London than in Paris. The chief singers in Paris were Mme. Adelina Stehle, Mme. Fassini-Peyra, Messrs. Garbin, Sammarco, Plni-Corsi. An opera based on the same play with music by Vara was performed at Rome in 1856, and one with music by Perosio at Genoa in 1889.

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"Siberia."

Umberto Giordano is known to some Bostonians by his "Andrea Chenier," which was performed here by Mapleson's Imperial opera company Dec. 5, 1896. The composer was born at Foggia Aug. 27, 1868, the son of an apothecary, who wished his son to be a physician, but the boy preferred music and studied with brilliant results at the Naples Conservatory under Serrao. While he was still in the conservatory he competed for the Sonzogno prize in 1889—the year Mascagni triumphed—but the libretto of his opera "Marina" was so poor that performance was judged impossible. Sonzogno was pleased with the music and ordered another opera, "Mala Vita," with a singularly repulsive plot, which was produced at Rome in 1892. These operas followed: "Regina Diaz" (Naples, 1894), "Andrea Chenier" (Milan, 1896), "Fedora" (Milan, 1898) and "Siberia" (Milan, 1903). "Mala Vita" was revived as "Il Voto" at Milan in 1897.

"Siberia" met in Milan with only comparative success, while "Adriana" was lauded to the skies. In Paris last month, when "Siberia" was produced, on May 4, this judgment was reversed. Libretto and music made a profound impression.

The story by Luigi Illica is a blend of realism and romance. It is the story of a courtesan rehabilitated by a pure love. The first act is in the nature of a prelude. Stephana was seduced as a young girl by a blackguard, a rascally cheat at cards, one Gleby, who sold her to a Russian prince and was pensioned by the latter for this sale. A young officer, Vassili, believing her to be a simple working girl, loved her madly, and she loved him. The devoted servant of Stephana was the godmother of Vassili, who, as he was about to leave for the war, went to the palace to see her and found his sweetheart there, at home. He did not suspect the situation, but as he was bidding her a passionate farewell, the prince entered when they were in each other's arms, and he insulted Stephana grossly. There was at once a quarrel, a duel then and there, and Vassili slew the prince, was arrested and sent to Siberia.

The scene of the second act is the frontier line, a scene of snow and ice and utter desolation. In the distance is heard the mournful song of the long line of exiled prisoners, both men and women. The song grows more distinct, and the prisoners enter, among them Vassili, condemned to hard labor for having killed his superior officer. Women and children are waiting to say the last farewell, but Stephana, who has made her way to the frontier, heeds not the despair or the entreaties of Vassili. She will accompany him to the end, and the dismal procession, after a rest all too short, takes up its groaning way.

In the third act the lovers live in the convict camp near the mines of Transbaikal. They are united in their common misery. It is Easter eve, and lo! the rascal Gleby, now a convict in his turn, a new arrival, burning to revenge himself on anybody and everybody, recognizes Stephana, tells her adventures to the crowd and pours them into the ear of Vassili, who is firm in his love, remembering her devotion and inherent nobility. He rushes in anger toward Gleby, but Easter bells sound and all fall on their knees. The lovers, who had been planning their escape, make the attempt. Gleby spies them and gives the alarm. The soldiers pursue. Vassili is dragged in and Stephana, hit by a bullet, is borne on a stretcher. She dies after a last farewell, and Vassili is consigned to a dungeon.

Here we have the traditional Siberia, not the smiling land and the amiable life depicted by certain English apologists for the Russian prison system, but

the forbidden fruit were an quince, lemon, orange, pomegranate, but he said nothing about the fatal core. It may here be stated that Spaniards of Central America years ago believed the banana to be the forbidden fruit, while the inhabitants of St. Vincent were sure it was the tobacco plant; but The Herald some months ago discussed this much-vexed problem apropos of an outburst on the part of Lillian Devereux Blake.

The term "Adam's apple" has been applied to varieties of the lime, orange and grapefruit. The Italians call a species of lime "pomo d' Adamo" because depressions on its surface still show the marks of Adam's teeth; but how could a lemon, a lime, a banana or a tobacco leaf have given him such a lump in his throat? The wonder is that some surgeon in these days of daring operations has not attempted to improve man by removing the boss or jut; for the ideal man will finally be what the surgeons agree to leave him. The Adam's apple is often grotesque, especially when the wearer is of Gothic architecture. One of our own poets has described it:

"But O my friend! my favorite fellow-man!
If nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!"

But Dr. Holmes never suggested the excision of the bulging fruit.

HIS QUALIFICATIONS.

A church in Peoria, Ill., was in search of a minister with certain definite qualifications. The congregation insisted that its pastor should be young, a "mixer," a crank and a burden bearer. The man at last was found; at least his affidavit inspired confidence. He admitted that he was 35 years old, but he also said that he was spry for his age: "I can set my foot on a wall ten inches higher than my head and can 'chin a limb' ten times." So there will be no lack of physical rhetoric in the pulpit. Is he a "mixer"? Hear him: "I am a mixer, and can talk politics or sports with the boys or theology at the right time. Whoever comes near my church near service time must be fleet of foot if I don't make him shake hands before he gets away." Thus he will compel as well as persuade them to come in. Furthermore, he is a crank: "not a fool, understand, but the kind of crank that moves things. On several occasions I have succeeded so well in moving things that my family, household goods and all were moved into another pastorate"; and a bit of a wag, too. He is not sure whether he is a "burden bearer." His answer is guarded, but not equivocal: "I do not propose to take care of the pocketbooks of the brethren while they go fishing, or to speak knowingly about the bigness of the hats worn by the good sisters at Eastertide. I will not engage to solve the consciences of the brethren who 'hurrah for Jesus and vote for the devil,' and I will not usher any such up to the pearly gates." No wonder that Mr. S. S. Lappin was called. Who would not wish to hear such a man preach? A western clergyman said lately that sensationalism in the pulpit was far preferable to Laodicean tepidity; that if a clergyman could quicken flagging attention by preaching in a red shirt he should do it. Mr. Lappin needs no startling costume. Can he not be induced to come East?

ON INSPECTION.

The following facts were revealed lately in a breach of promise case: The young woman who expected to marry visited at the home of her betrothed. A sister of the latter then found there were serious objections to the match. When asked on the witness stand what these objections were, she answered that the visitor left dandruff and hair in the combs and dressed gaudily, for at one time she had "sixteen colors in her outfit."

The first of these objections is hardly clear. Did not the visitor bring her own comb? Women sometimes neglect to pack a cake or two of soap, for it is still a debatable question in some circles whether the hostess should be expected to furnish soap, and there are women who are fastidious about the particular brand they use; but visitors are surely expected to bring their combs and brushes. From the story of this witness one might easily infer that the visitor used various combs in the bedchambers and bathrooms of the house, possibly a comb for each day of the week, or that the young man's sister went "a-prying round" in search of damaging evidence. Or did the visitor possibly leave her own combs behind her, tortoise shell, vulcanite, silver, aluminum? It is all vague, very vague.

It's a brave girl who will consent to visit at the home of her betrothed who has sisters. Such a one is as sure of herself as was Lady Godiva when she consented to perform her celebrated feat.

It is much safer to invite the sisters in turn to visit her. A visit discloses so many unsuspected personal habits, it dispels certain illusions. As a boy we remember a now distinguished geologist who stopped at a country house during a convention of scientists in the town. He left grime on the towels, so that they might be said to belong to the carboniferous period. The women of that house could never be persuaded that his reputation was well founded. But women, as a rule, are more tolerant toward male visitors than toward women. Men are expected to be careless, untidy in their rooms, and we know of a young man whose very neatness brought down laughter on his head. Wishing to make a favorable impression, for he had honorable designs on a daughter of the house, he, each morning of his stay, put a chair at the foot of the bed and then drew the upper sheet and blanket over it that they might air. He also thumped the pillows and stood them on end. Then he opened the windows and went down stairs to breakfast, sure of feminine applause. "Songs that my mother taught me." What happened was this: The hostess, on her tour of inspection, looked with amazement at the guest bed and summoned her daughters. There was instantaneous giggling, and the adored one exclaimed: "What an old Betty he is!" and in her heart his doom was sealed that very moment.

The women of the household may not be maliciously disposed toward the visitor, but they are naturally curious. The mother is often suspicious when she is not resentful. No woman can be good enough for her boy. No woman can understand him and appreciate him as she does. The handsomer, the more accomplished the visitor is the closer is the scrutiny. The sister who sits and talks intimately in the visitor's bedchamber has her eyes wide open for any personal defect, any specific untidiness. Does the inspected one eat heartily at table? She is "common." Does she eat daintily? She is affected or her digestion is queer. Does she talk seriously? She is characterized vaguely as "a dose," and if she chatters, she is linnet-headed. The Mormon or the Pinkertonian eye that never sleeps is nothing to the eye kept on the intruder, the one that is to bear away bound in her chains the darling Willy of the household. And sometimes there is a speck of dandruff in a comb.

SIGHTLESS ONES MAKE FINE MUSIC

Graduation exercises of the Perkins Institution for the Blind were held at the Boston Theatre yesterday afternoon, in the course of which the Rev. Nicholas Van Der Pyl of Marblehead paid an earnest tribute to Dr. Howe, who founded the institution. He was a man of broad humanitarian interests, said the speaker, and with a spirit of sympathy for all the world.

The Hon. Francis H. Appleton presided.

One of the most interesting and moving features was the performance of the orchestra. For some years great pains have been taken in the instruction of the pupils in ensemble playing. Mr. Edwin A. Sabin has had charge of the strings, and the use of the wind instruments has been taught by various accomplished professionals. The pieces chosen for practice have been gradually more and more ambitious. Until yesterday the performance of the first movement of Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony showed the patience, tact and skill of the instructors as well as the musical instincts, taste and perseverance of the pupils.

The music itself, as all know, demands finesse in the expression of emotion, a fine sense of rythm, perfection in the ensemble. The performance was one of engrossing musical interest. Not only was there a praiseworthy precision in attack, a general purity of intonation, a pervading euphony, but there was an unusual elasticity in the expression, a freedom in the display of emotion.

When one considers how these youths and children must play without the sight of either time beaten or of temperamental conductor with encouraging face and magnetic gesture, the results obtained were surprising, wellnigh incredible. And in the performance there was often a grace, a finish that older orchestras composed of men more kindly treated by nature might envy.

THAT VELASQUEZ.

The discussion about the Velasquez in the Museum of Fine Arts will not down. A distinguished painter told us not long ago that this portrait had long been known in artistic circles of London as a genuine Velasquez, but one of little or no value except to students of the artist's development; that it could easily have been obtained in Madrid at a price ranging between $500 and $1000; that one or two other portraits by Velasquez, of about the same period, were also identified, and could be purchased at a low price. It would be interesting to know precisely how far these statements, made in good faith and by an accomplished artist, were founded on personal knowledge; whether they were rumors or legends that thrive in studios.

TWINS.

In a newspaper we read of the happiness and sorrows of twins; how John and Mary Cooke, "the oldest twins in America," work in their 80th year in their garden in Scranton, Pa., and read diligently; how a prosperous farmer of Holden hanged himself for grief over the death of his twin brother.

Twins fare best in Christian lands. Among the Wazaramo and the Ibos of Africa they were usually sold or exposed in the jungle, and among the Kaffirs one was invariably put to death. In this country their arrival provokes infinite jest and merriment. The father buys release from jokers by going through the operation known as opening wine, and his joy is such that on his return to his own fireside he cannot distinguish one twin from another, even with the aid of the identifying ribbon. The growth, the adventures, the ludicrous blunders of non-identifiers are all proudly related by other members of the family, and later by the twins themselves. Furthermore, anthropologists study the twins curiously, by themselves and in comparison with other twins—see, for example, Kleinwaechter's "Die Lehre von den Zwillingen." Does the personal address remain similar? Are there slight differences of expression familiar only to relatives? The intonation of the speaking voice is commonly the same, but it is not so in singing. The handwriting is seldom the same, and Mr. Francis Galton pleased enthusiasts in chirography when he stated that handwriting is a most delicate test of difference in organization. Can dogs distinguish between twins by scent? The blind girl in "Poor Miss Finch" tells the twin she loves by the thrill caused by the touch of his hand; but there is the case of a twin who declared that kissing her twin sister was not like kissing her other sisters, "but like kissing herself—her own hand." The old gag, "Yes, my twin brother looks more like me than I do like him," is based on a curious observation, for there is sometimes a sort of interchangeable likeness in expression that gives to one twin the effect of being more like his brother than himself. Then there is the strange sympathy in disease or insanity that has been often noted, even when the twins have been long separated.

Some years ago twin brothers, Guy and Roy Crabbe of Columbus, O., married twin sisters. The four were photographed in a group, and the picture is now before us. They complicated matters by building for themselves a twin house. One might naturally ask whether the children born, if any were born, were twins or quartets. So many surprising and wonderful things happen daily on this whizzing ball—the rush of life is so furious—that we inevitably lose sight of temporarily famous men and women. Mr. Hope, once the glorious Apollo of burglary, died in New York a few days ago, and his name meant nothing to the vast majority. Nan Patterson will soon be only a name with vague associations. But the Crabbe family deserved continuous interest.

A BALTIMORE BEAUTY.

The appointment of Mr. Bonaparte to the secretaryship of the navy has revived the romance of his grandmother, Miss Patterson, who became the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte, at one time King of Westphalia. Much has been said about Napoleon's anger and Jerome's behavior, but little about the radiant beauty of Miss Patterson. Here is a description of her given in 1812, nine years after the marriage: "I never beheld a human form so faultless. To the utmost symmetry of feature is added so much vivacity, such captivating sweetness; and her sylphic form thinly veiled displays all the graces of a Venus de Medici. She appears particularly in a fine crepe robe of a beautiful azure color interwoven with silver; in this attire she is truly celestial, and it is impossible to look on any one else when she is present." Remember that this description was written by a woman, not a man, and that the tribute is therefore the greater. The period was one of frank personal revelation and there was little opportunity for deceit. Miss Patterson's dress at the marriage was described as follows: "All the clothes worn by the bride might have been put in my pocket. Her dress was of muslin richly embroidered, of extremely fine texture. Beneath her dress she wore but a single garment." And read the account given in "Two Centuries of Costume" of her portrait painted in miniature by Augustine. "She is seated—and apparently had to be; for the moment Mme. Bonaparte stood up that empire gown would certainly fall to the ground; it was half fallen as she was seated."

There is a Hall of Fame, which is as yet ironical, for Calhoun, Poe and Walt Whitman are still on the outside. The nominations include twenty-four names of "famous American women of native birth"—from Abigail Adams to Emma Willard. Pocahontas is nominated, Mrs. Sigourney is in the list, but is there no thought of Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte? Arthur Rimbaud at some nocturnal festival in a northern city met all the women of ancient painters, as in a garret where he was shut up at the age of 12 he knew the world and illustrated it in human comedy. But few have had imagination. Should there not be an American Hall of Beauty with Mme. Bonaparte conspicuous, distinguished, glorious in painting, bust and statue?

A GENERAL COMPLAINT.

There has lately been complaint of the decay of manners in Boston. Contributions published in the newspapers of other American cities show that the complaint is general, and now a wail of horror to us across the Atlantic from old England. The utterer of the wail begins by deploring the fact that no class at any school has ever been formed for the teaching of manners. Society loses much because the educational system does not include the inculcation of good behavior, of unselfishness and of generous and refined regard for the feelings of others. Bad manners are not confined to the "lower classes," and the writer frames a definition that should be heeded in New York, where, it seems, there is uneasiness over the question, Who is a gentleman? "The expression 'a gentleman born' means, rather, an instinctive, inherent quality of mind and heart not by any means necessarily

ected with aristocratic connections lue blood'; and rudeness and vul- y are not infrequently the charac- ties of those who ought to know r." That a man may be a gentle- simply and solely because he is rich is an idea apparently not en- ined by this writer. The story is of a German count who pushed y against an Italian ambassador public function. The Italian re- trated, and the German said: "Do know who I am? I am Count So So!" "Sir," answered the suave an, who recognized the man, "as xplanation your statement is am- but as an excuse it is insufficient."

e Bostonian male often complains use he is not thanked by women of own when he offers them any little esy in a public place. We saw ong ago a man in a crowded street offer his seat to a woman who was hardly a lady. He had a heavy le, but he rose and quietly, with- any flourish, made his offer. She d at him, said nothing, did not her thanks, but poked the woman entered the car with her, and said: sit down there." There was a d argument between the two, and y one sat down. Neither one paid lightest attention to the man, who then holding a strap. Such rude- is so common that it is now almost rbial, and similar exhibitions of manners may be seen in any hall hich fashionable women gather. frequently one hears older women laining of the inattention, if not ive rudeness, of young girls, buds, rd them. How frequently one women of all ages complaining e rudeness of young men, of even nts at a university. Like comp- ts are made in London, if this r tells the truth.

believe that the fault lies chiefly too indulgent parents. "There is d deal of the wild animal in an ght child." Parents have been ed for some years to let their chil- develop themselves. Punishment ool or at home is not to be tol- d. "What! Strike a little child?" spanking, when it was performed iously as well as conscientiously, of incalculable benefit to a young- who was thus taught that the d, after all, was not created solely the free display of his egoism, ness, will, petulance, cruelty. The astened, the unspanked child will easily be taught to realize that are other human beings whose es and comfort should be respected. many will be constantly annoyed very summer on the veranda, in parlors, in the dining room of a by the outrageous behavior of g imps, both male and female; will scream and play ball and and run on the veranda, and boys girls will make life unendurable in parlors and dining rooms, while mothers smile approvingly or con- themselves with saying: "Darl- I wouldn't do that." How few rn children are taught to shut a without slamming it! Just as as it is for some men and women y "Thank you."

e writer whose article has sug- d these thoughts asks, "Why can- we have in all our systems of ing up the young something of the nese plan, which has produced re- in the 'grown ups' that are aston- g the world just now? Love for ren should never be carried to the rd, foolish and positively demoral- indulgence that is conspicuous in oo many homes." But the maxim, in a child," etc., is regarded by y as hopelessly old-fashioned, and in accordance with the "new ght" and "modern education." Nor the fact that many parents suffer lly through their own negligence mistaken ideas impress others who t on their dear children thinking acting for themselves.

June 8. 1905

MALE BUDS.

It is proposed, and in all seriousness, that when American youths of the untitled aristocracy arrive at man's estate the event should be celebrated by a coming-out tea or a coming-out party. We remember vaguely an experiment of this kind in New York several years ago: High complexioned matrons and fresh young girls gave aid to the blushing bud; there was a tea; there were flowers; the dinner was followed by a theatre party

In England the coming to age of the oldest son has a peculiar meaning; it is of actual moment in the family life. The celebration, with all the traditional ceremonies, is appropriate. The flowers, the garlands, the huzzas of the villagers, the smiles of radiant women, the tent and the band on the lawn, the broaching of casks, the meats and wines—all these are in praise and gratitude for the continuance of the long line. After the fireworks are over the father takes the son aside, tells him of the mortgages on the estate, shows him what timber can be cut, and in some instances, as at Glamis Castle, narrates in blood-curdling tones some horrid and haunting mystery known henceforth only to father, son and steward. However the details may vary, the occasion is a manly one.

To launch a young American into society as though he were a bud smacks of the opera bouffe or of degeneracy. A young man may be thus seriously embarrassed at the beginning of his career. His coiffure may not meet with favor. His corsage may not be cut so as to show his figure to best advantage. His costume may be discordant; it may clash with that of the young women. In spite of rehearsals zealously supervised by his parents and sisters, he may show awkwardness; he may drop his fan, twiddle his fingers, be vulgarly nervous, blush too deep a hue when he hears himself addressed as "mister" instead of "Charley." He may fill his dancing card at once and find too late that he has no room for a late arrival, a more eligible partner. The hunger of youth may overpower him, and his performance with tea and cake excite general surprise. In the honesty of youth he may avoid a dance with a plain, dull girl, although she is the daughter of a trust. Then there is the possibility that the bud may turn out to be a wall flower.

There is another question. When will the youth be ready for the ordeal? After leaving preparatory school, or after sophomore year? The training is necessarily arduous. He must deny himself football and abstain from all sports that roughen the face or might disfigure or lame. He must be careful in his diet; he must court beauty sleep; he must train his voice to low and gentle modulations. Any youth that is willing to undergo such training deserves a triumph on the day of his burgeoning. Think of the risk, and what is he to do if he succeeds? If women crowd out men in the industries because they are willing to work for smaller wages, why should not a male favorite exercise his tact and sweetness and personal attractions as a "gentleman" dressmaker or milliner? If he should meet with pecuniary reverses after the popularity of a season, his sisters would no doubt support him.

HORSE CHESTNUTS.

All true Bostonians know that the lower end of Chestnut street is called familiarly Horse Chestnut street on account of the stables found there, a mild jest that has given pleasure to some and can be safely cracked in the presence of ladies. The horse chestnut tree is also well known and the nuts are dear to boys and sufferers from rheumatism. But the statement was made lately, and it is even found in some encyclopaedias, that the name is given on account of its coarseness: "Like a horse, or like that of a horse, hence coarse and unrefined." The reflection on the horse is an unworthy one, but let that pass. Is not the explanation given in Gerarde's Herbal (1597) a more reasonable one? "Called in English horse chestnut; for that the people of the East countries do with the fruit thereof cure their horses of the cough and such like diseases."

There is a long list of plants that have animal prefixes—horse, dog, cat, bear, cow, pig, wolf, mouse, rat, toad, frog, dragon, snake, etc. In some instances "the name of an animal prefixed has a totally different signification, denoting size, coarseness and frequently worthlessness or spuriousness"; but names have also originated from the particular uses to which certain plants have been put, and the horse chestnut is an example. The Turks, Arabians, Persians all believed that these nuts cured horses of coughs, shortness of wind and such other ailments. In England a preparation of the nut was once used for bleaching yarn.

Yet there may be something in the statement of an Englishman, Mr. Alfred A. Millward: "The tree possesses a feature which I have often found to be not generally known—it is a very distinctly marked horseshoe, with seven dots, corresponding to the nails of the horseshoe, and this appears at the knuckle of the branches, large and small, but more clearly on the latter."

"RAISED."

Judge Newburger of New York released an engineer accused of passing a bad check on a saloon keeper, released him on his own recognizance, saying: "Your two children have brought this about. They have been well raised, and the father of such cannot be a very bad man."

The purist might applaud the action that the penologist might condemn, but the former would surely cry out against the judge's use of the word "raise," as would the genteel, who insist that colts and calves are raised and children are reared. The genteel make many fine distinctions, as "beasts sweat, men perspire and women glow"; yet did not one of the richly dressed ladies of great distinction and fashion from town who danced before the Vicar of Wakefield surprise him when she observed that "by the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat"?

The purists are no doubt right in the distinction between "rear" and "raise." The latter verb has long been used in rather singular ways in the United States. "A Vocabulary or Collection of Words and Phrases Which Have Been Supposed to Be Peculiar to the United States of America," by John Pickering, was published at Boston in 1816, and it contains this note: "In some of the southern states they also use the verb 'to raise' in this manner: I was raised, i. e., brought up, in such a town. It is never thus used in the northern states." Was to raise, with the meaning of "to foster, rear, bring up a person" wholly unknown in England? The New English Dictionary gives the word in this sense and adds: "Now chiefly U. S. and commonly in passive with specification of place." It also gives us an illustration, a sentence from Matthew Bishop's "Life and Adventures," published at London in 1744, which would show that the word was used at that time in England; but Bishop was a sailor, not a purist. There are one or two English provinces where they speak today of raising a child.

Pickering noted the fact that while in his time farmers of New England "raised" corn, farmers and agricultural writers in England "grew" corn. "To grow" with this meaning did not appear in English literature until the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Robinson Crusoe, for instance, planted and raised corn. Pickering also called attention to the use of "raise" for "rise" in some of the southern states. He quoted a letter written by an Englishman in Philadelphia: "Of the gentlemen who are my fellow-boarders at least one-half use the verb 'raise' as a neuter; as we in New England do the verb 'fall' as an active. For example: Tobacco and cotton will raise." This was not an Americanism. We find this neuter in Sir Thomas Malory, Caxton and others, and Hume spoke of artisans "finding their profits to raise." But to raise—that is, to appoint or form a committee—is a pure Americanism.

To go back to raising children. From a letter of Paulding, written in 1817, it would appear that the verb was not in general use throughout the South: "You know I was raised, as they say in Virginia, among the mountains of the north." But why should not Judge Newburger have said "raised"? May not a judge be informal and unbuttoned off the bench? A child that is reared suggests a refractory little animal, pawing and snorting and kicking parental shins. A child that is raised should naturally grow up from things of clay to full spiritual and bodily stature. "Il grandira," as they sing in "La Perichole."

June 9. 1905

ERGOPHOBIA.

An English employer sought to terminate an award made under the Workmen's Compensation Act, on the ground that the recipient of the award was quite well enough to resume his work but had not the inclination. The employer's counsel said in the course of his remarks: "Ergophobia: from 'ergon' and 'phobos.' It means a hatred or terror of work. It is a new disease which a medical paper has recently called attention to; and it says it is becoming very prevalent." The judge answered: "Why, it is a common disease I have been familiar with all my life." The Pall Mall Gazette, referring to the incident, insists that the malady is epidemic. "We all suffer from it at times; but the most extraordinary thing about the malady is that the patient is invariably quicker to diagnose the symptoms in other people than in himself."

The word "erg"—the quantity of work done by force which acting for one second upon a mass of one gramme produces a velocity of one centimetre a second—is in the dictionary; so is ergometer; but ergophobia is a more important word, and it must become familiar. All healthy, normal persons have suffered from the disease. Spring fever is one of its most aggravated forms. Poets are constitutional sufferers. Who does not like to think of Thomson lolling in bed because there was nothing worth while to drag him from it, or eating peaches off the tree with his hands in his pockets? The lotos is the one fitting food for mankind. The strength of the mysterious East, mother of religions, is in its passion for inaction. Only the one that loafs can truly invite his soul.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day."

CHEAP AND GOOD MEALS.

Interesting experiments are made continually in certain European cities for the betterment of the poor. In London new dining rooms in the East end have been inspected by the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, approved, and opened. The endeavor is to provide good, substantial food at cost price, and the food may be eaten on the premises or carried home. Let us see what the prices are in American money: Slice of bread and butter, 1 cent; egg, bloater or kipper, 2 cents—but are the eggs fresh, strictly fresh, or new laid, and do they come from England or Italy? Cut from a joint and one vegetable, 6 cents; steak puddings, 6 cents; stuffed hearts, 6 cents—something in our heart tells us to let them alone; cold meat by the plate, 4 cents, 6 cents and 8 cents; puddings and pastries, 2 cents; tea, coffee, and cocoa, 1 cent a cup, and "fetched in your own jugs," 2 cents; all vegetables, 1 cent; pickles, 1 cent, and a rasher of bacon, 3 and 4 cents.

Now, in Paris the majority of school children eat their mid-day meal at school, if they can they bring the food with them, and when it is necessary it is cooked free. Some children pay 2 cents for their meal, some 1 cent, and for some there is no charge. Not only food, but boots and shoes, clothes and country holidays are provided, when necessary, by the "caisse des ecoles." The fund for the meals are supplied by the city

requirements of opera make such demands on singers "as to render it impossible to confine themselves to the purer vocalism of the concert platform." He believes that natural vocal methods provide adequately for all demands of emotional strength. Singers, goaded by the public, are led into all sorts of extravagances, until their vocalism is so disorganized that they are obliged to seize any possible means of making a superficial impression. They too soon kick away the technical ladder which has raised them. We often notice absence of voice control in the simplest phrases, even in turns, which now-a-days are habitually delivered by them in detached notes. With having so long relied upon physical force, it becomes difficult to sing a flowing, legato figure. Fundamental laws of graceful execution become disregarded, the breath loses its pulsations and is only spasmodic. Vocal security attempts to rely upon the most crude deliveries. Many operatic voices appear worn. The weft and the warp of the vocal fabric is seamy, because of the absence of the nap (or velvety pile) which perfect pronunciation and enunciation give to vocal material." And here Mr. Breare is again astride his hobby. He quotes Sims Reeves, whose voice lasted an inordinate length of time. "Successful alike on the concert and operatic platform, no one will venture to deny that he was capable of expressing the truest emotionalism. And why was this? Because he, above other men, understood that perfect pronunciation was the foundation, not only of tone, but expressive color."

And here is the one crowning sentence in the book: "The lightness of heart with which so many take up the grave responsibilities of vocal teaching is much to be deplored."

A Voice from Italy.

Let us look on a brighter picture. A well known and distinguished musician and journalist, a Bostonian now in Italy, writes to us: "From Genoa to the south of Sicily I haven't heard a loafer singing in the streets who had half as bad 'production,' as Winkelmann or Searla. In Sicily, by the way, the stuff sung, or chanted, in the streets by donkey boys, teamsters, etc., was invariably Greek, or Graeco-Oriental, in character. There wasn't a hint at the Italian opera tune. Liszt's 'Tasso' theme is nearer the mark. It was lovely to see a sparely-clad youth of 16, sitting in the front part of his cart, leaning back against the load, with his legs hanging down between the cart and the donkey, yelling for all he was worth, just for his own pleasure and quite regardless of listeners, in the middle of the afternoon along the principal streets of Taormina, Syracuse or Girgenti. Think of the popular excitement in, say Tremont street, if an Irishman should wake up the postmeridian echoes with a fff rendering of 'The Vale of Avoca'! One night in Rome a fellow came by the hotel about 3 A. M. with a guitar. He was evidently pretty drunk, and bellowed a curious sort of improvisation in the 'Nelusko's recitative vein,' yelling at the top of a mighty fine baritone voice, but always coming out true with the guitar chord at the end of a phrase. That is the sort of fellow who becomes a Tamagno or a Caruso, if only some free-handed soul takes notice of him and pays for his education. Our landlord in Rome said: 'The butcher boys are the ones that make the great singers; they get up early in the morning, their shops are wide open to the fresh air, and they eat lots of fresh raw meat!' "

"THE POPS."

The season of "Pop" concerts in Symphony Hall is fast drawing to a close. In accordance with arrangements made at the beginning of the season, Mr. Max Zach will retire from the conductor's desk after the concert of Wednesday evening next, and on Thursday evening Mr. Gustav Strube will assume the direction of the concerts for the balance of the season. Mr. Zach has planned a notable programme tomorrow evening, which will represent a dozen French composers, Berlioz, Gounod, Delibes, Offenbach, Massenet, Chabrier, Thomas, Auber, Lalo, Saint-Saens, Waldteufel and Lacome. The solos in Massenet's "Under the Linden Trees" will be played by Mr. Josef Keller, 'cello, and Mr. Fritzsche, clarinet. In the prelude to "The Deluge" Mr. Ondricek will play the violin solo. Mr. Gustav Strube is preparing to make the final week of the "Pops" memorable in the season's record. The management announces that Monday, the 19th inst., will be Harvard night, and that the annual graduates' night has been fixed for Monday evening, the 26th inst. The "Pop" concert season will end with the concert of Saturday evening, July 1.

PERSONAL.

It is said that Mme. Calve has written the libretto of an opera, "The Nile," to which Isidore de Lara will set music.

Saint-Saens' new opera, to be produced at Monte Carlo next winter, is entitled "The Ancestor." The libretto, in two acts, is by Auge de Lassus.

"Lisia," an opera in one act, libretto by Miss Mimi Resaco, music by Miss Jole Gasparini, was produced at Genoa May 9.

Enrico Giordani, a buffo-tenor of repute, killed himself with a revolver in the cemetery of Bologna, by reason of grief for his sister, who died recently in his arms. He was 45 years old.

J. J. D. Naret-Koning, a distinguished violinist, and for many years first concert master of the Frankfort-on-the-Main Opera House, is dead. He was born at Amsterdam in 1838 and was a pupil of Ferdinand David.

Miss Destinn, whose Carmen has been praised in Berlin, impersonated the part at Covent Garden May 24. Mr. Blackburn liked her, and called her an artist of the finest calibre. "She works hard, and yet it is not till one indulges in afterthoughts that one completely realizes how great a player and singer she is. As a matter of fact, we have in recent years been inoculated with the idea (Prosper Merimee notwithstanding) that Carmen is a divinely-gifted woman, who, by no chance, could live in a garret. The opera itself lends color to this idea. But Mlle. Destinn took the part rather from the human than from the romantic standpoint. She, perforce, had to act up to the part as it is portrayed in the opera, but we were delighted to note that she stopped on the hither side of the tragedy; that she never exceeded, but that, at the same time, she never failed in interesting her audience, and that she always—as Dr. Johnson has it—fulfilled expectations." But why did Mr. Blackburn see fit to speak of Miss Destinn as "Mlle"? Emmy was born at Prague. The Telegraph noted the fact that she neglects, as Carmen, "the allurement which, before all else, should belong to the part. We do not remember a more gauche Carmen, nor one that suggested less the fascination which Prosper Merimee's hapless heroine is supposed to exercise over her victims. Miss Destinn, while singing the music with a good deal of energy and effect, left her hearers comparatively cold." Mr. Baughan of the Daily News made some remarks that will serve as text for the leading article next Sunday.

Max Bruch's "Siechentrost"—two solos, two duets, and one quartet, with violin obbligato throughout—was performed in London for the first time on May 30, at Frederick Warren's concert. The verses are taken from a story by Paul Heyse.

Sir Edward and Lady Elgar will make a short visit to this country. It is understood that Yale University will give the composer a degree. Prof. Sandford will give a reception at the Yale School of Fine Arts on June 20.

Leon Rennay, "an American baritone," sang at a concert in London May 25.

Mr. Albert Spalding, a young American violinist, gave a concert at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, June 6, and was highly praised for his performance of pieces by Bach, Saint-Saens, Beethoven and Sarasate.

THREE PORTRAITS.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Geraldine Farrar taken from the latest photograph, for which she sat in Paris. It will be remembered that she created the part of the heroine in Maseagni's "Amica" at Monte Carlo, March 16. Last month she sang for the benefit of "La Societo de Preparation au Service militaire" at the Opera, Paris, in the second and fifth acts of "Faust." The Paris correspondent of Truth (London, May 25) praised her with unstinted, some might say extravagant praise: "Mlle. Breval opened the performance in the second act of 'Armide,' and was in good voice and form. The ballet of 'The Cid' followed. As all felt curious to see Miss Farrar, the light airy graces of the danseuses failed to meet with the appreciation to which they were entitled. The prima donna from Berlin has an elegant figure and is mistress of the scena. The face is expressive, the faculty of auto-suggestion evident, and she knows from personal experience what it is to wear the willow. Duse could not have done better in the part of Gretchen, and Duse has not a voice that bears the hearer up to heaven. Do not think me extravagant. I am only just. There was a general inclination to attribute the fascination of the singer to heart wounds. The idea that she had been a severe sufferer gave zest to her personation in the last act. We rail at the surgeons, and rightly, for wallowing in the cruelties of 'scientific research.' Were we sincere, we should own to fits of vivisectional hardness of heart. The brilliant company at the Opera House passed through a fit of this kind when Miss Farrar brought before the footlights, what is so rare in the light soprano, flame and emotion. The heat of singers of that class is so often that of the close stove, that fires nothing though it may warm. Miss Farrar seems to find an outlet for her own feelings in mimic passion. She lifted the other night the house out of herself."

Mention has been made in the music notes of The Herald about the talent of Mischa Elman. The portrait published today is from a photograph taken lately in Paris. The young fiddler was born in 1892 in Flecken Stalnoje, in the government of Kieff. His parents were poor. The father, a schoolteacher, used to play to the boy, who at the age of 5 played to a select audience, although he did not then know his notes. The boy was able to go to Odessa, where, after a time in which the teachers were in doubt as to what instrument he should play, he studied the violin under Fidelmann. In November, 1902, Auer heard him and took him to St. Petersburg as his pupil. In St. Petersburg the boy's talent was quickly recognized. His first appearance in Germany was at Berlin, Oct. 15, 1904. His first appearance in London was on March 21 of the present year. Mr. Blackburn at once exclaimed "Prodigious!" "Even as Joachim cast away from himself the idea of being a prodigy, and developed into the great artist which we have known him to be, so this youngster shows every sign that his growth in artistic utterance will only deepen his most singular musical sense and will only enhance the dazzling gifts of which he is the fortunate possessor. For, indeed, dazzling, though it does not express everything in connection with his playing, is the first word that naturally occurs to the mind; but, calling his whole performance back to memory, one fingers upon a much nobler and finer quality than that of mere brilliance; one recalls depth of feeling, a truly artistic outlook upon music, a sweetness of tone, a breadth of sentiment, which are utterly marvellous for one to find in one so young. In Tschaikowsky's concerto in D for the violin this amazing boy seemed actually to touch the emotional strings of the deepest musical thinker of our time. There it was that one could test his musical character and his musical temperament, for in the changing moods of that extraordinary Russian composer, from grave to gay, from gay to almost ferocious sort of mirth, and thence around the circle into gloom and tragedy, young Elman followed the master not only with magnificent technical qualities, but also with a significance and a nobility of thought that literally made even an English audience almost wildly enthusiastic; that audience was absolutely right in its judgment, for, indeed, it was a privilege to hear so exquisite a genius for the first time in this country." Later appearances have confirmed the impression made at first, and Mr. Baughan wrote after the last concert: "His interpretations were remarkable for the qualities which one does not expect from a lad who can have had no experience of life and whose emotions, one would think, must run in the grooves natural to a boy of his age. And, from all accounts, he is just a simple boy, full of fun and high spirits."

The Herald also publishes a portrait of the late Jessie Bartlett Davis, from a photograph taken in the season of 1883-4.

LOCAL.

The series of recitals of the Faelten pianoforte school continue to attract large audiences, and much interest is manifested in the work of the students. So far 16 recitals have been given, with six more still to come. These will include a solo recital by Miss Clara M. Browning of the graduating class, on the evening of the 20th, and the graduation exercises on the 22d.

NEW FORMS.

Mr. E. A. Baughan, reviewing Mr. W. H. Hadow's latest volume (the fifth of "The Oxford History of Music"), writes in the Daily News (London):

"We hear much of the progress of music, but whither is it progressing? The old-fashioned musician will tell you that the art is rapidly descending into a period of anarchy. Melody is dead; modern composers seek to astonish rather than to please. Those of modern views press forward in their desire to enlarge the boundaries of the art. But surely there must be an ultimate goal; things cannot go on progressing forever! No such progress, it is argued, is to be traced in the other arts—a statement with which I do not entirely agree. It may be said, however, that neither literature nor the plastic arts show such an astonishing alteration in their technique during the centuries as music has shown in the last hundred years. Frankly there do not seem to be any limits to the art. Apparently it will go on changing with the changes of civilization and with the capability of the human ear to appreciate new combinations of sound. The difference in the spirit of the day also reflects itself in music, and alters its means of expression. Thus the formal classicism of Gluck's period is to be traced clearly in his music. Beethoven gave musical utterance to the ferment of the early days of the last century; Wagner caught up the speculative heresies of the first half of the 19th century; Richard Strauss represents its unrest and its ironic idealism. It would not be possible—or, at any rate, natural—for a modern composer to write with the light-hearted grace of a Mozart. It would be the merest pose, or the musician would have to be one of those anachronistic souls that we occasionally meet in literature or the arts. But, apart from these psychical considerations, the art of music has progressed in a technical sense. All kinds of new harmonic combinations have been discovered since Beethoven's day; the counterpoint of the period which culminated in Bach has been developed in the freest fashion; the orchestra has become a new instrument; musical form has been enlarged. History tells us that these modern developments are natural, and that there is a perfect line of development.

"Since Wagner the main feature of modern music has been a return to polyphony. If we look at the matter clearly it is to be seen that just as vocal music gave Bach his instrumental polyphony, so Bach, after a transition period when music was learning once more from song, is really the father of Wagner and Richard Strauss. This kind of interaction of one branch of music on another seems to have proceeded as naturally as the growth of the species. Thus the place of Wagner, who was once thought to be a separate phenomenon, is clearly defined. In his musical style he not only assimilated the polyphonic school of Bach, but also the monodic style of the later romantic composers; and to the instrumental side of his art he added the development of song through Mozart, Gluck and Schubert—indeed, Wagner owes more to Schubert than is generally admitted.' Then comes the modern German school of which Richard Strauss is the leader. That school has assimilated all the harmony and polyphony of Wagner, but the combination of voice and instrumental music has stood still for the moment—indeed, our own Elgar is the only considerable composer of modern days who has attempted to follow in the footsteps of Wagner without imitating his music dramas. Strauss is busy applying the Wagnerian treatment of themes and the Wagnerian polyphony to purely instrumental music. It is not generally recognized that this necessitates new forms—or, rather modifications of old forms.

"Strangely enough, Mr. Hadow's volume shows quite plainly that the reactionists who object to any one man attempting a new departure in music cannot find their objections borne out by the history of the art. Thus, the scrata form was largely the work of one man, Philip Emmanuel Bach. Of course, the beginnings can be traced much farther back, just as Richard Strauss was preceded by Berlioz in one direction and by Franz Liszt in another. But Liszt, with all Wagner's praise of his symphonic-poems, was not musician enough to create new forms. But he did apply to purely instrumental music the variations which Wagner had used to represent dramatic ideas recurring in his music dramas. This variation form in the widest sense is the backbone of Strauss' style. It gives the composer an organism capable of infinite development from within. It is no longer necessary to fit the musical ideas into the hard-and-fast sonata or symphony form. And in Strauss we get away, too, from the different movements of a symphony which originally had no meaning beyond mere musical contrast, a legacy from the dance suite.

June 12 1905

NORWEGIAN NOTES.

That the Norwegians and Swedes have long disliked each other is a historical fact. Not even the invention of Swedish punch has reconciled the Norwegians, who have insisted that they are naturally the more independent, sturdy, heroic folk. Just before the middle of the nineteenth century Samuel Laing published an entertaining account of his travels in the two countries. He was a shrewd observer. He suggested that the preservation of the popular liberties of the Norwegians was due in large measure to the abundance of wood and the expense of working the hard and irregular stone, which prevented the building of castles. He believed in the Asiatic origin of the Scandinavian Goths as marked, even till the eleventh century, by their custom of eating horse flesh, "the dearest of all animal foods"; "indigenous" inhabitants of the peninsula could never have fallen into this habit, as having too little land to produce this food. But an objection to this theory was made by a deep thinker, who asserted that Laing could not prove that Scandinavians raised horses with the view of eating them; they may have eaten only horses that died or were too old to work. This would shield the Troglodytes of Berlin and Paris from the charge of being Asiatics by descent.

The Norwegians in the thirties were not given to drinking, perhaps because of the cheapness of spirits; "for since the people know they can always drink they care less for drinking"; a remark which prohibitionists of today might well ponder. There was no capital punishment, but criminals were slaves in chains for life, or for shorter periods. If a judge gave a wrong decision he was liable to damages, which the aggrieved party might recover in the superior court, and if in the mean time the judge died, his heirs were responsible. The Norwegians took a glass of potato brandy at breakfast—a hard folk; they smoked less than any other continental people; they were fond of theatrical representations. There were savings banks for corn. A farmer would take his surplus corn to a magazine and receive interest for it. A person who wanted corn took it out of this bank and paid interest for it. There was no censorship of the press. Every man was responsible for what he saw fit to publish. Private libel was open, intentional and false, or there was no offence in the publication. In Sweden there was a very strict censorship. "Norway is the only part of Europe in which property from the earliest ages has been transmitted upon the principle of partition among all children," nor did this division lead to the effect of reducing properties to a minimum size that will barely support human existence. Laing's account of the Storthing is most interesting.

PROTECTION FOR CHARITY.

Mr. Henry Russell made a bold experiment in attempting to give excellent opera at the Waldorf Theatre, London, at reasonable prices. According to all accounts, the performances have been of a high order of merit, inasmuch as he purposed to perform

of the modern Italian school, he ght from Italy an orchestra well d in the music of this school, play- of natural sentiment and emotion nsive to a temperamental con- r. This action was described by Orcherton, secretary of the Orches- Association, as "the dumping of Italian musicians in a London the- through the instrumentality of Mr. Russell, an Englishman by birth." Orcherton wrote highly indignant s to the London newspapers, ask- why there had been no protest st this outrageous action. "In view e tremendous competition now ex- g in our branch of the profession, chances of employment will the number of students of the Royal ge and academies of music have, are being turned out every year, s public opinion favors the em- ent of the native musician in his nd?" But would these students aduates be able to play satisfacto- he music of the modern Italian in an opera house? Even if they skilful and emotional, where could aster the necessary routine?

here not back of this protest the irit of dislike and distrust of for- s, one of the many phases of "pro- n," which was curiously exhib- 1831, when Paganini fiddled in l, Eng.? Some one who signed f "Philadelphus" wrote the fol- g appeal, which was circulated handbill: "Fellow-citizens: It th feelings of unqualified dis- hat I witness the announcement g. Paganini's performance to place in this city. Why at this of distress, with the recollection many scenes of misery fresh in nds, and whilst subscriptions are d to the extent of our means er to feed and clothe the poor? s this foreign fiddler now to ap- r the purpose of draining those es which would be infinitely bet- plied in the exercise of the best s of man, charity? Do not suf- urselves to be imposed upon by ment of charges which are well of the name of extortion; rather nder the imputation of a want e than support any of the tribe ign music-monsters who collect h of this country and waft it r own shores, laughing at the tion of John Bull."

as then, the appeal is made to t the foreign musician so that tive may be benefited. There en no concession on the part of elphus" that Paganini was well hearing, and now the question the graduates and students e able to perform the demanded carefully avoided. Now, as here is the wish on the part of triots to shy 'arf a brick at eigner who may cross the fron- competition, though the general ay suffer through the shying.

ALFONSO AT TABLE.

long ago we read that the food of King Alfonso is goat's nd with it he likes garlic. able to gratify his taste in nd London? The ancients dis- l the meat and called the ani- ether it were stationary or ro- lthy beast, but young and ten- were relished. Hippocrates t goat has all the bad qualities but he ranked kid next in ex- to pork, and Hesiod recom- the latter as a delicious food he heat of summer. Few, if dern cook books give recipes or kid.

t Alfonso in the banquet hall h for the goat of Spain? Did me it first when thinking what d eat and drink the moment d the frontier on his return? mentions as one of the chief of a journey afoot "the deli- ulation" of sitting, tired, in an considering the problem of sup- s and a rasher, a rabbit smoth- nions, or an excellent veal cut- cho, in such a situation, once cow heel; and his choice, could not help it, is not to be d." As for garlic, it is health- ful for the body and the mind—that is, of the consumer. Beatty-Kingston could never make up his mind whether garlic is the root of all evil or "merely a skid upon the wheel of civilization," but he was sure that it is the curse of Spain. According to him the Spaniards, male and female, through extravagant and continuous consumption get it into their skins, and their clothes are saturated with it, so that they walk about in a personal atmosphere "indescribably sickly and sickening." He told of a Spanish gentleman who, praising the beauty and virtue of English-women, remarked: "There is only one fault that I detected in them—their skin has no perfume. When I kiss a Spanish lady's hand I smell that delicious national odor that we all adore; but an English lady's hand, though delicately white and soft, does not absolutely smell of anything!" Nothing has been said, at least publicly, about the personal atmosphere of Alfonso. Alexander the Great gave out a singularly sweet odor, like that of violets, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury prided himself on the fact that his shirts and other garments he wore next his body were sweet, "beyond what either can easily be believed, or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco, which, toward my latter time, I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time." On the other hand, Henry of Navarre was of a peculiarly unsavory body in spite of his gallantry.

Both in Paris and in London the King of Spain no doubt remembered longingly the puchero, the olla, the salpicon, the duelos y quebrantos, and, above all, the eggs fried in oil, for which Mr. E. Fernandez-Arbos, exiled in Boston, sighed with tears of appreciation. But is there no Spanish restaurant in Paris or London which Alfonso might have visited incog?

JULIENNE.

A Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Jullen, a refugee during the Reign of Terror, settled in Boston in 1794 and opened a tavern, "Julien's Restorator." He died in 1805 and his widow kept the house for about ten years. There is this legend about him, and it was told again only a few days ago: "His soups became famous, and he was called the 'Prince of Soups.' One of his soups now remains to us—the julien (sic)." Mr. Drake in his "Old Landmarks" also gives him the honor: "M. Jean Baptiste Julien was the inventor of that agreeable potage which bears his name."

But was he? Was the Julienne—for there is no such soup as the Julien—named after this particular Julien? Was this Julien a cook or an inn-keeper of any renown in Paris before he came to America? Was not a soup known in Paris by this name in the forties of the eighteenth century? The French dictionaries recognize the soup, but say that the name was derived from Jules or Julien, common names, and Littre refers to a date when J. B. Julien must have been a youth unless he died here at a patriarchal age. The soup was not known apparently in France before 1650, for in de Lavarenne's "Le Cuisinier Francois" (1651, 2d ed. in 1653), the name does not appear in the list of sixty and more soups—and it was evidently not the fashion then to name a soup after any distinguished man, cook, statesman, poet, warrior. But in the "Manuel des Amphitryons," written by the famous Grimod de la Reyniere and published at Paris in 1808—three years after the death of Jullen—the soup is only honored. It is called "potage a la Julienne," and it is classed with soups a la Camerani, Fauxhonne, Xavier, Conde, Necker. The author says: "A Julienne well made is an excellent thing; only a skilful artist can put so much esprit into carrots, cabbages and turnips," but nothing is said about the origin of the name, while there is tribute paid to Conde and Necker. This is significant, for the book abounds in entertaining digressions and notes. Evidently the soup was well known. In the same author's "Gastronome Francais" (1828), there is mention of the "humble Robert" and also of Camerani, "the creator of a most succulent soup," and a footnote is illuminative: "Some persons think that the sauce Robert was invented by a restaurant keeper of that name, our contemporary. This is an error. Rabelais puts in the number of those who have deserved well of their country, the cook Robert, who was the inventor of the sauce."

Julien no doubt knew the soup in Paris; he introduced it in Boston; his patrons thought that Julienne must necessarily be named after this particular and present Julien. They attributed to him the glory, and he was mortal: he accepted it.

The soup is a good one even in its simplest form as prepared in France. Slice carrots, turnips, celery and color them in butter over a fire to a golden hue; add leeks, lettuce, cabbage, sorrel, chervil and put everything into the bouillon and boil for an hour; add little green peas and asparagus tips. Mr. Sala does not approve the addition of sorrel, cabbage, lettuce and chervil; but he well says that a greasy Julienne is destruction, and unless the vegetables be lightly browned, the soup is not a Julienne at all. It should be served as hot as possible. "The heat, Mrs. Cook, should be in the dishing up and in the plates, not in the seasoning."

There are pretentious Juliennes—the Julienne Faubonne, two parts of Julienne to one of a puree of peas, and the Julienne Mogul, one part Julienne, one part of a puree of peas, one part of a puree of tomatoes—all equal parts. But as Thackeray remarked in his delightful "Memorials of Gormandizing": "The insertion of the puree into the Julienne was not of my recommending, and if this junction is effected at all, the operation should be performed with the greatest care. If you put too much puree, both soups are infallibly spoiled. A much better plan is to have your Julienne by itself."

The more pompous cooks use for the bouillon mutton, beef, calf, capon, pigeons. One word more about naming soups. Careme gave his discoveries the names of illustrious contemporaries, Boieldieu, Broussais, Lamartine, Dumesnil, Buffon, Delavigne. The last culinary inspiration just before his death was a vegetable soup, and he gave it the name "Victor Hugo," but some say his swan song was a sauce.

June 13, 1905

THE COLONEL ABROAD.

Col. Henry Watterson rejoices in the fact that he has left Italy, where "the food was uneatable, the wine poison and the coffee execrable." The tour of a gourmet may be as interesting as that of a bibliomaniac, a lover of painting, an amorist. Dibden wrote an account of his bibliographical tour in France and Germany; Burney gave an entertaining account of his inquiries into the condition of music in France, Germany and Italy; Howard visited and described the lazarettos of Europe; why should not Col. Watterson make his gastronomical adventures the subject of his magnum opus? But is he the man for this? Has he the cool, calm, receptive, discriminative stomach? It would appear not. Alas for his reputation, he finds the food of Italy uneatable.

It is charitable to think that his petulance springs from ignorance. What does he really know of the food of Italy? The American puts up at the "leading hotel" of the city. Sometimes he is lured by the name "Washington." The cookery at these taverns is almost always an unsuccessful imitation of the French. The guest pays a high price, he is often fleeced, he leaves breathing out threatenings and slaughter. If Col. Watterson had only gone to a little, unpretentious inn frequented by commercial travellers; if he had lived in an Italian family! He would be there now.

What does the colonel know about the true glory of macaroni, risotto, polenta, the three staples of honest Italian cookery? Perhaps he prefers his macaroni looking like pipe stems, or like wall paste; perhaps he has been so foolish as to eat it boiled in milk. Mr. G. A. Sala once confessed that he had guests who actually asked for mustard with their macaroni.

Did the gallant colonel object to the saffron which the Milanese add to risotto to aid digestion? Did he not relish the dish in Rome, where the descendants of Romulus mingle with it sausage meat, or a mince of chicken livers, or finely shredded cooked bacon? Some prefer the Neapolitan dish as less complex, less Corinthian. A middling-sized onion is chopped and fried in oil in a stewpan. When it is slightly colored, a pound of rice moistened to three times its height with veal stock is added, and then a chopped tomato, and pepper and salt are put in. The mess is boiled for twenty minutes. After it is taken off the fire, butter and grated cheese are added.

And the polenta! There is no German dish to compare with it, whether it be simple in the form of gruel, or eaten with blanched and fried sweetbreads, with mushrooms or truffles, and moistened with brown sauce and garnished with forcemeat balls, egged and bread crumbed, and fried, O so lightly; or served with small birds, larks, thrushes, when the polenta is boiled to the consistency of a batter pudding, and then cut into the shape of a horseshoe, on which the birds are neatly laid. Did the colonel sup at the inn outside Florence, on the way to the monastery where chartreuse is made by puffy, mild-eyed monks? Did he eat the little fried fish of the Arno, more delicious than whitebait? Has he tasted in Rome the beef roasted on a spit? Does he know the splendor of the bourgeois soups, thick with grated cheese?

What to these dishes and others which we have not named are the boasted culinary masterpieces of the "Fatherland"? What are chocolate soup, beer soup, with or without caraway seeds, frothed lemon soup, the slab of meat taken from the soup pot and served with mustard sauce, lung hash, geese feet, carp in beer, the veal that cries even when a corpse for its mother, the heavy puddings and the clogging sweets, the never ending procession of sausages, the salads dressed barbarously with equal quantities of vinegar and oil? But why recall these gastronomic horrors?

That Col. Watterson finds the wines of Italy poisonous is not to be wondered at, for his home is Kentucky. Put a Kentuckian in the cellars of France, in the vineyards of the Rhine or at the table of an Esterhazy, and he would weep at the recollection of the wine of his country; but we had believed Col. Watterson to be a man of finer taste in cookery.

A MANLY OFFER.

The Herald has received the following letter, a letter of absorbing interest:

Saugerties, Ulster County, N. Y., June 4, 1905.

To the Editor of The Herald:

I here ask of you, could you kindly give the old maids and widows of Boston and suburbs a chance to marry a young man of genius.

I am a young man fairly nice looking, a genius, but poor. I will sign agreements to protect the woman I marry in every possible way: First, I will attend church each Sunday; second, I will turn to her religion, whatever it may be; third, I will never touch any intoxicating liquors; fourth, I will keep good hours and be a man for my home; fifth, to make my life companion happy; sixth, that I will install a self-washing machine; seventh, that I will be enterprising and thrifty; eighth, that I will make myself handy in every possible way; ninth, that I will do all the repairing needed around our home; tenth, that I will remove and put on her shoes each morning and night; eleventh, that I will take her for pleasure trips each week; twelfth, that I will see that the cupboard is always well filled. I do not bar old maids, widows or a lady under forty years old. Many other things I would do for her which is too numerous to mention. I hereby state I will sign agreements to the above.

If you can insert the above would well appreciate your kindness. With address,

FREDERICK J. CULLUM, JR.

Some, unduly particular, and the idly curious and the fastidious may regret that Mr. Cullum did not send a photograph for publication, but any woman of fine feeling and intuition would be satisfied with this mental phot He modestly admits that

"fairly nice looking," and he is poor. But "poor" is a vague term in this period of tainted money. We recently heard a woman pitying the condition of a young man who could not carry out a certain scheme in farming because his yearly income amounted to only $30,000. The farms of Ulster county are famous, and Mr. Cullum undoubtedly has money in the bank. He says he is poor, and he may say this shrewdly to defend himself from women who are willing to sell themselves for money, eager and restless in the matrimonial market. Let no one say that Mr. Cullum is immodest in his acknowledgment of the fact that he is a genius. A genius always knows he is a genius; he cannot help it; this is the penalty that goes with the possession of the gift.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the articles of agreement ready to be signed. There will be no differences concerning total or partial immersion; he will be sober, industrious, a good provider. This lucky wife will not be expected to shingle the barn, repair fences, slap a coat of paint on the house; she will not break her back over a wash tub, set or portative. There will be pleasure trips each week. And note the high-born gallantry: Mr. Cullum will pull off and put on his wife's shoes. There are husbands, lazy, or ventripotent, or domestic tyrants, who look on a wife as a human bootjack and a slipper bearer. The man that delights in chivalric shoe service will see to it that his wife is becomingly shod, and if he is a bit of a fetishist, a true amorist, like Restif de la Bretonne, she will have a pair or two of bronze boots.

We see pictures: A sleek farmhouse with vines, a barn bursting with plenty, a well stocked larder, a neat runabout for visits to the town, and on moonlight nights long buggy rides; on Sunday walking hand in hand to church, and harmonious hymns; and at the end of each day of honest work and innocent pleasure, the proud husband strips her feet of the caressing boots and is enraptured at the sight.

What thoughtful woman reading this will not rush at once to Saugerties and find the fastest train crawling behind the snail?

June 14. 1905

LAUGHTER IN COURT.

The rebuke of Judge Forsaith administered to gigglers, snickerers, and "guffoons" in his court was severe and merited. It would appear from reports of proceedings in English courts that judges have a blunter sense of decorum in the administration of justice, for "laughter" in parentheses strikes constantly the eyes of the reader, and this in cases of grave importance, even when a life is at stake. Furthermore, the judge himself not infrequently sits as a wit. The jests of both lawyers and judge are seldom of a nature to make one laugh, "all alone, by himself, in the woods," as the lamented Hannibal used to say in one of his inimitable orations at a Yale Thanksgiving jubilee; they are so obvious, so trifling, or so silly, that one can readily understand the enormous popularity of the English burlesque pun. In spite of all that has been said in opposition to the French courts, as to the peculiar methods of examination by the presiding officer, a certain dignity is preserved, nor is the court room ever an arena for the display of jest and repartee. This respect at least is paid to justice, the prisoner, the witness, and even contending parties in a civil suit.

CHESS IN IRELAND.

There is a curious commentary on chess as played years ago in Ireland. It is to be found in "The Testament of Catheir Mor," King of Ireland in the second century. Is this last will and testament authentic? We raise this question meekly, not defiantly, for the wrath of the hardened Celtic antiquary is as a consuming fire. At any rate, Clarence Mangan made a rhymed version of the will and it was republished in a little volume, his "Essays in Prose and Verse," printed in Dublin. It comes after a phrenological description of Mangan's head, Mangan's recipe for tar water as a cure-all and some dull prose essays. Catheir Mor blessed his son, Ross Faly, the son of his best affection, his good son Darry, also his son Prince Brassal; he blessed and cursed others; but when he came to Oilioll Cadach he exclaimed:

"But neither noble nor warlike
Shall show thy renownless dwelling;
Nevertheless,
Thou shalt dazzle at chess,
Therein supremely excelling
And shining like somewhat starlike!"

And instead of ships and steeds and rings and swords and drinking horns and bondsmen and handmaids and cups, he gave him only his chess-board and chessmen eke.

Is there any record of games of chess played in Ireland in the second century? Did Oilioll Cadach invent a gambit? Here is a subject for a play by Mr. Yeats.

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

The Pittsburg Dispatch instructs hostesses as to the preparation and care of a guest room. The maid should at night take off the coverlet and remove the pillow shams and lay out the garments to be worn in the night. There should be plenty of towels, toilet soap of good quality, "and a bottle of alcohol may be added to the toilet table requisites."

This is all very well, but suppose that a deep thinker, in his careless packing, forgets to put in his valise the garment of the night. Should the host be disturbed if the guest ask for pyjamas or "nighty," according to his taste? One does not like to think of a philosopher sleeping in his underclothes, though only a philosopher can sleep so with any comfort. "A bottle of alcohol may be added." For "may" read "should." There should be a graceful stand supporting decanters of rye, Scotch, rum and gin. Brandy harms the brain. A few bottles of beer in a cooler close to the bed are also provided by the thoughtful and experienced. To furnish a case looks like ostentation.

The guest room should be a lasting memory in the mind of the visitor. Charles Reade described such a bedchamber in "A Woman Hater," of large size, with curtains of purple cloth with gold borders, to be drawn at night over the windows. There were three brass bedsteads, so if the guest was feverish or disinclined to sleep he could try one after the other. There were prodigious wash-hand stands with china backs four feet high. There were towel horses with short towels, long towels, thick towels, thin towels, bathing sheets, baths of every shape, a big knee-hole table, paper and envelopes of all sizes. Then there was a curtained anteroom; one-half of it a bathroom paved with encaustic tiles that ran up the walls; the rest of it a studio, with a well selected little library, a piano and a harmonium, both in tune. A clock in each room kept perfect time. There were antique chairs of enormous size; each with back higher than the sitter's head, with a seat going out as far as his ankles when he was seated; a chair big enough for two and stuffed as hair mattresses, at least a foot thick. "A room to sleep in, study in, live in, and stick fast in, night and day."

We should at once pitch the piano and the harmonium out of the window, and the clocks would follow. But what comfort in the rest of the furniture! Guest rooms now are often provided with a bed electric light, with a dangling chain within reach of the one bedded, and in these rooms there are shelves of books. These little libraries should be chosen with great care. The books should be printed in type comfortable to the eye, of light weight, and they should be of varied contents. Never should there be a complete set of any man's works. There should be novels, volumes of short stories, memoirs, letters. There should be at least two or three novels singularly dull for sufferers from insomnia. Furthermore, there should be a tasteful and reassuring sign: "Smoking is permitted, and, in fact, encouraged," and cigars of various lengths and strength, cigarettes, pipes and a mixture should tempt even a lineal descendant of Robert Reed or Brother Trask.

Some believe that loose, expectant slippers should stand by the bed. Others insist that slippers spoil the shape of the feet, and they recommend cold boots. The bath robe should not be of a too florid pattern, for an elderly, baldheaded or unduly stout visitor appears ridiculous if he be surprised with it on. It all comes back to this: Visit only the rich; and on this subject more will be said at no late day. One thing may now be added: The host should explain to his guest the working of the bedroom curtains, or the latter, by poking about aimlessly in the morning, may touch some ingenious mechanical contrivance too forcibly, and the revelation afforded by the swift upward flight of a curtain may amuse a gardener, stable boy, some early guest or stroller on the lawn.

JAILED.

A man arrested some years ago and tried three times for murder is at last acquitted. The years necessarily spent by him in jail are not counted by him as lost, for he has spent them in the study of law, and fitted himself for examination. Whether he were led to this study by admiration of the processes of justice as disclosed to him personally, or whether he thought his own experiences would fit him with a peculiar fitness for the bar, are interesting questions which may be discussed at some future time. The moral to be drawn directly from the case is this: Enforced seclusion in a jail often stimulates and strengthens the mental faculties. That it often builds up one's health is known to all, for the diet is simple and the hours are regular and healthful.

For centuries confinement in jail was not necessarily a disgrace. Think of the wise and good, the great men and the beautiful women that have been imprisoned through the caprice or tyranny of a monarch or a republic; imprisoned for a paltry or contemptible reason, unjustly, wickedly. Not so long ago unfortunate debtors were jailed. There was an editor in London thus imprisoned who, after his release, gave hearty thanks and said in effect: "I had so much time that I made up for five or six years' loss of necessary reading, and besides that I went through the whole of Paul de Kock. Then, again, for once I was wholly free from bores." We knew an editor in another state who told us that the happiest years of his life were the few that he had spent in jail. Col. Albert G. Browne, Jr., once imprisoned in Charles street jail for his share in the attempt to rescue a negro slave, always afterward looked on that building with special affection.

There is no such place as a jail for mental concentration. The author is not interrupted in the elaboration of original thought or in his pursuit of the one fitting word or the purple phrase by the question: "Dearie, would you rather have the strawberries this noon with sugar and cream or in a shortcake?" No one comes in and says: "I know you are busy and ought not to be interrupted, but"—— and then sits for half an hour talking about himself and in his own interests. There is no disturbing piano organ. A man has at last an opportunity to think before he writes. In the distracted life outside the jail he is obliged to think while he writes or after he has written.

WHITMAN AND CLUBS.

The second instalment of selections made by the editors of the Saturday Evening Post from the diary of Mr. Horace Traubel has been published, and again we find Walt Whitman in Camden, unbuttoned, and talking at his ease, as the spirit moved him. One note is of special interest to Bostonians. It appears that in April, 1888, Whitman was joyous over what he called "a piece of the best news." There had been an attempt to found a Whitman Club in Boston, and Whitman rejoiced because the club had "petered out." "It failed because I sat down on it. He wrote to two or three leading advocates of the society and discouraged them. "I said I had no objection to being studied by anybody who thought I was worth studying—God knows I am not worth it; ask Willie Winter if I am; but I never wish to be studied in that way. I seem to need to be studied by each man for himself—not by a club. Anyway, I was 'agin' it. My word was not law, of course; they could have done anything they chose about it; they asked my opinion and I gave it in a way that seems to have made itself felt." Mr. Traubel reminded him of the existence of Browning clubs, and Whitman answered: "They can doubt have their own excuse for being."

A month later Whitman spoke of other invitations that he had declined. "Old men who have enjoyed a certain amount of fame—done great work—require to be feted, noticed, flattered, commended, cultivated by the ladies, taken the rounds of clubs, of the town, of meals—of dinners and suppers. I don't seem to like that sort of attention myself. * * * The best thing I have lately heard about Browning is that he disapproves of the Browning clubs. Bravo for Browning! Down with the clubs! Good-by clubs!"

Would that other more or less distinguished men, while they were alive, had shown like common sense! When a celebrated person dies he is at the mercy of literary ghouls, publishers of letters written without thought of publicity, realistic and idealistic biographers, persons cursed with an uncanny memory and an itch for writing reminiscences. He is defenceless. But a man during his lifetime should protect himself against foes masquerading as friends, publishers of complete or spurious editions, founders of clubs, who hope to flourish in this world or attain to immortality by attaching themselves to the distinguished coat tails. In the old days a complete edition of a writer's works was not published till the man was thoroughly cold and a mature judgment had been handed down. Browning may have disapproved of literary or social or philanthropic or sociological clubs named after him, but such clubs were busy in his name in spite of his disapproval. The worst is that any Browning club now has the courage to exist after the publication of Mr. Max Beerbohm's caricature: "Robert Browning taking tea with the Browning Society."

June 15 1905

HARD TO DEFINE.

Experts in a theatrical case, tried recently in a London court, attempted to define the term "actress." Some insisted that any one who speaks a line on the stage is an actor or actress, even if the line is only "There's blood on the face of the moon; our Queen is in danger"; or "My lord, the carriage waits" or "an inarticulate shout of agony upon having a pin stuck into him or her." The particular "actress" in this legal case did more than shout, although there was a distressing difference of opinion as to her line: according to one witness she remarked, "I am a perfect wonder at spotting winners, and I hardly ever lose at bridge," while the other heard the line as follows: "I am a perfect wonder at hugging widowers and I hardly ever lose a breach." So another held that the distinction between actor and actress on one side and chorus girl, show girl, super, on the other, does not consist in what or how much is said by any one of them, "but in the amount of dramatic genius they are expected to throw into the saying of it. A pantomimist, who represents a whole drama without saying a word certainly seems more like an 'actor' than a 'fourth citizen' who has only to say 'hooray'"!

"Actor" was at first used for both sexes. Thus Mr. Pepys spoke of Dame Common as one who would probably be an excellent actor. Why did not the lawyers in the case quote the New English Dictionary? "Actor: One who represents a character, or acts a part; a stage-player, or dramatic performer. Actress: a female player on the stage."

s definition rightly includes all pan-imists, and would any one dispute a moment the application of this to those that took part in "L'Enfant Prodigue"? The definition is ly broad and comprehensive. But is are now loosely used. Take ist," for instance. A baseball ner, a barkeeper, a corn doctor is artist. And if any one protests nst this "misuse," he might be re-ed of the fact that "artist" was nearly two centuries applied to ers, mechanics, craftsmen, arti-that Pope characterized the black-, Vulcan, as an artist, and Gold-gave the same term to a poor ber; that today the term is ap-to one who practises a manual which there is much room for dis-of taste. A hairdresser, as well aitcher, may indeed be an artist.

IN A DREAM.

Extraordinary stories of all sorts of os are current in England. They risen, as so many apparitions, in sequence of the talk about Carne si's astral body in the House of mons. Memoirs, old private let-raditions, are quoted by the proud ers of the families to whom some-supernatural has happened. One most surprising and romantic of tales is told of a Mrs. Bulter, lived in Ireland. She dreamed night for a long time of spending in a charming house with a gar-nd conservatory, a garden that rival that of Alcinous or the fa-oue in "The Thousand Nights and ht." A dozen years or so ago Irs. Bulter left Ireland to make bode in Hampshire, and, looking ouses, she at last found this house. The housekeeper stared Mrs. Bulter described to her con-y the position and appearance of which she had not yet seen; but he latter went astray—there was r that she had not seen in her s. The housekeeper relieved her ying that it had been there only weeks. When the Bulters had the lease they asked the agent possible out there was, for the was small. He said the house he reputation of being haunted; you, madam, need not be under apprehension, for you are the " On the nights that she had vis-e house in dreams, her "double," l body," or what you will, had een there.

A range story, but one that is well nticated, and it is only one of One speaks carelessly of the nation of poets and romantic nov-May not their minuteness and ess of description be accounted such nocturnal journeys? If, as insist, time and space exist only prosaic, the sluggishly material, ot possible that Coleridge visited u and Flaubert saw Carthage ew Salammbo? The former was eterate dreamer, the latter knew lived familiarly with generations ere handfuls of dust centuries cities now visited only by the ologists—or the hyena. Fuseli, nter, ate huge quantities of pork going to bed, that he might wild dreams and see fantastic Thus did he perhaps set un-usly his astral body a-journeying. periment is open to any one of et it is not given to all to dream ically, nobly, or even in a con-ally interesting manner. The De Regnier's latest novel, "Le Vivant," dreaded going to bed his sleep was always the same He saw above him a singularly y, he knew not where, he knew y he was there; he wished to get there was something of the ut-nportance for him to do, but he ot stir, and it seemed to him s body did not really belong to was forced to lie there a long ntil the sky began to change, to intensity, to became gray, then it was at last solid, the ceiling chamber; at last he had the o stir, but he could not remem-precise thing that must be nd, valnly questioning silence, e. But this dream was without true distinction. The most imaginative dreams described in fiction are those in Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," Hugo's "Les Miserables" and Wilkie Collins' "Armadale." They are ghastly, and one would gladly forget them.

A GREAT MONARCH.

Menelik, King of Kings, and incidentally of Abyssinia, "always wears out of doors a broad brimmed American hat." Thus is he distinguished and set far above other African rulers, on whom the European plug has worked a fatal spell. The plug does not become a monarch who is otherwise free and independent in his dress. Without trousers and boots, he looks top heavy, nor does the girdle restore his equilibrium. Queequeg, the harpooner, ashore at New Bedford, knew this, for though he began dressing by donning a tall hat, he immediately thereafter pulled on his cowhide boots. Even a fierce Fah, a cannibal in his war paint, is ridiculous in a stovepipe, yet misguided chieftains have made themselves guys, thinking the plug to be an emblem of royalty. But Menelik has the advantages of most honorable descent. He comes in a direct and long line from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Solomon, as we all know, was a tasteful dresser, and the Queen of Sheba, the superb Balkis, was the one irresistible woman of her period. Solomon knew the correct thing in dress, and Balkis ruled fashions as well as a race. No wonder Negus Menelik prefers a broad brimmed American hat to a chimney-pot.

SHOCKING CHARGES.

Gross abuses are often charged against keepers and nurses in public charitable institutions. Thus distressing accounts of cruelty are told of the treatment of the insane by nurses at a Long Island state hospital. A patient who insists on talking or singing, one that will not stay in bed, one that is quarrelsome, will be found with broken ribs, and the nurses will swear that the unfortunate fell in a fit or slipped in a bathtub, whereas the patient was quieted by a simple method, putting the patient on the floor and jumping on his chest with the knees. This soothing operation was described years ago by Charles Reade in "Very Hard Cash." It was a favorite remedy in more than one asylum in England, as was proved in the controversy excited by Reade's disclosures. Then there are unpleasant stories about the education of poor children in a Westchester home. If a boy did not please his instructors, he was beaten with a piece of loaded hose. This educational device or corrective is known in one form or another all over the world: a sleeve or an eelskin is filled with sand and the quiet, lethal weapon does its work without undue disfigurement. There is a legend that Gottschalk was injured in this manner in Brazil by some jealous lover, not pianist.

Whenever there are charges of this nature, there is at once an outcry against superintendent, leading officials, physicians. The outcry, though honest, is often unjust. The most humane and skilful superintendent cannot always be sure of his subordinates in a large institution. To be the keeper of an insane person does not necessarily promote the finer feelings, nor does the office attract persons of sensitive organizations. Even the kindly disposed grow callous and forget that trying patients are wholly irresponsible. The superintendent cannot possibly be always at the keeper's heels, but he is to blame when he wishes to avoid investigation, to hush up a scandal. It is his duty to court publicity. No absurd and criminal feeling of pride in his asylum or "loyalty" toward his subordinates should divert him from his plain duty. Cruelty shown toward destitute children is, indeed, monstrous; but have not children of well-to-do and smug citizens suffered from acts of parental cruelty? Only a day or two ago we read of a father who burned seriously his child's fingers to teach him not to play with fire. Nor is it reasonable to demand the immediate resignation of the superintendent of a charitable institution against which charges are brought.

He should not resign until he himself has endeavored to ascertain the truth of the charges and assisted in punishing the guilty. If he will not aid in the inquiry, if he wraps himself in his dignity and will say only "Pooh-pooh" or "Fudge," then he should not be allowed to resign; he should be removed, and, if punishment be possible in his case, he, too, should know the force of the law or that of popular indignation and contempt.

Aug 16. 1905

JAPANESE IMITATION.

The Herald commented editorially a morning or two ago on the Japanese as successful imitators, and said that they have a marvellous facility of improving on the patterns they accept. A curious instance of their capacity is of an old date, but we do not remember to have seen it mentioned in connection with the present war and the accompanying interest in all things Japanese. Centuries ago when the Portuguese Pinto was shipwrecked on the coast of Japan he succeeded in saving his harquebus. The Japanese were then acquainted only with bows and arrows as weapons of war, and some of them, curious, asked Pinto to let them examine his arm. The harquebus passed from hand to hand, and the Japanese smiled while they examined. When Pinto was ready to go to sea the Japanese had already manufactured 500 harquebuses after the foreign model, and two years afterward there were more than 300,000 of them in Japan. And in like manner the little railway and the telegraph line given as playthings by Perry when he visited this people awoke at once more than surprise and admiration. So imitative are the Japanese that it is said they are now imitating for the purses of foreigners their ancient art treasures, and thus in a way they compliment the spirits of their ancestors.

SPANKING.

A New York court orders schoolma'ams to spank naughty boys. Thus is Solomon vindicated, though sentimentalists may weep, and the shade of Dr. Busby, who, looking at the refractory youngster that turned out to be South, the great divine, and taking his rod, remarked: "I see great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavor to bring them out"—this awful shade smiles grim approval. About a year ago a teacher in New York urged that a rubber hose should be turned on froward schoolboys. Spanking is preferable. There is no danger of giving thereby a dangerous nervous shock, and there is no possibility of injuring the hearing as when one boxes ears. No doubt whipping has been carried to extreme lengths by parents as well as by teachers. We remember an honest, godfearing citizen in a village in the western part of this commonwealth who used on his unduly vivacious son and heir a driving whip, a coach whip and a rawhide, according to the degree of the boy's offence. He favored the coach whip, for it gave him a freer delivery at long range. The boy laughed at the whips, much to the exasperation of his sire, but when his mother took a slipper and got down to business he howled, and he wept tears of penitence.

DEGENERATES.

The Greek premier, Mr. Delyannis, was assassinated because he closed the gambling hells of Athens. The early Greeks thought piracy a most honorable profession, and they were terrible fellows for cock fights, which were appointed at Athens to be a public and solemn pastime in consequence of a little incident that happened to Themistocles, for when he led out the Greeks against the Persians he happened to see two cocks fighting, and he seized the opportunity to rouse the courage of his soldiers by pointing out the bravery of the birds who fought neither for country, family nor liberty. Furthermore, there was spirited betting throughout Greece on cock fights, and Socrates himself quoted the sport in illustration of a moral. But gaming houses were considered scandalous places, and Aristotle declared a gamester to be no better than a thief. The Greeks shared this opinion with the Roman senate, the early Hebrews, and the Hindoos, among whom no gambler could be a witness in court. At the same time it should be remembered that the venerable priest, Calchas, in "La Belle Helene," had extraordinary luck with the dice, and whereas some irreverent persons suspected a loading of the dice, the pious old man attributed the winning cast in each instance to Fate.

PRODIGIOUS FASTERS.

Why Mr. Sacco, the "Hunger Artist," who, confined in a small cabinet with cemented glass sides, was trying to go twenty-one days in Vienna without other sustenance than inhalations from a small flask "filled with some secret preparation," was watched night and day by relays of firemen is hard to explain, unless there were fear of spontaneous combustion and another Krook incident.

And why should Mr. Sacco have been suspected of fraud in Berlin, and why should students have stoned him through his window? Twenty-one days are as a dream that vanisheth, as the twinkling of an eye. The books, the woods were full of prodigious fasters long before Tanner and Sacco came into this world of eating and drinking. Let us now consult the wisdom of the ancients, wisdom that should be known to all Berlin students. Let us now praise famous men and women. Passing over the case of Apollonia Schreira, a maiden of Basle who fasted for three or four years while guarded and examined rigorously by order of the magistrates, we come to the 10-year-old girl named Margaret, of Roed, who began to abstain from all kinds of sustenance A. D. 1539, and so continued for three years, walking in the mean time, and talking and laughing and sporting as other children of that age are used to do. The pastor and others narrowly observed her, but there was no juggling in the business, and the bishop allowed her to return to her friends, not without great admiration and princely gifts. Katherine Binder, born in the Palatinate, was committed to the care of a divine, a statesman, and two doctors of physic; she fed only on air for nine years or more. Eve Fleigen, a Dutch girl, was examined by the magistrates and clergymen of Meurs, and her portrait was painted, with verses in Latin for an inscription:

"This maid of Meurs thirty and six years spent,
Fourteen of which she took no nourishment;
Thus pale and wan she sits sad and alone,
A garden's all she loves to look upon."

There was the daughter of John Balaam; she was of a just stature, according to her age, and somewhat rude of behavior; falling sick, she finally rallied, but could eat nothing for three years, though she did the marketing, swept the house, and span. And time would fail us were we to tell minutely of many other wonderful maidens, as the one brought in 1595 out of the Dukedom of Juliers and exposed at the sign of the White Horse to as many as desired it; she had lived three years without food, and was of a sad and melancholy countenance, and when some one privately conveyed a little sugar into her mouth she immediately swooned; as the girl in Agro Tulleusi, who lived three years without meat or drink, as the daughter of the Emperor Clotarius, who fasted eleven years.

It is stated in learned treatises that women are able to endure such abstinence longer than men, but there were men who thus honored their sex. We like to think of Mr. John Scot, "no way commended for his learning, for he had none, nor for his good qualities, which were as few." He lost a law suit and could not pay, so he sought sanctuary in the abbey of Holyrood house, and there he sulked and neither ate nor drank for thirty or forty days. The report of his behavior spread, and the King shut him up in the castle of Edinburgh, where he was watched while he fasted thirty-two days. He gave like proofs to Pope Clement VII., and, returning to England, made unpleasant remarks about Henry VIII. and his divorce from

Katherine, and as he spoke them publicly from a London pulpit he was imprisoned, and he fasted again, this time for fifty days. Hermolaus Barbarus knew a priest in Rome that lived forty years "only by sucking in of the air," and he was all the time in health. Still more wonderful was the fasting of Franciscus Nicholaus, Petra-Underus, a Swiss, who had five children by his wife and then sought out a lonely place far from any town and lived for at least fifteen years without any kind of food or drink, a man of an austere life, and a bit of a prophet. The bishop of Constance once tried to make him take a little food; he obeyed and suffered extreme pain in his stomach for three days. Paul Zacchias (1584-1659) saw his picture: "He was of a squalid aspect, and emaciated in a wonderful manner, so that his image would strike a kind of horror into those that looked upon it." (See Zacchias' "Quaestiones medico-legales" (Leipsic 1630 in 8vo)—and indeed there are authorities for each case recorded here.) It will be observed that in no instance were firemen on duty day and night. Mr. Sacco's vital spark must be dangerous.

June 17 1905

A SOCIAL RISE.

Something has been said about the extreme rarity of a pike-headed whale, the Balenoptera acutirostrata, as it is more familiarly called, sent from Provincetown to the Smithsonian Institution. This whale is reported to be an exclusive person, seldom seen outside the Arctic waters north of the Norwegian coast. Such stories must have come from the whale, for the Social Register of Whales gives him an inferior position. This register was compiled with much care and after long personal acquaintance by one Herman Melville, who divided whales into folios, octavos, and duodecimos; thus the folios are the sperm, right, fin-back, hump-backed, razor-back, sulphur-bottom. The pike-headed is a variety of a theoretic species denominated whalebone whales, whales with baleen. He is classed with other varieties little known, the broad nosed and beaked, bunched, under-jawed, rostrated, names given by fishermen. He is by no means such an aristocrat as the razor-back, who, seen occasionally off Cape Horn, "eludes both hunters and philosophers" and is seen as seldom as the sulphur-bottom, who is never chased, says Melville: "He would run away with rope walks of line. Prodigies are told of him." Is the pike-headed, like the killer and the thrasher, an "outlaw even in the lawless seas?" Should he not be included in the list of "uncertain fugitive, half-fabulous" whales with the bottle-nose, the junk, the pudding-headed, the scragg, the quog, the blue, the cannon, the elephant? It should be remembered that Melville had summered and wintered with whales and been through them with a lantern.

Melville omitted from his Social Register other lists of uncertain whales with uncouth names, names that he suspected "for mere sounds, full of Leviathanism, but signifying nothing." "Moby Dick," however, was written long ago, and what social changes have not occurred in whale life since then! All animals, two-legged and four-legged and creeping, squirming or flying, have their social rise and fall. The granddaughter now gives the authoritative nod in the town where her grandfather served the gilded youth of his time across a bar. Often there is not the healing balm of a comparatively obscure generation. Today the society of the pike-headed whale is sought by learned men; his arrival is welcomed at Washington.

NOT YET.

Some paid memorial tributes to Mr. Jimmy Hope, the eminent burglar, the day after his death. The intention was humane and honorable, but his warmest admirers were too near him, as one close to a mountain fails to recognize its true grandeur or the beauty of its outlines, or in their emotion they forgot to eulogize salient and distinguishing characteristics of the hero. The feuilletonists who contribute to journals a weekly review of Parisian or foreign events are wise in their generation. As Mr. Jules Claretie well observes, a week is now a century, and the lapse of seven days gives to a surprising event or a suddenly conspicuous man or woman a great occurrence or a ridiculous scandal, something far distant or in a way legendary, from which one can draw a moral, a reflection, a comparison, a reminiscence. Some men and women wait a century or two before they are properly understood and valued. There is Casanova, for instance. Mr. Leland once mentioned his name at a dinner of literary men in Boston, and his companions professed ignorance of Casanova and his deeds and writings, all except Dr. Holmes, who admitted in a shamefaced way that he had heard of the famous memoirs. Today there is a Casanova cult, and Messrs. Havelock Ellis, Whibley, De Regnier not only admit gladly their acquaintanceship, but publish studies of the marvellous adventurer.

To attempt to sum up the character of Mr. Hope so soon after his burial would be absurd; the evidence is not all in, and, unfortunately, Mr. Hope left behind him no volume of memoirs; how easily then it would be for the most reckless partisan to do him an injustice. For instance, much has been written about Mr. Hope's participation in the robbery of the Manhattan Bank, but the one conspicuous feature of this masterpiece of art has thus far escaped print. The burglary was in the time of Byrnes, the renowned thief catcher. Now, Mr. Hope worked as the mole in the ground, or as the mysterious one of the band that assaulted Jean Valjean, the one with blackened face and the voice of a ventriloquist, whose name and features were unknown, even to his associates; but he mastered them by his mind. Mr. Hope was the original Moriarty who plotted dramatic strokes and insured their success, as though he communicated with his band by wireless telegraphy from another planet. To Byrnes, as to all other police officers, Mr. Hope was only a name, a Junius, feared, respected, admired and personally unknown. To the great majority of criminals—if this harsh word must be used—he was vague and terrible—the He that must be obeyed. A New Yorker, an essayist, journalist, humorist, one that for nearly forty years has enjoyed as an amateur the friendship of distinguished crooks, told us a few days ago an anecdote that throws a glorious light on Mr. Hope's character. Soon after the robbery of the Manhattan Bank, Mr. Hope was in Broadway at high noon, undisguised and unabashed. A friend saw him and stood aghast. "Jimmy, are you crazy? Don't you know that Byrnes is combing the town for you?" "Yes, but he don't know me. Why, there he is on the corner. See me ask him for a light." And Mr. Hope courteously asked and received a light from his pursuer and then went quietly his way.

There should be neither condescension nor apology in the final essay on Mr. Hope and his career. That he ranked burglary as a profession or as a fine art; that he had a withering contempt for incidental murder or any display of brute force against safe or man; that he was devoted to his family; that he was temperate and kindly; that he had no patience with unworthy associates who boasted of the fact that they were gentlemen exercising a calling that was really beneath them—all this might be said of lesser heroes; Mr. Hope was above and beyond them. Fifty years from now some sympathetic and shrewd analyst may raise his monument, may do for him what De Quincey did for the murderer of the Marrs and the Williamsons. Until such a man enters on his labor of love, all other attempts will be those of bunglers, on whom the writers of the early Newgate Calendar would look down with derision.

SUNDAY DRESS.

A clergyman in Des Moines has made a request that his congregation abandon the practice of wearing fine clothes to church, for he believes that poorer people, ashamed of their simple or shabby dress, are kept away from the sanctuary. "I asked my people to come to church in their simplest clothes. If, when the service hour arrives, they are without coats and collars, they are just as welcome, and their appearance so may bring others to services who will not bother with starched shirts and collars. I propose to make the poorer people feel that they are as welcome in our church in overalls and jumpers as in a Tuxedo or a Prince Albert, and I will do it, if I have to shed my coat and preach in my shirt sleeves."

But would even the sight of this clergyman preaching zealously in his shirt sleeves put these poor people at their ease and awake in them a deep spirit of devotion? Have not men and women of the meanest circumstances always wished to pay outward respect by their dress to the place and the occasion? Look back on the village life in the New England of the sixties. The children began their preparations on Saturday evening by taking an enforced bath, that is, if Saturday night were not "kept" after sundown as the true beginning of the Lord's day. Soon after the breakfast the family made an elaborate toilet. It was the period of slushing the hair with various greases, tonics, ointments, oils. Fresh underclothing was donned. The outward dress was specifically the Sunday best, such as Satan put on when he sallied forth in Coleridge's poem to visit his snug little farm, the earth. The young girl put on her new and squeaking shoes. The boy wore a broad turnover collar with tassels. The children were warned against possible injury to their costumes. There was a stately procession to the church door, while the grandmother, shrouded in crape, sat in the old carryall drawn slowly by a horse ornamented with asparagus boughs, to keep the flies away, for is not Beelzebub the lord of the flies?

Then there was the march up the aisle, the filing into the pew. The head of the household buttoned the pew door with a proprietary air. The respective entrances of the lawyer who had been to Congress, the retired judge, the senior deacon, the rich business man who, it was whispered, had cleared nearly $3000 the last year, were spectacular. These clothes were brushed and laid carefully aside till the next Sunday, unless possibly there were some formal entertainment on a week-day night. The poorest in the parish made an outward distinction between week-day and Sunday dress. No man, however lowly his position, would have dreamed of going to meeting in his overalls. We doubt whether any laborer in Des Moines today could be persuaded thus attired to go to church.

It would seem from the clergyman's remarks that leading citizens of Des Moines occasionally wear a Tuxedo coat in the temple, possibly with a white cravat and leg boots. We prefer to think that the clergyman merely indulged himself in a rhetorical flourish. To him a Tuxedo—we call the attention of the sartorial editor of the Providence Journal to the fact that the term Tuxedo is the clergyman's, not ours—is the acme of fashionable dress, it corresponds to the purple and fine linen of the rich man in the New Testament. The man wearing a housecoat to meeting is the one that should feel ill at ease, not he that looks at him and wonders. The clergyman's attack on starched shirts and collars is timely, now that summer is here. A congregation that is afraid of the unstarched "fatigue" shirt, cool, comfortable, refreshing to the eye, might well be called a stiff-necked people, one that will not listen to the gospel. We beseech the clergyman not to shed his coat. Let him remove waistcoat, coat and even his trousers on a sultry day, but he should cover his body with the decorous robe of office. Walt Whitman, in the adventures of his soul, was "pleased with the earnest words of the sweating Methodist preacher," but d this preacher shed his coat and wai coat and bare his suspenders to t eyes of matrons and maidens and te der children and stern-faced men? V doubt it.

June 18 1905

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN SINGERS AND ACTRESSE

How They Are Explained by M Baughan—Prima Donnas Us in Illustration—The Pops, Pe sonals and Recitals of the Wee

THE HERALD some mont ago spoke of the attem of Mme. Bellincioni a Victor Maurel, both complished singing tra dians, to play effectiv in spoken drama. T latter failed dismally in comedy, a he at once wrote good-naturedly the Paris journals, saying that his perience would furnish him copy another "Problem in Art"; but his say on the singular difference betw effective acting in opera and drama not yet appeared. It is not at all pr able that Mme. Biachini-Cappelli Mme. Calve, each famous as Santuzza the opera, could vie in dramatic int sity and passion with Mme. Duse as Santuzza of the play, and it may h be said that Mme. Duse, by her made Mascagni's music seem impe nent, so far as Santuzza was concerr while it is impossible to think of two lyric tragedians in the part with this music.

Mr. E. A. Baughan discussed the s ject of operatic acting in a late is of the Daily News (London); his art is interesting; it invites discussion.

Opera Acting Limited.

Mr. Baughan first mentions M Calve as a singer who takes great erties with the music of a part that may make purely histrionic effects. H he, perhaps unconsciously, flatters for it may be doubted whether this markable woman is naturally sensi in matters of rhythm. She once sai us that her rhythm had always b faulty; that from the beginning of career she had been the despair of c ductors. Suppose, however, that Baughan's statement is literally rect. He insists that with this lib of expression, with her tricks movement and rhythm, even then acting is necessarily much more cumscribed than acting in a spo drama. "No operatic artist can ind in the eloquent pauses of a Duse which the great actress makes us derstand how her brain is at work. orchestral music, especially in Wa rian opera, is relentless. Even with most plastic of conductors, it set measure to the expression of fee and thought by gesture and facial pression. And then the fact that very act of singing uses facial mus in a different, or at any rate exag ated, way makes it impossible for operatic artist to obtain the same sut ties of expression. On the other h the actress in opera has the advant of music as a kind of interpretatio what she is supposed to be feeling. exact degree and kind of emotio actually notated for her, and it is sible to obtain an effect of emo without expressing any." Mr. Baug cities the example of Mrs. Wittich, has been singing in Wagnerian part Covent Garden. She relies on this chestral value, he says, and, altho her gestures are conventional, and facial expression only mimicry, seems to the spectator at some dist from the stage to be acting very wel

That a singer should interpret meaning of the orchestra when the poser has given it meaning is a rea able proposition, but if a singer been well taught, does any use of f muscles in the act of singing pre subtleties of facial expression any than the physical act of speaking w prevent them? This point made by Baughan does not seem to us well ta It has been said that a good singer not afford to be an emotional act that if she gives way to a displa histrionic intensity, both her voice her vocal art will surely suffer in end, and this end will not long be pressed. But here should enter a quiry into the true nature of histr art. Do frenetic gesturing, stra postures and a roaring or screa delivery of speech constitute art, e histrionic or operatic? The admire the German school of operatic si would answer yes, or they would n wildly applaud the muscular and tesquely moving and standing men women on the stage. Yet the Talma, who witnessed terrible di sions in the revolutionary period the dispute was over the head of man or that woman, said after "Do you know what struck me mo tragedian, seeing men playing such and death parts? It was that they in low tones and made no gestures.

Character in Music.

To return to Mr. Baughan. He i that no woman can put into the pa

A PROBLEM IN MUSICAL ART: DRAMATIC ACTION IN OPERA

nhilde any emotion which the ser did not intend, but he qualifies tatement by adding that she can the degree of that emotion, "but nd must remain as the composer rawn it." This, he thinks, is true ost any opera. To illustrate these ks he mentions Calve's Marguerite nod's work, not Boito's. He finds with her for attempting to make rt more passionate than the music ear. "Gounod's heroine is music-rench. She must be a refined co-, never losing that character in pression of a passion which is far he racial character of the music." s a surprising and preposterous ent. It betrays an insularity that t thought foreign to Mr. Baughan. rse Gounod's heroine is musically , although when the opera was roduced, the music was censured composer's countrymen as being rman. But when Mr. Baughan hat this Marguerite is first of all ed coquette, one may well rub his es and request the privilege of ing Mr. Baughan's bumps. The ay be played at the beginning in ettish spirit, although this con-

n would be a radically mistaken ut is the Marguerite in the gar-d at the window, in church and in or over Valentine's body, only ned coquette"? And, by the way, e no opportunity for a display of nic art without song and without t of orchestral meaning when the ed woman listens to her brother's curse? Does not the situation in thedral give the actress her op-ity, without any more thought of cise nature of the awful hymn or gan and orchestral accompani-han if the same scene were in oken drama? Boito's Marguerite ically a more tragic figure. Gou-woman has no such poignant es with the stab of personal ap-ith the thrilling flight and fall of ura, the very expression of hys-nd an unsettled mind in its wild , as the unforgettable song put Italian in Marguerite's mouth in on. But does Mr. Baughan find moods in the other Marguerite's of Thule," in her artless confi-to Faust, in her confession of the outpouring of her soul to the g night and its accomplices, the

ss Destinn as a Witness.

aughan also quotes the case of stinn in support of his theory—the quotation he again miscon-he composer's character and in-. Miss Destinn appeared last at Covent Garden as Carmen, ain remarks about her interpre-were published in The Herald Sunday. Now listen to Mr. : "The heroine of the opera is tte girl and presumably was a of the people"—that is, she belong to the upper class—or lower middle class of Seville, ny have stupidly thought. estinn, therefore, decided to as different from the general peratic Carmens. She empha-e possible 'gaucherie' of the , deepened its emotional value, le the outbursts of anger the a smouldering passion. Except did not sufficiently show that was the leader of all the cigar-s in the matter of coquetry, ng was very just. But, unfor-it was not the reading of the He has drawn the character en in lines which cannot be His music is not passionate, ntly sensuous. It has devil-joyousness with just a slight rent of sinister malice. In none usic Carmen has to sing is ything like frank passion. It lyrical and graceful, fascinat-r than passionate. Miss Des-to make the music hold much n the composer had intended, equently she made it express h less."

Destinn did not show that she leader of all the cigarette girls matter of coquetry." Mr. is daft on the subject of co-He will soon complain that t sufficiently coquettish as Fi-t another as Ortrud does not es at Lohengrin. Carmen, in Merimee's story or in the much more than a coquette. more elemental type. Her call-the oldest and she has been described more than once in James translation of the Scrip-nd Carmen's music is never ; it is "elegantly sensuous," cterized by "devil-may-care s," or lyrical and graceful and g, never passionate. Is there a thing as sensual passion, rmen not both musically sen-d sensual in her appeal, a to Don Jose, and when in the n she tempts him to desert? o tragic note when she reads in the cards? Is there no her defiant declaration of ence for Escamillo, although that Death has handed the Don Jose for her slaughter? usic is merely graceful and Bizet and the librettists ve contrived an opera-bouffe

MME. NELLIE MELBA.
(An early photograph.)

MME. SEMBRICH,
(In 1884.)

ending. "The lyrical note should never be forced." But should it be forced in any opera? Cannot a singer be lyrically passionate.

Mr. Baughan's Conclusion.

According to Mr. Baughan, the triumph of great emotional actors and actresses is that they can make us understand the feelings and thoughts of the characters they are impersonating. "That really means that they have a wide emotional temperament and a vivid imagination, which enable them to feel and to express emotions to the point of appearing real. * * * When an actress has the nature that can feel emotion, the art of gesture and facial expression falls into its right place. There must, of course, be some art or the expression would not tell across the footlights. But I do not believe that an experienced actress has to school herself consciously to exaggerate her emotional expression to the right pitch. That, I should think, comes from a sense of sympathetic touch between herself and her audience." And this power of conveying emotion is, Mr. Baughan thinks, mainly a question of telepathy. "What the actress in spoken drama has to create entirely by herself, the operatic artist has ready made to her hand. That is exactly what I find operatic artists do not understand. But it is what Ternina understood so well. She made the music of her part and the orchestral illustration part of the expression of herself. Being a great artist, it was probably unconscious," and with this loosely constructed sentence Mr. Baughan is at an end.

The Historical View.

Mr. Baughan does not, apparently, take into consideration that the singer's character is shaped in large measure by the operatic form that is in fashion during her period of brilliance. For years after the invention of opera, emotion was expressed only by the singer's voice and vocal art. Read the histories of the famous early singers, and you will find, as a rule, no allusion whatever to any purely histrionic force. The voice and vocal art are described; beauty of face or form are extolled; there is gossip about private character; but if the impersonation of a heroine was passionate or pathetic, it was so only through the medium of a voice.

Later there was some attention paid to physical expression. Thus in Tosi's famous treatise on singing, that golden book, which was Englished by Galliard—the original was published at Bologna in 1723—there is a discussion of three kinds of recitative; the first, used in church, required "a noble majesty throughout"; "the second is theatrical, which being always accompanied with action by the singer, the master is obliged to teach the scholar a certain natural imitation, which cannot be beautiful, if not expressed with that decorum with which princes speak, or those who know how to speak to princes"; and the third, "according to the opinion of the most judicious, touches the heart more than the others, and is called Recitativo di Camera." The words to the third, "being for the most part, adapted to move the most violent passions of the soul, oblige the [illegible] give the scholar such a lively impression of them, that he may seem to be affected with them himself." This recitative was not for stage, but for concert use. And Tosi named certain famous play-actors of his day, to show how far below them were any singing pupils, however well they had been taught.

The stories of grand operas for about two centuries were taken from mythology, legendary tales and ancient history. Gods and goddesses and demigods and noble Greeks and Romans were expected to be dignified on the stage, and any marked physical exhibition of rage, affection, anguish, despair, would have been voted incongruous and indecent. The effects were in the vocal music as interpreted by the singer. These traditions of the deportment becoming the heroes and heroines of grand opera survived in Paris long after realism had invaded the theatre, where these same traditions long held sway, and they have not been wholly abandoned at the Opera.

Again, when historical subjects were chosen from a nearer period, the traditions held good. In performances of operas in which florid music dominated it was vocal art that pleased and was first sought after. Action with the great majority of singers was conventional and secondary. Now and then in the first half of the 19th century we read of singing men and women who were passionate in action, but they were rare exceptions.

Wagner came and did much harm by some of his theories concerning the combination of sundry arts in one musical-dramatic piece; the commentators on his works and theories have done still greater harm. Then came the young Italians, with their battle cry, "Verismo!" and in their melodramas there must be action, even though the song suffer in consequence. Yet the most emotional moment in "Pagliacci" is that when Canio, convinced of his wife's infidelity, revolts at the idea of making up as the clown and buffooning it when his heart is breaking, and the intensity of the emotion is in the melody itself and in the manner in which it is sung, so that hearers who know only vaguely what the pother is all about are moved and thrilled by the vocal appeal. Suppose Mr. Caruso were to speak this soliloquy with gesture and facial play. He certainly would be ineffective; he might easily be a bore or wholly ridiculous; yet in this scene he moved by the quality and use of tones and by vocal intensity.

Take Mme. Melba or Mme. Sembrich. Would either of them be tolerable in spoken drama? It has been said that Mr. Maurel's Iago in Verdi's opera is a finer interpretation than any Iago seen of late years in the tragedy itself; but let the music cease, and let Mr. Maurel speak his lines, and the impersonation might shrink into mere respectability and possibly fall below it.

The opera is inherently artificial and false. The singer who first of all endeavors to be powerful histrionically either disregards true beauty and strength of song or soon regrets the abuse of her natural gifts in the vain endeavor to shine as play actress and singer. The great singer charms, delights, and often moves even when her action is only gracefully conventional. Ternina, in comparison with other operatic singers, is a most effective Tosca. Without the music she would probably seem ill at ease, stiff, conventional in comparison with Sarah Bernhardt or even a less famous actress of natural gifts and rigorous dramatic training. Ternina succeeds in the second and third acts—her first act is laboriously light—with the aid of the music. No doubt, if Duse sang, her operatic Santuzza would be only ordinary. The problem is a curious one.

As for Mr. Baughans' remarks about an operatic singer interpreting the orchestral meaning, it may be said that some of the most famous displays of both passionate and subtle acting on the operatic stage have been in operas with a guitar, lum-ti-tum accompaniment.

THE "POPS."

Mr. Strube's programmes since he assumed the direction of the orchestra have again shown his skill in concert giving, and his announcements for the balance of the season promise a succession of pleasing entertainments for patrons of the "Pops." Tomorrow evening the annual "Harvard Night" will occur, and among the selections calculated to appeal successfully to the students and friends of the university will be arangements from the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta productions of the present year, the march "Veritas," by Densmore, '04, "The Red Feather," De Koven; "Fair Harvard"; the march, "Up the Street," by Morse, and "The Soldier's Field," by Strube, and a lot of other bright popular music. On Tuesday evening next Mr. Strube announces a programme with Wagner as the prominent composer, and an andante for string orchestra by Platt as the principal novelty. The ninth annual "Graduates'" night of Harvard University, when the entire floor is reserved for graduates, will occur Monday evening, the 26th inst. The final concert of the present season's series will be given Saturday evening, July 1.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mme. Melba and Mme. Sembrich, taken from old photographs. That of Mme. Melba was taken at Liege soon after she left, as Mrs. Armstrong, the class of Mme. Marchesi in Paris. That of Mme. Sembrich was taken in 1884 at some time in her first season in this country.

Emile Jonas, the composer of several operettas, died on May 22 in retirement at St. Germain, near Paris. He was teacher of solfege at the Paris Conservatory (1847-1865), teacher of harmony to military pupils, bandmaster of one of the subdivisions of the national guard, and director of the music at the Portuguese Synagogue. In 1854 he published a remarkable collection of Hebrew melodies, of which 24 were of his own composition.

Mr. Kreisler played in London on May 29 and on the programme was an arrangement of Tartini's "Devil's Trill," concerning which the Pall Mall Gazette lifted up no uncertain voice: "Tartini is said to have written it under the influence of the well known story of his dream; for the violin it was written; the first performance given in the privacy of Tartini's own chamber was naturally for the violin alone; and we have heard it played by many great violinists to perfection in the right and exact form in which it was written. Now, Kreisler stands very high indeed among contemporary violinists, and he needs no adventitious aids to enhance his playing of a work written for his own instrument; on the contrary, such so-called 'aids' rather obscure the fineness of his playing; yet on this occasion he played the famous work

had been arranged 'for violin, strings and organ.' The result was little short of disastrous. All the beauty which should have been set apart for the violin, and for that instrument solely, seemed to be spread over too large a space, thereby being incredibly weakened; even Kreisler's magnificent technique was to a large extent overshadowed, and from a purely artistic, and, therefore, personally aloof point of view, we trust that the last has been heard of any such 'arrangement' as this."

Mr. Charles Manners, who has more than one opera company busy in the English provinces, determined to establish a school of operatic acting and singing in connection with his "A" company. The London News thus describes his scheme "The school will be under the personal direction of Mr. Manners and Mme. Fanny Moody, assisted by a competent staff of teachers. The course will include voice production, singing, elocution, fencing, dancing, and stage deportment. The fees, which will include all railway fares, will be £50, payable in advance, for a term of not less than 33 weeks. If at the end of 10 weeks Mr. Manners is of opinion that a pupil shows no aptitude for the work the pupil will be at liberty to discontinue the course, in which case half the fees will be returned. One or other of the operas in the company's repertoire will always be in rehearsal by the pupils, and performances of them will be given from time to time in the presence of the company. The pupils will further gain experience on the actual stage by attending the company's rehearsals when desired, and by taking part in the regular performances."

LOCAL.

The graduating exercises of the Faelten pianoforte school will be in Huntington Chambers Hall on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Miss Clara May Browning of the class of 1905, Faelten pianoforte school, will give a recital in Huntington Chambers Hall on Tuesday evening. She will play pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Grieg and others. Messrs. Faelten, pianist; Howard, violinist, and others will assist.

The annual piano recital of the pupils of Miss Emma Goldthwaite Fenton of Somerville, assisted by Mrs. Louise Bruce Brooks, contralto, will take place on Saturday afternoon in Steinert Hall.

Advanced pupils of Mr. Allen H. Dougherty will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening. The programme will include pieces by Beethoven, Sinding, Godard, Liszt, Schubert, Tausig and others, and pieces by Mr. Dougherty will be played for the first time.

MUNICIPAL CONCERT.

The first of the concerts this season by the Municipal band, Mr. E. N. L'Africain conductor, will be given on the Common this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. The programme will be as follows:

Grand march from "Tanhaueser".....Wagner
Overture, "Hungarian Lustspiel"....Keler-Bela
Trombone solo, "Corinne" Polka.....Stacy
Mr. Charles E. Stacy.
Selection from "Lucia di Lammermoor"...
Donizetti
Introduction and Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin"..... Wagner
(a) Minuet .....Paderewski
(b) Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"...Leoncavallo
(c) March, "Second Connecticut".....Reeves
Invitation to the Dance".....Weber
Selection from "The Prince of Pilsen"..Luders
(a) "Dance of the Bayaderes" from "Feramors".....Rubinstein
(b) "Dance of the Hours" from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
War march and battle hymn from "Rienzi"
Wagner

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

The music of "The Spring Chicken," a piece "adapted from the French," by George Grossmith, Jr., and produced at the Gaiety, London, on May 30, is by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "It is of the light and popular character with which the names of these two versatile composers have always been associated. There is many a tune, for example, by Mr. Lionel Monckton, which, without any doubt whatever, will, before very long, be hummed and whistled all over the town. This is Mr. Monckton's peculiar quality, that he knows precisely how to catch the public ear, and that, with the calmest assurance, he writes down pages and pages of score for which we very much doubt whether he himself has a serious admiration. It is enough, however, that for a piece of this kind he is able to write lilting tunes and choruses that, in the old phrase, once heard are never forgotten. Such a gift is, of course, an admirable one, and in various songs, 'I Don't Reason, but I Guess,' 'The Very First Time,' he will once more become the idol of the barrel-organ, and will again be memorized by every man in the street. Let us not be misunderstood. We have a sincere admiration for Mr. Monckton's undoubted talent. Mr. Caryll is true to his own traditions, and, writing brightly, he always scores with distinction and with what seems to be, in his case, unavoidable scholarship. Take it all in all, the music is by no means, for this kind of play, to be regarded with any disdain; it runs trippingly, and is always apropos; it is merry enough, and it is only at rare moments that it is a trifle uninteresting." And this is said of the piece itself: "The idea of a solemn and worthy lawyer stealing four months out of the year for nothing else but sensuous pleasure is, at the root of it, obviously a very essential quality of a capital farcical comedy. The pity of the thing, as it is at the present moment given at the Gaiety Theatre, is that the whole matter is treated with too solid and too heavy a manner; it would seem as though the old reproach directed against this particular nation—that we take our pleasures too seriously—is here absolutely embodied, despite all Mr. George Grossmith's efforts to prove that for his part he is doing his best to take his humor lightly."

A new Terzettino, for viola, flute and harp, by Theodore Dubois, was produced in Paris May 23.

Mr. Blackburn says of Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who has composed variations on "The Girl I Left Behind Me": "When one remembers what extremely clever variations Mr. Holbrooke wrote some time ago upon so homely an air as 'Three Blind Mice,' such a choice need not be greeted with any superior smile. Indeed, we have often expressed our serious opinion that Mr. Holbrooke has, in company with most really great composers, a sentiment for variety in connection with his own or another's simple musical theme. Facile variations are in music possibly the easiest things in the world; but elaborate variation, each one of which is a separate miniature work of art, are extremely hard to elaborate so that they shall have a continuous element in them and yet equally be complete wholes."

The Austrian government is preparing to publish a "complete" edition of Haydn's works, but only a choice of his operas and music for plays will be included.

A new mass for four voices by A. Bossi, performed by a Milanese Society at Rome, made a deep impression, especially by the novelty of its form.

AT RANDOM.

Some time ago Mr. Mark Hambourg offered a prize of 10 guineas for the best piano solo piece which should be submitted to him. Mr. Frank Bridge won the prize with a composition entitled "Capriccio," and consolation prizes were given to two composers, each of whom wrote a "Prelude." The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It seems to us that the time should really have come when pianists should search for some more distinctive title to accompany original work; why it should be necessary always to go back upon conventional titles, so that the road of music seems choked up with nocturnes, preludes, capriccios, scherzos and what not, is something of a mystery, when charmingly original titles, to which these might be wholly secondary, might give a sort of cachet to a work which, quite apart from any intrinsic merit, might at all events have the inessential charm of drawing one's attention to it. Of course, this may be a mere piece of trick work, but there are many chances of good work going by the board when herded together, after the manner of policemen, each bearing a number upon its similar coat."

There is a composer in New York who is bent upon doing greater things than Wagner was ever able to accomplish. His name is F. Sherman Miller, and over that style and title he has advertised as follows: "Will some one lend ambitious young gentleman $1000 to complete a cycle of five grand operas more profound than anything heretofore attempted?" "Mr. Miller," says one of the New York journals, "is a young master who takes himself with tremendous seriousness and who is really a musician and composer of exceptional ability." He has need to be, for the scheme of his opera-cycle is titanic. "Mine," he declares, "is a world-cycle, starting at the beginning and working up to the perfection of man. My description of the primeval chaos calls for 10 minutes of absolute darkness, during which the orchestra brings out the rush of the winds and the tides, and the roar of thunder. I expect that during the chaos music many women in the audience will have hysterics and swoon, and even that men will be overcome. * * * My operas contain far more profound themes than Wagner ever attempted. There is nothing in his Nibelungen Ring as profound as my 'Chaos and Creation.' I also am stronger in melody and sustained climax than Wagner. I have climaxes at least five minutes long."—Exchange.

The charm of Rossini's masterpiece still remains as fresh and as delightful as ever; to one who thoroughly and completely admires the last musical words spoken by a Wagner or a Richard Strauss such a judgment may appear rather curiously; but there should be catholicity in thought with every critic who chooses to regard music from, less a scholastic, than a wide point of view. Wagner, it is true, rejected Rossini, as we have said; but gorgeous critic though he was, he was also a musician of powerful technique and of very assured thought. Rossini represented to him the very antipodes of his own ideals, and, therefore, it was quite natural that he should be less than just, less than kind, to a master the description of whom by Wagner's own pen remains among the saddest pages of Wagner's own contribution to the pages of literature.—Pall Mall Gazette.

We are so much accustomed in these days to many singers who sing not for the sake of the composer so much as for some intimate little emotions which belong entirely to themselves, that it is most refreshing to find a vocalist who is intent, not so much upon himself, although he guards himself with great dignity and significance, as upon the master in music whose works he is endeavoring to interpret.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Many English people will be glad to know what King Edward VII. thinks of that musical composition "Hiawatha," which has monopolized the attention of the organ grinders for some time. The London correspondent of a Canadian paper recounts the incident. It appears that at Goodwood some nigger minstrels played "Bedella," and that the Queen applauded the performance gently, while the King smiled. So far, so good; we are not much wiser as to what the King thought. Then they played and sang some American comic air, at which the King said to the Queen (who told the correspondent apparently) that the Americans must be a long-suffering people. Unhappily the niggers did not hear this, and they continued hopefully on, choosing "Hiawatha" to follow the comic ditty. At once the King turned, and, with a flush of anger, said: "Will nobody tell those fellows to stop?"—Manchester Guardian.

It is perhaps not wise in these very modern days to grow exuberant over the work of the Russian composer, who seems to have carved himself a path in the modern art of music which is unique and which is shared by none of his contemporaries. The impossibility of describing Tschaikowsky precisely as he stands in the eyes of the modern world is undoubtedly one of the things which prevent him from becoming immediately classical—from becoming at the moment a man to quote, a man to live with whose music is peace, a man to recognize in his complete achievement. We well remember the first performance in England at the Queen's Hall of the Sixth Symphony; much as we admire, and still admire, that amazing work, the Fifth Symphony appeals to us from quite other points of view as a virile exposition of the philosophy (as it may be expressed) in music. Music, of course, has no articulate message; it simply touches the emotions and makes no sort of appeal to the speaking attitude of men. From this point of view it may be said that Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony is of emotion all compact, and that it is most wonderfully united with all modern emotions. The Fifth Symphony, to come to the point, finds Tschaikowsky in his most splendid mood—a mingling of philosophy and of art; to neither does he give excessive expression, but to both he allows just that proportion which is human and at the same time artistic, without entrenching uon any problematic question of life.—Pall Mall Gazette.

June 19 1905

THE GOOD OLD STACK.

So there are only two old-fashioned wood-burning locomotive engines in New England, or in "the eastern railway world." To the practical railroad man "their little dumpy figures, low wheels and immense spark-arrestlug smokestacks" cut a contemptible figure in comparison with the immense coal-fed machines of the present day; but the man of sentiment regrets the change and looks with melancholy delight on the past. As a boy he drew on slate or paper engines, ships and flags, after he had passed the cow period of draughtsmanship. From the cow's head he passed easily to the old-fashioned locomotive smokestack. Does the inconsiderable stack of today so fire the ambition of the embryo artist? We doubt it. And the generous old stack went with an engine that bore some siguificant name, Ajax, Antelope, or that of some hero, politician or officer of the road, Gen. Grant, Gov. Smith, B. J. Ferguson; aud often a portrait of the worthy was painted on the tender. The boy then collected names of engines. There was a personal relationship between him and the machines. Today he notices the uumber of an engine only to see whether the added figures make up the ominous sum. 13.

A DEPARTED GLORY.

Fifty years or so ago a Bostonian found himself at Nijni-Novgorod ready to gape at the wonders of the east. Russia was then to the great bulk of Americans a terra incognita, as foreign and far distant as the Muscovy of Shakespeare. The Bostonian awaited impatiently the arrival of the first Asiatic caravan of the season, and, according to his order, he was called from his bed, for, lo! the camels had at last come, in the early morning. He rushed forward to look at the burden of the leader of the fantastical procession. Was it a bale of spices, priceless tea? Did the camel bear marvellous carvings in ivory, wondrous embroidery, silks, gems, rugs, things odorous of the superb and drowsy east? The first burden that fell to the ground after the wearisome and perilous journey was a small barrel of Medford rum.

Truly, the whole earth has long been full of Medford's glory. There have been, there are, other rums. The word itself has been a blessing to etymologists, as to our townsman, Mr. C. W. Ernst, and a curse on the lips of prohibitionists. All that is wasteful, destructive, heartbreaking in drunkenness has been symbolized in the phrase, "the Demon Rum." The general term has included all varieties of strong and rebellious liquors. Think of the phrases: "Rum did it"; "Do you go in for rum as a steady drink?" On the other hand, remember the philosophical and humane remark of William Maginn concerning the mutual adaptability of rum and cold water as being one of nature's finest achievements.

It is true that such unpleasant persons as Messrs. Stiggins and Quilp were foud of rum, but they did not drink Medford, or they would have been more sympathetic characters. And the rum dear to pirates was of West Indian origin. English sea captains, after many years of service, are represented in fiction as passing blameless days in their retirement, sitting in a summer house on some cliff o'erhanging the sea, sweeping the offing with a telescope, and refreshing themselves with long swigs of pineapple rum from a convenient case bottle. But what are pineapple, Jamaica, Santa Cruz to Medford? Medford rum has been for years the consolation of a stern-faced, hardy, rigorously-minded race. It inclined the clergy of former years to take for the moment a more cheerful view of the destiny of man; it enlivened the solemnity of the raising of a meeting house; it consoled mourners before and after the funeral. It adorned the homes of the aristocratic; it was drunk at a few pennies a cupful from a pail in the old-fashioned grocery store. It was a compliment to a guest; it was a febrifuge, a household remedy, now cold and with molasses, now hot and with butter. Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed. Soon a glass of Medford will be served at a feast as though it were the oldest Madeira, the wine of the Albany Regency, a Vanderhilt sherry, the oldest Amontillado or rarest Johannesberger. To think of the shortsightedness of citizens who's cellars are not already crowded with barrels of that which in a few months will be only for the enormously rich, the recklessly rich!

THE NAPE.

"'How do you know that she is an American?' asked a traveller of a Frenchwoman. 'By her hair,' was the quick answer. 'The hair of the American woman looks as if it were never combed. Most often it looks as if it were twisted up ready for a bath.'"

We read this statement and in no way approved. It is not a truthful generalization. It is a slander, to be classed with the observation that the English man every time he takes off his hat strokes his hair with his hand, and every time he enters a room pokes the fire. As the inspired Cooley justly remarks in "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts": "This use of the fingers, or of the poker, is never seen in the well bred English gentleman. They are not characteristic of snobs only." Foreign travellers of wide experience have again and again eulogized the beauty and the abundance of the American woman's hair; they have, indeed, wondered at it.

It must be said, however, that in Boston some women are negligent concerning the proper and artistic disposition of the hair on the back of the neck, the nape, the nuque. They indulge themselves in "scolding locks," streamers, and thus they are not only unalluring, they are positively unti[illegible] Some may say in defence that this condition does not come from any negligence; that it is due to the winds that sweep this city. The excuse is not reasonable, for the great majority of women here are appetizing in the matter of nape. Consider for a moment the importance of this detail of toilet, especially in warm weather. As the poetic Cooley remarks—his eloquent and voluminous treatise is always at our elbow—our copy once belonged to a distinguished play-actress who wrote marginal notes of incalculable value concerning remedies against corns and superfluous hair—as Cooley remarks, "the neck of beauty is that of a period which ranges from the early prime to the ripe maturity of woman. * * * neither the elongated cylinder that forms the neck of the crane family nor the frustum of a cone which forms that of certain porcine bipeds, can justly have the slightest pretensions to beauty." The perfect conception, he adds, is given us in the Greek statues. But how would a stone Venus, Dia

bbe or garden nymph look with seold-
locks? The beauty of contour would
hidden by the shrubbery, the under-
wth. How well Apulelus knew this
en he wrote his memorable praise of
Tis: "Sometimes the beauty of the
r resembleth the color of gold and
ey, sometimes the blue plumes and
red feathers about the necks of
s, especially when it is either
inted with the gum of Arabia or
mly tuft out with the teeth of a fine
b, which, if it be tied up in the poll
he neck, it seemeth to the lover that
pldeth the same, as a glass that
deth forth a more pleasant and
ious comeliness than if it should be
sed abroad on the shoulders of the
an or hang down scattering behind.
lly there is such a dignity in the
that, whatsoever she be, though she
ever so bravely attired with gold,
, precious stones and other rich
gorgeous ornaments, yet if her hair
ot curiously set forth she cannot
fair." No wonder that Apulelus
oward Fotis and kissed her nape.
ut why is careful arrangement of
of special importance in warm
her?" The question came from
thought. Warm weather brings
it open street cars, and men sit
at they cannot refrain from ob-
g closely the napes of women
ly in front of them. The sight
ten delectable, whether the hair
awn smoothly toward the crown
oft, pink flesh be revealed from
ots to the collar band or stock,
ether there be crisp, irresistible,
ng, clinging little curls. We have
of men who have gone blocks
d their stopping place lost in re-
ul admiration, without knowledge
face of the charmer. Nor is it
or any man to inquire beyond a
t nape. The woman of plainest
es often has the most beautiful
such is the working out of the
ent law of divine average.

let no woman give the vain ex-
hat her hair does not grow nat-
with a view to nape-neatness.
the most refractory hair can be
nl, as a reluctant plant on a

June 20 1903

FOR THE HEART.

are now blamed by indignant
writers for crossing their feet in
l ears and stretching them out
as possible in open cars. "Why
men learn to keep their feet on
r, where they belong, when rid-
a public conveyance?" asks a
in the course of a fiery out-

often are men sadly misunder-
or many years Americans have
iculed or censured for putting
t as high or higher than their
foreign novelists furnish Amer-
ors chiefly with foot rests and
chairs, and in comic journals
rican's feet are often seen on
piece or on the railing of a ho-
da. His favorite position, how-
ot boorish, it is eminently and
sanitary. There is much talk
t about the prevalence in this
f diseases of the heart. The
ife, the craze for speed, the
accumulating great wealth
the abuse of stimulants—
affect injuriously the heart.
n the business or professional
asonably sound, he is advised
sician to lie down for half an
his second meal. The heart
rest when a man is in the
ties or has passed them. The
gs life. Specialists agree in
ing at least: To lie down in
stretch one's self on a sofa
floor, would at once excite
Do you not hear the clerks
: "The old man's got a bun"?
d lose in credit, his clients
sert him. But if the feet are
the level or above the head,
is rested in a great measure,
, months, are added to life.
call on an eminent physician
r or captain of industry or
opkeeper, and he has his legs
e or his feet on the mantel-
not accuse him of insufferable rudeness. On the contrary, he is the very one to be consulted. There is no more beautiful sight to the true lover of his race than a long row of uplifted legs on the long veranda of a huge hotel. Women of the household have not the same excuse; they can nap in the afternoon; but it is not the prevailing custom, unfortunately, in this country for men to take a siesta. On the European continent and in the east men of all degrees are more sensible. Not only is there more time given to the noon meal, but there is also time for complete physical relaxation. It may yet come to pass that a caller in the evening will surprise a whole family, including the grandmother, with feet gracefully disposed on the centre table. There will then be no confusion, no hasty withdrawals. The caller will at once say: "Don't let me disturb you. Let me join you."

HORSE VS. AUTO.

An entertaining English essayist already sees signs of a decay in interest concerning horse racing. This decay is seen, at least by his eyes, in the graphic descriptions of the tuning up of automobiles for a race. "A whole morning paper column was written with verve and vividness such as you do not find evoked by the preparation or even the performance of the noble animal. It interested me, whose prejudices are by no means in favor of petrol, and it set me a-thinking how much more intimately interesting all this must be to a number of readers, whose number must be every day increasing, seeing that newspapers are conducted on commercial principles, and do not waste space upon what people are not concerned to read about."

Will a Derby for motor cars drive out the institution that has for years, with the prayer book and the cricket bat, been England's pride? There was racing as far back as the reign of Henry II., but the English turf, as it now exists, goes back only to Charles II. A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette sings the romance of the Derby, which was long in becoming a national or international event. When the English turf was in its infancy the riders were "gentlemen"—the King, his friends, courtiers and others; there were no professional jockies, although boys and grooms sometimes rode for their masters. Is not the word "jockey" of gypsy origin? The writer does not discuss this point, but he tells of the first Derby in the year of the Gordon riots, when London was without gas, and penny postage was not a commonplace of life. The result of the early races was not known in parts of England for a fortnight; but on the great mail roads people waited at the stations where horses were changed to learn the news, and the guard would shout as he passed the curious on the road "Smolensko!" or the name of some other winner. The Derby, at first denounced by the clergy, was boomed by Bell's Life in London; it became respectable when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert visited it in 1840. The first adjournment of the House of Commons was moved in 1847 and by the government from 1860 when Palmerston declared that "to adjourn over that day was part of the unwritten laws of Parliament." The names of some of the horses in the early times would not now be published by even the most reckless newspaper, and others would hardly be tolerated. Later, Lord Drogheda delighted in such names as Hell-Fire, Sweetest-When-Naked, etc.

The writer concludes with pointing out the difference between the life of the jockey in old times and of the spoiled darling of today. The latter has no tiresome travelling work, no stable drudgery; "he keeps his valet, and rides to the seats of racing in a first-class carriage, with perhaps a duchess on one side of him and a baronet on the other."

It is doubtful whether the motor car will soon drive out the Derby and other famous races in any country. The horse has a human quality, and although engineers are said to pet locomotives, there can never be in a machine the personal interest that enlivens the race track with the "noble animal" at full speed. We do not undervalue the use of the automobile. An observing Frenchman declared not long ago that it has changed more radically our daily life than certain political revolutions have done. "It has not only opened new outlets to human activity; it has created a special mentality; it has given birth to a sort of craze wholly characteristic of our contemporaneous disposition, the craze for speed—the furia automobilica." And he analyzes the man who, as soon as he mounts an automobile, is suddenly changed into another being. But horses will always be horses, and the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of many today, as it did out of Walt Whitman half a century ago.

AMATEUR SWEARERS.

The statement of an architect in court that a woman of wealth and social position used the word "damn" in contempt of him and his plans, and applied it to him as a deliberate curse and not merely as an incidental remark thrown off carelessly in the course of a discussion, has excited remark and consequent controversy. It is true that the woman denied her use of the word on this or any other occasion, but her denial is regarded by the disputants as unimportant, a side issue. "An Old Fogy," writing to the New York Sun, says: "Several women conspicuous in New York fashionable society have been noted for their swearing, and the number now is not small." And he hints darkly at things heard in "ladies' dressing rooms at balls and at 'hen' luncheons."

Profanity has through the centuries often been considered as a fashionable accomplishment, and women of renown have used language such as one of Bret Harte's heroes described as "painful and free"; but these women were illustrious in a swearing age, when the mildest affirmation was nailed with an oath. No doubt women swore vigorously in Chaucer's time, for the poet says in praise of his prioress: "Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy." Queen Elizabeth ripped and swore like a pirate. The memoirs and letters of former centuries show that noble dames in England were by no means mealy-mouthed. We have been assured by gentlewomen that every now and then it is the fashion for young girls in Boston to swear among themselves and often at grooms and coachmen. We do not like to believe such statements, yet there is much evidence here and in New York in favor of them.

Dean Swift wrote that a footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord: "He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superior parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who hath a skillful ear, some knowledge in music, and an exact taste." The young women of today, when they do swear, show little true imagination or emphasis; they are as those not to the manner born; they are laborious in expression, not without an unpleasant affectation; they are too plainly amateurs. When Swift wrote his "Polite Conversation" he was confident that the old stock-oaths were not over forty-five or fifty in number. The vocabulary of the young ladies is still more limited; they ring the changes on only five or six words, highly respectable in themselves, but like dirt, when they are as matter misapplied, out of place in kissable mouths. Furthermore, their profanity is too easily provoked, and it is often pointless. There are no fine gradations in dynamic force. The pitch is always intense. The superlative is common and forceless. There is no invention, no lucky discovery. It has all been heard before. This inclines one toward the belief of those who insist that woman has never created anything in the arts. Nor is her gift of interpretation in profanity to be compared for a moment with her interpretative gifts as singer, pianist, violinist or play-actress.

AN IDEAL CHOIR.

The choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Hoboken, N. J., is composed of thirty-five "socially prominent" young men and women. Climatic changes made some of them rheumy and catarrhal, and the singers were obliged occasionally, in the course of their service, to use pocket handkerchiefs. The clergyman, the venerable Archdeacon William R. Jenvey, was much annoyed thereby. He attended a choir rehearsal, and after an anthem had been sung he thus addressed the singers: "I have noticed here, as I have noticed repeatedly in church, that the members of the choir use their handkerchiefs at most inopportune times. I would beseech the ladies and gentlemen of the choir to remember that the art of using the handkerchief, or not using it, is just as important during the singing of an anthem as the proper method of breathing or enunciating. I have heard you, Mr. Marshall, instruct the choir in technical things pertaining to singing. I have never heard you, however, instruct the members where, how or when, particularly when, to blow their noses."

Noses must be blown by sopranos as well as by basses, otherwise the enunciation of words of chants, hymns, anthems and canticles will necessarily be faulty; but when and where such operations will be effective is a matter first of all for composers. There are occasions when nose blowing in ensemble would produce a striking dramatic effect—as after the first line of the old and familiar hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," but in this instance the final note in the phrase should be much shortened in order to give opportunity for the blast. There is another fine opportunity for a legitimately nasal and rhetorical effect in the "Cantate Domino," after "With trumpets also and shawms." In these and in other instances that will suggest themselves at once to diligent students of hymnology and ecclesiastical music there should be absolute precision in attack; nor should there be any theatrical and unseemly attempt at accentuation by the flourish of a red bandanna. Better the sonorous and shattering blast of one singer that can be depended on than ragged ensemble, like the spluttering of cheap firecrackers under a tin pan or barrel head. The rector's position is sound; conductors should drill their choirs in this grace and embellishment. But composers should provide rests for ordinary services and interludes for feast days when the music is expected to be more florid. Unless composers be thus far-seeing, the labor of conductor and choir will be comparatively ineffective, in spite of intelligent and laborious rehearsal.

June 21 1903

LAZY DEVICES.

The national conference of the Old German Baptists met at Flora (not Fauna), O., and ordered all brethren in good and regular standing to discontinue the use of telephones. In the course of the long discussion it was proved that the telephone is a device of Satan, that it makes men and women lazy, and above all that there is no warrant in scripture for its use. Members who had telephones at home were ordered to throw them out immediately.

There is something in these arguments, though they may at first seem only grotesque. It is indisputably true that the instrument is not mentioned in the Bible. That Satan invented and patented the telephone is merely a rhetorical flourish. But there is no doubt that the telephone and other comparatively modern inventions or modern revivals after a discontinuance for centuries, have changed seriously daily life and not in all respects to the advantage of health or character. The elevator, the trolley car, the telephone have in a way made many lazy. Business men of all degrees take less active exercise than when they were obliged to walk to the office, to see a man, to climb stairs. Before the invention of the sky-assaulting buildings, the top story was not too much for any healthy person to gain by force of legs. There

are hundreds of men who prefer to go from School street to Copley square by car rather than walk across the Common and Public Garden. The cheaper the fare, the greater and more widespread laziness. The telephone in like manner is abused. We have not had the pleasure of a sojourn in Flora, O., but we doubt whether the distances in the town are so magnificent that the telephone is absolutely necessary for village communication. The Old German Baptists, we believe, live for the most part in small towns, and laziness may well be encouraged by the telephone, which is, therefore, a satanic invention, so far as this flock is concerned.

ON THEIR FEET.

Our friend the Historical Painter was busy last week at Columbus, O. There was one grand scene that inspired sketches for a masterpiece. 'Twas in the course of the struggle between the International and the American Dancing Masters' associations. A lesser soul, one of the conventional routine or feeble fancy, would have been satisfied with this episode as a motive: Prof. Norman of Montreal, refusing to take his seat at the order of President Braun, the latter "intimated that he was a 'loafer'"; to which the professor, as agile with tongue as with legs, answered nimbly, "You are a liar." Here was undoubtedly the subject for a huge canvas or a mural decoration rich in portraiture, but our friend, after a mental study of terpsichorean characters present felt sure that there would be a livelier inspiration. He was not deceived. The professors met later in a cafe, for even teachers of the divine art are human, they cannot live solely on honeydew and the milk of Paradise. In the cafe, Prof. Norman, brooding over the charge brought against him by the presiding officer, again shouted out his ringing denial, "You are a liar!" Ah, how common is this phrase, yet heroism is based on common things. And what did President Braun say in dignified reply? He said nothing, but "he took a quid of tobacco from his mouth and threw it at Norman's face. It barely missed its mark," or to use homelier words, he almost plunked him. It was at this moment that the Historical Painter made his inimitable sketch. The quid is in the air, formidable in suggested speed, formidable in its apparent repose, and thus one is reminded of Zeno's paradox that the arrow in flight is constantly at rest. The faces are wonderfully expressive. There stands President Braun, the fardarter; there stands Prof. Norman, firm though conscious of the approaching and insulting missile. Equally characteristic are the varied expressions of colleagues, bystanders, waiters, proprietor. The quid sings on its way.

One may be surprised that any professor of dancing should have the habit of chewing tobacco. The intimacy of his profession, like that of the dentist, should forbid him this nicotian pleasure. It should be remembered, however, that the meeting was political, not social, and nothing is said about the presence of any ladies. We are not told whether the tobacco was plug or fine cut; we hope it was plug—the more heroic brand. Possibly President Braun chewed only ex-officio. Plug tobacco thus used is said to steady the nerves and keep the mind alert. The class of '76 at Yale studied "The Human Intellect" under the personal supervision of President Noah Porter, the amiable author of the work. In order to show the president and metaphysician all due respect by keeping awake, the great majority of the class contracted the habit of chewing—both plug and fine cut, though not at the same time—and as a result passed brilliant examinations and were complimented by their instructor and lecturer. No doubt President Braun used the weed for some like purpose. It is impossible to think of him as teaching a waltz with his mouth full of it, whether he be a self-consumer or moistly decorative and spectacular.

And from this dissension, from these personal encounters sprang two days later the United Professional Teachers of Dancing in America, which decided to discard the word "Professor" as a much abused term, one to be abandoned cheerfully to corn doctors, hair dressers and teachers of musical instruments and vocal expression.

A BUSY WEEK.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent and earnest student of sociology, made many and valuable notes last week for chapters in his forthcoming work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast." (Sold only by subscription.)

In Syracuse, N. Y., the young women employed on the fifth floor of a shoe factory struck because the superintendent refused to allow them to ride on the elevator. "They assert that it will prove detrimental to their good looks to walk up and down four flights of stairs twice a day." Mr. Johnson remembers a contradictory dictum of physicians: that walking up and down stairs exercises a certain muscle in the leg that would otherwise be unemployed, and this exercise makes for symmetry and grace. The point made by the Syracusan women does not seem to be well taken. Of course, there should be no running up stairs, which affects injuriously the heart, and the heel should be put squarely and firmly on each step.

Mr. Johnson noted also under the head "Marriage"—this subject with its many subdivisions will fill at least six volumes of his colossal work—a sworn statement of Mrs. Jennie Stotter of St. Louis, who, in her suit for divorce from Clarence, declared that for one year after her marriage (Dec. 23, 1896) she had nothing but mush and milk to eat. "During that year and at later times, when she suggested to Clarence that she should like to have something to eat, he had a facetious way of advising her to go into the garden and get some tomatoes and fry them." Clarence evidently believes in plain living and high thinking. There's nothing better than mush and milk, except possibly mush and molasses. Mrs. Stotter should read Joel Barlow's poem on hasty-pudding. Mush is excellent for bone, sinew, nerves, complexion. The Romans knew it not, and the Roman empire declined and fell. The Greeks were ignorant of its value, and what is Greece today? Nothing but a playground for archaeologists and a beautiful legend. No wonder that Clarence was aroused to bitter jesting by his wife's obtuseness, by her falsely luxurious tastes, by her longing for stewed meats and claret, lobsters, and all manner of rich and unwholesome things, destroyers of soul and body.

A passionate episode in London was noted. The defendant, a photographer, bought some teeth for his betrothed, now his true and wedded wife. As soon as she had them nicely in her mouth, she said: "You pay for these, dear"; "with a smile," adds a commentator, "no doubt all the more seductive for their addition." The dentist, the plaintiff, said to the photographer: "Trade is bad. Let me experiment on you. Have a few of your had teeth out and let me put some of mine in"; "possibly he was expected to have himself photographed before and after adopting them and to exhibit the two pictures in his showcase." The question is, "Should false teeth be given as pledges of affection, or as a wedding present?" Should a woman resent the advice of her betrothed to visit a dentist before the wedding ceremony? Should she not be touched by his care, especially when he offers to pay for detached teeth, full set, crowning, bridging, gumming?

Then there is Capt. P. Bradlee Strong, who, in his petition in bankruptcy, states that he owns six suits of clothes, ten pairs of boots and other articles of dress. The number of boots is modest, a proof that the gallant captain has been charged unjustly with extravagance. The precise character of these boots invites conjecture. One might say: a pair of pumps, one of patent leather, one of russet, a pair of rubber boots, one of loose congress gaiters (with rubber slightly frayed), and the other pairs of conventional boots for every-day wear, but we prefer to think that, like a man of true economical principles, he has a pair for each work day in the week; that he wears boots in succession, as a man uses a case of seven razors; then one pair of storm boots and two for festal occasions. To have many boots is to be economical. Unfortunately, to be economical, one has to be well-to-do.

Mr. Johnson also noted the thirty-five trunks with which Mrs. W. R. Stewart hopes to secure a divorce at Sioux Falls, S. D., and also the surprising last will and testament of Miss Charlotte D. Sage, but of these something may be said later.

June 22 1905

IN SERVICE.

It is now known why courteous and educated Japanese sought engagements as servants on American warships; but why have many Japanese of evident culture been ready to serve in families in eastern cities? Not to acquire the language, for they spoke it fluently and with discrimination. Not to learn morality, for their own code might well be imitated by those who employed them. Not to acquire taste in household furniture and decoration, for they must surely have often smiled at the misuae of money. Did they prefer coast towns, to gain a knowledge of harbors and possibilities of attack? Were they simply becoming acquainted with the general disposition of a folk with whom Japan will soon come in close contact, for commerce, peace or war? They smiled then; they smile now; and if one should ask them, they would answer with a smile. In Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone" the self-expatriated servants of the Indian god lost caste by their service to him in foreign countries and were obliged to undergo lifelong hardship to redeem themselves. The returning Japanese meet no such dismal fate.

LEAR'S DAUGHTERS.

Miss Charlotte D. Sage's will should be added to the list of singular last wills and testaments compiled, annotated and published by Gabriel Peignot, who spent the many years of his blameless life in accumulating and giving out vast stores of useless and entertaining information. Miss Sage of Philadelphia bequeathed to her beloved sister all her personal and real estate on condition of her promising to allow her father "all the cigars he wants and also all the vests he likes to wear in winter." It seems that some time ago this sister, the eldest daughter of Mr. Benjamin F. Sage, refused to allow her sire the pleasure of as many cigars as he felt like smoking, and gave the miserable pretext that tobacco injured his health. As though a grown man did not know whether tobacco were hurting him! She further laid down the law in the course of her sumptuary regulation of the household that the old gentleman should not sport gay and fantastical waistcoats. Unfortunately, we are not informed as to the precise character of these garments. Were they nocturnes of green and gold, such as are worn by the Honorable Bathhouse John of Chicago, which have thus been described by a sympathetic connoisseur: "The green is a wood green, the gold is a chain of gold, which, when not sagging heavily across Mr. John's stomach and over his wood green full evening dress waistcoat, is used in other parts of Cook county to pull stumps"? Were they such as these, splendid in their simplicity, or did they remind one of a Venetian sunset, jet and custard, the aurora borealis, an impressionistic landscape, the day of judgment? Were they checkered, barred, or was the favorite pattern of a wild irregularity? Whatever the taste of Mr. Sage, he had a right to gratify it, even in Philadelphia, where oxthodox Quakers no longer insist on suits of customary drab.

A parent's health is often an excuse for petty tyrannical acts on the part of sensitive son or daughter. Was there no pity shown Mr. Sage? Was he not allowed to smoke in the kitchen with the companionship of the pump the cat, or, in pleasant weather, on stoop or in the back yard? To s old men tobacco is more important t bread. "Mr. Sage felt the loss of bacco keenly. His fondness for fa waistcoats amounted to a hobl What a world of pathos in these s ple words!

THE CONQUERED MAIDEN

True lovers of nature will read w sorrow the news from Switzerland. tunnel just completed at a height over 13,000 feet near the top of Jungfrau is no doubt a great feat engineering. Some will wonder at electric railway which will soon c Cook's and other tourists to the m tain top; at the branch tunnels by wl they will be able to see magnific views; at the elevators which will h passengers from the last station p form to the highest point of the mo tain; at the electrical power obtai from innumerable waterfalls; at the meuse reflector of 96,000,000-ca power on the top which will be seen a distance of at least sixty-two m "A round-trip ticket from Interla will cost only about $12."

Thus do frail and perishable hu beings take liberties with the everl ing hills, the mountains that for turies have looked unmoved on na without men and women, and then the struggles, loves, ambitions, de of countless generations. Simpler ple found the mountains mysteri awful. Gods and goddesses lived this peak; strange beings, neither nitely mortal nor immortal, on that man could hope to scale the sum and return alive. Each mountain its legends, and some there were India at which it was almost sacri to look. Even the smaller hills of N England were once treated with spect: Holyoke, Tom, Tobey, Su Loaf, Wachusett, East and W Rocks, Greylock—these all had dign Strange tales were told about th Little by little men and women bec too familiar. They picnicked on a s they left behind them empty cans, tles, paper bags after their chatter laughter; they went still further: and there they built summer hotels restaurants for visitors, hauled up cable or electrical device. The p of the mountain was no longer un turbed; it could no longer watch p idly the toy farms and villages bene it, the laborious day of its friend sun, the stars in their courses. In did it wrap itself in once protec mists. And then men came with s and axes to shave its venerable be to cut its Absalomic hair.

And now the Alps themselves are longer safe in seclusion, weaponed crevasses, snowy pitfalls, avalanc The Jungfrau itself, the majestic gin of all mountains, is no longer violate. She will hear the babel of t ists, each with conventional ejac tions of delight and surprise. There be eating and drinking and giggling her majestic body. Mortals will cr over her from foot to head, and can no longer shake them from her. purity of her snowy robe is stained; pride is humbled before the mighty her family.

Yet there are some mountains undefiled by man; towering peaks South America and the colossal Hi layas are still free from jaunty picn ers with their field glasses and lunch baskets. The huge mountains may erate occasionally a scientific explo a bold climber, for such pay tribut their savage might, some by lea their bodies in sacrifice. But fo thin the Jungfrau as an item in a bagm itinerary!

THE PLUG ONCE MORE.

The Herald has commented edit ally on the theory advanced earne in England that man should go hat in all seasons. It now appears there has been lively discussion Paris over the top-hat, the plug choose the one of many synonyms seem most fit. Sarah Bernhardt s in almost unladylike terms of its

usness, and she became so violent at the editor of a Parisian fashion urnal, who had called on Sarah to quaint himself with her views on crinne, visited the leading hatters. They assured him: there was no thought abandoning the plug; on the couary, it was more "compulsory" than er.

But the oracle on dress in Paris is eminent playactor, Le Bargy, ose creations in waistcoats, cravats d cut of coat are awaited eagerly d imitated with servile admiration. Le Bargy was gracious and condeuding. His answer was so precious t it should be known to the world large, yet no one in translation can justice to the exquisite expression of p aesthetic thought: "The silk hat" ho can imagine M. Le Bargy using vulgar word "plug"?—"may be posir unsightly and inconvenient, as its rn enemies declare; but when it is brushed and painfully cared for, it als a minute attention to the de of appearance, a correctness, a iiu severity, that harmonize with appearance of the modern man. this reason it does not displease And how difficult it would be to anything to replace it. Who could nt anything that would give pre- the air of respectability and conorary gentility inherently peculiar e silk hat? That M. Mounet Sully other artists of an exuberant nat- overflowing with poetry and ro- e, addicted to sweeping and dra- gestures, should prefer a soft, hat and a loose and flowing cape inently proper—it becomes them, characteristic. But if I or, let us M. Paul Hervieu, should dress in manner, it would be absolutely d. Of course you see the distinc- On the whole, the silk hat is the hat suits perfectly the modern and it also allows one to bow a certain and eminently correct "

Y we remember that in England November a voice was lifted up ing that the haughty reign of the at is nearing its close. No longer ubiquitous and seen, as it was in Victorian woodcuts, "sustaining rarious majesty" on the heads of men, engine drivers, cricketers, en. Smugglers and highwaymen ould not afford to disdain it—that hey had the slightest self-respect. voice prophesied sombreros and es in the stock exchange, the final of the plug. M. Le Bargy, how- agrees with the dictum pro- d some years ago by George Au- Sala in his "Hats of Human- tour de force achieved for the of a Manchester hatter, who ought brilliant advertisement: ft' hat, an 'eccentric' hat—nay, hat of a 'rowdy' hat—may be all ell when you are at the seaside ng a pedestrian tour in the coun- making a tour abroad. But in in the streets of crowded cities paying visits to those whom we some kind of esteem and respect, think we can do better than re to the hat which for the last or eighty years has been in universal use among the great civilized nations." The savage ner in "Moby Dick," when on always began to dress himself ning his plug; and has not our t sung:

"Have a good hat; the secret of your looks
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But sin and nature scorn the shocking hat."

June 23 1905

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

The biberon bought lately at auction Charles Wertheimer for about is not a "drinking cup" as the generally understood. A biberon a cruet with a spout, a feeding a toper, or wine-bibber, but the catalogued as "biberon" in this ar sale is a vase of rock crystal, ng like a fantastical tortoise ead is the spout. The vase was Germany some time in the six- century, and it is adorned with d gems. It is said that Mr. Wertheimer's bid has never been equalled by one for any other single object of "bigotry and virtue," but the statement is rash. Collectors have been mad for centuries, and fabulous prices have been paid for things that to some would be mere unconsidered trifles. Think for a moment of the tulip mania. "Only the very special expert can understand how the biberon can be worth so much." It was worth so much because Mr. Wertheimer and somebody else wanted it, and the former's mania was more acute or his purse was heavier. It is a good thing to have a biberon in the house, though thousands have been happy without one, and it must be dusted with great care.

THE CHIEF PROBLEM.

Mr. G. R. Sims received not long ago a letter from a domestic, "who declares that, after eight years' experience, she would not advise any girl to go into service who had the slightest chance of earning a living otherwise." Our old friend, Mr. Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, has suffered sadly in peace of mind through domestic complications. Mrs. Johnson is a fastidious housekeeper, and therein madness lies. Her maid-of-all-work, a treasure, a very help in time of trouble, showed signs of restlessness last month after seeing a friend at work in a factory at Lynn. Mr. Johnson promptly gave her a dismal book, written by two women who did factory work in sundry towns for the purpose of writing about the labor and life of female operatives. He gave it to Tabitha as an awful warning, and at the end of a week asked her what she thought of it. "It is very interesting," answered the maid. "I have often thought"—and her eyes were lighted with a romantic light—"it must be pleasant to work in a factory. When you are done, you are done. Doing general housework, you never know when you are through."

Tabitha, who probably never heard of Mr. Sims, unless she has seen one of his ingenious melodramas, and then she was more interested in the villain than in the playwright—the two terms are sometimes synonymous—said what Mr. Sims now says: "A girl can go to a factory from her school at an age when she could not hope for good domestic service, and she can in her evenings learn dressmaking, typewriting, shorthand, drawing and music at the Continuation Schools." We all know the opportunities given the typewriting girl for seizing the prizes of life. Only the other day we read of a man who used to dictate his love letters, until he married the stenographer, who appreciated the fervor shown another, and is not now disturbed by the breach of promise suit brought by the one she envied for a time. The servant, as Mr. Sims says, cannot dance and sing and learn dressmaking and typewriting and shorthand and other arts and graces, and she cannot in London, after work and play are over, meet her young man and parade in the streets. Area gates are locked, and the sign, "No followers are allowed," is displayed in the kitchen. "The free library and the Continuation School between them have killed domestic service." The agencies are without English girls, but they are crowded with women from continental countries. The London serving maid is insufferably hoity-toity. The wife of a friend of Mr. Sims hired a "house parlor maid," and told her there were three in the family. A week afterward a married son and his wife came to dinner and for the night. The girl would not set the table for five. "You said there were three, and I shall only lay for three. That's my contract." The mistress told her to go, and she went. Then it was discovered that the thrifty girl had made herself several articles of dress with the family sheets and table cloths.

Tabitha and Susan are especially rebellious in the country. Mr. Johnson had hopes of Tabitha, for in the city she read novels by Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett and others. She criticised literature freely and often to the point. The family landed at Clamport in an easterly storm, and it was foul weather for several days. Mr. Johnson could not stand the dismal outlook and soon left for the city on pressing sociological business. Before he left he showed Tabitha the way to the village library and thrust into her hands a few battered novels—a detective story, a sentimental tale of quiet German life, some peculiarly disagreeable shore stories and a problem romance. "I know you will enjoy them. I wish I had time to read." We are not certain that he did not chuck her under the chin, at the risk of agitating her lower store teeth; for Mr. Johnson is willing to do anything to promote domestic peace and happiness. Two days afterward he received a pathetic note from his wife: "I wish you would come back. I don't know what we shall do with Tabitha. The girls at the nearest house are Swedes, and you know they do not mix with girls from the Provinces. Tabitha either sits on the stoop evenings and looks at the woodpile or goes up to her room at 8 o'clock and weeps. She doesn't seem to fancy the young men on the provision carts. Do you think it would be wrong for me to give Billy Nickerson—the washerwoman's son—a dollar a week to call on her often and take her out sailing once in a while? She doesn't care for nature or for books; yet she came from the country and reads in the city."

BY THE LAKE.

Prof. Oscar Eckstein of the University of Chicago lives in a cabin about 100 feet from the lake. His "dwelling is ideal"—that is to say, it is only twenty feet long and a little less wide, but he prefers it to the halls of the Montezumas or the Auditorium, for he is entirely alone and he can do his own cooking. "The housework is a great relaxation: I have the best of everything at one-fifth the hotel or flat cost." Hotels and apartment houses he cannot endure. His mind is vexed by fellow-guests or flat dwellers who sing the latest songs or play on musical instruments. "Then there are women that make a man nervous." His neighbors on the lake shore are fishermen, men with experiences "which conventional people never attain"; neighbors that are "frank and interesting." The distinguished professor is no longer bored, and he has been bored all over the world. "True happiness is to be found only in the solitary, simple life," and he waved his hand toward his cabin, the sands, the open lake. But is there any greater bore than a fisherman enthusiastic over uncommon luck or explaining how he happened to lose a fish?

The professor is not solitary; if he is, has fishermen for neighbors, not lone fishermen, but gregarious persons who relate experiences. He may disport himself "in a simple garb of two pieces something on the order of pyjamas" when he is relieved from class and professional duty, but he is not alone with nature. Are there not "ten well-to-do families who have put up portable cottages on the sands" near him, "simple livers," who no doubt talk elaborately about simplicity?

We prefer to think of Mr. Leopold Pausewang, who was alone in a hunter's cabin in the woods near Sayville, L. I., for forty-five years, and died there a few days ago. To begin with, he looked the part. He was tall, well built after the manner of a cave man, with a beard a foot and a half in length, "of which he was very proud." All long-bearded men are proud of their hirsute ornamentation, whether they leave the growth to kindly nature or anoint it with the precious oil referred to by the Psalmist. He lived by his gun; he was a naturalist, a botanist; he collected specimens. He was the real thing, such a one as Byron thought of when he wrote about Daniel Boone, who was to the poet only a name to point a moral. True woodmen, solitaries, professional hermits are not given to chatter. They are usually singularly taciturn. They have seen strange things. Birds nestle in their beards. The doe tells them a pathetic tale. The hawk bids them good day. Greatest compliment of all, the crow is not suspicious of them. Such men understand the voices of brooks and mountains, and the confidential whispering of lightly stirred branches. They do not talk about the simple life; they live it unconsciously and without a press agent.

IN AN EGG.

Charles Cros, with a dash of negro blood in his veins, is perhaps best known in Paris by his fantastic song of a herring, and his exquisite poem, "L'Archet," to which Mr. Loeffler of Boston set music—he is not alone in this; but Cros also wrote a monologue, "The Very Clean Man." The hero of this monologue does not dare to eat anything but eggs from the shell, soft or hard boiled. Jules Claretie, commenting on the fact that hygienists, in their endeavor to prolong life, have made it extremely uncomfortable, if not impossible, by finding poison in almost everything eatable and drinkable, says that Cros' hero could not be sure of an egg. "At least my cook cannot put her paws in it!" True, says Claretie, but chemists may find poison in the salt that goes with the egg, just as Raspail, in the trial of Mme. Lafarge for poisoning, found arsenic everywhere, even in the armchair of the presiding justice.

It was only a year ago that Claretie wrote his amusing article on a duck, after the fashion of Rouen, and in the mean time science has made appalling strides. Beware of eggs. It is not easy to get a fresh egg in any city or in any village, unless you keep hens. In Berlin the ordinary eggs of commerce are great and intrepid travellers. Like Hannibal and Napoleon, they have crossed the Alps. Eggs are shipped, we have read, from Australia to European cities. In many New England villages the eggs come from Boston, and often, no doubt, they make the journey to and from this city before they are taken into adventurous stomachs. But the great question is no longer whether the eggs are eggs, or fresh, or strictly fresh, or superior, or new laid. The taste itself is no more infallible than the tag or placard. When the Borgias and other leaders of society put poisoning in fashion, any one who feared a sudden, swollen, mottled, convulsive death felt comparatively safe eating an egg boiled or roasted before his eyes. The scientists have taken away this poor comfort.

For the common domestic egg lends itself to poisons of all sorts. It may be infected with the germs of disease before it is laid. As soon as it is laid it may transmit almost anything, for it has a great and natural power of receptivity. As the alarmist remarks: "Your hen is not a scientific ablutionist, and her feet endow her eggs with far worse things than B. myocides." The egg absorbs any taste or taint of whatever it is packed in, also of the place where it may be temporarily deposited, and of the shop where it is exposed for sale. Washing the egg will not protect you; the more it is washed the more porous it will become, the more hospitable it will be to all intruders. Sterilize it and you addle it. And so the seeming paradox of W. P. W.: "Bad as a bad egg may be, the good egg is the worse of the two," is a plain business fact. It looks, then, as though each prudent person should keep hens in his flat. In this instance, the egg should be eaten the moment it is laid, and, inasmuch as the best disposed hens are not always regular in their habits, there must be constant attendance on the hen, who may, like the pot on the stove, resent being watched and be defiantly remiss. Yet, why be so fussy about an egg when Mr. Metschnikoff assures us that everything that touches the soil and pumps up or absorbs earthly juices, all fruits and vegetables nourished by the earth, are agents of poison, typhus or cholerine? Remember once for all that all foods contain poisonous possibilities; that there are virulent poisons in the person fearful at table.

June 24. 1905

A TRAGIC PARADOX.

The Herald not long ago considered in these columns the cases of several celebrated fasters. These cases were all well authenticated, though a few superficial or flippant persons professed disbelief—doubting Thomases unworthy of such food for thought. But what could be more incredible in paradox than this paragraph cabled from Hamburg: "Mrs. Liza Schenk, a professional faster, has committed suicide by hanging because she was starving, owing to her failure to get fasting engagements"? Since in these days of scepticism professional fasters are closely watched, why did she not starve while fulfilling an engagement? She was probably allowed water. Mr. John Ferguyson of Killmellford, in Argyleshire, a likely lad nigh 18, overheated himself chasing cattle on the mountains, and drank immoderately from a rivulet and fell asleep. He awoke a day after in a high fever, and from that time his stomach loathed all manner of food, nor could he retain any kind of aliment except water. When the Royal Society heard this surprising tale, Mr. Ferguyson was about 36 years old; therefore, he had lived on water for about eighteen years, yet was he of a fair, fresh complexion and of a healthy countenance. Mr. Archibald Campbell, to test him, took him to his own house, locked him up in a chamber for twenty days and supplied him with fresh water, but in no greater quantity than any other man might require for his common drink. No sort of food was given him, yet at the end of twenty days there was no alteration in Mr. Ferguyson's countenance or strength.

As a learned commentator to a collection of remarkable instances of divine providence justly remarks, divers species of animals, as the tortoise, bear, dormouse, serpent, pass from four to six months comfortably without food. Dr. Shaw knew a couple of Egyptian serpents which had been kept five years in a closely corked bottle. All they had had to eat was a little sand in the bottom of the bottle, yet when they were released they cast their skins and were brisk and cheerful. "Upon the whole, it may be concluded that a great part of those gross meats we feed upon is not necessary for the support of animal life, which may derive more from air and water than we imagine."

Why did not Mrs. Schenk try water while waiting for an engagement? Hamburg was once a cholera nest, but since the last outbreak care has been taken with the water supply. Her story is sad and unaccountable.

"TOMORROW."

The summer cottager is often irritated by the lethargy of the natives. A carpenter, painter, gardener, man of all work, will not only take his time in doing a job; he is unaccountably slow in agreeing to do it at all. The excuses are trivial; there seems to be no pressing need of money. The cottager frets and fumes; he applies the word "shiftless" impartially to the villagers. "I'll be up there tomorrow," says the carpenter; but the tomorrow is that of the Spaniard. Sometimes the carpenter's mind is diverted by clams; sometimes he gives no excuse; he has none. He will not be hurried. He says, with the Arab, "Hurry is the devil." At last he does the job, generally a few days before the return to the city, and as a matter of fact the cottager did not suffer materially by the delay. Nor did the carpenter suffer from the consequent delay in payment.

The cottager might learn from these villagers lessons that would prolong his life if they were practically heeded. In town he rushes and is rushed. Even at the club the waiter is impatient and surly if a member dawdles at luncheon. A food chewer, a Fletcherite, should eat at home or, when it is possible, by himself. Everywhere in town men, and too often women, are in a hurry, and they insist on hurrying you. If in the village you try to hurry the native they are at first amused, then the demon of perversity possesses them. Their delay is in exact proportion with your insistence. Be reasonable. Say to them: "When you've nothing else to do," and they will really make an exertion to call on you the following week, provided you ask them on a Monday.

There was a time when the American had the unenviable reputation of being the chief hustler in the world, but the disease is now universal. Even the Japanese suffer from it. But this sad story comes from England: "Cremation takes three hours, and, as a confidential attendant recently assured me, 'people do find it rather long.' By an improved process he hoped that they would soon be able to reduce the wait considerably." It is a good thing to escape the world and the things that are therein. We know a man who every morning for a year or two has looked wisely at four razors. One of them has been edgeless from its beginning, yet once in four days he has made the traditional motions with it. And every morning he has said to himself: "I must take that razor to the barber's and have it put in order," and he has also said: "I must buy another razor." Tomorrow—and tomorrow! Yet the greatest pleasure is in anticipation.

A TEMPERANCE PLAY.

A London dramatic critic, pondering last month the condition of the playhouse of his town, sighed and exclaimed: "In England melodrama is a lost art." He found a little comfort in looking across the Atlantic, for he put American melodrama far above the English brand in merit. The wail led one of his readers to ask for a revival of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." "Surely few melodramas are worthy to rank with this celebrated play, or capable of holding an audience as that story of intense human interest was wont to."

Why is there need of this revival? Not that we undervalue Tom Taylor's play. Again we see the donning and doffing of false whiskers and hear the thrilling cry, "Hawkshaw, the detective," and Trotters, Bob Brierley, Emily St. Evremont, Sam and the rest of them are as the men and women in the block. But does not the new temperance play, "The Curse of the Country," by Mr. Arthur Shirley, a drama produced lately at the Elephant and Castle, stay the despondent critic and his readers as with flagons?

This play, from the description, seems to grip the emotions more surely than its predecessors, "The Bottle," "Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life," "The Last Nail," "Ten Nights in a Barroom" or even "Drink." The Demon Rum is very busy in it. He persuades the hero to gamble away thousands of pounds at the Coronet Club, which is frequented by dissipated aristocrats, who undoubtedly have a coronet stamped on their bootheels and shirt tags. The same hero, Harry Spencer—known familiarly as 'Arry—betrays a poor and beautiful working girl, although he is betrothed to the daughter of a millionaire. This millionaire fills up a person named Feathers and induces him for a thousand pounds to put the working girl out of the way because 'Arry in a moment of comparative sobriety has resolved to marry her. Mr. Feathers is about to throw her over the Thames embankment (quick fiddling), but she, ignorant of his presence, jumps into the river in a fit of remorse—not a tight fit, for she is one of the few abstainers from drink in the play. Feathers is so rattled that he leaps after her to save her—"a fine, strong situation," to quote from a passionate press agent. There's an interesting line of drunkards who titubate or sprawl, grope for speech or scream in the course of the drama. The father of the working girl is never so happy as when bashing his wife, and on one occasion he almost kills the son of a sailor who rushes to her defence. The members of the Coronet Club are chronically in various stages of intoxication, from a stupid muzz to a frenzied jag. Ah, this club life, Mrs. Johnson! Even at the Porphyry the talk is not always dry. There are two women who do not like to be left alone; they prefer to compare their visions of blue monkeys and strange snakes. And who, pray, are the abstainers? The comic man and his sweetheart, who works in a jam factory, and the millionaire, a desperate villain, for it comes out that he murdered long ago the hero's father and appropriated his business. But he is punished; his daughter dies, and then "Justice" looks after him. In the old classic plays of the French theatre the characters before the last curtain stand in a row to recite the tag, and this device has been used in English plays. In "The Curse of the Country" they all take the pledge, except those who have been thoughtfully removed by death or the police.

Again we ask, Why is there need of a revival of Taylor's piece? They have been bringing out some stirring little plays in Paris: "La Derniere Torture"—based on an incident at the siege of the legations in Pekin, in which a father puts his child to death so that she will not fall into the hands of the Chinese. "L'Obsession" is the story of a man who, otherwise sane, is bound to kill his son. A physician tells him that if this mental derangement is hereditary he cannot be cured. The patient finally learns that his father died raving crazy. The mania then returns and he butchers his son. But what are these psychological plays to "The Curse of the Country"? Unfortunately, the moral of the last is rather cloudy. The villain is an abstainer. So is the comic man—and in English melodramas he is the true villain, the one that gives the spectator goose flesh. So is the girl in the jam factory—we see her now, in a short shirt and a shocking bad hat, and with an incidental song and dance. The victims of the Demon are at least more companionable.

June 25 1905

POUGIN'S PRAISE AND LALOY'S CAUSTIC WORDS

A New and Radical Music Magazine—Mr. Wallace's Gift to the City of Fitchburg—Last Week of the "Pops"—Personals.

THE HERALD published a few words about Massenet's latest opera, "Cherubin," with libretto by Franels de Croisset and Henri Cain, soon after the opera, or the "sung comedy," as librettists and composer describe the work, was produced at Monte Carlo, Feb. 9 of this year. The criticisms were warmly eulogistic, but it is the custom to launch new works on the Monte Carlo stage with blare of trumpets, beating of drums, and the hurrah of a friendly crowd, and the critics from foreign cities are, as a rule, the personal friends of the composer or publisher. Thus Mr. de Lara, under the protection of the Princess of Monaco, and attended by admiring pressmen, had a good fortune at Monte Carlo that he has sought for vainly elsewhere, although our London colleagues who were persuaded to see and hear "Messalina" when it was produced at Monte Carlo, who then sounded sonorous fanfares of praise, made a brave attempt to repeat their fanfares after the performance at Covent Garden.

"Cherubin" has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, May 23, and it would be easier now to form a more definite opinion concerning the work, were not the opera used as a football by bitterly opposing schools. Mr. Arthur Pougin, who has heard much music and is now old, contributed to the Menestrel a long and favorable article. Mr. Pougin does not like the young French composers who show originality and are inclined to stray from the well-beaten paths. Furthermore, the Menestral is controlled and published by the publishers of Massenet's music. It is not surprising, then, to find Mr. Pougin lost in wonder, love and praise. "This music is charming, youthful, vivacious, full of grace and elegance. It is the song of spring, the song of love, which smiles and is heard from the beginning to the end of the three rapid acts. It seems like a continuous aubade, it is so saturated with freshness, and now it is wet here and there with tender and melancholy dewdrops." There is an excellent overture in classic form—and Mr. Pougin calls by name the delicious melodies and the gay and sparkling ensembles. There are orchestral marvels and surprises. Miss Mary Garden is the ideal Cherubino, for let us call the hero by the Italian version of the name so familiar to the lovers of Mozart's comic opera. "She is alert, nimble, elegant; she carries costume and sword with perfect ease," etc., etc. "As singer and play-actress she is absolutely remarkable."

The reader is at once eager to see and hear this masterpiece, and the American regrets that Massenet, the opera writer, is known only in Boston by his "Manon" and "The Cid," while "Werther" had only a performance or two in New York, and "Hendrillon" has been performed in New Orleans. As for "Manon," an exquisite bit of musical Dresden china, it demands a small theatre and an ensemble of the highest order. Unless it be heard under these conditions, it seems a weak and fragile thing, and its charm evaporates the other side of the footlights.

A Savage Attack.

A new music magazine has been established in Paris, though "established" is hardly the word, for too many o these publications are merely experimental, and their life is short. Le Mercure Musical is published by the Mercure de France Company. It is radical in its views; its opinions are expressed with a force that is sometimes violence The list of its contributors includes th names of Claude Debussy, Vincen d'Indy, Henry Gauthier-Villars, otherwise known as "Willy"; Jean Marnold, Louis Laloy, Lionel de la Laurencie, Romain Rolland, and other writers, serious and epigrammatic, who believe wit a ferocious belief in the present and th future of the ultra-modern Frenc school in the works of the young an middle-aged, who look back reverentl to Cesar Franck, and call him "father. The first number was published May 1 the second June 1, and in this secon number is a savage article by Mr. Laloy on "Cherubin." Mr. Laloy begins b saying he is not a sworn foe of Massenet; he admits that there are prett pages in "Manon" and "Werther" "there are even some dramatic pages in spite of a prevailing insipidity and injurious monotony." There is no emotion in the later operas, "Griseldis" an the "Jongleur," though they may pleas through a semblance of poetry. But i "Cherubin" Mr. Laloy finds only a perpetual searc.. after effect, a pretensio to grace and spirit that is pitiable, be cause it is without result. "Nothing les cheerful, nothing more sad and piteou at bottom than this music." He likes certain scenes to the artificialities of th old period of opera-comique, of Adam "Postillon de Longjumeau" or "La Dou ble Echelle," by the joyous Ambroi Thomas. "The versification also awakes these remembrances, and not Edmon Rostand, as one has perhaps supposed.

And now Mr. Laloy delivers blow afte blow: "The music is not so good t that of Adam or Thomas. It lies, lies impudently, it lies without grac Here are only phrases of romance wit falsely emotional accents, vulgar c dences prolonged indefinitely to exto an 'Ah!' from the hearer; rouged d lights and quarrels, factitious swoo in chambers with faded hangings—on images of this order respond to th music, which I cannot justly characte ize from fear of saying something u seemly. Then there is a vulgarity brass and big drum which is worthy a show at the fair of Trone. There not a page of Delmet or of Claude Te russe that has not more freshness, me odic inspiration, true music than can found in 10 pages of the Massenet this vintage. There is not a specta at the Olympia or the Folies-Berge that has not more dash and is not mo agreeable. Having said this, let us re mark that this form of art suits perhap the rather cosmopolitan audience tha the month of May brings back int Paris from the Riveria. If the Opera Comique wished to give us a music ha show for foreigners, it has succeede well. * * * As for Miss Garden, sh shows in the part of Cherubino a mout twisted after the fashion of an Englis woman, and the graces of a champio football player which would excite en thusiasm throughout America. Hi voice is too pure, and it sounds badly i such fiddle-faddles."

Mr. Victor Debay, a contributor t the excellent Courier Musical, is mo courteous but no less severe. Th hearer is sometimes amused, he says, bu the mind finds no pasture for rumina tion. The sauce is by a skilful coo but there is no fish. The taste is ex cited but the appetite is unsatisfied. M Debay had heard the music likened champagne foam, but under the foa in the glass there is wine; this music like soap lather. There is no sinco inspiration, no durable impression. "Th music moves without true life; it speak of love, but it is neither libertine n passionate; it sings without warmth; sparkles and it is witless. It is us less music." He mentions Massenet recognized and peculiar orchestral i dividuality. Miss Garden's roguishne suits the part. "She speaks rath than sings, and her English accent h not always the piquancy she would lil to put into it."

The New Cherubino.

The new Cherubino is the type, not th personage imagined by Beaumarchai This Cherubino is a youth of 17 year Susanna had said to Cherubino in "Th Marriage of Figaro": "I predict that three or four years you will be the bi gest little rascal possible!" The Cher bino that courted the Countess an Susanna was not a child, neither w he a man; he loved vaguely. As Bea marchais himself said of him: "Th which he feels innocently, he inspir everywhere in like manner." The Cher bino of the old comedy is dear to t women because they foresee that he w be dangerous in the future to their s They pet him without harm to the selves.

CONTRASTING OPINIONS OF MASSENET'S OPERA "CHERUBIN"

Cherubino of Massenet's opera
ad for his master a teacher of
ophy, but the lad is now a con-
and knowing amorist. He makes
o Nina, an ingenue, and she be-
in him; to a countess, who is not
of an ingenue; to a baroness, who
in years and in mischief. To the
he writes the same amorous poem.
complications and the oath of
unt and baron, with their friend,
, to put an end to the presump-
this conquering hero, to cool his
y an application of steel. But
ung man makes friends on every
his grace and gentleness. Men,
as women, cry out: "Hurrah for
ino." The famous dancer, the
illad, invited by the young amor-
dazzle at his feast, arrives from
in a sedan chair borne by two
; he kisses her hand, and she is
a willing No. 4. Nevertheless,
with an outsider, Cherubino is
ged by the girl's lover. The duel
e fought in the presence of the
she faints at the first clash of
and the fighters at once embrace
her while the crowd looks after
oleillad. Thus Cherubino spends
s and nights. He serenades the
and the countess and baroness
orously out of windows thinking
at the song is for her. The
onspirators lurk in the back-
uncertain of the room to which
mitted. He escapes them for the
ut he knows that he must at
t, so he writes his will, and not
melancholy vein. The noble
urprise him writing. "Is it to
speak tenderly?" asks the coun-
Not by any means," answers
o. "Then it is to me," says the
. "Not at all," is the reply. "To
then?" "To the Ensoleillad.'
le dames are wild with anger,
r spying husbands hear, and
no longer thought of a duel.
cer appears and a messenger of
g invites her to go with him to
l palace. Cherubino, now dis-
y the three, remembers Nina,
ly loves him and he determines
fety in marriage. He asks her
e joyfully gives it. As he em-
r some one cries out "It's Don
But the old philosopher looks
at Nina, and exclaims: "It
Elvira!" and then are heard
rchestra the pizzicati of Don
erenade beneath the balcony.
in finds in this exclamation of
sopher the moral of the libret-
herubino weds Nina through
it possible that with his youth
perament he will be faithful to

—✣—

e Mercure Musical.

s a melancholy interest in the
bers of a musical magazine.
he brave announcement of the

of the founders; there are the
romises of independence and
ility; there is the pride in the
contributors. The founders of
ure Musical purpose to do for
hat the Mercure de France has
literature. The new magazine
the exact observer, or, rather,
tive hearer, of all harmonious
dant sounds by which human-
ms its days and consoles its
Since Mercury invented the
the god of music. "We ask
little of the lucid intelligence
arned Ulysses so well against
es of Circe. But if we also pre-
he name of 'Conductor of Souls,'
t be for the purpose of deliver-
to melancholy Hades; we wish
to them the ivory gates of the
of music more marvellous than
atens of the Hesperides." The
Messrs. Laloy and Marnold,
er than shun "dissonances in
rt," for they know that "from
of contrary opinions is dis-
that which is for each of us
"

re special articles in the first
Mr. Gauthier-Villars pictures
an and a young man discussing
usic; the former says that his
ts easily the dissonances of a
but has not yet accustomed
those of Bach; "never will a
raneous composer dare to unite
ord notes put one above the
Bach in chords of certain
Mr. Laloy begins a series of
n the modern music drama; he
l'Indy's "Fervaal," but with
ation, and he attacks viciously
an," both the libretto by Zola
music by Bruneau. The style
rmer makes him regret even
despised Scribe, and Bruneau,
ng himself to music for Zola,
ned the limit of musical ugli-
verywhere the dreary desola-
hopeless chaos." The motives
"rare inexpressive power."
is more rudimentary than the
sense of Alfred Bruneau; Ber-
lf is super-refined in comparison
soon as Bruneau leaves the
hord of the tonic or of the
he does not know whither to
One can only marvel at the
s labor with which he has laid
many useless notes, so many
melodies, so many rebellious
According to Mr. Laloy, there
sic in Bruneau's operas, and
ature refused to give musical
the composer. There is noth-
pontaneous, less natural, more
and pedantic than this art,
ying "Fie upon science!" pre-
be inspired directly by nature.
old begins a series of "Dia-
the Dead," and in the first
complains to Mendelssohn of

MARY GARDEN, SOPRANO.

JULES MASSENET

MARIE WITTICH, SOPRANO.

MARY GARDEN AS CHERUBINO.

the shabby reception given him by illustrious predecessors. The article is witty, and it deserves translation. Mr. de la Laurencie writes at length about Francois Du Val, a violinist and composer of the period of Louis XIV. There is a very serious article on certain harmonic theories of Hugo Riemann by Mr. Marnold, and there are entertaining reviews of operatic and concert performances, notices of new books, etc. The second number contains a cruel caricature of Miss Blanche Selva and Rene de Castera.

The reviews of the operas and concerts are far from being conventional and perfunctory. Brahms' "German Requiem" is "bad Schumann correctly written," and Mr. Froehlich's singing at the performance reminded Mr. Soriano of "a Swiss pastor in full voice." The chief merit of G. Fabre's music is that there is so little of it. Mr. Marnold speaks amiably of the "voiceless" Mme. Lili Lehmann, the "bleating or raucous distress" of Von Zur-Muehlen, "the senile massacre of Beethoven's quartets by the stiff, doughy, or rough fingers of 'Monsieur le Professeur' Joachim and his accomplices also 'professeurs.'" He also refers gracefully to Mr. Weingartner as "the most turbulent of orchestral virtuosos," who conducted a Beethoven festival in Paris in aid of the fund for a statue to the composer in that city. "It is not yet proved conclusively that the glory of Beethoven is absolutely in need of a statue in some bellowing crossroads for our cabs, automobiles and steam tramways." Mr. Marnold's opinions about Mr. Weingartner as a conductor are forcible, and we shall refer to them next Sunday, for Mr. Weingartner is not wholly unknown in Boston, and he will probably visit us next season.

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Mr. Wallace's Gift.

The Herald has already published the fact that Mr. Herbert I. Wallace of Fitchburg bought and gave the music library owned by the late Francis H. Jenks, for some years the music editor of the Transcript, to the Fitchburg Public Library. Mr. Jenks was a man of fine, almost fastidious taste in music, yet broad in his sympathies, and his library was carefully chosen.

This gift is not, by any means, the first that Mr. Wallace has given to Fitchburg in his endeavor to awaken a lively and abiding interest in music. When the Boston Symphony orchestra was young Mr. Wallace persuaded Mr. Henschel to give concerts with it in Fitchburg, and, as such concerts were necessarily infrequent, Mr. Wallace turned his attention toward chamber concerts. The record of these concerts from 1889 to 1901 has been published. The music was furnished by the Adamowski, Beethoven, Kneisel and Listemann quartets, by trio clubs, by singers and pianists and players of certain wind instruments. The classic composers were well represented, and among the more modern were Borodin, Duvernoy, Gabriel, Faure, Cesar, Franck, Loeffler, Tschaikowsky. At first Mr. Wallace was obliged to pay nearly all the expenses out of his own pocket, but when the concerts were given in 1902-3 there were between 400 and 500 regular subscribers. What other city of the same size can say the same, and how many larger towns show like taste? When the difference in population is taken into account the record of Fitchburg in this respect surpasses Boston, New York or Chicago.

Mr. Wallace was not content with this practical exhibition of interest. He believed that his townsfolk should have the opportunity of studying the music that was performed, so he began to collect music literature for their benefit: transcriptions of orchestral works, chamber music, operas, oratorios, piano pieces, songs, treatises, biographical works. In the preface to the Music Bulletin, published in 1903 by the Fitchburg Public Library, he expressed his views concerning the necessity of music as a fixed part of a general education. "All may not be musicians, but all may be music lovers," he thought, and still thinks; he also said: "While there is as much, if not more, trash in the realm of music as there is in that of literature, the appreciation of the best increases continually as the people learn how properly to listen and comprehend. As a library aims to place upon its shelves the best works pertaining to literature, science, painting, etc., as well as current publications, so there should be found all the standard works relating to the history and nature of music, the lives of noted composers and their compositions—a sharp discrimination between that which will stand the test of time, and the ephemeral always being exercised. The aim should be not only to furnish material for the music student, but also for the music lover."

This gift of Mr. Jenks' library is directly in the line of a plan thoughtfully considered and patiently carried out by one who has thus honored himself as well as the town for which he has done so much.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today in connection with the remarks about Massenet's "Cherubin" portraits of the composer and Miss Mary Garden of the Opera Comique. It also publishes a portrait of Miss Wittich, the dramatic soprano, who sang this season at Covent Garden, London, the chief soprano parts in Wagner's operas with more than the conventional success of the German singer. She is now in her 38th year. After study in Wuerzburg, she sang in the opera houses of Duesseldort, Basle, Schwerin, and she was then called to Dresden.

The Vienna Philharmonic Society has chosen Messrs. Mottl and Muck for its conductors next season.

Aino Ackte disappointed as Elsa at the Berlin Royal Opera House, both as singer and play actress. "She was not the chaste and timid maiden, but a very experienced and curious woman, with all the typical hall marks of theatrical pose, a woman utterly indifferent to the mystic might of the heaven-sent preserver." Her voice to the Berliners is imperfectly trained, with a tendency toward nasal concentration, and her intonation is not always pure. Her pronunciation of German was praised. Nor was her Marguerite much more favorably criticised.

The Figaro of May 28 made mention of a concert given in Pleyel Hall, Paris, by "Mme. Hall, president of the Orchestral Club of Boston." The programme included pieces by d'Indy, Caplet, Grieg, Chopin, Longy and Loeffler. The Figaro said: "Mme. Hall, whose devotion to all that which concerns our musical art is well known in Paris, was assisted by Mr. Raoul Pugno, Mr. Longy, the eminent oboist, whose successes at the Colonne concerts and at the Opera Comique are not forgotten, conducted the orchestra. The authority and intelligence shown in his direction of the works put him in the first rank of our young orchestral conductors. But this was not his debut; for several years he has been at the head of a large orchestra in Boston, where he gives each winter several concerts, in which our French composers always have the first place."

G. Lyon of Paris, the inventor of the chromatic harp, is now at work on chromatic kettle drums, which will be tuned as easily as a stringed instrument, and sound all the semitones of the scale.

Mr. Huberman, the violinist, played a "request programme" in London on May 27. Mr. Blackburn wrote: "The Mendelssohn concerto and the Kreutzer sonata, magnificent works though they are, fall distinctly under the heading of classical compositions that have attained the highest level of artistic popularity; the musical public, of course, know such works as these with extreme intimacy, and, therefore, a lack of novelty—we might even say of freshness—which resulted from the plebiscite, became unavoidable. Nobody, however would deny that Mr. Huberman is a fine player, and has that very rare gift, distinction. He stands rather among the elegant and the graceful section of violin players than among those who belong to a more robust school; his aim seems to be less to carry you by storm than to persuade by gentle and quiet, yet never by any means impotent, ways of art. On the whole, we should advise him in future to choose his own programme, instead of resorting to a merely popular device."

Musical circles are just now curious with regard to the non-engagement of Mr. Frangcon Davies for the festival to be held in Worcester Cathedral next September. Sir Edward Elgar's "Gerontius" and "Apostles" are in the programme of that solemnity, and the Welsh baritone, as everybody knows, is the accepted exponent of an important part in each. Why, then, is he passed over? Rumor is, of course, at no loss for reasons, and the many-tongued one has it that the clergy on the festival executive made a dead set at Mr. Davies because he was once an Anglican clergyman, and is now a public singer. Such narrowness must amaze all who do not know the peculiarities of the clerical mind and spirit.—London Telegraph.

Patti can still sing the old songs—"O Luce di quest' anima," the "Jewel" song from "Faust" and Tosti's "Serenade." At least, they were on the programme of her Albert Hall concert in London, June 1.

Caruso's phlegmatic action in opera provoked jesting in Paris.

Mr. Ruebner, the head of the musical department of Columbia University, has been chosen dean of the faculty of the Washington (D. C.) College of Music, and will give piano lessons there "three days in the week" next season. But is there not enough doing at Columbia to keep him busy?

busy.

The women's committee for the Philadelphia orchestra has paid the deficit of $5241.21. The guaranty fund of the orchestra last season was $48,627.50, while the expenses amounted to $53,868.71.

END OF "POP" CONCERT SEASON.

The concerts of the present week will end the annual season of the "Pops" at Symphony Hall, and conclude what has been a most enjoyable series of musical entertainments. Since Mr. Strube, the present conductor, has assumed his annual duties as director of these concerts he has shown great enterprise in planning interesting programmes with a notable array of novelties, and the list of selections prepared for the final week fully maintains the high standard of the season.

The ninth annual "Grad's Night" of Harvard is announced for tomorrow evening, and promises to make an event that will be long remembered by all who attend. The demand for seats for this event has been far in excess of any known in recent years, and the unusually large number of classes which will be represented shows the general interest of graduates in this annual meeting. Conductor Strube has planned to comply with the request received from graduates in making up the selections of the evening, and his popularity with "the boys" of Harvard warrants a belief that the musical features of the evening will be unusually interesting.

The programmes for the remaining nights have been chosen with unusual care by Conductor Strube, and that for Saturday evening will make an appropriate ending of the concerts of the present season.

WORKS AND PERFORMANCES.

Mr. Paul de Stoecklin, the Munich correspondent of the Courier Musical (Paris), has heard Cornelius' opera, "The Barber of Bagdad." He does not like it. "It actually passes in Germany for a masterpiece. The story is foolish enough to bring tears; the music strives to be witty. Cornelius is a melodist after the manner of Gounod, but with less originality and authority; he is a harmonist of the second empire who exposed himself to a Wagnerian breeze." Nor did Mr. de Stoecklin care for Mottl's ballet, "Pan." "You fall from the 'Ring' into 'Lohengrin,' passing through Godard and the Viennese operetta, and all this is to depict the coarse pranks of a university lad and a boarding school girl and the erotic visions of their dreams." Schilling's cantata, composed for the Schiller centenary at Munich seems to him a failure. "Certain themes leap ready-made from the 'Ring'—from 'Siegfried' especially." The chorus has at times a false air of grandeur. "The music is the painfully labored and affected result of an intellectual effort."

Pierre de Breville's "Cantata du Centenaire," performed at the College Stanislas, Paris, May 21, was highly praised by Louis Laloy. "This music is more than excellent; it is poetic."

A new suite for piano, "En Languedoc," by Deodat de Severac, published at Paris by the Edition Mutuelle is described as delicately poetical and of a rare individuality.

"J. H. G. B." of the London Daily News wrote as follows about Josef Holbrooke's new orchestral work, produced at London at the musical festival of the Ostend Kursaal orchestra, June 2: "We were introduced to Mr. Joseph Holbrooke's Introduction and Variations, in C major, on 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' (Op. 48, No. 2). This is the second of three sets of variations for orchestra on popular tunes, the first being based on 'Three Blind Mice' and the third on 'Auld Lang Syne.' The composer conducted. There is a good deal that is amusingly ingenious in the variations, and a vast deal that is intolerably hideous. No beauty occurs at any point. Indeed, it is doubtful whether we ought to describe such cacophony as music at all. The unusual is not necessarily good, and Mr. Holbrooke's inspiration seems solely to exist, not in pleasing the ear, but in discovering those combinations of sound which irritate it the most. Possibly the music may have some admirers. In my opinion, it is the duty of the critic to condemn it as downright bad art—bad because it sounds bad. There is a limit to what may be done in music. Richard Strauss, for one, fully understands that."

AT RANDOM.

Mr. Lacey Baker, organist and choirmaster of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York, has been freeing his mind about Gregorian song: "I have no patience with the melancholy meanderings of the Gregorian leviathan, which has dragged its lugubrious length across the dead epochs of pagan and philistine progress, with groanings that cannot be uttered externally, mourning like a pre-Adamite turtle dove the loss of its mates, the amosaurus and the dodo. It is unique. So is the three-toed horse of the miocene period and the megatherium, and the bat with thumbs in its hind feet. Why struggle to perpetuate the nativity of Adam—why parade the fossilized relics of Noah's ark, these lame-gaited shadows, these Gregorian skeletons?"

Mancinelli understands probably as well as anybody now before the musical world the true secret of essential Italian opera; by that we do not mean the modern version which has come out of Tuscany, admirable though it be; rather, we mean that school which Wagner came to destroy, but which apparently remains indestructible, and which will always remain with us as distinct a chapter in music as, in the reminiscence, one recalls the costumes, the powder and patches of the era of George IV. But there is this difference—that the work of Donizetti can be reviewed at the momentary call of a powerful stage manager, and therewith, aided by the genius of so fine a musician as Mancinelli works that had seemed to die may be brought again upon the stage with all their living art of natural gesticulation, natural speech and natural tune.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The following remarks applied by Mr. Blackburn to the tenor, Mr. Gregory Hast, may be pondered with benefit by local singers: "The only fault that we have to find with Mr. Hast is that he has an inclination to become monotonous in his phrases, where such musicians as Schubert and Brahms challenge variety. It is perfectly true that from register to register he has a very fine voice; upon each of these levels he is able to express his personality and his musical thoughts, so far as any great song goes. The man who sings songs which only touch the singing of a mere chapter in the huge composition of music, very naturally takes a separate distinction when it comes to his work, in just a few lines, even if it be just a minor dissipation in the art of music. Mr. Hast, however, is somewhat tantalizing; he never permits you to know how deep his sympathy is with these miniature works of the great masters whom he realizes in voice; he is content with just a few bars of expressiveness, scarcely realizing that the interpretation of a song involves two sorts of reticence, one at the beginning and one at the end which, in the middle part, produce an absolute meaning in the case of the master who composed that song. By this we do not mean, in any sense, to withdraw any praise from Mr. Hast's work; but we are bound to say that at times he is perfectly prepared to sacrifice the 'policy of his voice' to the interest of the melody."

June 27, 1915

THE HAPPIEST DEATH.

They talked at the Porphyry of happy and enviable endings; of the Grecian youths who, having served the god, were rewarded with sudden death as the greatest boon; of Nelson dying victor on his battlesbip; of the peaceful passing of beneficent old men and women. One hoped for an apoplectic stroke; another for a gradual fading away; and an enthusiastic member of the militia said something in a loud voice about dying gloriously for his country. Old Higglesworth shook his head and said: "Gentlemen, one of the finest deaths I know was that of Boucheron, the French playwright. It was about ten years ago. His plays had been bringing him in large sums; he was making more money than any other two dramatists in Paris. One evening he went to the box office of a theatre and asked: 'Well, what are the receipts tonight?' and, asking, dropped dead. Thus was his view of art crowned with a crown that no rival could tarnish or take away."

UNSATISFACTORY PROOFS.

Mrs. Eliza G. Jones, testifying in a New York court against her son-in-law, believed him to be insane, for these reasons: (1) He has a habit of throwing his head back to laugh; (2) though the wedding ceremony was private, he gave his responses in a loud tone; (3) he insisted on carrying the table lamps on the honeymoon; (4) "he once took me for a walk in Paris. We met a man with long hair, whose trousers were patched with a newspaper. Mr. Brinsmade said the fellow must be a genius. I told him the man would have shown more common sense if he had patched his trousers with cloth. Mr. Brinsmade did not agree with me."

Many men throw the head back when they laugh. There is Dr. Depew, for instance, who is represented as constantly laughing at his own jokes, even when they are not connected with the Equitable. Fat men usually throw back the head when they are moved to mirth. Professional genials are inclined to do likewise. The gesture is supposed to indicate a hearty, whole-souled nature, also the finest appreciation of humor. Is not the tossed-back head with the honest "Ha-ha!" better than the foolish or furtive snicker that follows the low jest? Nor is the high-shouldered laugh to be admired. This is the laugh affected by some Bostonians when a play suspected of impropriety is performed here by a French company. After a speech followed by laughter on the stage, the Bostonian who thinks he understood the meaning, sitting well in front, works his shoulders up and down as in a fit of suppressed glee, and the more ignorant behind him, watching him as a fugleman, come in with a belated and uncertain laugh. Better the tossed-back head.

And why should not a man exulting in his bride, proud to claim her as at last his own, swear to love, honor and cherish her in clear, firm, manly, bell-like tones? Would Mrs. Jones have had her son-in-law hem, haw, gurgle, stammer, whisper, murmur, as though he had been dragooned into the match or "doped" before the ceremony? As for his carrying the table lamps on the wedding journey—that might have been a matter of pure sentiment, or it might have been sanitary precaution. Hotels in out-of-the-way places are often dangerously furnished with leaky chandeliers, or there are fish-tail burners bad for the eyes, or the stopcocks are of the old-fashioned kind that are not arrested in the turning. Every one knows how hard it is to get a satisfactory lamp in a small hotel.

In this country geniuses look outwardly like other men. Their hair is pleasingly combed, their whiskers are educated, they dress after the approved model, they talk on conventional subjects. Thus, it would often be difficult to distinguish a genius in mixed company if the hostess did not call attention to him in a loud voice. But in Paris men of peculiar talents and of unusual mental gifts still dress the part. This man with long hair and trousers patched with a newspaper was undoubtedly a genius, some inspired Bibi of the Quarter. No doubt his pockets were stuffed with lyric masterpieces, or chemical formulas of incalculable benefit to humanity were in his hat. He was some enthusiast who in his scientific or bardic fury had had no time to waste at a barber's, no time to bushel his trousers. The very newspaper that shielded his nakedness from wind, rain and prying eyes may have contained a glowing feuilleton by him, of which all Paris was talking, which Mr. Anatole France himself would gladly have acknowledged. Mr. Gillett, who disappeared from a New York hotel, had fifty-two pairs of trousers, and he employed a valet whose only duty was to keep in order his elaborate clothing; but Mr. Gillett was not, therefore, a genius. Furthermore, a newspaper as a protection against cold and damp is now recommended by leading physicians. It is warmer than the buckskin chest protector, and it does not provoke undue perspiration. As a patch for trousers it is easily first. To quote the old tobacco tag: "Or seek no further; better can't be found."

RIDICULUS MUS.

The thunder storm, after the first surprise, did not frighten him, although the house was lonely on a knoll and the hour was two in the morning. The distant mutter was a continuation of something heard in a dream. He lighted a candle and went into his wife's chamber to sit there, that she might not be alarmed, just as there are fathers who are eager to take their children to the circus solely to give them pleasure; but his wife was a little vexed at being disturbed, and said "It's not very near." Mr. Ferguson made the classic answer: "But it might," and then went back to his room. He kept the candle alight; he counted the seconds between the flash and the crash, though crash is too sonorous a word—the thunder sounded as though children in the sky of the southeast were rolling iron wheels. At last they were tired of the sport. There was no longer a patter on the roof. Mr. Ferguson could go to sleep without fear of "livid" or "jagged" bolts. There was no pretext for the oft-imagined scene of bricks flying from the chimney, while a poor wretch standing in the middle of the room in his nightgown and with rubbers on his feet watched a ball of fire playing curious tricks. Mrs. Ferguson never entered into the composition of this picture. She was somewhere, safe, possibly asleep, but far off, with the serving maid, with the villagers. Mr. Ferguson's fear was purely personal.

He blew out the light. The air that came through the blinds was fresh and sweet. There were reassuring sounds of frogs in the marsh. He could now go to sleep. Hark! What was that? A mouse gnawing in the wall. Mr. Ferguson's nerves were at once on edge. He coughed, he slapped a slipper on the floor. Silence for a moment, and then that stealthy, malicious gnawing. Now he was sure the mouse was discouraged; it surely smelled the kitten in the kitchen; and now the gnawing was nearer the bed, it rasped his ear; the thing would run over his face in the dark. And the dark was now terrible. He would have welcomed flashes of lightning. Was it cowardly to be afraid in the dark, to fear thunder storms, to be wildly nervous over the gnawing of a little mouse? There was Mr. Walter Pater, who wrote such painfully considered English—a great man, they say; he was afraid of the dark and he tried to break himself of the fear by sitting at midnight in dark and deserted drawing rooms of country houses, shutting his eyes and trying by will power to drive away the phantasmal horrors round about him. Mr. Pater was a sensitive soul. Was not this unreasonable terror excited by the gnawing of a poor little field mouse who had lost its way and fallen into prison a proof of Mr. Ferguson's sensitiveness, and therefore complimentary to him? A coarse nature would have thrown a boot at the wainscot and thus awakened the sleeper in the next room. It was a restless hour—a long hour, for the terror lasted till the upshoots of dawn. And then Mr. Ferguson, purposing after breakfast to take the kitten to the room and rub her all over the prison wall, fell asleep.

June 26, 1915

ONLY ONE KEY.

The following episode in English daily life should be of marked interest to all that live in boarding houses whose appetites cause the keepers thereof to tremble. A married couple in a Bayswater boarding house had a bedroom with only one key, and this could not be taken by them, for the servant needed it to gain access for her work. The landlady told them with more than ordinary professional dignity that her house was well known, her boarders were perfect ladies and gentlemen, the servants of exemplary character, so that there was no danger of moth or thief. Nor would she give the couple a key to a chest of summer and winter drawers that stood in the room. One of the fellow-boarders, a Mr. Hofer, probably from the Tyrol, did something more than warble: he went into the room, opened a drawer, found a locked handbag and took from it jewelry worth £220; and then he left the boarding house, quietly, as one shod with the sneakers of darkness, but as he had a sense of humor, genuine though rude, he left behind him a trunkful of turnips and potatoes in part payment of the landlady's bill. A kindly soul, this Mr. Hofer in spite of his irregular conduct—irregular in the eyes of the world, but apparently regular with him; he might have left a trunkful of useless and inconvenient bricks, but potatoes and turnips were in the landlady's line; she could use them in an Irish stew—and what is better than a stew when it is deftly made?—or they might appear on the table as separate vegetables and swell the bill of fare and the stomachs of the happy boarders. Mr. Hofer left nothing else behind him save a memory. At present, we understand, he is behind iron bars, living on simple fare, unbedecked with precious stones, so good-by to Hofer and his moaning.

The robbed married couple sued the boarding house keeper, and lost the case. The judge—Mr. Darling, who is given to jesting on the bench—his reputation as a wit was established in the famous suit brought recently against Mr. George Edwardes—ruled that as Mr. Hofer was an expert thief he could have obtained the jewels even if the drawer had been locked. Rich and rare were the gems she wore—that is, to the extent of £220. He also held that the omission to furnish a second bedroom key did not amount to "misfeasance," which means more than "negligence," and must be proved in a boarding house

nor was the omission to require nces of Mr. Hofer's character an f misfeasance. It would be inter to know whether the law would s interpreted in Boston.

"CY."

y did Cyrus happen to be a com- Christian name in this country? ll remember boys thus named in England villages. Then there was Field; there is the veteran r, "Cy" Young, the Grand Old Man diamond, now that "Pop" Anson h and radiant in political office; is young "Cy"—all men of mark. ate Mr. L. Kilburn Perkins of line, N. H., who was worth over ,000, rode in an ox cart, wore ng clothes, and over 85 years of et, like Charles Lamb's Hester, springy motion in his gait—this ch was widely and affection- known as "Cy." We do not at moment recall the name of one uished Englishman named Cyrus. was Dionysius Lardner, and did oucicault contract a like Chris- gan name? But why did stern Englanders, who hated kings and athen, think of Cyrus when there ons to baptize. It's a good name, y name. Dickens was evidently sed by the American use, for he he name to one of his most en- ing characters in "Martin Chuz- " drawn, it is said, from Rufus

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

dge in Paterson, N. J., decided y that a husband is responsible tor's bills contracted by his wife marriage. A physician brought r $200 due, as he said, for pro- al services to a Mrs. McBride he was Miss Hawthorne. The d refused to pay the bill on the that the treatment was given his wife was yet single, but Lewis decided against him. Jer- tice is again famous. Suppose ill were brought against a sec- sband for services rendered e wife was single? Nothing is the report of the McBride case he husband, as wooer, making dect or indirect promise of pay- .

e may be in New Jersey a con- revival of a singular custom erved in English provinces and New England years ago. It was that if a bride were mar- ed, or in her shift—for there ances recorded of ceremonies manner—the husband was freed from any responsibility debts contracted previously by spare the modesty of the bride hole was made in the wall of ining rooms, and the bride, by her mother or other women mily, put her arm through this t the ring might be placed on er, while the groom, clergy- other guests stood in the ad- hamber. We have seen in an ling house in Vermont rooms thus connected about a cent- for such a wedding ceremony.

HEROIC SETTLEMENTS.

Tradesmen complain of the difficulty collecting money due them for goods llvered. Well-to-do persons about to ave town for the summer are often relessabout settling what they re- rd a small accounts. They say oughtssly: "Oh, let it go till the ll." Then there are men of an as- red income who are constitutionally w in payment, as there are club ember who cannot be persuaded to y their dues till the last day of grace fore suspension from club privileges. e small tradesman, the grocer, the bler, the sewing woman, the washer- man, will tell you that certain rich stomers or employers are the slow- pay; that men and women of their n elsewhere are quicker in the settle- nt of their dues. Then there are deem who might well speak as ir brethren spoke in the days of ele: One complains that such a y's fury is the occasion that his own wife and daughter appear so long in the same gown. Another, that all the furniture of her visiting apartment are no more her's than the scenery of a play are the proper goods of the actress. Nay, you may hear a butcher and a poulterer say that at their proper charge all that family has been maintained since they last came to town."

What remedy has the creditor who can ill afford such careless postponement? He is no longer able to gloat over the thought of a man in a debtor's jail. In former years, in Russia and the Indies, the debtor became the slave of the one whom he owed; but of what advantage would a well-to-do debtor be; inexperienced, he would be a hindrance rather than a help, and the tradesman would be obliged to give him food and shelter.

A hint comes from New Jersey. It is true the incident was in humble life, but the application of the principle involved may be general. A man, weary or ill at ease, would fain drink at 2 A. M., and he therefore went into a saloon and called for the liquified demon, which he put down to his inward satisfaction. He then turned to go, and made no offer to pay. The proprietor insisted on payment, and after an argument—he is a man of indisputable originality—he took down from behind the bar "a pair of short, heavy swords with fifteen-inch blades" and remarked that the affair could easily be settled. "An agreement was drawn up providing that in case of mortal injury the survivor could not be held responsible." Then they went at each other. They jabbed and they carved and they sliced until the landlord had "six stab wounds and was cut once." Undoubtedly the debtor drank whiskey, and in all probability at ten cents a glass. Each stab wound counted a drink, and each cut a cent. Unfortunately, we are not told how many drinks the stranger had had, and therefore the problem is not easily worked out, even with the use of the algebraic x. When the creditor thought he had been paid in full he washed the wounds of the stranger, who then went out into the night.

There is at least one fencing club in town; why should not tradesmen join it and become experts? A marketman would then be able to call on Mr. Charlemague Fortescue at his office and say: "You pay no attention to my bills; but you will at least give me this satisfaction," and with that he would whip out a cool pair of wicked rapiers and put himself in a graceful and approved position. In a democracy there can be no question of disparity in rank, but as the passage at arms might disturb customers anxious about stocks and bonds the debtor would probably pay the bill. If there should be no clients present, no elderly lady easily frightened, a few passes would excite mutual esteem. The marketman would thereafter give Mr. Fortescue the choicest cuts and receive monthly checks therefor.

POOR MEN'S HOUSES.

The Hon. Timothy D. Sullivan, familiarly known as "Big Tim" or "King of the Bowery," will sail on July 1 to visit the home of his ancestors in Ireland, to call on Mr. Richard Croker, to look at some race horses and, above all, to investigate the lodging house system in Scotland, which, as he has heard, is the best in the world. The heart of a philanthropist beats wildly within Mr. Sullivan's shaggy breast. "I believe in assisting the poor man who is trying to help himself. In other words, I intend to give every worthy East sider a run for his money in the shape of a good place to sleep and eat for a small outlay."

But Mr. Sullivan should also study the housing of the poor as practised in Liverpool and Paris. In Liverpool houses of a singular nature have lately been built. They are of concrete. Clinkers, which were formerly thrown away, have been crushed, mixed with cement, and this mixture shaped into slabs in the forms of walls, floors, roofs. The openings for doors and windows were made in the slabs. The house was therefore practically carried in pieces to the building site. Some of the slabs weighed as much as eleven tons. The walls were dovetailed, bolted and then cemented, but a steel frame, after severe tests, was embedded in the slabs. A block of these buildings, each three stories in height, has thus been erected. It took six months to put it up, and all the tenants are in and also in a cheerful disposition. It is estimated that there will be a return of 5 per cent. on the capital expended.

This is more of a money making scheme than the one in Paris, the house for large families opened recently in the Rue de Telegraphe in one of the poorest districts of the metropolis, or megalopolis, to use the word by which Mortimer Collins long ago characterized London. The house was put up by persons who are alarmed by the depopulation of France. The poor, wishing to economize, have few or no children. Landlords of ordinary tenement houses frown on children as they do on dogs and birds; but to this new house tenants without children are not admitted. It is stipulated that the capital invested shall produce 3 per cent., no more, no less: "If a superior sum be earned, then the residue will be devoted to improvements in the house itself or in the reduction of rentals." A Parisian journal gives this description of the house: Small flats may be had as low as $50 and $80 a year. The kitchen and living room are in one, but there are bedrooms enough. In the combination room there is a coal fire for winter and a gas stove for cooking in summer. The staircase has a double railing—one of the ordinary height for grown persons, the other, lower, for children. The house now holds eighty tenants and 400 children. "Already the effect has been to crowd the local school; the sudden invasion of children has upset the educational arrangements, and there is not room in the district schoolhouse for children who wish to attend." The house is well aired and well lighted. And this scheme is only one of many in Paris for the benefit of laborers and their families. Thus there is a plan to use the neutral zone outside the fortifications by building on it dwelling houses for workmen; these houses will be set in gardens and surrounded by trees. The Rothschilds have given large sums to improve the tenement houses of the poor.

If Zola were alive he might found a novel on this scheme, but he had his say about depopulation, or the stationary figures of the census, in his "Fecondite," and in "Travail" he described the ideal village of iron workers. It is doubtful whether some of the workmen in Paris could be persuaded to leave the dismal and squalid tenements in which they now live to dwell outside the fortifications. They have become used to their surroundings. They would think themselves too far from life, nor would they be consoled by gardens and trees. They are too thoroughly alcoholized to enjoy nature. These improvements will be watched with interest. Perhaps some philanthropists may devise a plan by which the rich and the fashionable French will be persuaded to add to the population of the country, for an aversion to children is by no means confined to the poor.

June 28 1905

THE TUTOR IN THE CASE.

There is much talk about Mr. Daly, about the substitute in the Yale boat and about the indignation of the prominent graduates, but little has been said about the tutor who, through a sense of duty, reported the cribbing. Was his sense of duty mistaken? Let us suppose for a moment that Mr. Daly was guilty of cribbing as the term is generally understood, though it is only fair to say that old and experienced members of the faculty found the accused innocent. Was it the tutor's duty to report the offence in a narrow interpretation of the law, or to ignore it in a burst of what is known as the true Yale spirit, in the belief that the failure to report might insure a victory for the crew? Should the aquatic interests be held superior to the moral law? It's a nice point in university ethics.

The tutor knew full well that by reporting the cribbing he would make himself at once the most unpopular man in the university. The townsmen themselves would point him out as the man that threw Yale down. His story would descend as a tradition to generations of undergraduates to come. He would be the song of drunkards. He knew all this and it would have been easy for him to keep still; yet he reported Mr. Daly. Does any one envy him his lot, especially if Harvard wins? It would not be surprising, if through force of public feeling he were obliged to seek some scholastic shade where rowing is not one of the chief features of the curriculum. For a time he will surely prefer to take his exercise after dark. Yet some may even now look on the tutor as a hero, as much of a hero as the captain of the crew or Mr. Daly himself.

INSANE, OR CRANK?

In a singular law case conducted recently in another state there was evidence brought forward to prove a husband insane. Much of this evidence was provided thoughtfully by his wife. The man believed at times that his drinking water and milk were poisoned; on a farm he chopped down trees because Gladstone was a famous woodchopper; he let his hair grow in a Long Island village, and told his wife that he should take out a patent on his life; he was, as a rule, taciturn; once he begged his wife to go with him to live on a western ranch, and also on pork and vegetables, because he had heard that Mr. Roosevelt believed in that manner of life; then there was a time when he quoted scripture and called his wife "woman" instead of "Jessie" or "wifie" or "dearie" or "bright eyes," or some other hideous form of verbal and conjugal endearment. And when he returned from Paris after brilliant studies he waved his hand toward the shore as the steamer came up the bay and exclaimed: "This is the land I have come to conquer." But Rastignac uttered about the same sentiment when he looked toward Paris after Pere Goriot's burial, and Rastignac was an eminently sane person. The heroes of moral romances are often represented as shaking a fist at some city—London, New York, Milwaukee—and saying: "I'll conquer you," and sometimes they rise to the dignity of alderman, and sometimes they climb into the upper social circle. Nothing is more tiresome in Zola's novels—not even the "sweeping gesture" of his hero, whoever he may happen to be—than the constant prate about "the conquest of Paris." Look at other charges brought against the husband. No prudent man will go to a village barber; he will let his hair grow wild till he is in the city. The stories told of great or famous men influence this one to chop down trees, that one to write illegibly, another to find philosophical simplicity in pork and turnips. Over half the number of men you meet in the street indulge in whimsicalities, eccentricities, absurd imitations, which might easily in court be argued proofs of insanity.

The old dogma that a man is either sane or insane is still a stumbling-block to lawyers, juries and judges. The degrees of sanity or insanity are infinite. "Man is an occasionally rational animal." Inasmuch as insanity and feeblemindedness are often inherited and transmissible, there should be a closer legal medical inspection of those about to marry. Did not an American physician of repute—we believe he rejoices in the auspicious name of Dr. Lynch—say last year that in five centuries the world would be populated by madmen? Even now the New York Sun insists that there should be asylums in Massachusetts for the sane.

It is not necessary to inquire whether alcoholism be a cause of insanity or a condition associated with insanity. Environment, undue mental forcing of delicate children in school, certain forms

of immorality undoubtedly are conducive to insanity, but the majority of actual causes are not easily ascertained. Some prefer to find the cause of much insanity in the artificial and skimmed milk and tea diet of a large proportion of children in babyhood. One thing is certain: insanity has increased in an alarming proportion. Forty years ago 50,000 in Great Britain were registered as lunatics; today there are 150,000. Then there are those whose relatives can afford to give the insane private treatment, and it has been computed that 100,000 are on "the borderland of insanity" whose condition is such as to warrant their commitment to asylums. Is not the condition equally appalling in the United States? Read any daily newspaper, and you will wonder at speeches and deeds of those now on "the borderland" as yet unconfined.

But there should be some differentiation. Because an otherwise estimable citizen prefers a diamond collar button to a cravat, because he affects long hair and talks of taking out a patent on his life, because he quotes scripture in a period when the Bible is no longer so thoroughly in the familiar speech as it was even fifty years ago, he is not necessarily insane. His wife may have no sense of humor. If she has, she would not think of an asylum; she would say to a neighbor when her spouse was especially effervescent: "George has wheels in his head today," or "there's a bat in his belfry," or "there's a slat loose." George would then promptly become normal.

MISMATED.

There is the tear of sensibility for Mr. James Watson of Des Moines, Ia., who has begun a suit for separation from his wife. The disturbing difference is one of weight—he weighs 96 pounds, she weighs 313 pounds. She takes an unfair advantage of her natural superiority; she sits on him so often that he now has chronic indigestion and a weak heart. He has practised in a gymnasium, he has lifted weights and done all sorts of things on the horizontal bar, the parallel bars, the horse, the trapeze, but without result. He cannot keep her away. Nor does it appear that she is satisfied with sitting on him. Mr. Watson says that she has frequently battered and bruised him to such an extent that he has borne the marks of shame for weeks. They that would be free should themselves strike the blow. But what can Mr. Watson do? With his utmost endeavor he can not inflict pain with the impact of ninety-six pounds. He might as well hash and hammer a feather bed. Would he fain appease her? He cannot get an arm around her waist. If he accompanies her in daily walks abroad, rude persons shout to her: "Why don't you put him in a go-cart?" which sheds a baleful light on the precise degree of culture in Des Moines. Nor is this all. Mr. Watson says: "I'll unfold a tale at the final hearing of my suit, even more harrowing than I am disposed to set forth at this time." Great Hevings! What more has she done to him?

Some may quote this story as a blow to the theory that persons of marked physical and mental contrasts are the happiest in wedlock. There are some who insist that the ideal wife should be large boned, well cushioned, sleek, while the husband should be lean and sinewy. On the other hand, there are some who still entertain the delusion that fat persons are inevitably good-natured. But to argue seriously from the Watson case would be to argue from a very particular to a general. Years ago, in England, a somewhat similar story was immortalized in verse:

"I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb.
I put him in a pint-pot
And there I bid him drum:
I bought him a bandkerchief to wipe his little nose,
And a pair of garters to tie up his little hose."

Mr. John Bellenden Ker may see in this poem of the heart and hearth a fierce assault in low Dutch on greedy priests, but we prefer to side with thousands of children and repeat it as the confession of a stout woman with a coarse sense of humor. But Mrs. Watson is fat and saturnine, a sinister combination. She will not even bant. She does not seem to be willing to compromise on even 217 pounds.

This case differs from that of the Pleasants in Waterbury, Ct. A policeman, hearing a wild shriek, rushed into a house and found Mr. Frank J. Pleasant in the act of trying to gouge one of his wife's eyes with a hammer—a clumsy tool for the purpose. Mr. Pleasant lost an eye when he was at work a few weeks ago, and, as he said to the policeman: "I don't think my wife has a right to better fortune than myself. When we married we agreed to share our griefs and joys alike." Thus did the monocular argue in a primitive manner, but his basic thought was one of sentiment. There was the conviction of loyalty. If a wife has her appendix removed—out damned spot!—should the husband sport one? If the husband falls victim to Riggs' disease, should the wife glory in the dazzling splendor of her teeth?

Mr. Ernst Wichlendake of Harlem, N. Y., weighs 200 pounds, and has to do with moving vans, but he is not cold and harsh; he is chock full of sentiment. He has a wife, but his great heart has gone out in other directions, as toward a Miss Streit. And in court Mr. Wichlendake sobbed violently: "I love them both, I love both my wife and Miss Streit. I will work twenty-four hours a day for them." What greater compliment to the two in particular and to the sex in general? Remember that Mr. Wichlendake has no light employment, as a clerk in a bird store; he moves bureaus, kitchen stoves, grand pianos, what-nots, mahogany beds, hat trees, etc. Work for twenty-four hours means something in this case. The Wichlendakes cannot justly be described as mismated. After this outburst "Mrs. Wichlendake affectionately tried to calm her husband, but looked daggers at Miss Streit."

June 28, 1905

A HAPPY REPLY.

There are persons who are much distressed when they are in rudest health by the thought of premature burial. They are continually writing to the newspapers advising precautions, asking for legislation or simply writing without any definite purpose. The process of cremation does not comfort them, although Mr. Bram Stoker assures us in "The Jewel of Seven Stars" that fire takes away all danger for the future; "even an astral body cannot materialize from ashes." They delight in recounting all sorts of horrible tales or they point to the example of the late King of Hanover, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, who, it is said, left directions that before burial his throat was to be cut from ear to ear, which was neatly and respectfully done. Not long ago a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette urged as a sure preventive that the brain should be removed through the nostril. This led "S. F." to make an ingenious and happy reply: "I'm sure if 'A Subscriber' would only blow his nose hard enough he would save his medical attendant a most disagreeable duty and secure himself from any risk of shuffling off his mortal coil inside of a coffin—even a leaden one properly closed."

STAGE MUSIC.

Mrs. Craigie, who is always entertaining and sometimes instructive, talked recently in London about incidental music in the playhouse. She thinks—or at least she thought then—that music should be reserved for dramatic effects, but that it is out of place during a dialogue, except when the dialogue is so dull that it should be drowned out. She is inclined to think the taste of Londoners is better in music than in other arts; that if really good music were introduced into West end plays "it might be possible to attract the cultivated classes to the theatre." Incidental music may well be employed in classic, romantic, sentimental pieces, and it is necessary to the proper effect of melodrama—what would "The Corsican Brothers" be without the ghost tune? Music is out of place in plays that appeal to the conscience or intellect rather than to the emotions.

Certain critics took part in the discussion, among them Mr. Walkley, who spoke amiably of the torments he had been forced to endure from incidental music; Mr. Cecil Raleigh, a melodramatist, who admitted cheerfully the value of italicizing measures, and Mr. Fuller-Maitland, an unusualy serious music critic, who hoped to see the day when there would be no entr'actes, no music and no bad acting, and he favored "those three knocks on the stage which in Paris prepare us for good acting instead of the orchestral music which in London prepares us for—the sort of acting we generally see." But Mr. Fuller-Maitland said nothing about the interminable and dreary entr'actes dear to Parisian managers and endured patiently by the Parisian public.

The incidental music for a play is seldom aptly chosen. The conductor may be an excellent musician, and yet without humor or imagination. When "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon" was produced in New York last season the Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin" was played at a singularly inopportune, not to say ironical, moment. Devout Browningites were shocked thereby, and the irreverent snickered. Some manager-actors, as Sir Henry Irving, have asked composers of merit to write special music for the production or the revival of a play. In this instance, both composer and playwright may suffer, and the better, the more striking the music, the greater may be the injury to the general effect. When Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" was first produced with Bizet's exquisite music, some in the audience exclaimed: "But how can one enjoy a drama when it is interrupted constantly by music?" and others: "What a pity that such music accompanies a prosy piece without any action!" Today one speaks in Paris of going to the Odeon to hear Bizet's music; the play of Daudet is a second thought. Who would not prefer to hear "Hamlet" without a rich musical setting, even though the music be by Tschaikowsky? Ophelia's simple songs, the ditty of the grave diggers, and these without accompaniment, are more to the point. Yet such an overture as Beethoven's "Coriolanus" may well prepare the mind for Shakespeare's tragedy, though the music was written for Collin's play.

In melodrama music is essential. Without the quick fiddling, the sentimental tune played pianissimo in a highly emotional scene, the "sneak music," villain and heroine are not so thrilling, the situation is not so strong. Music is essential also to the success of a spectacle. But a tragedy, whether it be by Shakespeare, Ibsen or Maeterlinck, can well afford to be without music, which often disturbs the mood of the spectator, either by its flippancy, stupidity or incongruity. It should also be taken into account that entr'acte music encourages idle chatter and dispels concentration of thought on the mimic woe and passion.

A NORWEGIAN CITIZEN.

There are revelations of a curious feeling of Ibsen toward his country in letters written to his mother-in-law years ago and now published in a French translation. Celebrated men have written entertaining letters to their wives, sweethearts, named or unnamed, sisters, mothers, miscellaneous, and, in some instances, feigned correspondents—thus certain familiar letters apparently written by James Howell on his travels were really composed leisurely by him in prison—but how many famous or undistinguished men have written to a mother-in-law, that is, letters which would bear publication? Ibsen was evidently impatient with his surroundings as far back as 1865. He spoke of the Piedmontese mothers who sent their 14-year-old sons to fight under Garibaldi in Sicily, and asked how many members of the Storthing would do as much when the Russians marched through Lapland to attack Norway. He would never consent to his own little son belonging to a folk that wishes to become, not men, but Englishmen, and he advises that a young relative of his should belong to Denmark rather than to Norway. The "malevolent grins" of his countrymen disturbed him; he begged his mother-in-law to leave a country in which boredom "kills the soul" and to join him in Italy. All this was years ago. What does Ibsen think today about the political situation? He is a sick man and is seldom allowed to see any one, not even a caricaturist or an interviewer. But how many men have at times written and spoken bitterly of their own country! Not to go too far back or too far away, we remember some peculiarly bilious prose and verse written by James Russell Lowell when Gen. Grant was President for the second time, written because Lowell truly loved his native land. Ibsen perhaps was never so devoted a Norwegian as when he wrote these letters.

COTTAGE LIFE.

The Pittsburg Dispatch thinks it better for a mother of a large family to keep house in a summer cottage than to live in a boarding house or hug hotel; better for mother and children. It admits the continuous care, but asks passionately whether "the strenuousness of dress, the social demands and the annoyance of the glad and gay gossip of the large hotels are not greater burdens than the country housekeeping." It says darkly that fresh milk, fruits and vegetables, necessities, come to the large hotel from the city and are from twelve to forty-eight hours older than they are in a town apartment. We had always supposed that the landlord and his merry men got up early to milk the cows, pick fruit off trees and bushes and pluck vegetables. The smaller hotels and boarding houses are better, it seems, "because there one can throw off more of city life, be outdoors more and become better acquainted with the nature of the cow, the well and the cook." There are two ways for the dear children to become acquainted with the well: One is to fall into it, the other is to drink the water. In the former case the depth of the well is ascertained—that is, if the bucket is drawn up—in the other the water either gives them typhoid fever or it doesn't. There are some cows of a reserved nature, just as there are cooks, who do not wish to make new acquaintances, even when warm letters of introduction are duly presented.

The chief trouble in keeping open a summer cottage in many villages is the difficulty in obtaining fresh and satisfactory food. The villagers are often shiftless, or they prefer to send the stuff to the city. Meat comes from the town, and is then peddled from cottage to cottage in carts. Sometimes the carts come from a distance of four or five miles, and the ice soon melts, especially in fly time, in fly time, to quote the refrain of the sentimental song of Schubert. Fish almost always come from Boston when the cottage is near the sea. This is one of the familiar paradoxes of marine life; it is universal, not local. We know a man who once spent a month on the island of Heligoland for the laudable purpose of eating fresh lobsters. He soon found out that he could have eaten the Heligoland lobsters at a much cheaper price and in far greater comfort at Hamburg.

It is not easy for the summer cottager to obtain fresh eggs, chickens and vegetables. Just as fishermen are nearly extinct in the neighborhood of cottages, so hens are not to be found, or they are unfaithful to the mission for which they were created. There is a saying on Cape Cod that hens are ineffective in places where asparagus does not thrive, but we have never found an amateur or professional scientist who could interpret this saying. It would seem that villagers would gladly raise chickens and vegetables for a convenient market, but they are concerned with weightier things with discussions at the store concerning political problems and the true management of the universe. Whether the egg or the hen came first, in the order of things is of more importance to these persons, often described as "close to nature," than the trivial detail of keeping hens. And so in the country, eggs

Boston, from some wild western t, or possibly across the sea. In villages there is a brave attempt lse vegetables, and they come up a mighty effort after the storm rs are put on the cottage. There ways lettuce, the kind that was dained to be eaten with sugar and r; or, if oil is thought of, the suggests the appropriate applica- f kerosene. Rhubard may also be lly obtained, a healthful plant t is eaten in moderation, but it is ling. The cottager who lives in nce with modern dietary thought pense easily with meat and fish, re must be plenty of fruit and les. There is the possibility of a garden, but who will be found care of it? Too often it may be at all good things come from the The return to nature is excellent children, and it softens the heart mulates the mind of certain men men, but the return is a luxury. pense of cottage living is as a eater than in town, and not in- ntly the housekeeper goes back ted by her two or three months

June 30 1905

ROSS THE THRESHOLD.

Edith Wharton, who is often ful in writing after the manner earlier and more intelligible James, remarks in one of her tories: "Nothing to the observ- more indicative of a man's char- nd circumstances than his way ering a room." She alludes to t more than once in her genteel in which well-bred men and are continually on the point of mproper things. We have heard uthorities on matters of eti- say that a man's entrance into wing room of a private house the chief sitting room of a club nes at once his social position. r the man be announced or not vant—in Mrs. Wharton's stories tler" is always leaving his ap- task of drawing corks, decant- ooking after the table equipage r a caller into the presence of tress—the entrance "to the ob- " is the complete and instan- revelation of mental and so- racteristics.

Of urse, in the humdrum of daily an is supposed to enter a room the door and in a perpendicular In melodrama the hero occa- comes or goes out with a wild ough a window, or in some in- appears by the aid of a trap. most eccentric, even a Mr. Lehr, would hardly think in ys of coming down the chim- the fate of the kindly man thught he would amuse the chil- crawling in on his hands and d growling like a bear, when mistaken the flat, is known to it be granted, then, that the the one fitting aperture and endicular the true position. Let se that the caller has risen su- the "butler's" scrutiny of his clothes and to the mispronun- f his name. Should he glide his hostess like the ghost of the Corsican brother, or prance h treading on thick and price- ets, or roll about with spec- asc as in a skating rink? Or have the stately tread, likened us Ward to the slow and in- arch of a jackass toward a ats? We are informed that no entleman now says "Howdy" atelaine, nor does he wink at entially and slyly as one who e understand each other." But e wear a society smile, or assume what the French de- "a fatal appearance," not sin-

ster, t the air of one doomed to the reak of hearts and a sad, sad leath Should he throw a dash of ten- lerne into his address to the chate- aine, And how do we find ourselves oday and then greet the lesser beau- ics a his rivals with a glacial glare r a loud snort of defiance? We have consulted Richardson's romance to find out Sir Charles Grandison's entrance. Miss Byron, in a description of eight pages, speaks of his height and health, of his complexion and teeth too fine for a man, of his great and noble aspect, of his rich and not gaudy dress, of his kindness as shown by not docking the tails of his horses, but she says nothing of his entrance into a drawing room. Our own belief is that he entered as though drawn on casters.

Few clubmen are fussy about the entrance of a fellow-member. Whether he storm or wriggle his way, all is forgiven if he touches the bell the moment he takes his seat. Will not Mrs. Wharton without delay describe the ideal entrance? An illustration by Mr. Gibson or some other artist familiar with the ways of genteel society might be helpful as well as decorative.

COLLARS AND CUFFS.

The Indianapolis News has been pondering the question whether women are neater than men. The conclusions of our contemporary are naturally based chiefly on local observation, and we are thus enabled to see as face to face the fashionable men and women of the great literary centre of the United States. We are pained to learn that "even the swellest society girl is not as particular as to the freshness of her collar and cuffs as the plain, every-day man of business; to change his linen at least once a day is a sort of religion with most men." H-m-m! We know useful citizens, men of weight, in Boston, men whose names have crossed the Atlantic and entered libraries and halls of science, who dole out to themselves in reasonably comfortable weather two shirts a week and one to go over into the next wash. In summer they wear "outing" or "fatigue" shirts, cool, neat, unstarched. Alas, they have not the courage to wear such shirts in winter. They feel themselves obliged to bear an "unerinkled facade." Man in winter, at least, must be starched and ironed. Did not a profound philosopher observe that we have made a cult of the laundry smoothing iron? "A uniform smoothness, sleekness, glossiness, has come to be our view of the complexion which things in general ought to take. Thus, we hold, would be constituted and continued the best of all possible worlds in which we should all have the best of all possible good times. Let us, therefore, keep the complexion of things smooth, sleek and glossy." But we wander—and though the song tells us that wandering is the miller's joy, we should return to the subject. "The plain every-day man of business changes his linen at least once a day." Oh, does he? We know a very prominent business man of Boston who told us thirty odd years ago, when we were young and tender, that he hoped soon to be rich enough to put on each day a clean shirt, with collar and cuffs sewed on, not buttoned or hooked. That was his dream; that was what he was working for. We reminded him the other day of his early and heroic purpose. He laughed: "Yes, I finally got there, and I carried out my plan for a year or two; then I gave it up; it got to be a nuisance." In Indianapolis it appears that the women inspect their collars and cuffs "after a hard day's wear and decide that they will do," though the mere conjecture should throw the doubtful linen into the basket. Yet we do not like to think of lovely woman wearing linen collars and cuffs. Perhaps we are too romantic in our preference for something soft and flowing and caressing.

In London one of those wonderful beings who tell us the proper month for emeralds, and warn us against low-cut russet shoes in town—they belong in the country, with the felt hat and Norfolk jacket—but should a Norfolk jacket be worn in Essex and Barnstable county?—this arbiter of propriety says that the members of the aristocracy no longer trim their cuffs with a pair of scissors, even if they are unsuccessful in winning an American bride with trunks crammed with stocks and bonds and pieces of eight. This trimming gives a specious appearance for a festal night, but the next washing ruins the cuffs beyond repair. Are there no paper or celluloid cuffs in London and Indianapolis?

We also learn from the Indianapolis News that a woman of the city may be gowned by Worth and yet be indifferent to the loss of one or two shoe buttons, "and the consequent baggy appearance of her extremities." The taste of the News in making these harrowing disclosures may well be questioned; but such indifference to mere externals is another proof of the importance of Indianapolis as a literary centre. "Are women neater than men?" It may be said that the slighest negligence in the toilet or the dress of a woman assumes gigantic proportions in the eyes of the male. There is nothing so dirty as a dirty woman, and if she be only slouchy, there is no slouchiness like hers. A curious book would be entitled "Dirty Women in Life and Fiction." A portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montague might serve as frontispiece. In fiction certain passages from the works of Dean Swift would occupy the most honorable position, though the description in "Clarissa Harlowe" of Mme. Sinclair and her young female friends has, in the eyes of Richardson's admirers, a peculiar claim for prominence.

July 1 1905

ELGAR AT YALE.

When honorary degrees are conferred by a university, a certain extravagance in the official statement of the personal qualifications thus rewarded may be reasonably expected. The extravagance sometimes seems apologetic. President Eliot has long been conspicuous for the sobriety, the justice, the epigrammatic conciseness, the elegance of his formal and public characterizations, which are as inscriptions from a Roman tablet.

President Hadley of Yale, conferring the degree of doctor of music on Sir Edward Elgar, described him as "the foremost living musical composer." If he had only added "of England"! President Hadley is well versed in the science of political economy and at ease in the discussion of any economic question. Thus he is not disturbed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Singularly precocious, the youngest member of the class of '76, his ripe scholarship was gladly admitted and warmly admired; but music was to him an art to be accepted through the report of others. Now Sir Edward Elgar is a man of an oratorio, for though he has composed some sentimental songs and a few orchestral pieces, his reputation rests on an oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," a work with some fine pages and many dull ones. The two music professors at Yale are Messrs. Horatio Parker, also a man of an oratorio, and Samuel Sanford, who is fond of oratorio. The two have been kindly treated in England: Mr. Parker received a degree from Cambridge—or was it Oxford?—they give so many degrees in England; and the return courtesy to Sir Edward might well have been expected, for Sir Edward is just the man for the degree, he was born for it, as others are born with heads for postage stamps or come into the world to serve as chairmen of committees.

"The foremost living musical composer"! Where now are Richard Strauss, Saint-Saens, Faure, Debussy, D'Indy, Grieg, MacDowell, Loeffler? They will hang diminished heads; publishers will laugh them to scorn, musicians will look the other way, for the public has now seen a great light. There need be no discussion. "I looks to-ward you!" says President Hadley; Sir Edward answers: "And I likewise bows!"

YOUTH AND AGE.

Thoreau complained in his journal—see the fifth instalment published recently in the Atlantic Monthly—of blundering friends who went out of their way to talk with young women said to be pretty, and then took pains to introduce him to them. "I derive no pleasure from talking with a young woman half an hour simply because she has regular features. The society of young women is the most unprofitable I have ever tried. They are so light and flighty that you can never be sure whether they are there or not there. I prefer to talk with the more staid and settled—settled for life in every sense." In other words, Thoreau was disconcerted by the young girls.

The youth, the Cherubino, falls in love with women older and more experienced, the countess or the serving maid. They know and smile kindly on his aspirations. They are secretly flattered. They have not, then, lost their charm. They still are attractive, as at 17. The youth feels that he is understood, appreciated. The old man finds comfort in young maidens, as King David and Mr. Hutchinson, both passionate singers. Their affections, like their thoughts, turn back to youth. What are the years and frosted polls? A man is only as old as he feels. These extremes are always with us.

It is the serious person of 35, the one that prides himself on fixed purpose and solid judgment, or the man of 50 who realizes that he is on the decline, who is ill at ease with radiant girls. The former is on a hobby horse, he is didactic, he is condescending, the words "When you are older" are trembling on his lips. To him the girls merely are women in embryo. They have perhaps their place in nature. They may be decorative at table, in the parlor, on the veranda; but they are unwholesome companions for earnest men who have a mission in life. Such men furnish girls much amusement by the betrayal of vanity, priggishness, and often by a lack of savoir faire, for the average girl of 18 is quick and shrewd in reading character, and she finds a peculiar pleasure in dissection of the male.

The man of 50 is inclined to be too kindly in his interest and conversation, especially if he has been married for many years and has no children to remind him that he should be through with scattering sentiment and extra domestic palpitations. He now alludes lightly to his baldness or white hairs, in the hope that his age will be contradicted, and now he is youthfully cosey in his conservation, as one wishing to establish an intimacy, to give and receive confidences. He feigns a lively interest in collegians, sports, dancing parties. He warns against early marriages and alludes sadly to ruined lives, mutual deceptions, illusions. He exerts himself to show that his strength is unimpaired. With a mighty effort and with danger to his heart he will vault a fence, or in a pretended spirit of burlesque dance a few bygone steps—"Essence of Virginia" or "Apple Brandy, Cinnamon Beer"—to show his agility. He says "We old fellows," and is cut deeply when there is no protest. A sensible, healthy girl hardly knows what to do with the belated sentimentalist. She does not wish to hurt his feelings. If she follows her instincts, she will surely disconcert him. When he is not silly, he is painfully laborious in his adaptation of thought to suit her case. There she sits, young, beautiful, vivacious with the admirers who have the right to woo her. What can there be in common between the two? When he at last realizes this, she is as terrible to him as an army with banners. It would be far better for him to endure bulbous Mrs. Welcks and her chatter about church work or to gossip with Miss Golightly, who has apparently passed all the pitfalls of matrimony in safety. In nine cases out of ten the man talking with the young girl errs in wishing to make an impression on her. He is not content to view her as a rose. Thus he bores or annoys her. When she is malicious she pretends to enjoy his conversation; she hangs on every word; her voice is now and then emotional; "I would not give anything for a man who has not had experience." He leaves her, cheered, and he sees the world full of women that might have made him happy. She hastens to tell the girls.

IN MOURNING.

Gov. Hoch made some sensible remarks at a meeting of the Kansas Association of Undertakers. He refused to say funny things about their business, although he admitted that such

witticisms were no doubt expected. "I don't believe in doing that any more than do I believe in cracking jokes concerning a mother-in-law. I do not think they are in good taste. I consider them of doubtful propriety." And he dwelt on the delicate relations of undertakers with a community. Thus did the Governor fly in the face of tradition. For years the undertaker has been represented in fiction and in illustration as a comic character. Probably one of the most tasteless and shocking treatments of death and the dead body was in one of Mr. Charles H. Hoyt's plays, which is now fortunately buried.

The Governor urged the undertakers to change by their influence some of the customs in vogue, as the exposure of a body to public view and the use of crape as a mourning emblem; but here he is as one that butts his head against a stone wall, though undertakers and many who will sooner or later be in their hands may heartily agree with him. There is still a morbid desire in city or village to look on the face of the dead, a public character or a comparatively unknown woman. There are some who have a mania for attending funerals, and they do not wish to lose one feature of enjoyment. There are even mourners who think an injustice would be shown the helpless dead if this honor were not paid. It is true that the painful custom is not so general as it was twenty or thirty years ago, but years will pass before it will be regarded everywhere as a survival of barbarism. Even in Boston not long ago, at a church funeral, we were urged by an usher to "see the remains," and he looked grieved when we went the other way. "Friends of the corpse" are more and more preferring to remember the departed as he was in health. They that delighted in the beauty of a woman are not comforted when they hear the exclamation: "She looks just as natural!"

Nor will crape soon go out of fashion. Gov. Hoch well says: "Crape at the door is not most expressive of mourning, and garbing ourselves in black does not indicate the deepest sorrow. Death should not be pictured in the sombre shades of night. The emblems should be of white, of purity, of light, and not of darkness and despair." But there are fashions in death as in life. The color may vary according to period or land; white, yellow, purple, as well as black, has been the emblem of grief, and, alas, there is ostentation, as when even family horses are put in mourning. Black studs and cuff buttons, the deepest black-edged letter paper may comfort the bereaved and show reverence for the dead. Yet if there is an honest belief in immortality such outward trappings seem at least incongruous. There is an appointed etiquette in death and life. Not long ago we heard a stickler for the proprieties advise a woman to call on another in a month: "She will then be over the first reserve of her grief."

PROF. MATHEWS' THEORY.

They do and say all sorts of wonderful things at the University of Chicago, and it is not surprising to find Prof. Albert P. Mathews insisting that men and women will be immortal as soon as they are willing to follow the new system of dietetics, "by means of which the exact chemical needs of the body are to be supplied." This new system is not yet wholly formulated; there is a hitch in some unexpected place; but the delay will be only temporary, and soon, as our old friend Zamiel said to the Black Crook: "'Tis in your power to live forever." "Forever?" "Aye, forever." We hear the answer now, the dismal voice as that of a bassoon with its moan of agony. As Prof. Mathews says: "We are gradually dying for years." (Alphonse Karr put it this way: "We begin to die with the loss of the first tooth.") To quote the professor again: "The moment which is ordinarily ascribed to death is when breathing stops." Right you are, professor; hence the old saying: "He died for lack of breath." "This is purely arbitrary, and the survival of an old belief that as life was drawn in with the breath the soul passed out in the breath." We have never seen a man active physically or mentally after the breath left him, and it is a well known fact that the soul of a miller leaves his body in the shape of a millermoth which goes out of his mouth and flies straight away. All men, however, cannot be millers—a merry folk, according to tradition, with thirst unquenchable and songs innumerable—so the souls of many escape the prison shell the best they can.

Suppose this dietic system were to turn mortals into immortals on earth; how many would be willing to follow the diet or would care to follow it? Swift has warned us against the horrors of an earthly immortality, and who would care to live after the mind is vacuous, the body enfeebled and the men and the women that gave delight have gone before? A farmer's wife said to us the other day that she was eager to join her husband in the spirit land, and we were touched by her expression of sentiment, for she is a woman of toilsome life and few words. She added: "I can't do my work as I used to, and I won't let anybody help me, so I am ready to go." Suppose, again, that all should follow the dietetic system with slavish obedience; then we should be obliged to hear old Auger telling his boresome stories and anecdotes for centuries to come, and the cumulative force of all the petty ills, trials, vexations from which we hope to be relieved at last would be gigantic. Mr. Anatole France, the Pyrrhonist of gentle irony, does not shrink from the thought of unconsciousness after death; "but," he says, "if death, striking us, still lets us live, be very sure that we shall find ourselves beyond the tomb exactly such as we were on earth. We shall doubtlessly be much vexed by this. The thought takes away all hope, for that which we most desire is to become something very different from what we now are." But is this true? Are there not some who cannot think of themselves in Paradise except as they now are? It is pleasanter for the average man, who realizes the infirmities of the flesh and the weaknesses of the spirit, to look forward to endless transfers and promotions. He would not anticipate with joy the final absorption into what the orientals vaguely describe as the divine essence; he cannot bear to think of putting aside his individuality. The brother of Hazlitt once said that no young man thinks he will ever die, and Hazlitt commended it as a fine saying; but as the years go by and the allotted term of threescore years and ten is reached the man is willing to believe that the law of nature is wise and beneficent. Unfold to him the beauties of the new dietetic system with eloquence and conviction; would he clutch instinctively the pills and the powders that are warranted to supply "the exact chemical needs of the body" and thus assure to himself a ghastly life in death?

July 2. 1905

THE SINGULAR RUDENESS OF FAMOUS COMPOSERS

Mozart's Delight in Modern French Music—Felix Weingartner's Impressions of Musical America—Sir Edward Elgar's Yale Degree.

THIRTY-FIVE years ago school boys at Exeter pored over Felton's "Greek Reader." They read certain fables by Aesop, pages of the ingenious Xenophon's "Cyropædia," "Anabasis" and "Hellenica," and, most entertaining of all, some dialogues by Lucian, and of those dialogues they enjoyed especially these dialogues of the dead. Many of those students today looking at the old schoolbook find themselves unable to read a line without the aid of the lexicon, but the memory of these dialogues is still fresh. Felton knew human nature when he wrote confidently in his preface: "Lucian's style of humor and his turn of thought approach nearer to the spirit of modern wit than those of an other ancient writer; and on this account he is more generally understood and more keenly relished by young students of the Greek language." The confidence of the compiler that he had "contributed something to the entertainment of his young friends who are still toiling in the elementary stages of their classical education" was well founded.

How often have these dialogues been imitated by writers in English, French and German, and how inferior are the imitations to the original! Walter Savage Lander imagined the conversations of famous men and women, but he represented them as still busy on earth, and all the characters spoke the language of Landor in that cool, stately style that reminds one of a spacious hall of marble lighted by lamps of alabaster. There was little or no individuality in the speech. And whether the writer of more modern dialogues of the dead be French or English, his people in the shades speak as a rule the sentiments he would have them speak, not what they might have said of their own accord. Lucian is still the most realistic, the wittiest, the most human of them all. Neither the French nor the English translations do him justice. They are either dull or prudish. There are certain excerpts, as the set of dialogues translated literally by Pierre Louys, which have been rendered faithfully, but they represent only imperfectly the genius of the satirist whose lightness of touch is inimitable.

Bach's Indifference.

And now comes Mr. Jean Marnold with a series of dialogues of dead composers. The first, between Mendelssohn and Brahms, was published in the second number of Le Mercure Musical, the new French music magazine of which The Herald spoke last Sunday.

Brahms soon after his arrival in the Elysian Fields is met by Mendelssohn, who exclaims: "What, my poor Brahms, here you are, still alone, wandering about as a distressed soul!" Brahms admits that he is disappointed and unhappy. He expected a warmer reception from the august spirits whom he had loved and glorified on earth, when he himself was among those living and admired—— I can say this of myself without any false modesty, for the fact it notorious." Mendelssohn reminds him that great men are nearly all egoists; they do not like to put themselves to any trouble; "and then—how shall I say it?—as a rule they are not polite; the great majority of them have not had much education; they are unacquainted with the common courtesies of life." Brahms continues his lament. He had adorned his head with the laurel wreath awarded him by his contemporaries, but he was ready to take it off before rushing into the extended arms of the mighty. He expected to embrace these great composers "with the respect and affection of a grateful son, heir and faithful guardian of the treasures of beauty bequeathed by the genius of his ancestors." Lo, there was no one to meet him, and only Mendelssohn had been amiable toward him.

They had met Beethoven, but, silent, morose, in a hurry, he did not deign to look at Brahms, who ran forward to assure him of his most enthusiastic homage. Mendelssohn gives excuses: "He did not hear you. You remember he's deaf, and he did not have his ear trumpet with him. He forgets it willingly, for since Wagner has rejoined Berlioz here, Beethoven seems to dread the society of those two eminent spirits, who seldom agree, and, both impetuous, show a perhaps excessive propensity to choose him as the judge of their stormy discussions."

Then Bach was positively rude. Brahms found him in a marsh making an organ out of reeds. He was much occupied, and his wig was awry. He looked up at Brahms, handed him an old knife, and motioned him to wade out so that he could cut an unusually tall rush for him. Brahms obediently waded himself, and bearing the rush, knelt, confessed his admiration, and declared his name. Bach made no sign of recognition. Then Brahms handed him his "German Requiem." "Oh, it's you," said Bach, and he looked over the pages. Turning his back on him, he exclaimed: "It's a pity that the pages are blackened with ink, but they can still serve to make music," and with that he tore them out and rolled them into the shape of organ pipes. "Yes," says Mendelssohn, "I should have warned you that his frankness is a little crude. He is somewhat like a peasant of the Danube; some say that by descent he is of Hungarian origin; but other learned persons dispute this hypothesis."

Two Unworthy Worthies.

Gluck and Handel were sitting together under a cypress, and they, too, were not pleasant toward Brahms: "They pass their time," answers Mendelssohn, "in comparing the receipts of the opera houses in London and Paris. * * * It's a long task; they reckon from 1719 to about 1780. When they have finished it, they begin again." Brahms begged their pardon for interrupting them. "Who is it?" asked Handel. His companion said: "I don't know the fellow." Brahms immediately, with an eager gesture, presented his "Triumphlied," and Gluck read the title to Handel. There was a burst of Homeric laughter. "Ah, old boy, look at him well! That is the man who has changed the lead of your accompaniments. He has found something heavier than Gluck. Old Sterne will make a disease out of it." And Handel, turning to Brahms knitted his eyebrows and said: "You could at least have dispensed with invoking my patronage. When one wishes to imitate me, my fine fellow, he should not confound"—the French slang run is without meaning in English: "Il ne faut pas confondre pompoux avec pompier." Mendelssohn administers a little dig: "Handel is of a caustic humor, he's an irascible character, and few seek his company. You yourself, my dear friend, do not come to us preceded by a reputation for inexhaustible gentleness. I am somewhat interested in affairs down there, and the echo of your Sharp sayings and rough rejoinders has occasionally reached me. In not thrusting back at Handel, you gave proof of a self-control and tact which promised well for the pleasure of our future relations."

Brahms answers that he does not deserve such praise. His self-control in this instance was stupor. "You and I have known the intoxicating incense of earthly glory. It is a smoke of which you do not complain even when it set you sneezing. One has no difficulty in accustoming one's self to it, and the habit quickly becomes a second nature. The shock has been too sudden. I am like a dove that has fallen from an eagles' nest, where it would have perched for its life. I ask myself if it is all a dream. I do not dare to suspect all these famous geniuses, whose examples I have followed, of being a little jealous. Their immortal art was mine, yet they shove me away or mock me. He might have anticipated this from Wagner, but he at first received him cordially, "to my great joy, because I wished to make peace here with this illustrious rival." Wagner questioned him feverishly about the success of his works, the prosperity of Bayreuth, the health of Cosima and Siegfried, and almost fell on Brahms' neck when the latter gave him a richly bound copy of his son's first opera, which he had brought with him for that purpose. Wagner looked over a few pages, threw the score at Brahms' head and fled away like a madman, cursing Brahms with horrid curses. "But you were there? What did you think of it?" The genteel Mendelssohn answers softly: "I did not intend to refer to this, and I hoped that you had forgotten it. You did not see the frantic signs that Liszt made to you behind his father-in-law's back in hope of stopping you. We have thought it best to hide from Wagner the musical achievements of his latest offspring and spoiled child; some have thought that Siegfried follows your inspiration rather than that of 'Tristan and 'The Mastersingers,' and the event only justified too much the precaution. Wagner is still furiously angry; he mentions you as a poisoner, and he says other things which will not bear repetition. However, such spite is flattering for you, because it shows the influence exerted by your talent and your works."

And Mozart, Too!

Brahms is not comforted. "If I had written only my third quartet and my clarinet quintet did I not deserve something better from Mozart than the obscure word about which I should like to consult you." Brahms came upon Mozart and Haydn in a grove. They were playing dominoes, and Mozart was smoking a long Dutch pipe. There were empty bottles near them. Haydn, who once recognized Brahms, arose, bowed and held out a little snuffbox ornamented with diamonds and miniatures. They solemnly took a pinch, and Haydn, dusting his laced sleeve, thanked him, not without a certain embarrassment, for having chosen the St. Anthony theme, unworthy of such honor, for the embroidery of orchestral variations. "We have heard them several times through the telephone, thanks to a special wire furnished my behalf by Wolfgang through the generosity of Baron Van Swieten." Then Mozart added: "And we were never so thoroughly bored!" Mendelssohn accounted for Mozart's use of the slang French word. Mozart, it appears, is interested in all things French. "There is not a day when his 'Hello! Hello!' is not heard demanding an immediate communication. Thus does he keep himself informed concerning the transformation of a language of which he knows the most subtle nuances, and he often speaks a sort of slang with which I am not conversant, although I frequented formerly the most distinguished salons of the French capital and there the leading wits and persons of intelligence."

To this Brahms answers: "Is it possible that a profound German composer can take such an obstinate pleasure in the mental poverty of the most superficial people on earth? My work has attracted there the attention of only a few connoisseurs, most of them immigrants. In any case, it is surely not the music in fashion there that seduces so irresistively our divine Mozart in this perverse city?" Mendelssohn leads Brahms not to be deceived. "It is precisely that which attracts him. The good Haydn strives in vain to read him a moral lecture. He answers 'La femme a vulgar expression, which might lead one to suspect some mental disorder. Mozart every evening puts himself in telephonic communication with a theatre or concert hall. "He is not always satisfied, and I have then observed that he uses forcibly the word that disconcerted you; but sometimes his enthusiasm reaches the borders of delirium. Not long ago we feared for his reason. It was all about a new piece, an 'opéra comique,' probably entitled 'Pallas,' though he pronounced it 'Pellcas,' something like that, for his scholarship was inconsiderable. He babbled about it; he spoke disconnected words, he hummed incoherent themes. For a

he forgot his pipe and Mosel wine, n and the baron were dismayed."

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Schumann Furens.

st of all was Schumann's treat- of Brahms. When he saw him he l him, retracted the article that Brahms famous in his youth, ran ferociously Brahms' music, and l the best of his own. "The spec- was lamentable." Mendelssohn an- the complaining Brahms: "But l tho same to me when I went ly to meet him at the landing. He ched me for having deceived him; id that I was the cause of his g his life in a false art ,of losing rvo and withering the forget-me- his German inspiration by poison- fors of scholasticism. You should him, for he is stark mad, and is no help for it, although the attacks are now rarer. When the Liszt arrived, Schumann ran to him, embraced him humbly and d that he wished to turn Cath- nd Liszt had some trouble in dis- g him, telling him that he did not the necessary power. Since then fortunate man keeps by himself ms about, stubborn and savage. ms to cherish a secret resentment t Bach and he avoids Beethoven. mes he sees Wagner or Chopin y, and then he weeps like a child. is very kind to him. He often him, and amuses and comforts Liszt has certainly gained much nc years. He is a delightful man." liszt is always busy in the Elysian As he is a polyglot, he makes in the quarter of the literary men nslating insults into compliments rce challenges into excuses.

," says Brahms, "I did not ex- hen I left life to find it here with miseries — vanities, antagonisms, s. At the least I anticipated dis- rguments from which the heat of ion did not banish courtesy, and l to hope for at least some fair ration for my efforts and their

ill be seen that Mr. Marnold to the mouths of the illustrious his own opinions concerning s, the man and the composer. uch more entertaining the dia- would be if Brahms, Handel, and Schumann had all dis- music together, each from his andpoint. Imagine a dialogue in Beethoven and Cesar Franck resented as arguing over abso- usic, or one in which Gluck, and Wagner wax eloquent over or one in which Berlioz, Liszt schaikowsky give their ideas programmo music, or one in Faustina, Jenny Lind, Rubini nconi should speak of modern But other dialogues imagined Marnold are to come.

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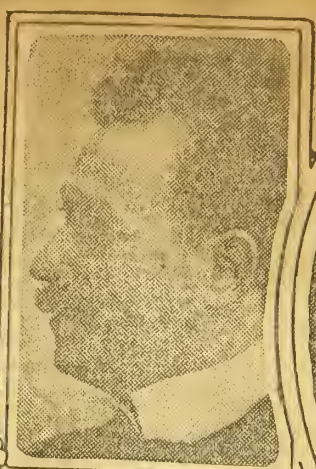
Weingartner's Impressions.

econd May number of Die Mu- devoted to the consideration of n music and composers. Mr. Fink writes at length about MacDowell and Paine, and he few words about Messrs. Chad- oote, Kelley and Parker. Mr. Lasar contributes a curious ar- "Musical Life in America." rtin Darkow of Philadelphia is hor of a study of Stephen C. and the American folk song. article that will perhaps at- nmediately the most attention which contains Felix Weingart- pressions of America. He has this country twice. Two pages the voyage. He was much ed because on a German steam- tices were given in English, a n courtesy toward Americans glish who happened to take pas- e saw in this act of polite- enunciation of German nation- On German ships, the German e!" shouts Mr. Weingartner, t his shout may be heard he in large type. He then passes speak of the sky-scrapers as m the harbor. The proud feel- ted by the sight of the statue rty was dampened by the per- es at the custom house. Inter- surrounded him, but he was hot up by an elevator to the y of a hotel.

eingartner went to see Niagara winter, and his emotions could escribed in words. This leads aspect that he may now be com- symphonic poem, "Niagara," conventional modern orchestra he extra instruments. He was ably impressed by the railway The trains do not go faster xpress trains in Germany (!). cars are not so convenient. oo much noise, there's too ping for the sensitive nerves poser. After all, what is the iberty of America? He once hiskey and soda in a dining and the waiter answered: "I'll the whiskey in half an hour, are in the next state." Fur- every one is shocked when a ropean woman lights in public

e a few words about music in Mr. Weingartner praises the ymphony orchestra for the s strings, the "charming deli- the wind, the ensemble of beauty." The Philharmonic of New York is an uncom- ge one, but the individual

EVA TETTRAZINI, SOPRANO.



G. CAMPANINI CONDUCTOR.

CECIL FANNING BARITONE

LAURA VAN KURAN, SOPRANO.

REGINA PACINI

players are not the equals of the Boston Symphony men. The Philadelphia orchestra is inferior to the two named. The singers of the Metropolitan Opera House Company are excellent, but the orchestra and the stage management leave much to be desired. He was not vexed with Mr. Conried for producing "Parsifal," and says the performance he saw was very good. He was so delighted by the Flower-Maidens chorus that he almost shouted "Da Capo!" Nor would he have been angry had the chorus been repeated. He remembers Anton Seidi telling him, after performances of the "Ring" in Italy that Italians insisted on repetitions of the Rhine Daughters' trio, the Ride of the Valkyrs and other passages. Weingartner was then young, and he exclaimed: "How angry the master would have been if he had been there!" "Not a bit of it," answered Seidi, "he would have been tickled to death!"

Mr. Weingartner speaks pleasantly of his treatment in this country. "The American pays liberally, especially according to European ideas." He not only pays, but he likes to pay, for he looks on the musician as the bearer of culture; he honors him and he wishes to learn from him. The American musical taste is much finer than Europeans generally suppose. The foreign musician, "who is a gentleman—would that all were such!" will be treated here in a gentlemanly manner, and will at once feel at home. He can measure his success by the fact that he is invited to visit us again. Such are the impressions of Mr. Weingartner, and may he receive no rude shock in the course of his third visit, which will be next season.

PERSONALS.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mme. Pacini, Mme. Tettrazini, Miss Laura Van Kuran and Messrs. Campanini, conductor, and Fanning, baritone. Mmes. Regina Pacini and Eva Tettrazini are members of the Sonzogno opera company, that has been giving performances in Paris. Mme. Pacini is a highly esteemed singer—in such parts as Rosina. Mme. Tettrazini is a distinguished dramatic soprano, who impersonated Desdemona when Verdi's noble opera was produced here at the Grand Opera House by Italo Campanini in April, 1888. Mme. Tettrazini is the wife of the famous tenor's brother, Cleofonte Campanini, who is now in the first rank of operatic directors.

Miss Laura Van Kuran, soprano, came to Boston some years ago from Omaha and was soon known here as a singer of more than ordinary musical qualities. She has sung in choirs, in private music clubs and in recitals and has been a valued member of the Cecilia and the Choral Art societies. She sailed from New York June 20 for Naples, where she will study for a while with Mr. Lombardi. She expects to spend at least two years abroad.

Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone, comes from Columbus, O. A pupil of Mr. Harry B. Turpin of Dayton, O., he sang with marked success on the North Shore last season. This summer he will be in Gloucester, where he has been engaged as soloist at the Universalist church. He will give recitals in Gloucester and other seaside towns.

Mr. Victor Debay of the Courier Musical, Paris, was somewhat disappointed in Caruso in "Fedora." "While I admired the organ whose warmth is now and then expended recklessly and without true effect, I soon regretted that a little more taste was not employed in moderating excessive outbursts. I remember now a rare voice, but not an artist," Mr. Debay adds: "To give to the public a high idea of the worth of a singer or comedian, there is no better way than to raise the prices of admission," and he describes the dazzling shoulders and diamonds of the tenor's frantic worshippers.

Mr. Arthur Pougin of Paris has read Mr. Louis Lombard's "Observations of an American Musician," translated into French by Raoul de Lagenardiere. "This American musician," says Mr. Pougin, "was born in France, it seems, where he was at first really a musician. When he was 24 years old he crossed the ocean, went to America, and there, endowed with a genius for business, did so well that he accumulated a fortune of more than f.100,000,000. 'Excusez du peu!' as Rossini used to say. The work necessitated by this bold harvest of dollars did not prevent our friend from remembering the art which had charmed his young years. In spite of everything, he continued to practise music; he published a number of songs and piano pieces; then he turned also toward literature, and besides others works, offered to the public the volume which I have already mentioned. I should be very sorry to revile it too much. I shall content myself with saying that the works of the American musician belong to the useless species, that his wholly superficial 'observations' have been made 500 times before, and that, if his music is no more original than his prose, it runs a great risk of not making acquaintance with posterity."

The cantata "Maia," offered to the competitors for the Prix de Rome, was based by Fernand Beissier on Lotl's "Le Spahi."

Mr. Blackburn wrote lately of Mendelssohn's violin concerto as played by Mr. Jacques Thibaud: "Whether Mendelssohn altogether deserved the immense interest which has been lavished upon this Concerto, or whether it may be left alone as simply an example of one of the cleverest men that ever handled the art of music, is clearly a matter which cannot be established now save from the standpoint of absolute independence. Mendelssohn was very careful to walk in the ways of the great classical masters. But he, at all events, knew exactly what he was about, and he also knew how to create from the infinite resources of music that which in beauty should immediately appeal to the public. Mendelssohn wrote not for all times, but distinctly for a day. Luckily for him his work has gone on in its fulfilment during quite a long period of time, even though it may not continue to exist in that great future which holds in its hands 'the keys of all the creeds.' When Mendelssohn was at his best, when he determined to do, or rather to realise, the thorough inspiration that was within his soul, he accomplished his object with a certain perfection of feeling which has no parallel, we imagine, in music, save in the case of the work of Mozart."

A Miss Betzy Gebhardt played in London as a piano solo "an improvisation" on the "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger," and Mr. Blackburn remarked: "We wish to be tolerant in ever respect concerning the sentimental settings of beautiful and original work; but we cannot resist saying that, at all events, there are certain works which ought to be left entirely alone, which belong entirely to their own surroundings, and which necessarily need no treatment from any outside thought or desire. When Wagner wrote 'Die Meistersinger' he wrote simply from an operatic point of view. It was not in his intention that various people unconvinced of originality should set themselves down to overworking the elaborate music which he had himself issued to the world. The result in this connection was entirely ugly and uninteresting."

ELGAR AGAIN.

Yale University, in giving the degree of Doctor of Music to Sir Edward Elgar, publicly proclaimed him "the foremost living musical composer." No one grudges the degree to Sir Edward. This man of an oratorio and some sentimental songs of the kind indescribably dear to bulbous English matrons addicted to music after a cheek-flushing dinner is just the one to have the degree. He was born for that purpose. Richard Strauss, Saint-Saens, Grieg, Debussy, MacDowell, Loeffler, Gabriel Faure, d'Indy are now living, but what are they all together in comparison with a Sir Edward. And why should the word "living" have been foisted into President Hadley's characterization? "The foremost musical composer" would be just as near the truth.

AT RANDOM.

Sieglinde, a part so dismal, so dreary and so sad that it is only to be equalled by such a part as Shakespeare's drawing of Imogen.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A "balalika" orchestra was heard for the first time in London at the Hotel Victoria, in May. The instrument, somewhat of the nature of a guitar, has long been popular in Russia. We quote from a London exchange this paragraph:

"'The Imperial Tambouritzas' recently made their debut at a well-known club. The band consists of seven musicians, all of them English, who perform upon instruments that have never previously been seen in London, called 'tambouritzas.' They somewhat resemble man-

BRAHMS IN ELYSIAN FIELDS: HIS MANY DISAPPOINTMENTS

are infinitely sweeter and more powerful. Marches, selections from Hungarian airs, and medleys of popular songs were admirably rendered."

There is no reason why opera should be the one form of human expression in which there is no humor, and I am inclined to think that music drama of the future will not be so consistently serious. But it is curious that comedy opera such as Donizetti wrote in "Don Pasquale" and "L'Elisir d' amore" should no longer exist. The music of these works is very poor to modern ears, and it never was very good of its kind, but the form of the opera would be an excellent model for modern musical comedies. And how much more amusing the music could be now that composers have learned the power of the orchestra as a commentary on the dramatic action.—E. A. Baughan.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of a recent performance of "Lohengrin" in London that the opera is regarded by some Wagnerian enthusiasts as possibly the composer's greatest work. "We, of course, speak historically. Of course, in the case of Wagner, comparisons are so many, so far-reaching, and so intimate that it is perfectly natural that those who feel the early period of the great master, and that those who feel the beginning of the later period of the great master, should stand together and acknowledge that herein is contained all the younger and the promise of all the elder work which Wagner was destined to achieve. Indeed, some musical critics who have practically disappeared from the musical policy of things have considered 'Lohengrin' to be the acme of Wagner's work. Mr. Huneker, the well known American critic, who has by no means disappeared from the musical policy of things, is inclined to think that even the ultimate work by Wagner, 'Parsifal,' is only a kind of reconciliation with the earlier work which concerns itself with the long journey of the Silver Knight, who comes to right the wrongs of one who, in Wordsworth's wonderful phrase, remains 'sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.'"

"Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, contributes to the literature about the relationship between music and color. We quote from the Referee: "A nocturne of Chopin's I always perceive through an atmosphere of delicate lilac hue, a haze as from countless violets; and she gives other instances in which certain movements have conjured up in her brain distinct landscapes of a prevailing color scheme. Her speculations on the causes of these mental picturings throw no new light on the phenomena, but there is acumen in the grouping of the emotional elements of music with painting, and form in music with sculpture and architecture, and it is not improbable that there is 'some subtle and hitherto unexplored connection between the organs by which sensations are transmitted.'"

July 3 1905

CALIFORNIA'S TALLEST.

Mr. Andrew J. Hart died at Los Angeles June 27. He was 6 feet 10½ inches in height, and "the tallest man in California." This is disappointing news. Is the ancient glory of California departed? Not many years ago she had the tallest trees, the biggest fruits, berries, vegetables, the most glorious climate. There were giants in those days. But Mr. Hart was not seven feet tall. Why, only a day or two ago eight skeletons of prehistoric Indians eight feet in height were discovered on the banks of the Choptank river, in Maryland. There is no possible deceit, for the skeletons were discovered by employes of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, and they can tell, with hands folded behind them, the difference between a skeleton and a Cardiff giant. The pride of California has been in the abnormal size of her products. Mr. Hart, however estimable and cultured he may have been in private life, failed as a state exhibit.

AN ARMY SCANDAL.

An ex-army officer of the United States has written a book to portray "the dark side of social life in the army." Thus does he follow in the wake of both German officers and French civilians, who have been punished in different ways, the Germans by superior officers, among them the Emperor of Germany, the French by that wing of public opinion that always sides with the military. The American author will tell all the scandals that have come to him as officer's son, cadet and officer. The book will be published in Chicago and "wealthy relatives" of the author will "assist" in the publication. This author has already been punished, for he is even now a prisoner in the Federal Penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, otherwise known as a sanatorium for "frenzied" bank officers. Here ex-Capt. George W. Kirkman has found the necessary leisure for a masterpiece. The prison has been his ivory tower. The mere fact that an author happens to be a prisoner should not be urged in advance or after publication against his book. Sir Walter Raleigh in the tower at work on his history was a heroic figure. Bunyan began his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Bedford jail. Another Gabriel Peignot might compile a curious and entertaining history of books written in prison. Lovers of the scandalous will look forward to Kirkman's book, which is being so ingeniously advertised, and they will no doubt be disappointed.

TWO FALLACIES.

We do not agree lightly with those who pooh-pooh the sea serpent as a superstition, and we are not cocksure about the Flying Dutchman, but there are queer sea superstitions, respected chiefly by those who do not follow the sea for a living. There are landsmen who really believe that one on board ship can smoke tobacco and drink strong waters night and day without the slightest detriment to health or reason. Their belief is not purely theoretical, they are consistent in practice, and then, indeed, do they stagger to and fro like drunken men and are at their wits' end. Even the temperate on land will commit all sorts of indiscretions on a yacht, because they entertain this fond illusion, or think it the part of a true yachtsman, or are sure that the rules and ordinances of physical behavior are only for dwellers on terra firma. They would easily be tempted to swear that the Ten Commandments were not obligatory beyond a three-mile limit.

Another superstition is dear to mothers — one cannot catch cold from sea water. Others add: "Nor from a sea breeze, nor from any exposure by the sea." The dear little ones soak their shoes and stockings, or inhale quantities of fog, or sit, sweating violently, on a wind-swept veranda, and the mothers smile tranquilly: "It's so good for the children." But the danger is in cold feet, not wet feet. We read a scientific explanation of this the other day: "If the bacilli of anthrax be inoculated into a normal hen, no result follows—to the hen. If, however, you first devitalize the hen by standing her for some time with her feet in cold water, and then inoculate the bacilli, she will display the symptoms of anthrax and will die." (Nothing was said as to the quality of the eggs that came from the normal hen after she had shown her contempt for the inoculation.) Water is dangerous "only in so far as it tends to facilitate the normal abstraction of heat from the feet." The origin of the salt water superstition is probably this, that the germs of a cold are not so thick and agile by the sea, and the open-air life renders the children comparatively immune. Outdoor exercise away from the sea does not bring this security—witness the beautiful verse of Johann Martin Miller:

"Once there was a gardener,
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers:
He often stooped and kissed 'em
After thunder showers;
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is
deemed a hardener
Of the human system!"

THE LINDSAYS.

The old saw, "kissing goes by favor," is applied by some to domestic life. Mr. Gissing, in one of his novels in which fish is constantly frying, recommends that husband and wife should live in separate houses; that there should be constant courtship to insure happiness and mental fidelity; that the wife should have a right to admit or refuse her husband as a caller. Magistrate Higginbotham is apparently unacquainted with the Gissingian theory, for in his decision in the Lindsay case he ordered Mr. George Lindsay of Brooklyn to kiss his wife once a day. Mr. Lindsay objects to obligatory osculation. "This is a new ruling in law, I am told. Fine time the judge will have if the women begin appealing to the court to compel their husbands to make love to them!" Mr. Lindsay should read the foreign journals. Not long ago Mr. Paul Hervieu and other distinguished sociologists urged that Parisian courts should have it in their power to compel a husband to love his wife, and surely kissing is a symptom, an expression of affection among the great majority of white people.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay have been living on the first floor of a little bit of a cottage, and it would seem that there has been too much mother-in-law; at least, the judge has ordered Mrs. Lindsay's mother to keep away from the house, and he has not directed George to kiss her even once a week, say on Sunday evening. There has been squabbling of a painful nature, and it is said that George ate abundant and refined food by himself and gave his wife a few cents to get what she could, but George insists that his wife is a gadder and that he was often obliged to cook his own food. We are not concerned with these painful scenes and acid contradictions. There is a more important issue. For Mrs. Lindsay remembers past years, when George, as wooer, did not need the arm of the law to lead him to her embraces. "He thought," she says with simple pathos, "I had the prettiest mouth in the world, or at least he said so. I believed him. Even now I think he meant it—then." Soon after marriage George "got so businesslike" that his wife was obliged to coax him to kiss her when he left in the morning, and then they were "wooden kisses." It may here be stated parenthetically that the early morning, even after breakfast, is not the best time for kissing. Smoking and kissing have the finest flavor after the evening meal, after the heat and burden of the day. There are some who will tell you that the morning pipe is the smoke of smokes. Trust them not. They smoke without delicate appreciation. George "took everything for granted then, and a woman wants to be made love to a bit." George, on the other hand, insists that a man has to make a living. "He hasn't time to be making love all the time to his wife. He marries to have a home and be comfortable. He can't be trying to please a woman forever. He wants to come home to a good dinner." Today, Mrs. Lindsay is eager for even the perfunctory daily kiss, but George shouts that he would rather go to jail than lose his freedom to kiss when and whom he chooses.

Here in pathetically grotesque form is the old complaint. The wooing stops with marriage, or does not outlast the honeymoon. The woman craves to be wooed till death; the husband, absorbed in business, looks on marriage as an episode in an active life. Rich or poor, he wishes a home. If he is rich, he wishes an ornament desired by others, one that will grace his table, reflect handsomely on his taste, give him an heir to whom he may hand down his name and fortune. Or if he is old, he wishes a companion, a nurse. If he is poor, he wishes a home, with regularly cooked and filling meals. Mrs. Lindsay voices the lament of many women reckoned happy and at ease. Mr. Lindsay says brutally what some husbands of more refinement do thoughtlessly, and the word for the action is "neglect," not deliberate, but thoughtless, callous neglect. Years go by and some women are not so forgiving as Mrs. Lindsay; they would not welcome kisses ordered as fines or penalties; some have found partial consolation in their children, in society, or in charitable work. But the man remains the same; he wishes a house run smoothly; he insists on a good dinner, which one might think worth at least one kiss.

July 5 1905

LAST WISHES.

The last will and testament of Mr. Eugene de Bocande of New York is good reading even to those who do not inherit. It was written when he was very sick, but his soul was vigorous. He paid a touching tribute to his wife, and prayed for her welfare, and then freed his mind concerning his brother, sister, brother-in-law, sister-in-law and nieces: "They are people without heart or soul, thinking only of themselves, and having neither pity nor compassion for any one. May God forgive them; I cannot." This is the good old melodramatic will to be read to slow fiddling—"The Heart Bowed Down" would probably be chosen by the high-collared conductor. Such a paragraph reminds us of Mr. Basil Tozer's "Novelists' Law."

"'Gladys,' he exclaimed huskily, "The fair-haired girl approached his couch.

"'I am leaving you, Gladys—500 pounds for yourself. You have been a good girl, Gladys, always—always. Is John there?' And the silvered brow moved feverishly among the pillows.

"'I am here, my master.'

"'Bring me pen and ink, John; I want to leave you something.'

"The voice grew feebler now. It seemed to be fading away."

The ordinary will of the period is dull and formal, purely statistical. It is without personal flavor. It is not even solemn, for many testators disdain the fine old beginning: "In the name of God. Amen." The larger the fortune to be bequeathed, the more rhetorical the document should be. A bequest to an institution should be announced with fitting pomp; a flourish of trumpets should precede and follow the proclamation. There should be character-drawing in explanation of the legacies to men and women, even though the remembrance be only a gold headed cane or a sewing machine. Nor should opinions on the eternal problems or topics of the day be considered as irrelevant or impertinent. The will and testament is the man's last say; let him advocate reciprocity, rage against vivisection, urge a course of reading—anything but the conventional stiffness and heartless precision, as though a man should say, "I can't take this with me, so I give it to Jones. Let there be a reason why he chooses Jones; let him paint Jones in glowing colors. Or if Algernon is passed by in the distribution, the world should be acquainted with the dark side of the young swell. Perhaps it would be well to have the will read to the expectant family by an elocutionist. Mr. de Bocande was a Frenchman by birth. The American horn may well follow his example.

MR. JOHNSON'S TURTLE.

Mr. Johnson was much disconcerted at Clamport a day or two ago. He, returning from a foolish veranda-call in which he had been lured by Mrs. Johnson, he had gone over the causeway. Ascending the little knoll on which his cottage stood, he was startled by a shriek from the victim of his mock and sorrows. Deep in sociological thought, he looked wildly about. Was the cottage on fire? Had any one killed the six-toed cat? Had the neighbor pulled down the division fence? There on the pine-needle rug was a huge turtle. Was it a turtle or a tortoise? What is the difference, if there is any difference? Mr. Johnson regretted that he had paid so little attention to natural history. In this, as in other branches of science, he was pitiably deficient; for instance, he did not yet understand what makes a trolley car go; he knows that it goes, but he accepts the motion as a natural phenomenon, like heat, ice or thunder storm. He is concerned with the people in the car, not with the car itself. This thing on the road was indeed a loathsome object. It was in a rut and could make its way only with the utmost difficulty. Its head was poking aimlessly about.

Mr. Johnson walked rapidly till his near-sighted eyes the thing was only a blur; then he laughed a superior laugh, and said in a brave voice, "Come along, Eustacia; it won't hurt you; it's a good thing to have there in the place; they are scavengers." As soon as she joined him, she said, "Don't you think you had better put it in the creek?" "But it may be a land turtle," he answered; "when I go to the city I'll find out where such turtles live."

After supper Mr. Johnson went to the postoffice, and as he left the house he hoped the thing was out of the road, among the beach plum bushes among the flags, or in the marsh-grass, or cooling itself in the creek, where its home was, if such creatures had a home. Fortunately there was light enough to distinguish it so that he would not step on it; he could not bear the thought of giving it pain—or it might bite him. Was there any

In the house? There the thing but it was turned the other way. d come to a ridge, and in its s to climb, it had pawed out a n which it was apparently doomed e. The head was still poking , and Mr. Johnson fancied it a look of distress. He summoned courage, took a stick, and tried p the beast by shoving it. The was not appreciative. It drew ad back into the shell and made like an asthmatic. Mr. Johnson d quickly away. As he neared ttage after the usual disappoint- at the postoffice, the turtle filled oughts. "There's the poor thing, om home, trying to perform an impossible task. Perhaps I to take a shovel and lift him e grass, but I might cut off one claws—are they claws, or paws, t?—and I don't know whether ght to go into the grass or the If I put him into the creek, he ie. But if I leave him here, the will go over him. First, the an comes; his wheels might not him; then the ice cart—and that surely finish him." Rather than e sufferer, Mr. Johnson made a ly detour.

lamp was lighted and Mr. John- took down a book and was gely silent. "What are you read- Herkimer?" asked Mrs. Johnson. Robinson's 'Some Country Sights Sounds.'" "Is it entertaining?" -m yes." Mr. Johnson went h the pages. Mr. Robinson had n pleasantly about "immoral rows," bears, ounces, the rhi- s, the great auk's egg, "are hens d," etc., etc., but not a word about tle, land or sea. "Have we any book on nature, Eustacia?" O yes, there's 'How to Know the Flowers,' and you used to keep ots on 'Oysters,' in your study." Johnson had a restless night. g about he saw the turtle climb- half an inch and falling back inches. He heard its ghastly e. He arose before the arrival milkman, took a shovel, walked down the road, prepared, with hut, to toss the turtle into the Lo and behold, there was g there, and, wonder of wonders, ad was smooth. At breakfast ohnson was talkative. He had to say about the courage and e of dumb animals, and what they set for the example of nd women, but he is still curious the home of this disturber of a

STAGE WANTS.

ome the illustrated advertise- are the best reading in any maga- large circulation. The super- ain between railway stations an e knowledge of the female dress, quaintance with toilet articles e-prolonging foods and a vast of other curious information. dvertisements are written with ability or an authority that may cite the envy of the hack writers ntribute the few pages of filling. there are some, not in need of ment, who read first of all ewspaper the columns headed d." Thus they learn how hun- ive or hope to live, and incl- they find entertainment. The ements published in dramatic s are of peculiar interest, espe- hose in the London journals, as ements in London society week- nonthlies outvie burlesque.

Both managers and playactors and esses state their wants frankly. anager asks for a "carpenter s own tools capable of playing litary role," or for a "fine lady l gentleman, capable of aristo- haracter." Another is looking "Irish doctor to double Jew." ill the dialect be?—it's a long ice we have seen a lightning artist in comedy. There is need ood juvenile lady, capable of intense dramatic and pathetic to "open at Barrow-in-Fur- nd a "young robust gentleman od figure" should naturally be to go into tights." The leanest amateur in private theatricals is the first to insist on a leg part, for man is a vain animal. Often bowlegged, he cannot be persuaded to realize the fact. And what physical infirmity is more ludicrous on the stage? Macaulay describes the Duke of Richelieu as having a heart deeply corrupted by vice, an impaired constitution, an impaired fortune, and, "worst of all, a very red nose." On the stage bowlegs are the worst of all. We are speaking of males. Artists tell us that the average woman, when she is not pleasingly symmetrical, is knock-kneed. "Gentleman to rehearse immediately unctuous comedy character, who must dress part really well." But how? About thirty years ago there was an English "unctuous vocalist" over here; his name was Charles Edward Dunbar, and we remember him singing in a stale-beer voice, "Waiting for Nelly at Temple Bar," "Wait Till the Moonlight" and other unctuous ditties. His coarse, black hair was thickly slushed, and he wore a marvellous plush waistcoat. During the interludes he ogled the more conspicuous women in the front rows.

"Freaks and novelties to follow Mary Smith." Who is Mary? Does she like to have freaks follow her? Perhaps she is a serious person out of favor in this period of futile plays, an actress of close kin to the unfortunate Juliet, who, as we learn from successive advertisements, is "resting in the Brixton road"; not allied to the cheerful person who advertises herself as "Living stump for sideshow." Then there is the playactor who disdains to conceal the cause of his idleness: "Vacant through misunderstanding." Managers are sometimes equally frank, as the one who adds to his invitation: "Men who cannot be spoken to when they neglect their duties not required," or the one that invented this ironical snapper: "One who will occasionally do a little work preferred."

The quietest advertisement may be yet the most emotional. The few lines modestly worded may be the last appeal before the chinks are stopped and the gas is turned on. The expression of despair is not always in the "agony column."

July 6 1905

AN OLD TOPIC.

Specialists will talk entertainingly about their specialties with one another. The outsider is bored thereby after a few minutes, whether the specialist be an angler, a collector of first editions or a yachtsman. There are, indeed, few subjects that will keep a miscellaneous group interested and atalking. Sir Robert Walpole's subject for harmonious table talk was gallantry, but he was of a period as remote as the Silurian. Perhaps the two subjects today are eating and diseases. The great majority of men like to eat; the great majority, after a certain age, are sick or fear sickness; and in a general conversation on either one of these subjects there is an unusual opportunity for the expression of individual tastes, opinions, experiences. It is not given to every one to talk intelligently about horses, art, politics; but every one has, or has had, a stomach. All have had appendixes. Some still have them and hope to keep them.

Men are never weary of listening for recipes for longevity. There should be a portrait of old Cornaro in every club, and a photograph of Mr. Fletcher might be hung modestly in the same room. Extreme moderation in food and infinite pains in the chewing might serve as a motto. Yet there should be no bigotry in temperance. The word itself admits of various constructions. There was Lord Marchmont, for example, who lived to be 86 years old, and preserved his bodily and mental strength to the last. Sir John Sinclair asked him what his system was, the secret of his strength. Lord Marchmont had no theory about the time of each meal or the number of meals. He did not chew a strawberry thirty-seven times before he swallowed it. He was not fussy about a particular kind of chicken feed for breakfast. He had no specific drug. He said nothing about the avoidance of high game, pastry, jellies. Nor had he made it a rule to take a cold plunge bath daily at 6 A. M. He probably went to bed when he was tired and not by the clock. But he told Sir John that when he was young he had laid down a maxim to which he had adhered, and no temptation, however seductive, had led him astray. The maxim was this: "Never to mix wines." For years, therefore, he confined himself to claret—he lived in the days and nights of three-bottle men. The physicians at last warned him against this wine on account of its acidity. The noble lord obeyed them, and at the same time was true to his maxim. He confined himself the remainder of his life to Burgundy. Faithful in well doing, he drank a bottle of it every day for fifteen years.

We have listened hour after hour to men talking about food and drink and cookery and disease; we have read many books on food and habits of diet; yet one thing is still hidden and a mystery: when did man first decide to eat at regularly recurring hours? Primitive man and the other animals secured their food when they could, as do the wild and healthy animals today. They underwent what has been called "many a wholesome interval of pining." Man gradually acquired the habit of procuring food for meals beyond the immediate want; then came the sitting down at regular intervals to eat it; appetite became a habit. The books are full of accounts of various and shifting meal hours, according to the fashion. One of De Quincey's most entertaining essays is entitled "The Casuistry of Roman Meals," from which we learn that the ancient Romans anticipated sundry modern dietetic reformers by going without breakfast: "Breakfast was not suspected; no prophecy, no type of breakfast had been published; in fact, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system"; but, pray, who did invent breakfast, and who first established any set order of meals? Here are questions that court investigation and discussion. Now that Mr. Rockefeller has given so much money to the cause of education, possibly some deep-thinking professor may have the time to make himself truly illustrious by enlightening the world.

A MODERN VISITOR.

"The golden mean is attained in households where guests are entertained agreeably without being loaded with attentions. Most people prefer a little personal liberty. They have letters to write, a book or two to read, a little mending to do, or they may even like to go out for a walk by themselves. It is kind to let them feel that they are not interfering with the regular work of the house, and that their hostess is not delayed from her own necessary affairs on their account." The Pittsburg Dispatch speaks these words of advice to well-intentioned hosts and hostesses, and thinks the awarding of such liberty more important than even the removing of pillow-shams in the guest's room.

Hosts with country houses are sometimes inconsiderate. One insists on taking his guests over the farm, as though they doubted his word concerning the precise number of acres. They climb the hill; they flounder in the bog. Another believes in early exercise, and routs his guests for a walk before breakfast. Another compels his visitors to share in his favorite sport, riding, golf, sailing, fishing; yet as there is no golfer who conceals his passion, we have little sympathy with anybody who accepts his invitation and then complains. Still another is offended if his guests do not smoke his cigars with outward show of enthusiasm and are caught preferring those in their waistcoat pockets. But hostesses are more frequently and in greater number exacting in their demands on the time of visitors. One may say glibly and in all honesty, "You know this is Liberty Hall. All we ask is that you are punctual at meals"; but she sadly deceives herself. The guest soon finds that he is expected to walk, drive, be quiet, join in outdoor or indoor amusements at certain fixed hours, and that the time of luncheon or dinner is irregular to the verge of impropriety, as an English humorist said of some Italian verbs. He is often obliged to change completely his daily routine, to the detriment of his mind and his digestion.

The modern visitor goes only to houses where he is sure of a luxurious bed, well appointed bathroom, excellent cookery, with sound wines, rebellious liquors and refined tobacco. There must be horses, or at least an automobile, for railway station purposes. In other words, the host is expected to have money enough to furnish his guest with every comfort, otherwise he should not have the presumption to invite any one to visit him. In such a house there can be no thought of a hostess busied in regular work. The guest is not afraid of disturbing her; his fear is lest she disturb him. Why should he be obliged to leave his novel and a cool place to walk with her and other chatterers? Why should he be forced to go adriving when he has letters to write or a nap to take? To him the ideal country house is like unto a small, but first-class modern inn, where the guests are more congenial as a rule than the miscellaneous crowd in public dining or smoking room, where the host is a landlord who presents no bill—"not a bad fellow, after all"—where the tips given to butler and chambermaid are not so large as to cause the guest to question the expediency of a week's visit. After two or three seasons he is able, by a series of eliminations, to dispose advantageously of his summer days. He says to himself in May: "No Jones' for me this year. Auger is always there, and I have heard all his stories and know all his views, public and private. Smith's? Yes; they have a new cook and a good one. Robinson's would be all right if there were not that compulsory and broiling walk to the postoffice every afternoon. Mem: See if I can't arrange for three weeks at Brown's; I can put in a lot of reading there." In his mind each house has its specialty, favorable or unfavorable. It does not occur to him that he has any duties toward his host and hostess; that the delights and the benefits of a visit should be reciprocal. Such an idea seems as crude and obsolete to him as the jury system does to Secretary Taft.

July 7 1905

AN ILLUSTRATOR.

Mr. Harry W. McVickar, whose death is reported, worked in black and white and also in real estate. Successful operations in real estate are indeed works of art, but Mr. McVickar will be remembered as an illustrator, a contributor to Life, when corner lots will be bought and sold without memory of his name. He was one of the first, if not the first, to make woman pictorially attractive in an American comic weekly. His women, young, middle-aged, dowagers, were the first that really seemed at home in sumptuously appointed houses. They were well bred, or they had the specious appearance of being well bred.

Thackeray was never weary of praising the beauty of John Leech's young girls in Punch. Some of Leech's girls were indisputably attractive, but the type was almost always the same. Toujours perdrix! And so Du Maurier's girls were drawn from his own household. In these English maidens was the suggestion of the ponderous and bulky English matron who was such an annoyance to Hawthorne's aesthetic taste. In this country the first comic weekly of importance or worth was Vanity Fair, which was killed by the civil war. Turn over the pages and note the insignificance, the slouchiness, the general unattractiveness of the women pictured therein. Now and then a sketch by Mullen, an artist of true fancy, is a relief, but the women in bulk are a shabby lot, without grace, beauty or any distinction. So, too, the women in the early years of Puck were like unto the playactresses of a barnstorming company, awkward in aristocratic parts. Mr. Taylor was the first

of the Puck staff to draw a woman who had any pretensions to good breeding.

Mr. McVickar's maidens and young wives were to the manner born. He knew such women; he knew how they looked, behaved, talked, and so they were recognized by their associates in real life. Furthermore, they were not all drawn from the same model, and in this respect he was more fortunate than the creator of the Gibson girl, whose sculptural figure became tiresome. The influence of Mr. McVickar was soon marked. The women of Puck became more human and vivacious. They no longer looked like a cheap model, anxious in her fine dress, and vulgar in opinions and conduct of life.

MR. HYDE APPRECIATED.

Mr. James H. Hyde, in these days of darkness and distress, may easily find comfort by reading the last number of Le Theatre (Paris) that has reached us. It contains pictures of scenes at the Rejane fete in New York, in which Mr. Hyde paid homage to the play actress and French art, with the unconscious aid of policy-holders. Mme. Rejane is shown twice in her costume of Sylvie, and the picture of the huge programme suspended above a wealth of potted plants must make Parisians stare. As is stated in the letter-press, the fete is unforgettable. Although there is no portrait of Mr. Hyde in his French court costume, there is eulogy for his offering such tribute in the presence of "la haute societe New-Yorkaise." Listen to this, ye grumbling policy-holders, and cease your unmannerly complaints: "M. James Hyde is one of the most sympathetic and distinguished physiognomies of the new world, one of those who express the most happily the grace, energy, the fine frankness and the triumphant youth of a civilization that owes us much—but will soon give us lessons. He is one of those, too rare, who have not been separated from taste, beauty and art by fortune or by great business cares. He has exerted himself with a charming and disinterested zeal in acquainting the new world with our literature, drama, music. To attain this end he has employed the most ingenious methods." Yes, "ingenious" is the word. Should not the policy-holders now be jubilant? They have been co-workers with Mr. Hyde in the artistic vineyard.

REGULAR HABITS.

An alderman of New York has introduced an ordinance framed by a Mr. Cuvillier, who believes that it is much needed. If it becomes law, a person arrested for intoxication will be discharged by the captain in the station house if he can swear that he has not been arrested on this charge more than twice within a year. In other words, every New Yorker will be allowed three jags a year. Mr. Cuvillier points to "a like law in operation in Boston."

The framer of this ingenious ordinance does not say whether the three occasions should be those of private or patriotic or political rejoicing, as on the birth of twins—when the vain father is given to "opening" in honor of the event—on July 4 or after a local election. Nor does he bring forward the plea that drunkenness is occasionally salutary. Yet the learned and pious physician, Avicenna, did not hesitate to affirm that it is good for a man to be drunk once a month, for "alleviation of spirits, resolution of superfluities, provocation of sweat" and certain other alleged physical benefits. But Averroes, a physician of as great repute and of the same religious faith, combated this theory; he restrained his eulogy into hilarity, "that is, a sober inebriescence and regulated aestuation from wine"; in other words, a man might be with profit a little merry and garrulous, or preternaturally dignified and wise—for the symptoms vary—but at the utmost he should never go beyond what may be described as a light working jag, or if he have what the vulgar name a log, the dog should be a black and tan, not a Newfoundland or St. Bernard. The learned physician of Norwich weighed carefully the conflicting authorities and decided that, although sometimes effects succeed which may relieve the body, yet they may carry peril unto the soul, and regularly recurring spells of intoxication are not to be thought of, "though American religion approve, and Pagan piety of old hath practised." These words were first published in 1646. What, pray, did Sir Thomas Browne have in mind by the "American religion" that approved regularly recurring alcoholic joy?

FOR THE YOUNG.

A young man told us yesterday that he had stopped going to a certain country house because wine was not served there regularly at dinner. He did not show any heat, nor did he sneer, yet something in his manner damned the house and the host beyond redemption. A hearer unacquainted with the host would probably have shuddered at the thought of such men being at large, being at liberty to invite the unwary, to lure the unsuspicious. We knew the young man's father, a simple, kindly soul, who delighted to have his friends about him. He was a good provider, as far as food was concerned, but he was not inclined to look on the wine when it was red, or white, within the cup. He was prosperous in the black walnut period of New England life, and there was much ice water at dinner. The water was poured into goblets from a silver-plated noisy, sweating pitcher, which, with accompanying articles, had been presented him by the directors of the little bank of which he was president. Occasionally cider, sweet or bottled, would be served, almost always on a holiday, and we have been pressed to drink root beer made by the keeper of the toll bridge. So this young man did not breathe in his youth a vinous atmosphere. His father would now and then take a bottle of Holland gin or Irish whiskey from the sideboard and measure out carefully a tablespoonful, then fill the glass with water, to keep company with some friend from the city who had "contracted habits." The youth never drank wine at his father's table, but now he cannot dine without it—that is, at another's house.

We also know this wretched host, and we spent a Sunday with him not long ago. There was no other guest. Not only was a peculiarly sound wine served at dinner in generous quantity, but there was a friendly alcoholic hour before bedtime. The host in the course of the talk mentioned his boys in college. "As you know, they and the girls bring out their friends for a house party. You may think me old-fashioned, but I don't like to offer wine to these young people. Young girls shouldn't drink, and the boys are just as well without wine or whiskey. If any fellow came to me and asked for a glass of something, saying he had the colly-wobbles, of course I should give it to him. Now, if I knew all about these boys, their habits and their heads, I might put the rum on the table and trust to their good sense; but I don't like to run any risk. Do you know young Smithers?" He named the very youth who had been complaining to us of the inhospitality. "He was here a while ago, and he took too much champagne—that is, too much for him. He made an ass of himself, and I said, 'It's my fault, not his.' That set me thinking. Now they all dine without wine, and they are just as glad to come. Let's have one more before we go upstairs."

The text warning one not to put the bottle to his neighbor's mouth is regarded by many as foolish and out of date, yet should there not be some inquiry into the character of the neighbor, into his capacity for alcoholic saturation with accompanying free mental play? A host cannot always be informed, and sometimes awkward complications arise. One of the most curious stories in this line is that about Basil Montagu, a most generous man, who would not countenance wine at his table. Coleridge, living with him, asked an army officer to dinner, and knowing Montagu's prejudice furnished wine at his own cost. The result was a row that led to a lifelong rupture. De Quincey, commenting on this tale, says that Montagu, "under the known habits of modern life," should have made it a rule to ask no man to dinner; "for to force men, without warning, to a single (and therefore thoroughly useless) act of painful abstinence is what neither I nor any man can have a right to do." But had Coleridge a right to ask an army officer or any other man to dinner in Montagu's house and then to furnish wine? Suppose that he had said in his invitation, "No wine"; would the army officer have found an excuse for declining? After all, did not Coleridge order as much for himself as for his guest? He surely knew his conversation would make one forget food and drink. Yet we heard not long ago an unusually accomplished man say he would dine with any one—wit, sage, oaf, brute, knave—for a bottle of good champagne.

May 8 1905

AN ANCIENT GAME.

The statement was made lately that polo was becoming fashionable in certain European cities, and there was talk of its being introduced on the continent by English and American players. But the game came originally from Persia, where the skill of the player was a recommendation to promotion at court, for polo tests a man's temper, courage, disposition. The theory that the first players were among the hill tribes of India has been put aside, though it is true that English soldiers learned the game in India and took it home with them.

The Persians called the game "chugan," and in India the English sometimes called it "horse-hockey." In the fourth edition of the "Ruhaiyat" according to Fitzgerald there is a frontispiece to illustrate a passage in "Salaman and Absal" by Jami, which is included in the volume. The picture came originally from a Persian manuscript transcribed in 1549. Royal persons in short jackets are at play, and servants hold sticks in readiness for other players who may take part, or as substitutes for sticks that may be broken. And this legend goes with the picture:

"Welcome, Prince of Horsemen, welcome!
Ride afield, and strike the ball!"

Polo is mentioned more than once in tales of Persian origin included in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Lane translated the Arabian name of the game by "golf." As for the term "polo," it is derived from a Thibetan word, which means "willow root," and English polo balls are still turned from this material.

A RUSSIAN MIXER.

Baron Rosen made a favorable impression on board ship. Mr. Fred Thompson, a fellow passenger, says the ambassador was one of the best mixers he ever saw, "and as for playing whist, there was no one on the Kaiser like him." This is, indeed, high praise, and the character of it shows the recent change in theories concerning diplomatic qualifications. Macaulay formulated the old-time idea of diplomatists when he wrote that as a class they have always been distinguished by their address rather than by "generous enthusiasm or austere rectitude." The diplomatist was popularly supposed to be subtle, sinister, a man of dark corners, and a smooth, false tongue. He had a high, glacial forehead and a close-shaven face. Baron Rosen follows the tradition in playing whist, for Talleyrand was a master of the game. The diplomatist was prematurely bald, and was proud of it. There is a picture of him in Thackeray's "Mrs. Perkins' Ball"—the picture of Mr. Ranville Ranville of the foreign office. "If you speak to him he smiles sternly, and answers in monosyllables; he would rather die than commit himself. He never has committed himself in his life. * * * The only relaxation he permits himself is to read Thucydides in the holidays. He never dances, never sups, never drinks. He has gruel when he [illegible] home to bed. I think it is in his bra[illegible] Then there is the long line of diplo[illegible] tists in historical melodramas; they [illegible] a cross between the lawyer in "B[illegible] House" and Hawkshaw, the detec[illegible] They have each of them at least [illegible] unerring eye, and beautiful women [illegible] fide to them map-changing secrets.

Today the diplomatist is conspic[illegible] for his frank, artless ways. He [illegible] shrewd business man, sometimes tra[illegible] in the law. Above all, he is a [illegible] mixer. He makes every one fee[illegible] home. He is interested in everyl[illegible] and in everything. He may even [illegible] "the life of the party." Thus he [illegible] best serve his government and be[illegible] more dangerous to the rival nation[illegible]

IN BLACK WALNUT.

Some years ago a prosperous [illegible] man built a substantial country h[illegible] in a little seaside village. He built [illegible] furnished it after the manner of ho[illegible] approved by solid business men of [illegible] period, so that, if necessary, he c[illegible] live in it the year round, though [illegible] first wish was for a summer home [illegible] the course of time he found it pru[illegible] to leave the city and make his hom[illegible] the village. The years went by [illegible] tastes changed with them. He [illegible] wishes to sell the house, and lo, [illegible] as a white elephant. The site is a [illegible] manding one; the view is sweeping [illegible] impressive; but no one who could [illegible] ford to pay the price demanded w[illegible] live in the house a day. The villa[illegible] wonder at the delay in the sale, [illegible] the term "black walnut period" is w[illegible] out terror to them. This house-[illegible] there are many of them along the c[illegible] and in overgrown towns and si[illegible] cities—reminds one of the words sp[illegible] of the aestheticism satirized in "[illegible] tience," and the satire is now as [illegible] intelligible and dead as the spirit [illegible] mood which provoked it: "Fired by [illegible] fervid words, people threw their [illegible] hogany into the streets. Even in [illegible] houses of the rich there is taste, [illegible] the houses of those who are not [illegible] have been made pleasant and lovely [illegible] live in." Aestheticism, with all its [illegible] lies and affectations, was a vital fo[illegible] and a healthy, abiding influence.

In the town of Brewster, on C[illegible] Cod, the little house in which a [illegible] was born, is inclosed with all its [illegible] fashioned furniture in a huge mod[illegible] mansion provided with a picture gall[illegible] and other evidences of wealth. [illegible] fancy is a pleasing one. And so is t[illegible] of an English writer who imagine[illegible] house containing not an Empire ro[illegible] a Louis Quinze drawing room and [illegible] oriental boudoir, but two rooms, one f[illegible] nished in the style of 1860, the ot[illegible] in that of 1880. In New England [illegible] black walnut period was at its hei[illegible] about 1865, but there were beginni[illegible] in 1860. The description of the E[illegible] lish room of '60 might be applied w[illegible] a few changes in detail to best room[illegible] contemporaneous and happy New E[illegible] land households. Wall paper to imit[illegible] marble and "grained" wood, or ve[illegible] panels, with gilt mouldings. "T[illegible] should be a round table in the middl[illegible] the room, on which should be sev[illegible] albums, a heavy copy of 'The Pilgr[illegible] Progress' and 'Wordsworth.'" (Ch[illegible] to albums, "Prominent Men of Ha[illegible] shire County," with steel engravi[illegible] and "Poets and Poetry of America[illegible] full Russia.) "On the mantelpiece sh[illegible] be wax flowers under a glass case, [illegible] small table near the window should [illegible] set of red and white ivory chess [illegible] (also under glass)." Or a raised [illegible] of Europe showing clearly the com[illegible] ative heights of mountain ranges. A[illegible] picture by Frith should adorn the w[illegible] and on each side of the mantel[illegible] should be an engraving, one called "th[illegible] the Stream,' the other 'Against [illegible] Stream'—a lady in a crinoline a[illegible] gentleman in whiskers managin[illegible] boat." We remember "Irving and [illegible] Friends," "The Voyage of Life," [illegible] Light of the World," "The Deathb[illegible] Daniel Webster" and "Thorwald[illegible] "Night" and "Morning" as fa[illegible] "works of art." In the English [illegible] there was an enormously heavy [illegible] board containing cake and sherry;

SUCCESS OF ITALIAN OPERA IRRITATES THE PARISIANS

July 9 1905

EDOARDO GABIN. MARIO SAMMARCO. TITA RUFFO. CLARA JOANNA.

ican house this sideboard was in the iniug room; it was furnished with silver-plated ice pitcher and goblet, two fruit dishes. Add mahogany chairs, a Brussels carpet "and a Berlin wool fire screen, worked by hand and representing of a fox's head relieved on a green ground." There were also set antimacassars, hard Berlin wool mats and hassocks. In the American black walnut was used wherever possible.

Rooms like these are remembered by those who long ago outgrew them, and think of them as chambers of horrors. The Eastlake and Queen Anne made them impossible. Yet they will be found, even in Boston, in houses now converted into boarding in manufacturing towns and in houses built years ago for all and now vainly exposed in the

CONSERVATIVE.

New York Sun quotes a curious unary view of New York city Geographical Dictionary pub- Lyons, France, in 1804. Broadthercin praised as a handsome The water was bad, and the nducted prisons were in the f Quakers. There was an eled new City Hall ("Ville de But Jeremy Collier's Great al Dictionary of 1701 contains ore curious account. The state York was then so fertile that of European wheat yielded 100 ear. The city itself, "the meof the country, lying commodir Trade. Strength and Pleassisted of about 500 well built he meanest valued at £100. It nded to the landward by a ll. The natives fed on fish, venison, polecats, turtles and Their recreations were footcards. "They care not for they have not enough to be nd if any of their company be so before he hath taken a brandy, rum or strong waters, r the rest down his throat. en kill one another in their ey move thrice a year to their and fishing quarters." It is wn that in certain essential life in New York is as it was aries ago. The English are not conservatism.

CHESS IN IRELAND.

The Herald has received the following interesting letter:

BOSTON, July 5, 1905.

Editor of The Herald: In an recently, under the caption Ireland," you ask: "Is there of games of chess played in the second century?" I wish in answer that the ancient manuscripts bear complete testimony to the fact that chess was very popular in Ireland long before the second century and even before the first century A. D. Taxes were often paid in sets of chess, and presents of chess sets are incidentally mentioned in tales appertaining to the pre-Christian eras in Ireland.

In Walker's "Anecdotes of Chess," page 365, we find that "every house of hospitality in Ireland in ancient times was obliged to provide complete sets of chessmen gratuitously for travellers," and some of those ancient Irish bone chessmen are preserved at present in the Irish National Museum in Dublin. I have in my possession pictures of some of those ancient chessmen.

DANIEL J. DWYER.

Was chess, then, played in Ireland before it was an amusement or a study in England? It is supposed that it was well known in the latter country at least a century anterior to the conquest. Canute, the Dane, was fond of it. King Richard played on shipboard. As for the origin of the game, the invention is lost in the mists of antiquity —to use a beautiful and familiar phrase. Some say the inventor was Palamedes, whose brain also conceived the idea of dice, though others, stern moralists, attribute the invention of the latter to Satan himself. Langley, a deep thinker of the sixteenth century, says chess was invented by a certain wise man called Xerxes, not Xerxes of the New England Primer:

"Xerxes the great did die,
And so must you and I."

Not the same, not the same. But Xerxes, or Palamedes, or Alea will serve.

July 9 1905

A DIATRIBE AGAINST IT BY GAUTHIER-VILLARS

How the Poets Have Cast an Illusion Over Musical Italy—Contrary Views by Mr. Baughan—Wagner's Theories

THE success in Paris of the Italian opera company in works published by Sonzogno has irritated certain Parisians, who vent, in print, their patriotic and other feelings. Mr. Victor Debay himself, who has reviewed the operas and the performances in a friendly, and, at times, sympathetic manner, exclaims at last that the operas of the young French school will now be better appreciated, more warmly liked. "The lyric dramas of Bruneau, Charpentier, Debussy and their companions, by a different ideal, and by often directly opposing arguments, present highly individual qualities in which we should have faith."

Other critics are more partisan, and in some instances, chauvinistic. Thus the blaze of diamonds and the dazzle of women's shoulders at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre disquiet Mr. Louis Laloy. It would seem as though Parisian women should bare their shoulders only in honor of French composers. Would he have them grade the delightful revelation in proportion to the modernity of the work performed? Mr. Laloy is amusing in his disapproval. Here is his description of the "curious spectacle": "A frenetic conductor brandishes a baton which sets the air in vibration; he bows and smiles at the applause let loose by the ritornelles, and then he resumes the dance: 'piano par ci, forto par la, gesticuli, gesticula.' Countless waltz rhythms are born, then die in swooning ritards. On the stage swarthy and close-shaved men are singing with powerful and white voices and terrible movements of lips interminable airs, interrupted by savage exclamations; they thrash about, stretch out arms, raise eyes toward heaven, press violently their hearts, assume noble or free-and-easy postures; then, as soon as the last note is uttered, they step forward to salute the trembling audience, hand on belly, mouth in flower, and begin again the little aria. The orchestra follows them in unison; sometimes there is a violin solo, and now there is an outburst of rage; brass, kettle drums, big drums, gong, all thunder; but it is a gentle thunder storm, which soon dies away and lets the romance spread itself out and stretch itself out like the national macaroni. A very curious spectacle, which carries us back half a century, and becomes touching by its naive candor. I did not know that in these days one dared to write or sing such music, and I experience, in a measure, the deep emotion of the naturalist, who finds in Central Africa the last survivors of a race thought to be fossil."

Injurious Poets.

The most extraordinary attack provoked by this Italian season is that by Mr. Henry Gauthier-Villars, known to many as "Willy." The performances in Paris serve him as an excuse for an attack on Italian music in bulk, on "Italianism" in music. His argument is as follows: The poets are exquisite liars, and they have done infinite harm to music. The poets have multiplied prejudices, false interpretations, needless hierarchies, arbitrary groups, for literature has always had a taste for analyzing the tendencies, proving the intentions, unveilling the sacred purposes of all creators. This endangers such a subtle art as music, for all sorts of errors are committed and handed down from one generation to another.

The poets have always favored Italy. They have kept repeating that Italy was the birthplace and the home of music. De Musset tells us that music came from heaven and Italy. "That music is of celestial origin is highly improbable, for in that region, if one can believe well informed persons, there is hardly any other instrument than the harp which the cherubim and seraphim use to accompany 'cantiques aila Gounod.' But to pretend that music comes to us from Italy is to overstep the bounds of permitted jesting. Our Latin sister has always had a good press agent."

One goes to Italy prepared to see the wonderfully blue sky and water and the golden sun and to hear native and spontaneous music. The guide assures you that the lazzarone of Naples and the gondolier of Venice in the decorative twilight improvise in a masterly manner vague melodies. The little curly-headed violinist in the hotel corridor is about to pour out his soul and shake yours. A brown Florentine maiden sings at her window; she will drop pearls of delicious melody. Mirage! The two improvisatores try to recall a music hall chestnut, the boy Paganini scrapes out of tune some vulgar ditty, and the pretty Florentine sings a dull, cheap song. Yet the great European public believes with a child-like faith after centuries of honeymoons that the Italian is a walking storehouse of music, that he breathes in song, that he feeds on rhythm and harmony. Think of the corroborative anecdotes: think of Pergolese hidden in a shed putting nightingales in ecstacy by composing at nights his "Stahat Mater" on a viola which he bedews with his tears! Here we have the true Italian aestheticism: to compose a polyphonic work on a viola and to be persuaded tearfully that sublimity gushes forth from such a performance. But such a performance would choke the hearer with its dulness. Yet there are the stars and the sleeping lakes and the trees loaded with listening birds. The nightingale was surely right, and the sentimentalist cannot be persuaded. Our amiable neighbors still have the same idea about music: Thus a violin solo played behind the scenes in "L'Amico Fritz"—a half-dozen ridiculously inexpressive figures—plunges all the stage characters into the wildest emotions.

A Rise and Fall.

After this pleasant introduction, Mr. Gauthier-Villars denies any true progress in the evolution of Italian music. Italy spent all its musical faith in its first songs. All its artistic nobility is still in the founders, and no true lesson has been learned from them. Climate, physical constitution, conformation of the larynx set the Italian toward an ideal of vocal music, but Italy caught only a glimpse of what marvellous results might follow such predispositions. Palestrina, Allegri and Frescobaldi founded no school. Their writing respected the sovereign demands of the voice and preserved the Latin simplicity and clearness, but too much contrapuntal gravity separated them from their frivolous contemporaries. The harmonic inventions of Monteverde were for a long time unappreciated. Scarlatti left the impression of a man of science absorbed in vain orchestral cares. (Rash statements, Mr. Gauthier-Villars. Was not Frescobaldi famous chiefly as an organist and composer for keyed instruments? Did Palestrina have no imitators? Was not Monteverde the man of his period, whose operas excited the attention of all Italy by his daring inventions? But let us hear the Frenchman in his special plea.) After these founders there is no classical group. Sacchini, Cimarosa, Piccini and even Pergolese do not deserve the name. Then came Paer, Paisiello, Carafa, court musicians, ready for concessions, and with Rossini the catastrophe became irreparable. The Italian opera firmly established had for its sole purpose the wish to reunite, in one evening and solemnly, a certain number of cavatinas, romances and bravura pieces. The voice reigned tyrannically. Donizetti, the Riccis, Bellini rushed forward and encumbered the open road with their productions. Exportation was organized. France was soon contaminated. Her musicians swelled the number of flatterers of crowds and worshippers of prima donnas. The school of bad taste, sustained vulgarity, triviality in all its forms triumphed for years. Music was no longer an end, it was a means. Singers were not engaged for the music, but music was manufactured for the singers.

Operatic Masqueraders.

Then Verdi came, a man of incomparable skill and readiness, and he saved the situation in the eyes of indulgent Europe. He did not modify the miserable Italian ideal, but in "Aida" he threw an illusion about it and cast harmonic dust in the eyes of humanity. The father of "Traviata" transformed himself in "Falstaff" into the taste of the day. The young founders of "Verismo," these foster-children of Ricordi and Sonzogno, who are now making such an orchestral rumpus in the world, continue the work of confusion. They have so shuffled the cards that few

musicians see the game clearly. Their works are Donizetti, but knowingly, harmonized and subtly orchestrated. Their muse is no longer bedecked with tinsel and gewgaws. She is tastefully dressed. But the transformation is only external. The Muse of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Ciles, Boito is still a parvenue; she is ill-at-ease in her harmonic corset, and on the stage she bears herself awkwardly and utters solecisms. The talent for exportation, the talent of Lulli, remains a talent which distinguishes all branches of transalpine activity. Yet one might pardon the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," at the Opera-Comique, if it did not pretend to be anything more than a mandolin piece, if it did not make the ridiculous claim that it is a symphonic page. Everything should be contentedly in its place. Shut your ears, O Frenchmen, to the romantic sentimentalism of your neighbors. Distrust any grouping of Latin nations, for it is arbitrary and dangerous even in aesthetics. Our art has nothing in common with that art. The Italian is wholly incapable of perceiving the ridiculous, while the fear of being accused of anything ridiculous poisons our existence. Our conception of elegance, clearness, finesse is nothing like theirs. We shall never understand each other.

But Germany, of all nations, understands the Latin soul. This shows the folly of ethnic deductions. Remember Wagner's love for Venice and his indulgence for certain Italian music. Recollect whom William II. chose as collaborator. Read Nietzsche's words about the need of Mediterraneanism in music. The Germans are not at home when they run over the enchanted peninsula. Let us confess it without shame; they are better than we are. Our Latin sister is not a good musician—this happens in the best families; let us recognize the fact without bitterness and make music with the others.

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Wagner's True Successors.

Thus, in substance does Mr. Henry Gauthier-Villars discourse concerning Italian opera, and we have now and then translated his very words: Before we make a few comments, let us listen a moment to Mr. Edward A. Baughan of the London News. He believes that the most vital influence of Wagner has been shown in the operas of Italy, and he finds this strange. "In Germany the composers who have followed in the master's footsteps have been too much of imitators. * * * Perhaps the genius of the German nation naturally leads to what seems like an absolute copy of a great German's work, but whatever the reason may be, the master's music dramas have not produced a vital style of German opera. The younger composers have copied his mannerisms when adopting his aesthetic theories." Not so in Italy. Mr. Baughan has the fairness to admit that the closer relation of music to drama in Verdi's works was not the sudden growth that many would have us believe. It is doubtful whether Verdi knew "Tannhaeuser" and "Lohengrin" when he wrote "Un Ballo in Maschera," and even before that opera there are traces of his appreciation of the necessity of close relationship, a necessity that was urged long ago by Monteverde. In Verdi's "Otello" the influence of Wagner is seen by Mr. Baughan in the love duet and in Iago's "Credo." Say rather the influence of Boito, who fashioned the libretto from Shakespeare's tragedy, and in his own music of Mephistopheles gave Verdi a musical cue. Mr. Baughan admits that "Otello" is "thoroughly Italian in character, and the happiest of the score owe but little to Wagner," but he adds: "From this opera—however little Wagnerinn it may be in one sense—has sprung the modern Italian school. Serious musicians of a German cast of mind may not think that the operas of Puccini and Giordano are high types of music-drama, but they are the only vital modern operas the world has known since Wagner." Yet the modern Italians have not endeavored to copy Wagner's orchestral commentary, and the kind of subject which appealed to him did not appeal to them. "They have not stayed to think whether in illustrating the quickness of action of the ordinary play music be given the fullest scope for her utterance. * * * Puccini hurries the poor Muse along in a breathless attempt to catch up to the drama. Now and then he is very happy in his creation of dramatic atmosphere, and as this invariably occurs at a point when there is no action it is strange that the composer should not have learnt a lesson from his own works. In some ways Verdi, in his 'Otello,' more nearly approached what opera should be than did the later composers with their attempts at being realistic. The scheme of the work is laid out for scenes of musical value. Only Verdi, being an Italian, only sought to illustrate the operatic moment. * * However much we may smile at the old-fashioned method of uniting set arias and concerted pieces, the composers of Italian opera of the past did concentrate themselves on the emotional side of the drama. Even the mad scene in 'Lucia' has its dramatic value."

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In Reply.

Mr. Gauthier-Villar's amusing article reads as though it were written for some friend, a Parisian publisher, who is nervous over the interest taken at present in modern Italian operas. The article is an entertaining feuilleton; it is not historically or aesthetically true. Mr. Baughan is moderate and sane when he asserts that certain modern Italian works are the only "vital" modern operas the world has known since Wagner. And why are they vital? Because the composers express passionately fundamental and universal emotions. It's the old boast of Dumas, the elder, who asked for only a stage, four walls, a man and a woman, and he would shake the soul of the spectator. The frank, direct, poignant appeal of the Italian still makes irresistible way.

The Frenchman overlooks the fact that opera is necessarily shaped in large measure by the emotional milieu of its period. Admiration for the Greek tragedy brought opera into being, and for years the greatest operatic composers were classically serene in their expression of emotion. Take Gluck and Mozart, for example. There is no passion, as the word is now understood, in all their scores; there is nobility, sweetness, gentleness, a pleasing melancholy, but there is no shriek or stab of passion. The audiences of the period would not have understood on the stage this intensity, which was foreign to the high social as well as artistic life. A Viennese or Parisian audience would then no more have comprehended "Il Trovatore," "Aida," "Otello" and the later Italian works than it would have understood and appreciated impressionistic pictures or realistic novels. Wagner dallied with German metaphysicians and tried to put his successive theories into music. When he is solely metphysical in music, he is indescribably boresome. When he is both metaphysical and sensuous—if not sensual—as in the great duet in "Tristan," he is gloriously successful, for the audience is then mindful only of the erotic quality of the music, and this quality is always intelligible. The words of the lovers are to the audience without symbolical significance. A man and a woman are on the stage, wildly in love with each other; the night connives; they interchange mad vows; in the height of mutual and sensous adoration the thought of death inevitably intrudes; the music coos and palpitates and quivers and sobs with emotion. The hearer is then a lover, not a metaphysician. And the spirit of the period is such that it accepts such frank and unabashed revelations of emotion in art.

When there is a realistic movement in literature and in other forms of art, there is inevitably an attempt at realism in music. Bald relentless realism is impossible in drama or in opera; it is trivial, it seems unnatural, it easily becomes ridiculous. In the best opera there must be a compromise with that which is purely artificial.

And when there is a school of writers—a school that includes elastically such men as Baudelaire, Kahn, Maeterlinck, Verlaine—and this school in its more modern expression interests deeply men of a super-refined taste, of a sincere belief in the exquisiteness of art, of a curious and subtle talent, there will be such operas as "Pelleas and Melisande"—a dream within a dream. Such operas, however, in the course of the years seem apart, particular; they must always be for a special audience, and in any admiration for such works there will be a snobbish affectation on the part of some most persistent and violently offensive in gush.

The average man or woman courts a direct reminder or appeal, whether the music be that of the tower scene in "Il Trovatore," the love duet in "Tristan," the announcement made by Bruennhilde of Siegmund's death, the garret scene between Mimi and her lover, the wail of Canio or the prelude to the third act of "Tosca." Theories of opera change with the generations; there will always be pretty talk about the "ideal opera"; forms and expressions of operatic melody change in details that after all are superficial; but there must be a certain intensity in emotion, an intensity measured according to the receptiveness of the contemporaneous hearer, and when the emotion is universal and elemental, not purely literary or parochial, the opera will not die with its generation. And so, in spite of Mr. Gauthier-Villars and his fastidious sneer, Mr. Baughan is right in his characterization of certain modern Italian operas as "vital." Looking backward in the history of opera, this vital quality has been the distinguishing feature of Italian music-dramas. Even in the now forgotten operas of Rossini, one of the four born melodists of the world—Handel, Mozart and Schubert are the other three—there was a certain spontaneity, an exuberance, a wealth squandered as by a madman, that vitalized the works in a period indifferent to keen emotions. As for the other statements of Mr. Gauthier-Villars, they are merely for a feuilleton, to awaken surprise, contradiction and, possibly, the indignation of some without sense of humor.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mme. Clara Joanna, soprano, and Messrs. Edoardo Garbin, tenor, and Tita Ruffo and Mario Sammarco, baritones, all members of the Italian opera company in Paris, to which reference is made in the leading article on this page. Has not Mr. Garbin Frenchified his name? Is he not our old friend, Edoardo Garbini, who began his career as a stable boy at Parma, then studied singing and at last became illustrious, especially in music-dramas of the modern Italian school. The two baritones are highly praised as comedians and singers, and Mr. Sammarco, who has sung in London, has created several important parts.

Mr. Alfred Giraudet, who has lived in Boston for two seasons, has been invited to join the faculty of the new and endowed music school in New York of which Mr. Frank Damrosch is the director. Several newspapers have stated that Mr. Giraudet was a teacher of singing at the Paris Conservatory and that he there taught Miss Breval, Mme. Ackte and others how to sing. The statement is inaccurate. He taught opera, or dramatic action. He was never a teacher of singing at the famous conservatory.

The Schubert Glee Club of Jersey City, N. J., of which Mr. Louis R. Dressler is conductor, will next season celebrate its 20th anniversary. To commemorate this event, the club has offered a prize of $50 in gold for the best part song for men's voices. The composition is to be in four parts, with or without accompaniment and with or without incidental solos. The selection of the text is left to the composers; the time of the performance must not exceed 12 minutes. All compositions submitted must be received by the secretary on or before Aug. 15, 1905, and must be signed by a nom-de-plume of the composer. The real name and address of the composer must accompany the manuscript, in a separate, sealed envelope, on the outside of which must be written the nom-de-plume used. This envelope will not be opened until the award has been announced by the committee. The committee of award consists of Messrs. Dudley Buck, Horatio Parker and Victor Herbert. Manuscripts should be addressed to Mr. Leon O. Gilmore, 12 Cottage street, Jersey City, N. J., who will retain them unopened until the above date, when they will be forwarded to the committee of award.

Mr. N. J. Corey announced yesterday that the Detroit Orchestral Society had closed arrangements with the management of the Boston Symphony orchestra for a concert by that organization, under Wilhelm Gericke, in Detroit next October. The Boston Symphony will open the series of six concerts to be provided next season, though the exact day of the month on which it will be heard has not yet been definitely decided upon.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Eugene Ysaye, the eminent fiddler, "took over $100,000 home with him as the net results of his tour. He was satisfied with the treatment he received in this country." This is noble of him.

A young American girl who recently went from San Francisco to Paris to study voice became a pupil of Jean de Reszke. In a letter to a friend she writes of the great maestro as follows: "To be a pupil of Jean's, even to be near him, is, as you may imagine, worth almost anything, but it took all the passion for shopping out of me when I learned that I had to pay $10 for 15 minutes' instruction, and twice a week at that."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mr. John F. Runciman says that concert business goes on in England much as it has done for years past. "The agents alone flourish, and grow fat; the artists who can make a bare livelihood can be counted on the fingers of one hand."

The Boston Symphony orchestra will give a series of concerts in Buffalo next season.

Sir Edward Elgar has been invited to conduct one or more of his choral works, including "The Apostles," at the Cincinnati festival of 1906.

Anita Rio, soprano, after next season, will go to Berlin to study opera.

Mascagni will write the music for a libretto based on the tragedy of Beatrice Cenci.

Goldmark is said to be at work on an opera.

Evan Williams, tenor, is in England for concert work.

FROM MEMORY.

Custom moulds the lives of all of us to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed. That it should do so is natural, for our physical life is maintained by such a series of complex automatic actions of brain, nerve and muscle that the human mind instinctively recognizes in custom an outward sequence of actions analogous to its inner working. To do a thing once is to prepare for its repetition, and by its repetition habits are formed which, as the old saw has it, are "second nature." Custom would be an amiable companion were it not that man is a restless, inquiring and progressive animal; consequently, the most respectable and respected customs now and again become irrational and absurd, and this arises in the art world as much as in everyday life. One such consequence has come upon us in our concert rooms at piano recitals. Because the giant pianists play from memory, therefore the lesser lights must do likewise, though often with disastrous results alike to the composer and to the executant. Nor do the giants themselves escape the evils attendant on this custom. The strain on the memory is so great that slips are by no means uncommon. For the greater part they pass unnoticed, because they are only detectable by listeners possessing intimate knowledge of the music, and because the pianist either recovers himself quickly or covers up the hiatus with a few impromptu notes or chords. To the sensitive musician, however, such moments are most disturbing. The slightest uncertainty makes itself immediately felt, and before the wrong notes are struck or the utter breakdown occurs, there is a painful feeling of impending catastrophe. Sometimes there is a humorous side when, a modulatory chord being missed, the player has to repeat the section just played. Such a passage occurs in Heller's once-popular "Tarantella," concerning which the story is told that a young lady executing this to a group of admiring friends missed the chord so often that she had as a last resource to be forcibly removed from the music stool.

Not a few conductors would, I feel sure, bear witness to moments of agonizing anxiety when the soloist in a piano concerto began to flounder. On such occasions there are executed marvellous feats of presence of mind on the part of conductor and orchestra, prominently by the principal violin, in suddenly skipping two or three bars omitted by the pianist. I remember Sir August Manns once, at a Crystal Palace concert, saving the situation by quickly turning the page of his score so that it could be seen by the struggling violinist. Fiddlers, however, are far less prone to forget than pianists, for the former, speaking generally, have only one part to play, while the latter have several.

Although Mozart's sonatas were denounced by contemporaries as making excessive demands on executive skill to remember them is no formidable task, but with the growth of digital dexterity composers have made such increasing demands on the technique of the performer that the limit of possible pianistic acrobatics would seem to have been reached, short of Dame Nature kindly obliging with a sixth finger on each hand. Of course association is a peculiarly powerful link in playing from memory, the form and sound of the music constantly suggesting the succeeding passages, but this does not compensate for the complexity of modern music and the proportionately increased danger of forgetfulness.

Apart from the risk run by the executant, there arises a serious evil which it is time should be faced: the small repertory that pianists are able to bring at sufficient command to play in public. It is said that Mr. Paderewski declares that the largest number of works a pianist can keep up to concert pitch at one time is 12, and the effort to memorize a new piece is so great before the sense of absolute security is secured that to add to the repertoire requires careful consideration, since unless the work prove effective all the labor is lost.

Herein lies the secret of the stereotyped character of piano recitals, and the reason why when one pianist has made a success of a new piece all the others begin to play it. If pianists had the courage to play with music in front of them we should hear far more novelties, and young composers would receive much more encouragement. Probably few gifted pianists would glance at the music page, for one of the most prevalent accompaniments to musical ability is an exceptionally retentive memory; but that the knowledge that the music was before them would give confidence not only to the pianist but to the listener. That the present custom has little rationality is shown by the pianist always being provided with music when playing in chamber works, while he is deprived of it in a concerto in which a lapse of memory would be far more serious. The idea that the expressive power of a player is hampered by his eyes seeing the notes is equally fallacious, for no one would venture to assert this in the interpretation of trios and quartets.—The Referee.

PROGRAMME MUSIC.

Mr. E. A. Baughan contributed to the Daily News (London) the following article, which is well worth reading, and may easily provoke discussion:

The first performance of Richard Strauss' "Symphonia Domestica" on Saturday will no doubt loosen the shaft of the humorous journalist (in Mr. Tree's phrase). The baby's morning and evening bath will be a fine target. Critics in America seized the opportunity to the full, and supplemented the programme with their own humorous explanations. In the present case, however, the Philistine has had his grouse cut from under him by the excellent analysis of Mr. Alfred Kalisch and Mr. Percy Pitt, which is now before me. It is quite properly pointed out that in Strauss' works the abstract is illustrated by the concrete—that, in fact, they are symbolical. I had occasion to state this obvious fact when writing some time ago of "Thus Sprach Zarathustra" and "Ein Heldenleben," lest I was accused of reading too much into the music.

I cannot agree, however, with one passage in the interesting description of the "Symphonia Domestica." It darkens counsel.

Richard Strauss stated to an American interviewer that he wished his work to be judged as absolute music, and he had already said the same thing in the interview in the Daily News, which attracted so much attention. At the same time, he confessed that in composing the symphony he had a very definite programme in his mind. The writer in Saturday's analysis explain this inconsistency in their own way—possibly he may have been inspired by Strauss himself. They think "he wished the hearer rather to infer that music is to be regarded as a language the meaning of which each hearer is to interpret for himself." This explanation is considered necessary because it is obvious "that music cannot be both one thing and its opposite"—that is to say, it cannot be at once programme music and absolute music. I submit that it can, however impossible it may seem to the logical mind. Indeed, to hold the contrary opinion is to give away the cause of programme music as art. I fancy Strauss himself is sufficiently an aesthetic thinker to know that all art which is not self-contained is hybrid art. He finds that having to illustrate a subject gives him new inspiration as to form and treatment. These must be able to take their stand for their own sake, or the musical composition is incomplete.

Analogies are dangerous, we know full well, but I think there is an analogy to be drawn between programme music and a subject picture.

All painters are agreed that a picture that relies almost entirely on its subject is poor art. It is the art of an illustrator such as Gustave Dore. The old masters chose their religious subjects and were at pains to carry them out to the last detail, but they knew that their pictures had to stand or fall by the fineness of their design and the beauty of their color. You can, even as a heretic, admire a Raphael without caring twopence about the subject or even understanding it. To come to modern times, it is possible to be impressed by one of Watts' fine canvases without giving a thought to their symbolic meaning. And it is the same with Whistler. All the great masterpieces of art are complete in themselves. Music cannot expect to be exempt from

... Yet it has been argued that if ...ters may insert in catalogues nice ... quotations from the poets in or... to make their pictures understood of ... multitude, a composer may reason... claim that the same latitude should ... allowed him. The argument begs ... question of whether the painter ...ld have recourse to literary descrip... beyond the title of his picture. Two ...ngs do not make a right.

... come back to Strauss' new sym...ny. It is so far from being "obvious ... music cannot be one thing and its ...osite" absolute and programme ...ic at the same time—that it may be ... down as an aesthetic rule that un...s it is both it is not art at all.

...e writers of the programme book ...mpt to save their face by suggest...ng that Strauss meant that his music ...ld be regarded "as a language the ...oing of which each hearer is to in...et for himself.' But that attitude ...ind on the part of the listener is ... peculiar to what is called "pro...mme music." It is demanded by all ...e except that which is a mere tech... exercise. There are men, it is ... "whose interest in music itself is ...ng enough," in Mr. Fuller Mait...'s words, "to make it worth their ... to create works in which the mu... idea is sufficient inspiration, in ...h the adventures, so to speak, of ...musical themes, in the process of ...ly musical development, are of pri... importance." There have been ...posers of this type—most of them ... come from South Kensington. But ... not how the great musicians have ...en. It is not the appeal they wished ... ake. Indeed, that view of music is ... a modern innovation, and dates ... the time when the adherents of ...ms endeavored to set him up as ...eader of a reaction against Wagner ... Liszt. A war cry was necessary, ...so "absolute" music, in Mr. Mait...ns sense, was pitted against "pro...me" music. In a broad sense, in...nental music has never been any... else than "programmatic," if I ... coin an adjective. It began by imi...ting song and dance, and its absolu...st came into being as a means of en...ng the frontiers of the art. That is ...place of Bach in the scheme of ...s. But can anyone believe that ... beautiful preludes and fugues, full ... most profound passion, were ...ly writetn as a series of thematic ...ntures?

T...re is an esesntial difference, how...ve between the old unavowed and the ...rn avowed programme music.

I... the old music the composer had ... express all he had to say within ...s which had crept into the art from ...e and song and had become part of ...rt. Berlioz attempted avowed pro...me music within the limits of ...owed programme music, and if ... had had more technique he ... have been more success... Liszt was the first to make ...subject determine the form and the ...ment. Wagner does not count, be... drama was his form. Strauss ...taken up and developed the Liszt ... The exigencies of his subject de...ine his modifications—and that is ...hey are—of the forms and treat...s already in use. I admit he is not ... consistent in practice, and in all ...symphonic poems—perhaps the new ... is an exception—there are pas...s that cannot be listened to as ...c that does not require verbal ex...ation. These are not the merits of ...compositions, but the faults, the ...mo of a wavering between de...iptive and psychological handling ...s subject. When he is consistent ...music can be heard as both abso... and programme music. As an artist ...nows full well that this must be so, ...that, I think, is the explanation of ...pparently inconsistent utterance to ...American interviewer and to our ...

July 10 1905

IN THE HEART.

W...in the last week there have been ...ing tales about men with strange ... First we were told of an in...l with two hearts that beat as ... heart on his left side and one ... right; then of a man of uncom...ndurance, who is living with a ...ball in his organ of organs; and ...e death of Mr. Lorenzo Miller ...rted. Mr. Miller did not learn ...s heart was on the wrong side ...e was shaken up by a railway ...t and afterward opened. The ...ry was made in 1901. After ...e was known to amusement ... as an anatomical wonder.

Th... ancients would have thought lit... ...such curiosities. They were well ...ated with men whose hearts ...ough with hair, as Hermogenes, the ...etorician; Leonidas and Lysander, ...e heroic Spartan captains; Aristomene...s, also a valiant person, and a famo... Venetian thief seen by Muretus... Thieves' hearts were often queer... Zacutus of Portugal, a reservoir ... wisdom, told this marvellous story: "There was a bold thief who had ...en often seized with a palpitation of the heart; being apprehended, he w... adjudged to the wheel by the magi...rate; myself, with two of my colle...ues, desirous to see the heart of th... man (as soon as his body was quar...ed) cut it open, yet beating, and in th... right ventricle of it we found three ... tones of the bigness of peas, of an a... color, somewhat long and of the weight of one drachm; these were not only seen, but wondered at by divers persons of learning and curiosity." A somewhat similar story is told of the Emperor Maximilian II. They found in the heart of Pope Urban VIII. a triangular bone in the form of the letter T, and a poor man of Copenhagen had a heart as big as an ox, and in it was a spongy and friable bone that looked like the letter Y. The heart of Casimir, duke of Brandenburg, was like unto a roasted pear. Then there was the noble Roman who died and left no heart in his body, not to mention the one troubled with fainting fits, in whose heart was a black worm in shape like to those bred in wool. When a man exclaims, "Something in my heart tells me," the phrase is not always merely a figure of speech.

JUDGE DILL AT YALE.

Mr. James B. Dill, now a judge of the court of errors and appeals of New Jersey, is well remembered by the members of the class of '76 at Yale University. Among his classmates were Walker Blaine, now dead; Capt. "Bob" Cook, Chester M. Dawes, a son of Senator Dawes, and now a lawyer in Chicago; Lispenard Stewart, a society man of New York; Otto T. Barnard, president of a trust; G. Creighton Webb, a son of Gen. James Watson Webb. They, with a few others, in one way or another won distinctions. Edgar Saltus, the novelist, was with the class in his freshman year, and Secretary V. H. Metcalfe and United States Senator Kean were members, but did not graduate. Arthur T. Hadley is now president of the university. Harry Hamlin of Buffalo, known to all horsemen, left the class in his freshman year.

Judge Dill, at Yale, was always ready to talk in class or college meetings. A small man, he was then extremely thin, but he had what may be called the oratorical face, voice and manner. In those days class politics ran high, and Judge Dill was an accomplished wire puller in behalf of the "neutrals," as opposed to the secret society men. Even then he showed a rare talent for organization, as afterward he displayed it in the formation of trusts. A man of studious and abstemious habits, he was respected by those who before graduation found his oratorical outbursts too frequent. It would be strange if the whirligig of time should bring him into prominence as a disorganizer of trusts. In his opinions on corporations will he adhere to his own significant utterances of late, or will he pay respect to the beliefs of his old classmate, Senator Kean of New Jersey?

How often the world revises or reverses collegians' judgments of each other's abilities! How often it mocks the predictions of the class historians! How many valedictorians have ever made a mark in after life? Not a few have passed blameless lives, as routine teachers or as village clergymen, who preach at a nominal salary of $500 or $600, the greater portion of which is paid in pork, farm produce and groceries. Artemus Ward once mused on the fate of the friends of his youth: "Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead who never had his lessons—he's about the ablest lawyer a sister state can boast." Judge Dill was far from being a lunkhead, but if any one of his classmates had been told in '76 that "the boy orator" would live to be one of the most distinguished legal advisers in the United States he would have burst out in the jarring laughter of incredulity.

HER LETTER.

In spite of labor-saving picture postal cards, women still write letters, while men seem impatient of pen and ink. The most accomplished and genial male is often a disappointing creature when he writes to a friend. No doubt if Howell, Pope, Swift, Walpole, Gray and other masters of the familiar letter were alive today they would use deliberately and perfunctorily a typewriting machine, and no publisher would be eager to publish their correspondence. De Quincey admitted that among all the celebrated letter writers "a large overbalance happens to have been men"; he added, "but more frequently women write from their hearts."

The handwriting that is in fashion today among women moved us to this prelude. Fifty or sixty years ago in England and New England they were taught a fine accomplishment described as the Italian hand; "a collection of spearheads and arrowheads at an angle of 45 deg." N's and U's, M's and W's were easily confused; a mother's affection, a maiden's blushing or reckless confession took hieroglyphic form; and yet to some of us faded letters written in that old-fashioned hand are now inexpressibly dear and sacred. The reaction came. The old and young grew bold and coarse in penmanship. They sprawled and scratched that their thoughts might seem strong. The strength of weakness; "the roughest roughness which cannot stop itself."

We read a day or two ago advice given to young girls concerning the "elements" of the "proper and artistic" letter. There should, it seems, be a sense of position and proportion; a recognition of the value of blank space; a letter should be framed by its edges; a number should not take the place of the name of the month; there should be care in the paragraphing:" as note writing is the one thing done by a great many women who have not the habit of doing their hair, the one task should not be an ungainly and a shuffling piece of work."

If a woman should write under the terror of such advice, with one eye on such instructions and the other on a book entitled "Correct English" or "Don't," would not the letter be stiff and priggish? Does the boy at school stop to think whether the account of home news or the simple and sweet words of counsel run up hill? Does the lover re-read a letter because the t's are all punctiliously crossed, and the semicolon used in a significant manner? Should a sensible man be shocked if his Arabella confuses at times "to" and "too"? One of the sweetest maidens in all fiction, the heroine of "The Golden Butterfly," grew up without the knowledge of the alphabet or the pen. Only in one way will a woman offend the fastidious to her ruin; and that is by the use of some stupefying and sickening perfume which sticks to paper and envelope like glue.

July 11 1905

A NOVELIST'S DUTY.

The early editions of Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison" contain an "historical and characteristical index." In the edition of 1754 this index consumes 112 pages, and there are three more pages of similes and allusions in the foregoing seven volumes. The reader who yawns over the recital of the exasperating perfections of the prig of prigs who preferred Miss Harriet Byron to the divine Clementina will always find amusement in the index, whether he turn at random to "Barnevelt, Miss. Thanks God she is a woman, and why, I. 53. How, probably, she would have acted had she been of the other sex, VI. 265," or to "Women. Silly antipathies of women to beetles, spiders, frogs, etc., exposed, VI. 265." Why did Miss Barnevelt thank God she was a woman? Let us turn to the page at once. "Nobody, it seems, thinks of a husband for Miss Barnevelt. She is sneeringly spoken of rather as a young fellow than as a woman; and who will one day look out for a wife for herself. One reason, indeed, she everywhere gives, for being satisfied with being a woman; which is, that she cannot be married to a woman." Not only is curiosity provoked by such an index, but a lazy reader, by skimming it, will be saved the trouble of ploughing through the book itself, and yet be ready to stand an examination. Take this novel of Richardson's, for instance. By consulting the index you find that Mrs. Helen Jervois had an abandoned character, treated her late husband with a vile behavior, threatened Sir Charles with the resentment of her new husband, Maj. O'Hara, was overcome by Sir Charles' goodness, and turned Methodist. That is enough to satisfy any ordinary examiner.

What a convenience such an index would be if it were prepared for every novel that is discussed eagerly for a season, or for a novel that has the elements of life. Each reader has his favorite romances, dear to him, though they may be dull to others. One may read over and over again "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Moby Dick," "The Woman Hater," "The Grange Garden," and others may wonder at his taste. He smiles and wishes to refer to a passage in "The Woman Hater" in which Severne proposes his scheme for breaking the bank at Homburg, and repeats a croupier's saying: "The bank always wins through the rashness of those who lose and the timidity of those who gain," but just where is the passage? If there were an index he would look under "Gambling," or "Homburg," or "Croupier." As it is, he is obliged to thumb the pages and strain his eyes. There are the delightful novels of Mortimer Collins, preferred by a few to the romances of Wilkie: they are storehouses of epigrams and shrewd criticism on men and women, books and life. Where is it that Mortimer speaks of Horace as writing his poems that they might be quoted in the House of Commons? Is it in "A Fight with Fortune" or in "Sweet and Twenty"? Would not the admirers of George Meredith pay handsomely for an elaborate index—we do not say lexicon—to his fantastically written novels? Where does Meredith speak of a loving man and wife defying the world with mutual onion? Is it in "One of Our Conquerors"? And, if so, on what page, so that the quotation may be exact? Or take a story of adventure by Dumas or Stevenson—what a wealth of incident to be indexed!

A novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward as it appears creates a pother and commotion. Think of the stir made by "Robert Elsmere." Oh, the screaming and whooping about it. An epoch-making novel! A novel for all time! But who remembers it today? It is in limbo with the cast out junk of the world. Yet some one looking over an index to "Robert Elsmere" might be persuaded to read here and there a scrap of dialogue, a bit of analysis or description. In some editions of Balzac each volume contains a list of the characters and of the other volumes in which they appear: Thus Louis Gaston figures in "Memoires de Deux Jeunes Mariees" and "La Grenadiere"; but this is vague and unsatisfactory. In "Sir Charles Grandison" Sir Arthur Poinings only enters once, but see how he is indexed: "Poinings, Sir Arthur, history of his courtship to a young lady, who had no notion of the love, which was not attended with difficulties, VII., 216." Theophile Gautier, who generally began a book by reading the preface and the table of contents, which, according to the French manner, is at the end of the volume, to find out whether he should continue, would have revelled in this grandiose and Grandisonian index.

FADS AND DELUSIONS.

The Herald has mentioned editorially a few popular errors about hygiene in general and the care of the body in particular, but the list is a long and curious one. An English physician writing to the Pall Mall Gazette admitted cheerfully that the history of medicine is "largely a history of error," and he gave as a reason for this, not any exceptional stupidity of physicians, but the fact that "medicine is always at the mercy of the more fundamental sciences, and these are but a growth of

yesterday." The popular medical beliefs, whims, fancies, fads are generally those which were entertained by doctors from thirty to fifty years ago. Are there not many mothers who still tell a boy with a cut finger to keep the air away from the wound? Are there not cautions against the night air, not only in Germany and France, where it has been for years the custom to sleep in rooms almost hermetically sealed, but also in our own country? Yet the air is not the cause of suppuration, nor is night air the cause of malaria, as thousands think. "As a matter of fact, in every particular save that of temperature, night air is better than day air"; mosquitoes, which feed at night, convey the parasites of malaria; shut windows at night make the atmosphere impure and favor the tubercle bacillus.

Take a still homelier example. Are there not many who insist on flannel next the skin? We remember healthy boys in the sixties doomed in winter not only to suits of red flannel, but also to chest protectors. The chest protector was made of flannel and wool or of buckskin. Worn in front, it was supposed to cover the lungs and keep the wearer from catching a cold that would lead to pneumonia or to consumption. This garment was seldom an absorbent. It was seldom washed. It provoked perspiration which was chronic. The layer next the skin should be absorbent, and this property depends on the texture, not on the material. There are flannels wholly unfit, for they neither absorb moisture nor allow ventilation. This English physician quoted above clinches his statement by an appeal to the great institution, cricket; he states that relatively few flannel shirts are now seen on the field. The delusion that every one should wear the same amount of clothing may be noted here. The skin regulates temperature, but one skin differs from another skin in activity as well as in glory. And now add the delusion of the cold bath as a hardener of the system. The good in the bath is the after glow. If there be no glow, the bath is neither hardening nor cleansing, but unpleasant and injurious. Some men are always talking about their daily bath. They thus may justly be suspected of a recent conversion.

The English doctor is most violent in his remarks against the cult of muscle as muscle, and he inveighs against the dreariness of physical training, developers and the like. He cannot imagine any cricketer or one who has indulged in the "austere delights" of golf spending any time with dumb-bells. The muscular tissue is not so important as it was; the external muscles should be kept in fairly good trim, for they are the furnaces of the body—by the adjective "external" he excludes the heart, "the most important muscle in the body"—but let the exercise be out of doors. To say that physical training is the one great cure for physical deterioration is to talk nonsense. A child reared in a slum, fed on pickles and herring and what has been milk when he is 6 months old, is sent to school with half-formed brain at 4 or 5; there he spends hours in foul air, and sustained attention is demanded from his mind for twice as long as is possible. He grows up "a shortsighted, narrow-chested, undersized youth, who is the fittest survivor of the many who began the race, but have fallen by the way. It is then proposed by the high priests of muscle to give this poor fellow a pair of dumb-bells or Indian clubs and forthright make a man of him."

One looking over the medical wisdom of the ancients as preserved in books, or reading the thousands of familiar English prescriptions published in household and popular volumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, smiles a superior smile and rejoices that he did not live in such ignorant and superstitious periods. Is it not more than possible that the patients of 2005, if they take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the medical practice and the popular medical beliefs of today, will give thanks that they were born for a happier fate? We forget. Mr. Lee Spangler, the prophet of York, Pa., announced last February that the world will come to an end in 1908.

4/12/1905

"STRUGGLING."

In a libel suit brought against Punch, Mr. Henry W. Lucy, the author of the offensive article, a savage book review, testified that the secondary object of the review was to give a lift to a "struggling" journalist. He afterward withdrew this expression. Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is commonly called "Augustus" by professors of English literature, asked whether all journalists do not struggle. "They do." "You are a struggling journalist?" "I was." "When did you leave off struggling?" "Last night, after listening to more than the usual number of Darlingesque jokes." The case was tried before Judge Darling, which accounts for the dull point of Mr. Lucy's feeble jest and also shows the pleasing informality of trials in London.

The word "struggling" as used by Mr. Lucy is merely an expected, obvious adjective, shunned by those in search of the purple phrase. "Struggling" is now seldom applied to a lawyer or doctor. This is a more courteous period, and "rising" is preferred. Did you ever read of a young lawyer who was not "rising"? Some are still "rising" after they are 50 years old. So a bride is always "charming," even though the officiating clergyman wonders at the bridegroom's courage and looks over her head. Journalists are still supposed to struggle. The strugglers should not be vexed thereby. Only a few years ago they were not journalists, they were penny-a-liners, pencil pushers. The day may come when they will be described as "rising." But firemen will be "gallant fire laddies," and rescuing hands will be "willing," and a man stealing eggs will be caught "red-handed" for years to come.

IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Walter Kittredge, the author of "Tenting Tonight," is dead. He wrote one of the most popular songs of the war—we say "the war," for to thousands still living there has been only one war. Alexander and Julius Caesar, Frederick the Great and Napoleon were, like Hannibal, pretty fellows in their day, and they may have fought battles; in this country there have been several wars, for the benefit of historians, but with the people in bulk "the war," since the cave dwellers, is the civil war. And of the thousands who sang "Tenting Tonight," how many ever thought to inquire incidentally into the authorship? That the song was at first rejected by publishers is not significant. Mr. Kittredge, in this respect, shared the fate of more than one famous writer or composer.

The Americans have been called the most sentimental people on earth, but this description has not been applied to them since the formation of the great trusts and the declaration of the war against Spain. There is a certain symbolism in the fact that, while the majority of the popular songs of the civil war were sentimental to the verge of sentimentalism, if not over it, the one great song of the Spanish war was "A Hot Time." The former songs were, as a rule, in the spirit of Stephen C. Foster, whose inherent melancholy tinctured his simple verses and tunes. One smiles today at such lines as:

"I'm thinking, mother, of the time
When little Willie died;
We laid him down with bursting hearts,
My father's tomb beside.
'Twas then you feared my tender form
Would vanish from the light,
But ah! My grave is 'neath the wave,
For Lizzie dies tonight!
Lizzie dies tonight, mother,
Lizzie dies tonight!"

Yet songs of equally maudlin sentiment with an injection of patriotism were sung without thought of the gush during the crashing years. The mother, dear to all lovers of French melodrama, was often in evidence, "just before the battle," or after. The basic thought was touching and irresistible in those years of mourning; the expression of the sentiment was too often trivial, silly or grotesque. Suppose that Charles Carroll Sawyer's once famous song had been written for the Spanish war. Would it have been sung seriously? Here is the first verse—we quote from Frank Converse's "Old Cremona Songster":

"Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true!
Chorus—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain!
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over—
Praying that we meet again."

Even soon after the close of the civil war a reaction set in. Artemus Ward had already complained of poets of the people overdoing the "mother business." The parodists were soon at work. The simplicity that was akin to idiocy and the homeliness that was cater-cousin to drivel were parodied in songs and also in titles for which songs might be written, as "Father's Pants Will Soon Fit Johnny," "Mother's Teeth Are Plugged with Zinc," and Richard H. Newell wrote his delightful "song of the period":

"When your cheap divorce is granted,
Mother, and you leave the West,
Shall I stay with you or father?
Tell me, mother, which the best?
He'll be much surprised, I fear me,
When he knows what you have filed,
And unless you hover near me,
He'll appropriate your child."

The songs of the civil war are now sung chiefly by the surviving veterans at their camp fires, and after the final drum taps the songs will serve the historian and the sociologist. There will be dispute about the lines; the tunes themselves may differ slightly from the original. How many today of the younger generation can quote correctly Mr. Kittredge's poem or whistle surely the melody so often heard in encampment on the battlefield after the slaughter and in the homes of those waiting?

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

The great Kansas pow-wow has now passed into history, though there may still be echoes in the vast auditorium known as the Cave of the Winds. Our fellow-towusman, Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, just before his departure confided to the palpitating public that he was extremely nervous at the thought of speaking to a crowd. This confession of a man of unusual force and audacity confirms us in the belief that day and night schools should be established throughout the land, in which experience should be taught.

Suppose, for example, that the class of would-be orators is called for next Friday night. The professor should not, after a few general remarks, leave the platform and criticise the speeches of his pupils—thought, language, facial expression and gesture. On the contrary, he should do all the talking. It should be his object to inspire the pupils with confidence by relating his own experience and that of others at public dinners, receptions, political meetings; on all occasions where a man is expected to stand on his feet and say something pertinent or memorable. A man of natural modesty is inclined to believe that he is the only one who is shy and flurried when called on to respond to a toast. He sees others ready, fluent, happy in illustration and in repartee, never disconcerted, welcoming interruption, inspired, not quenched by groans, hisses or mocking laughter. It should be the duty of the conscientious professor to acquaint the bashful and self-conscious with the oratorical growth of the men whom they admire. Mr. George Fred Williams is surely a most accomplished speaker in the entertaining and effective presentation of his thought, however one may at the time disagree with his views. Mr. Williams has told us that when he first began to speak in public he suffered mental and physical agony. His first speeches showed his confusion and distress. Only by a determined effort and by constant practice did he gain enough confidence to arrange his thoughts consecutively and to express himself correctly. Mr. Stephen O'Meara, a graceful and effective after-dinner speaker, suffered intensely at the beginning, but he t turned this nervousness into confide —the confidence that is authority, arrogance. Such examples might quoted here in Boston by the Prof sor of Experience. The pupil shou first of all be convinced of the fact th hardly any sane, sensible man tal well on his feet until he is thorougl master of the routine, until he has sh his natural modesty.

No doubt there was a time, incredi as it may seem to our shy friend, wh Dr. Depew did not remember easily the presence of an assembled compa old, time-honored jests; when M Jerome was not so gayly reckless a profanely epigrammatic in his pub observations on men, government a life in general, though this is hard conceivable; when Mark Twain's co fused drawl was real and not assum Mr. Lawson should not be discourag Let him go from city to village throug out the land; let him speak at dinn camp meeting, from platform and fr stump, and he will soon be volul without the aid of typewritten speec But if Mr. Lawson had been able attend the class meetings in the Scho of Experience he would have be spared the drudgery that is now i evitable.

It is not our purpose to discuss t quality of the oratory last week Kansas. Liberal extracts from t speeches have been published and rea ers have already judged for themselve Of the speeches before the Chautauqu that of Gov. La Follette was to us l far the most valuable, for Hamlet even today a more interesting charact than a trust or insurance magnate, United States senator, or even M Charley Murphy or Mr. Pat McCarre Gov. La Follette refuses to believe th Hamlet was crazy; "Hamlet wa Shakespeare's ideal of a man." It wa a noble and humane action on the pa of the Governor to divert the thought of his audience from the Standard O Company, the beef trust and fro floods and grasshoppers. It is a goo thing for the men and women of Kan sas to become acquainted with Hamle that they may discuss his characte during the winter months of force bodily inaction.

July 13, 1905

AN AMERICAN PLAY.

When Hans von Buelow, the distin guished pianist, was in this countr for the first time he wrote to a frien advising her to read Sardou's pla "Uncle Sam"—not, as he said, becaus it was a true picture of American lif but because it was amusing. A pla has been produced at the Vaudevill Theatre, Paris, this season which said to be extremely funny. They th say this are Americans who happen t see it, for the authors of "Les Ro Americans" were serious, at least i their injection of local color; they e deavored to give a faithful represent tion of American life. First of all, the present characters with these distinc ively American names: Karnadge Farouk, Burkasson, Hans Smillin Baleymoon, Miss Polop, Miss Katso "Mistress" Yunty. Pray, what Amer can city directory did they refer to fo information?

The kings are kings of the trust Karnadger is brutally, shamelessl rich, and he has a son, Maximilien— common Yankee name—and a daugh ter. The father gives away librarie and for this purpose corners the cor market; he is also addicted to fanc dress balls. His son is a proper youn man, who disapproves and at last dis owns his father. The daughter mar ries a secretary, of whom we know nothing, save that his name is Charlie There is also an illustrious poet, Mr Chicking, who makes interminabl speeches, yet no one of them is so lon as the soliloquy of Don Carlos befor Charlemagne's tomb in "Hernani," an thus American wind and endurance ar underrated. Old Karnadger is by n means a stern moralist; he has hear the chimes at midnight, he has see the seven stars, he has hit the bow and led the pace to such an extent tha

ron frame gives way, his nerves unstrung, and he falls victim to motor ataxia. Nevertheless, sport-blood still boils in his veins, and he es millionaires and their wives and hters, men and women of lesser h, all sorts of queer characters, fancy dress ball. The millionaires t once recognized by a closely en upper lip. But the United s has gone on a strike because Karnadger has bought up all the The son appears at the ball—he invited?—shows up in an old dissipated pepper and salt suit, a unpleasant person, who makes a speech full of hot air between two les, while free and independent ns yell behind the scenes, "a bas adjare"—for thus they pronounce ame of the great philanthropist. eson's frenzied oratory and the s in the street bring down old adger into the ballroom. He en-slowly on account of his grape-twist. He is clad in a dressing His state of mind is not soothed aximilien and Mr. Chicking, the for they address him in the pres-of the startled revellers and com-him to hand over his millions to oor. Scene of general reconcilia-Miss Tarbell herself would be ed by the sentiment of the tab-It is said that the play will soon duced in New York for the ben-f multi-millionaires and all cap-of industry.

l the leading playactor make up Carnegie or as Mr. J. D. Rocke-The latter is just now more in nelight. On the other hand, it is easier to think of Mr. Rockefel-lopting Mr. Carnegie's specialty iving away libraries than giving ttending a gay mask ball. The rights, in revising the drama for tion in this country, might make ing use of the late episode in and, when Mr. Rockefeller, who er weary of doing good, gave his man a basket of potatoes, each one ich contained a $5 gold piece. The uction of grateful college presi-in the ball scene would also excite st and approval.

e may insist on names that are characteristically American. Far-Spyder, Baleymoon, Hans, Smil-re hardly to be found in our gical dictionaries. Yet why he ver a mere detail? Look at the invented by Victor Hugo for his men in "The Man Who Laughs." dramatists should look at the signs in New York or Chicago, hey not see many surnames that American and improbable?

LMOST PERSUADED.

t weather some who, in other eat of fish, flesh and fowl thought of consequences, and risive thumbs at food faddists, ngly tempted to join the ranks vegetarians. The normal man little appetite for thick, red meat; his appetite is dimin-d, if he is sane, he does not to stimulate it. Until a week o he compromised on chicken, a boiled fowl, but he has read ments of an official of the Na-oultry Organization Society of and today he would shudder ght of chicken, broiled deli-r fried with "fixin's." What gapes, dropsy of the wattles, ead and other barnyard fowl ut different forms of tubercu-hirty per cent. of the poultry at table in England have suf-n some form or other of this "I have frequently seen," disturbing official, "in the try stores and in restaurant skinny birds that to the ex-obviously have had tubercu-And are not cases of pip, opsy of the wattles, commou n the barnyards of our own ntry? Many of us read with about appendicitis lurking rubber of the neck ring of a e drink bottle. While it may hat the ring contains anti-ich relaxes the muscles of the terior; that the rubber chips off; that the drink takes up the antimony and carries it into the system with the rubber chips; that the antimony lodges these chips where they will produce appendicitis; yet it is not necessary to put this bottle to the lips, and thousands of temperate persons avoid self-assertive temperance drinks. But if chicken is to be shunned in summer, what meat remains for the judicious?

Suppose a man in summer should confine his diet to breads, vegetables, fruits, eggs, now and then a bit of fish (but salmon never, and bluefish only when it left its home the same day), he would no doubt be the better for it; nevertheless the vegetarians would not admit him as a member in good and regular standing. Suppose he were to abstain from fish; there would be a quarrel over eggs. And think of the sects in the ranks! There are the Wallaceites, who do not eat salt or bread made with yeast; the Haigites, who, remembering Pythagoras, deny themselves beans, and, going further, frown on peas; the Allinsonites, who proclaim that tea is a poison. The man ready to be converted sees this dissension and asks: What is vegetarian truth? The account of a meeting of the International Congress of the Vegetarian Federal Union, held recently in London, perplexes him. Did not Mr. Albert Broadbent admit that vegetarians as a class are not "that type of physical fitness they should be"? They are "neurotic and too highly strung, largely because they do not get too much food. Some vegetarians are as silly and as foolish as the lady who once inquired for a diet to help her to get on the astral plane quickly. She suggested spring water and popcorn." Mr. Broadbent said that food reformers should stop theorizing and reading about diet. "They ought to find and adopt something simple and practical, and then shut up all the books about health and diet." A sensible man this Mr. Broadbent; and so is Mr. George Allen, the pedestrian, who contributed a paper in which he urged that a person ought not to adopt vegetarianism until he was convinced that such a course was right; then he should go forward fearlessly. Yes, "fearlessly," is the word. It takes courage to eat some of the favorite dishes of extreme vegetarians, and only a brave man can view some of them with unblanched face. For instance, there is that dish that looks like baked whiskers.

Furthermore, the strict lover of truth and hater of shams may accustom himself to the words, bromose, granose, granola, kornlet and gofio; but any vegetable or nut "cutlet" will seem to him fraudulent. Why remind the one ready to be converted or the neophyte of the fleshpots of sin? Let caramel-cereal be drunk as caramel-cereal, not as coffee. Let nut-butters have some other surname.

Whether a passionate devotion to string beans and summer squash will in the course of time change the contour and substance of the face and affect the hair as though it grew on marshy ground is a question that may be discussed later.

July 17 1905

RUSSIANS IN TOKIO.

Two or three curious books known to those interested in the literature of the drama give accounts of the theatre at Paris during the revolution and the commune. At St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tokio the war is not felt today as it was in Paris, and yet there is material for a similar volume. In Mr. Luigi Villari's "Under the Great Shadow," which was published about a month ago in London, mention is made of a war drama played in one of the St. Petersburg theatres. It seems incredible that after so many reverses Russians could write such a play, Russians could play in it, Russians could sit through the performance night after night. Here is a synopsis of the final act: The Mikado in his palace consults with his ministers, who tell him the situation is almost hopeless. The minister of finance turns his pockets inside out. There is no money to buy the evening meal of rice—for to this diet has the Mikado been reduced. Enter an American and an English financier. The Mikado decorates them at once and there is a comic trio, after which the financiers wish to know how affairs stand. The accounts are shown to them, and they courteously express dissatisfaction, whereupon the decorations are taken from them and they are kicked down stairs. The Mikado orders a ballet to divert him, and geishas dance and sing to a tune from "The Geisha." (This operetta was a favorite in Russia until the breaking out of the war. It is a curious fact, though Mr. Villari does not mention it, that the company of the Artistic Theatre of Moscow, now one of the best all-round companies in Europe, began as well-to-do amateurs about four years ago with performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado," for which they charged no price for admission.) A cry, "The Russians are coming!" puts an end to the ballet. Alarum without. The Russians enter with a hurrah and take possession. A Cossack dance ends the play.

POE ON THE STAGE.

There is a playhouse in Paris, the Grand Guignol, in which, especially in summer, the pieces are flimsy and gay. This season, however, the bill is made up of short shockers. In one of the little plays, the denouement is a murder in a night nursery, and another, entitled "La Masquerade Interrompue," is founded on Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"; a ball is in progress, and suddenly among the guests surges the red figure of the plague. The host touches him upon the shoulder. He turns and reveals a face most hideous, marked with the dreadful disease."

Poe has been warmly appreciated by Frenchmen since Baudelaire translated some of his extraordinary stories, but the American has influenced the poet and the teller of tales rather than the dramatist. Recently a horrible little stage-piece was founded on Poe's grotesque story about the lunatics who got the upper hand of physicians and keepers and played their parts before visitors. We remember vaguely a dramatic piece based on "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and it was said, some time ago, that Debussy was at work on the libretto and the music of "The Devil in the Belfry." We do not recall other pieces. Mr. Josef Holbrooke has written a few symphonic poems "after" tales, or poems, by Poe; "Israfel" and "Eldorado" have been treated as art songs; music has been written for the elocutionist to accompany recitations of "The Bells," and possibly one or two other poems; but Poe inspires composers rather than dramatists, and the reason of this is not far to seek. The indescribable power and charm of Poe's best tales, the horror of his situations are shadowy, unsubstantial things. Take "The Fall of the House of Usher," put it on the stage, and what would become of it? No house could be so charged with gloom to the eye or the mind of the spectator, no play-actor could be so mysteriously melancholy as the master of the house in Poe's description. Nor will Poe's verse embrace lovingly the specific music of a song writer. Only a most imaginative and skilful musician can hope to reproduce the mood of "Ulalume" or "Helen" or "The City in the Sea," and then only by music without definite programme, with merely a title to put a sympathetic hearer in close relation. This hearer must be imaginative as well as sympathetic.

HER VERDICT.

An American woman just off the steamer told us yesterday her experiences in Europe. It was her first trip. The experiences were in clothes, though she did have something to say about life at Rome and Nice. "I stood up for dressmakers in Paris till I was ready to drop. There's no use talking, the best dressed women over there are Americans, and the best fitting dresses are made in this country. In 1 they wanted to pinch my waist and to make my dresses skin tight. I used to stuff myself before trying on so I should have room to breathe in afterward. Don't talk to me about the beauty of French women! They are all made up, painted, horrid creatures. But the worst dressers are the English and the Germans. Talk about sights! Deliver me!" Thus did this fair creature rattle on while we were waiting to hear her views on women's clubs in Paris and the gradual emancipation of the oppressed sex on the continent. We waited in vain.

Was her outburst the expression of artistic conviction or a pretty waving of the flag? It is more than probable that women of other nations would agree that the Germans are the least tastefully dressed as regards color, style and manner of wearing. Their garments are cut as with an ax, and there is no appreciation of individual requirements. The Viennese dress handsomely, but they are not Germans. And how about the English?

A significant letter from Paris was published recently in the Pall Mall Gazette. The correspondent first speaks of the Englishman who steps into a Parisian shop. The clerk that speaks English has gone out for a moment, but the shopkeeper, with his French, is master of the situation, "and will not let that confiding Briton depart until he has purchased an article he does not want at a figure which is 50 per cent. or so above the habitual tariff." (This reminds us of a recent statement by Mr. George R. Sims to the effect that in continental inns the wine card printed for English-speaking tourists bears higher prices than the one handed men of other nationalities.) The Englishwoman gapes at the hats and dresses of the French: "They excite wonder in the breast of the lady from Peckham—sometimes a little jealousy—but these feminine emotions are as condiments to the repast." The correspondent pictures the American women in the Rue de la Paix: " 'Say, ma, do you see those sweet hats across the road?' ejaculates a feminine voice that we 'suspicion' belongs to Chicago. 'What a lovely tulle ruff!' says another, almost embracing the shop front in the excess of her enthusiasm." Will this correspondent put his hand on his heart and swear that he ever heard an American use "suspicion" as a verb with this meaning?

The correspondent thus preludes before sounding the chief theme. "I have discovered an American lady of long residence in Paris and well versed in the art of dress." "Discovered"—the verb is here one of condescension. Where and how did he "discover" her? Was she hiding? In a cellar or in a garret? He asked her: "Which are the better dressed, when they come to Paris, English or Americans?" He admits that the question was a delicate one, and he would never have dared to resolve it on his own account. Having discovered her, he thought he had the right to ask her about any old thing. She answered: "The Americans," and gave these reasons: "My countrywomen are more adaptable than yours. They are quick and eager for new ideas. I have only noticed that adaptability in one class in England—the aristocracy. The smart woman in London is very smart. But what you would term your upper middle classes—the daughters of bankers and professional men, even of members of Parliament—are less well turned out than ours. I think the chief fault lies in the desire of the English woman to dress picturesquely. The result is that she often attains an effect which reminds me of Liberty art curtains—very pretty, but not suitable for clothes. Again, in hats, I think the Americans have it. They may speak inferior English, but they wear better hats than the average London woman."

The same opinion that ran between the lips of our garrulous young friend, but it was not expressed so forcibly. Nor was she so impressed by the "aristocracy"; nor did she apply that vile

term "smart" to the dress or behavior of women. Furthermore, we doubt whether any American woman of taste, recently discovered or still concealed, ever thought of Englishwomen sinning in dress from a wild desire to be picturesque. How easy men are in like matters. Suppose Mr. Anatole France or Mr. Jaures were to arrive in Boston tomorrow; would any one notice whether the shirt and handkerchief of either one of the distinguished guests were of similar pattern? Yet the Haberdasher has announced solemnly: "To have shirt and handkerchief accord in pattern is considered the ultimate of good form." "Ultimate!" Why not "limit"?

July 15 1905

LOCAL PRIDE.

Mr. Pat Crowe may be remembered by some as one who showed his abhorrence of a great trust by kidnapping Master Eddie Cudahy in Omaha. At the time his name was familiar throughout the length and the breadth of the land, but much has happened since then, and the precise sphere and habitat of Mr. Crowe's usefulness have not been generally known. Two men about a week ago held up and robbed two street cars within three blocks of the Omaha city jail and police station. They bagged the receipts of both cars and escaped. A police officer, hearing the news—"his attention being called to it" is perhaps the more approved phrase—put a finger to his nose, winked a long, significant wink, and said: "It was one of Crowe's jobs; we know that he was in town Sunday." Not a word was said about pursuit and capture. The very thought would have been foolish. Mr. Crowe was in town Sunday. The announcement was enough; it was as though he had been given the freedom of the city. And note the fact that Mr. Crowe's operations are always against a trust bug or some sort of a monopolist. He nothing common does or mean. He is the Robin Hood of Nebraska. The officers themselves admire his gallant deeds. They shout as he goes by: "Oh, he's a rouser." But Mr. Crowe is too well versed in human nature to stale his fame by choosing Omaha as an abiding place. List of arrivals, July 6: Mr. Pat Crowe. And Omaha for that day is the omphalic town of the universe. There is no one, alas! who holds precisely the same relationship with Boston. The more conspicuous visitors are men of feehler flight. They sneak in the subway, jostle poor frantic passengers and now and then relieve them of a trifling scarfpin, or, if it is on Saturday afternoon, of their scanty wages. We blush as we confess it—it would hardly repay Mr. Crowe to visit Boston now unless he is interested in the authenticity of the Velasquez portrait in the Museum of Fine Arts.

AT HER WORST.

The Herald spoke lately of American women as portrayed by the artists of Vanity Fair in the early sixties; how they for the most part looked common, if not actually unclean; how they were without grace or any personal distinction. A costume of a period no doubt has something to do with such impressions, and the artist of a particular period may suffer unjustly when his pictures are looked at by irreverent nieces or grand-daughters of the women whom he saw, admired and drew. Mr. Harry Furniss declares in a recent number of Gentlewoman that the most objectionable dress ever worn by English women was that of the early sixties: "I defy any lady to appear refined in the correct fashions of that period. The hair stuck out at the back of the head as a chignon or bun (really resembling a loaf), surmounted by a little black turban, with a feather stuck in it; tight-fitting purple jacket, strapped and crossed with black or red braid; panniers of gay color—bright yellow, say—on which were worked startling patterns in red braid; short, full skirt—say of red—with wide upright stripes of purple braid; a red parasol, yellow gloves and violet boots completed a costume that our oldest gentlewomen still alive once wore."

The American woman of the early sixties imitated her English cousin in certain features of this dress; but were the illustrators of Vanity Fair wholly blameless? Will the women in Life of this week seem as heavy, stupid or vulgar to the readers of 1950? Look over volumes of costumes, or such collections as John Grand-Carteret's "Le Decollete et le Retrousse," and though the dress (full or scanty) often seems trying or absurd or even hideous, yet the women themselves are charming in spite of the eccentricities of costume.

What will be the effect of automobile driving on woman as portrayed in 1905? An Englishman, "W. F. W.," describes unkindly a "muffin-capped and yash-maked lady motorist" as suggestive of nothing human. When she comes in to dinner, her face comes home "rough and red and corrugated; and the roughness and the redness and the corrugation are, as you, as well as the physiognomist, may have occasion to remark, not to be wholly obliterated by the ordinary devices of the toilet. In fact, these devices only seem to bring out this type of motor face in stronger relief by the time its owner has done with her soup plate." As a result there are face-makers and face-restorers in London who advertise special courses of treatment to prepare the faces of automobilists for dinner. "W. F. W." adds this ungallant comment: "The reason why women should be at the pains to acquire a motor face from 2 till 5, and at the further pains to regain her own from 5 till 8, may be looked for in the infractuosities of her mind—and not to be found even there." It will be remembered that the English take their pleasures sadly. We have yet to find an American woman whose face has thus been hopelessly roughened, set or distorted.

SUAVITER IN MODO.

The decay of burglary as a fine art has been the subject of entertaining disquisitions, but no one, to our knowledge, has pointed out the fact that the disappearance of courtesy was the first symptom of the general decay. Some may point to the young gentleman in New Jersey who, after serving time for breaking into a house and robbing it, called in his Sunday best on the involuntary hostess of a night, begged her pardon in a Chesterfieldian manner and assured her of his distinguished consideration; but this courtesy was after the deed, it did not accompany and flavor the action; furthermore, it was in the nature of a p. p. c., for the young gentleman announced his intention of leaving the state and engaging in some more prosaic business.

The contemporaneous burglar, according to the accounts published in the journals, often eats heartily and crushes cups of wine in the house from which he is about to remove articles of value, some of them in doubtful taste. In these instances he leaves no formal note of appreciation. The cultured, polished burglar, who, as a family man, led a delightful home life, and in his spare moments read works on aesthetics when he was not petting his wife and little ones, has been driven into obscurity or into coarser trades by the rude yeggman. Yet here and there one of the old time is still found, witness the letter of an English burglar, signed "Got Them." It began: "Sir, I cannot but compliment you on the good taste which you have shown in the selection of your plate." The burglar then admitted that he was a fastidious person, "partial to fiddle-pattern articles, and when elegantly chased, as yours are, they are doubly welcome." The fish slicers and gravy spoons were warranted by this expert as "substantial," the toddy ladles were "really unique," and the appreciator promised to keep the spade guinea found at the bottom of a punch bowl as a souvenir.

Would not the receiver of a complimentary letter written by such an experienced collector be proud of his own judgment? Would he not rejoice in the fact that his treasures, since they were doomed to go, would be in appreciative hands? He would seldom feel the same assurance in giving a wedding or a Christmas present. And how little time it takes for a burglar to write a few lines of generous indorsement and true satisfaction! He is not even put to the bother of stamping and mailing the letter.

TWO PRISONERS.

Mr. Romain Daurignac says that he will visit America, but Mr. Maxim Gorki says that he will not come to us at present. Mr. Daurignac has had ample time to make his preparations, for, as the brother of Mme. Therese Humbert, he was nearly three years in prison. It was in the cool and quiet jail that he mastered the difficulties of an English grammar, and about May 1 he began to let his beard grow. Naturally interested in the promotion of great schemes and in frenzied finance, he may content himself as a visitor with studying the methods and operations that are so highly approved by our leading universities; or he may wish to teach French in a select school for young ladies with a view to matrimony. To give a series of lectures on the Humbert case would be unwise. Mme. Humbert is here almost forgotten. The years pass quickly by, and we still have our own Mrs. Chadwick.

Mr. Gorki is another kind of a prisoner. His arrest did him honor. His term in jail was to him a glory. The curiosity to see him, to hear him, would be legitimate, yet he is a more heroic figure in Russia than he would be in Massachusetts or New Jersey. "Stepniak" in London was to those who in this country knew him only by reputation a strange, tragic, mysterious person, an influence rather than a personage. He was close to plotters and assassins whose password was "Liberty." Had he not killed an oppressor? But "Stepniak" in Boston was a most gentle, amiable person, without romance or mystery. They that saw him here felt a queer and unreasonable disappointment, and only his tragic death rehabilitated him in their eyes. For there were whispers about the precise nature of his ending or taking off.

They err, however, who find in Mr. Gorki's gloomy stories the character of the Russian peasant painted incomparably. The men and women of these tales are for the most part frankly vagabonds, the unclassed, the wanderers. They that wish to appreciate the mind and the life of Russian peasants must go farther back in Russian literature. They must read Turgenieff and Dostoievsky. The one great book today, though it was written about fifty years ago, is Turgenieff's "Recollections of a Sportsman." Reading this volume, his true masterpiece, and some of his short stories, you will understand the patience, resignation, inherent gentleness and good nature, sporadic wildness of a long and cruelly oppressed race. The pillaging of farms and the shooting of land owners near Odessa seem only a tardy and moderate revenge on the part of the terribly abused.

A GROTESQUE STORY, PATHETIC, INCREDIBLE

The Wagner-Wesendonck Correspondence, as Translated and Prefaced by Mr. Ellis—Mathilde's Spiritual Influence and the Patience of Mr. Wesendonck.

THE letters of Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck with Wagner's Venetian Diary, and the letters of Mathilde have been translated into English, prefaced, and annotated by Mr. William Ashton Ellis, and the book is imported into this country, and sold by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The publication of these letters in German excited much interest and tea table discussion.

Mr. Ellis has long been known as a violent Wagnerite. He has translated the prose works of his master—a formidable task; he has translated Wagner's letters to Otto Wesendonck, Emil Heckel and others; he is still at work on an exceedingly long and minute life of Wagner, four volumes of which have been published. He is a long-winded as well as a violent Wagnerite. Insignificant episodes in the life of his hero are described in irritating detail. To Mr. Ellis any scrap of paper written by Wagner is an example of plenary inspiration. The most ordinary comment on an event in daily routine is a subject for exclamation points of admiration and for hysterical eulogy. This musical Ellis could do no wrong. To find similar instances of obsequiousness in print it is necessary to call to mind the dedications of German pedants to royal patrons of the 18th century. Mr. David Irving has written a volume entitled "A Wagnerian's Midsummer Madness." The madness of Mr. Ellis, Wagnerite, is for all seasons.

In the publication of this volume of letters Mr. Ellis is not content with a few necessary explanatory footnotes and a short sketch of the Wesendoncks and their relations with Wagner; he must needs write a verbose and extraordinary preface, and also a "valedictory."

The Wesendoncks.

Mathilde Wesendonck, whose maiden name was Luckemeyer, was born at Elberfeld in 1828. Her father was probably a merchant—at least he was a member of the royal board of commerce. She was educated at Duesseldorf, where her family took up its abode, and at Dusseldorf, but she herself said she was a "blank page" when she first met Wagner in 1852. She married, in 1848, Otto Wesendonck, a Rhinelander and a silk merchant, who was by about 14 years her senior. He was a partner in a New York firm, and in 1850 he and his wife lived in that city. In 1851 they made Zurich their dwelling place, and in 18[illegible] they built there the villa known as the "Green Hill." They left Zurich in 18[illegible] and lived in Dresden, later in Berlin, and they had a country seat on the Traunsee, where Mathilde died in 19[illegible]. Her husband died in 1896. He was a man of luxurious tastes in certain directions. He liked fine houses and pictures; he was argumentative in discussing politics. Wagner wrote about his to Mathilde in 1861: "Your husband's condition grieves me much; he is a pathetic hypochondriac. * * * Probably he is not made for fruitful self-absorption; reading can help him but little since he lacks too much of what one must gain in comparative youth and cannot make up for later; so he falls into unprofitable brooding." Mr. Ellis admits that he was a knightly figure "and surely truer knightliness than he displayed in a singularly difficult conjecture can nowhere have been found outside King Arthur's court." This comparison is unfortunate, as we shall see.

Mathilde wrote some five and four act tragedies; also poems, legends, etc. The poems by which she is most widely known are "Traeume," "Schmerzen," and the companion songs to which Wagner set music. Mr. Ellis describes her personality as follows: "This placid, sweet Madonna, the perfect emblem of a pearl, not opal; her eyes, still dreaming of Nirvana—no! emphatically, no! She could not have once been swayed by earnal passion. And these letters, in bulk and in detail, most flatly contradict that implication—nay, more, they prove the justice of my old contention, no mine alone, that the second act of Wagner's drama excludes all possibility of his Tristan, his Isolde, being victims to a coarse desire."

Wagner with his wife Minna Planer went to Zurich to live and in February 1852, he met the Wesendoncks. Mathilde had been married four years. She described herself as a "blank page" in 1852, yet her first son, who died when he was 4 months old, was born in 184[illegible] and her daughter Myrrha was born in 1851. (Three children were born to her between 1835 and 1862.)

Wagner's First Wife.

Mr. Ellis finds it necessary in his labored apology for the conduct of Richard and Mathilde toward her husband to speak at length and either bitterly or contemptuously of Minna Planer, Richard's first wife. Minna was the daughter of a "mechanician," perhaps a watchmaker's assistant. She was almost four years older than Wagner, whom she met at Magdeburg, where she was a play actress and 25, and he a conductor and 21. She was pretty and he fell in love with her. He vowed himself to the devil if she should refuse him, and they were married in 1836. For some reason or other she left him about six months after the wedding, and her husband appealed to the law for a divorce, then withdrew the plea, and welcomed her back. When they were poor and discouraged in Paris (1839-42) Minna scrubbed the floor, worked in the kitchen and over the washtub; she even at that time satisfied Mr. Ellis, who admits that she then "behaved as a loving wife should" but she "could make no headway with French" and Wagner was forced to acknowledge in a fine burst of egoism that "she would have been happier with a lesser man."

In Dresden the wife was "thrown among her old belongings, exposed to their banal influences." This being interpreted means that one of her sisters lived in the house with them. When

WAGNER'S SUPREME EGOISM AND WIFE MINNA'S TRAGEDY

moved to Zurich poor Minna, "en-... weaned from sympathy with her ...and's inner self" went occasion-... to the theatre or a ball, and made ... acquaintances that bored Wagner. ...s then that Richard met Mathilde, ... Mr. Ellis piously puts it: "Provi-... brought him into tho society of a ... with truer instinct for the needs ... genius' heart and mind. * * * ...ing grosser than a union of souls ... ever come to—that is plain on all ...following pages; whereas Minna, ... a mother, had long ceased to be ...e in anything but name, since she ...er husband now met at little more ... meal times." But Mathilde was a ...er. She had borne two children to ... There is no charge against Otto's ...ion. How was Mr. Wesendonck ...ded for in this providential ar-...ment?

...s Minna really an impossible per-... A letter written by her in 1858 ...uoted by Mr. Ellis shows that she ...womanly in a way. She wishes ...er good luck in the performance ...'ristan," although the opera was ...ed by Mathilde, of whom she had ... cause to be jealous, and then she ...s to her friend: "Do tell me once ... the name of that gentleman you ...and who said: 'What a pity the ...er is going back to her husband. ...night have come to me, as I'm a ...ver,' and so on. You know that I ...l neither go to him nor to any one ... I might have had that before if I ... yet it interests me to know who ...s that said that. Do satisfy my ...ity."

...gner complained of "The great in-...ual divergence" between himself ...Minna. "She does not even under-... what true love is." She suffered ...a complaint of the heart, and he ... to a friend: "Seriously, though, ...oor wife is a great sufferer. No ...o be thought of there, either for ...nvalid or any one round." She in ... was an "unsympathetic nurse." ...was "not accountable for her ac-...—this reproach in German, "un-...nungstaehig," sounds still more ...le. She took a little laudanum ...and then, and Mr. Ellis adds this ...curdling footnote: "It may be ...l to inform the layman that even ... of lavender water, or eau-de-...e on lumps of sugar have been ... by the weaker sex with dire ef-..."

...e this much despised woman, de-...d by Challemel-Lacour, who knew ...as "la meilleure des femmes ...te," not only slaved for Richard ...erty, she attempted to gain his ...ty by personal intervention at the ... court and finally succeeded; she ... his friend, Roeckel in prison, and ..., the year of her death, she wrote ...en letter at her husband's request, ...ich she denied rumors descridit-... Richard, by saying that she re-... an income from him, so that her ...as free from pecuniary care.

A Drama at Zurich.

Mr. Ellis characterizes Minna as a "poo... earthern pot that cracked itself agai...t the nobler vessels with which it wa... a while adown the stream. * * * ...nobler the other three were, far ..., two of silver, one of gold." The read... would naturally infer that Ma-...ld gracefully characterized as a pot, ...t least one of pure gold. Oh, no; the ...esendoncks were silver pots; the ... pot was Richard.

An... what happened? Let Richard ...e story, for he told it to his sister ...in a letter written from Geneva

18..., the letter of a supreme egoist ... cad. This one extract is enough: "What for six years has supported, com...rted and strengthened me withal to s...y by Minna's side, despite the enor...ous differences of our character and disposition, is the love of that youn... gentlewoman who at first and for long approached me shyly, diffidently, hesit...nt and timid, but thereafter more and more decidedly and surely. As there never could be talk between us of a un...n, our deep attachment took that wistf... character which holds all base and ...lgar thoughts aloof, and discerns its o... source of gladness in the wel-fare ... each other. Since the very com-menc...nent of our acquaintance she has felt ...e most unflagging and refined solicit...de for me, and obtained from her ...sband in the most courageous fashi... whatever might alleviate my life. ...or his part, in view of his wife's outsp...kenness to him, it was only nat-ural ...at he should fall into increasing jealo...y; but her grandeur has con-sisted ...n this—that, always keeping her husba...d informed about her heart, she grad...lly attuned him even to the full-est r...gnation toward her."

He ...lls how Mathilde persuaded her husb...d to procure for him a little house with a garden that he wished, and t... buy for him "the pretty premises beside his own." She also persuaded Otto ... show himself "friendly and un-const...ned" toward Richard; "not a black ...ok was to enlighten me, not a hair ... my head to be touched—serene and ...udless should the sky envault me, ...ft and yielding be my every tread." Only when Richard gave the poem ... "Tristan" to Mathilde did she ...ose h... self-control and confess to him that s... must die.

This was all delightful for three of the q...rtet, but Minna, the unapprecia-tive, ...net-headed Minna, would not ...t! She actually grew jealous.

MATHILDE WESENDONCK.

DELLA ROGERS IN "GOETTERDAEMMERUNG"

GEORGE WILLIAMS COMPOSER.

It is now not worth while to discuss the exact nature of the relationship between Mathilde and Richard; Mr. Ellis has much to say about it and we shall refer to his naivete later. Even if Mathilde and Richard never held hands, there is a jealousy inspired by mental unfaithfulness. There are women who will pardon a passing intrigue who will never forget the platonic attachment of a restless spouse. Minna was jealous. She had good cause, nor was it her Richard's first offence. In her anger she did an indecent thing—she intercepted a letter from Mathilde to Richard, opened it and read it. And how many women in her position would not have done likewise? Listen to the ingenuous Richard: "That letter, if she had been in anything like a position to understand it, might really have afforded her the completest reassurance she could wish, for our resignation formed its theme as well; but she went by nothing save the endearing expressions, and lost her head." She insisted on going to the Wesendoncks. Richard forbade her to do it. Hear him: "Everything depended on my making Minna gradually acquainted with the character of my relations to that lady, and thus convincing her that there was nothing at all to be feared for the continuance of our wedded life, wherefore she simply ought to behave wisely, sensibly and nobly, abjure all future thoughts of vengeance and avoid any manner of fuss."

Minna was not sufficiently educated. She called on Mathilde and said: "Were I an ordinary woman, I should take this letter to your husband." Mathilde at once told Mr. Wesendonck all about it. "Thus," wrote Wagner, "the delicacy and purity of our relations were invaded in a coarse and vulgar way." Mr. Wesendonck was grieved. Richard told him that he had resolved to break off personal communion with him and Mathilde, which was noble of him. Worst of all, Richard, as he wrote to his sister, was obliged to vacate "the fair asylum that had been prepared with such tender affection."

And Minna? Was there ever a moro amazing outcry of egotism from a man than this? "Never had Minna a finer opportunity of showing herself more worthy to be wife of mine than now, when it involved the preservation to me of the highest and dearest; it lay within her hand to prove if she truly loved me; but she does not even understand what such true love is." No, Minna did not even remember Goethe's "Elective Affinities" and cock her bonnet at Mr. Wesendonck. A simple fool—she wished only her Richard and she wished him for herself. She was not even willing to share him with a "placid, sweet Madonna, her eyes still dreaming of Nirvana."

Mathilde's Letters.

Thus Mathilde and Richard were separated, but the latter kept a diary in Venice for four and five months, and sent it to her, and he wrote her letters from Venice (1858-9), from Lucerne (1859), from Paris (1859-62), and from various places from 1862 to 1871. In the last letter, dated in 1871, Richard addressed her as "Honored Lady-Friend," and included greetings from his second wife, Cosima. For "friendly relations" with Mr. Wesendonck were re-established in 1865, and after Richard's second marriage visits were paid.

Only 14 letters written by Mathilde to Richard are published, and these are all that were given by her heirs to the editor of the German edition. Mathilde herself was preparing the correspondence for publication when death surprised her. Where are the other letters, those to which Wagner refers, those written from Rome in 1859-60? Did she herself get them back and destroy them? Mr. Ellis has a gloomier suspicion. He believes Minna capable of anything. "Looked at from whichever side, I am forced to the conclusion that Minna destroyed the whole bundle just before laudanuming Mathilde's living present, Fips." This "living present" was a little dog that Mathilde sent Richard from her sick bed. Wagner mentions its death in a letter written at Paris in 1861. "It is presumed he had been struck by a cart wheel in the street, injuring one of the little pet's internal organs." Wagner says Fips died "mysteriously suddenly," and then adds that he was five hours in dying. Mr. Ellis sees Minna coaxing Fips to eat laudanumed sugar and then destroying letters, a composite photograph of Lucrezia Borgia and Lady Burton. What a pity that Mr. Ellis has no sense of humor; even the stately Mr. Wesendonck would have smiled at Mr. Ellis' violence of suspicion.

The 14 letters are prefaced with a couple of Mathilde's tales, "The Stranger Bird" and "The Swan," honest German tales for children. The letters are at first as calm and placid as though they were written by Thackeray's Charlotte, the well-conducted person. Mr. Ellis would have us believe that Richard was like the moral Werther in the ballad, who for all the wealth of Indies would do nothing for to hurt her. The letters are dated from 1861 to 1863, and we find these expressions of friendly interest: "I have pitied you so often in this hot weather, for it must indeed be stifling in Paris. It is long since we had such a summer." Here is a bit of sentiment: "How I chatter! but perhaps it may cheer my friend up, or even recall old times to him. He knows a great deal, but thank God, he does not know what grey hairs mean yet; ebb and flow, light and shade, that is youth. A greybeard has no moods such as you describe in your last letter, and do we not know that they come and go? That is my comfort. As I sit here on the balcony and write the mountains are glowing rose-red in the sunset; would I could fix a reflection of their tender gleam on this little page, and waft it into your soul." She speaks of Schopenhauer and describes an illness of Mr. Wesendonck. Once or twice she becomes somewhat excited: "I need not tell you how terrible it is to me to see you thus hunted round the world for the sake of giving concerts; were the sky itself to re-echo the crowd's acclamations, it could never make up for your sacrifice. I follow your so-called 'triumphs' with bleeding heart, and turn almost bitter when people hold them up to me as something to be thankful for. All I feel then is how little people really know, that is to say, understand you; and—then I also feel—that I do know—and love you! But how little can one person do against the thousand-headed monster that calls itself the world; one might shed one's heart's blood to its last drop, and yet not win one tiny morsel of affection from it. So it is, and so no doubt it was before us." The only mention of Mr. Wesendonck in this particular letter is with reference to his sojourn at Homburg, where he was taking a "silence cure."

Mathilde also sent Richard original poems.

> Heart, what woe couldst thou endure,
> Wert but as a flower pure?

And here is another:

> A deep, deep grave I fashioned,
> And laid my love therein,
> With all my hope and yearning,
> Tears that mine eyes were burning,
> Joy, grief and all akin.
> And when they each slept soundly
> I laid myself therein.

All this was in 1863. It's a pity that we do not have the letters of 1859-60.

An Effective Crescendo.

Wagner's letters written in Zurich form an effective, dramatic crescendo. The first is as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Wesendonck are most kindly requested to join us on Sunday at dinner time.

R. S. V. P. WAGNER FAMILY.

In the next letter Wagner spoke kindly of his wife, "busy in the kitchen." Mr. Ellis no doubt sees her there putting laudanum in the soup, on the hot dog, in the beer. In 1853 Richard's "poor wife" had become quite ill, so he ac-

cepted an invitation for himself alone. In 1854 he was congratulating Mr. Wesendonck on his birthday. In 1855 he had hard luck: "I am not well, and presumably shall have to keep my wife's birthday a prisoner to the house." This, by the way, is an excellent example of Mr. Ellis' manner of translation. Before this Wagner had written from London an interesting letter in which he touched on literary and musical subjects: "To enliven yourself, just reckon up how many fugues ought to appear in my London oratorio, whether —— should wear white or black kid gloves, and if the Magdalene should carry a bouquet or a fan When you have settled these important points, we'll go into it further." In 1858 he complained that his "dear Muse" stayed far from him, and a few days later he wrote: "That letter—how mournful it has made me! The demon moves from one heart into the other. How subjugate it? Oh, we poor creatures! We are not our own. Demon, change to God!" References to Mr. Wesendonck were omitted in 1858, though in 1857, when Wagner sent him the first nominal rent for the cottage, he called him "dear friend" and gave him heartiest thanks for all the goodness and kindness shown him.

The climax of the crescendo is the letter written early in July, and it is indeed a corker. Wagner wrote extravagantly about the "necessity of renunciation" and how the strain resolved into of egoism vanished from my heart: "a gentle reconcilement." The last taint and now my decision to revisit you (plural, with a distinct reference to Mr. Wesendonck) "was the triumph of purest humanity over the last stirring of selfish desire. I wished naught any longer but to reconcile, assuage, console—cheer up; and thus procure myself withal the only happiness that still can come to me." Minna annoyed him by being dangerously sick; he did not wish to face the world again; "to settle down in a big city is inconceivable to me." What salvation would there be for him? And so on and so on; always "me," seldom, if ever, "you." On Aug. 17, 1858, he wrote: "Farewell! Farewell, dear love! I'm leaving tranquilly. Where'er I be, I shall be wholly thine now."

After Separation.

The diary and letters that were written after the separation are highly characteristic of Wagner the writer of prose and Wagner the man. They are now bombastic, now querulous; there are fine sayings about art and shrewd comments on life; there is much vague and cloudy talk about space, time and causalty, written in a turgid hifalutin style, which is aggravated by Mr. Ellis' attempt at an interlinear translation; there is always the revelation of colossal egoism, colossal in its petty selfishness. Passages that are of genuine interest to music lovers will be included in a second article which will be published in The Herald of next Sunday. Pages that are only an amplification of thoughts, like this: "With gnashing of teeth to have to bruise my feet against the clog that fate has cast between my legs upon their quiet journey—against that—I am and remain most excessively sensitive." Such pages are of interest only to extreme Wagnerites, who do not stand in fear of a German style based on the language used by the older school of German metaphysicians and pedagogues and then Englished by Mr. Ellis.

And why should one at this late day examine as under a microscope the heart of Mathilde? De Musset said that George Sand's constant use of the word "chaste" made that word impure, and Mr. Ellis' hysteric defence of Mathilde's "purity" would make the most charitable or unsuspecting reader suspicious. Women with the face of a "placid, sweet Madonna" have thrown their bonnets over windmills and have, in some historical [illegible] monsters of idea and crime. [illegible] with a [illegible] affection? [illegible] 'm passionately, recklessly? What matters it all today?

If Mr. Ellis would only let her alone! If he would only [illegible] trying to prove that Mat[illegible] could not [illegible] have loved Richard as other women have loved and counted the world well lost!

He tells of Von Buelow, just married, meeting Wagner in 1857 and exclaiming: "I can imagine nothing that could confer on me so great a boon, such spiritual refreshment, as the being with this glorious, unique man, whom one must reverence as a god. In presence of this great, good man, I thaw from all life's misere, and ascend." Mr. Ellis adds: "If, in these 'Tristan' days, a happy bridegroom can use such terms about another man, is it at all astonishing that Mathilde also should have thawed at last, confessed her pure and gentle love?" Mr. Ellis forgets that Wagner himself spoke of Mathilde as "approaching' him, at first shyly, then "more decidedly and surely." He forgets that Wagner, according to his own account, was sensuous and distinctively an amor[illegible], in his earlier years. He forgets that Wagner stole for his second wife the bride of the man that so reverenced him in 1857 and called him great and good; that this same Von Buelow afterward alluded cynically to himself as the widower of Mrs. Wagner. Yet Mr. Ellis does not hesitate to s[illegible] of chaste radiance" on W[illegible]'s face!

But the most a[illegible] of Mr. Ellis is with refere[illegible] nobility shown by Mrs. Cosima [illegible]er in renouncing all author's rights in the publication of Richard's letters to Mathilde, and ceding them to Matilde's son and grandson, "who have arranged that the stipendiary fund for enabling needy artists, etc., to visit Bayreuth shall benefit thereby." Thus are "vulgar slanderers" of Mathilde put to confusion! "Ah, yes," exclaims Mr. Ellis in fine frenzy, "Ye glib resuscitators of forgotten hearsay—ye who recked naught that your silver-haired prey was neither blind nor deaf as yet—when ye killed her your doom was sealed!" But what if Mathilde's son and grandson had not arranged that the stipendiary fund should profit by the publication?

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Mathilde Wesendonck, whose correspondence with Wagner is discussed in the leading article of Della Rogers, dramatic soprano, and of Master George Williams, a musical prodigy. The picture of Mrs. Wesendonck is taken from a painting by C. Dorner. The portrait of Della Rogers is from a recent Russian postal card. Miss Rogers was born at Denver, Col., about 1869. A pupil of the late Mme. de la Grange in Paris, she made her first operatic appearance at St. Petersburg; she has sung with success in Roumania, Turkey, and in Italian cities.

A London correspondent writes about Master Williams as follows: "George Williams, the 14-year-old musical prodigy, who composed an oratorio in three weeks, is going to America. An uncle, David Williams, who occupies a position with the Carnegie steel works in Pittsburg, has persuaded the boy's parents to allow the lad to accompany him back to the United States. It is the uncle's intention to send him to one of the American colleges, where he will receive a good general education and at the same time find facilities for prosecuting his musical studies. At present he is attending the National school at Chingford, a village on the borders of Epping forest, where his parents live. He is almost entirely self-taught, for he has never been instructed in harmony and composition; but he has studied an old text-book that fell into his hands. It is not contended that any of the compositions the boy has thus far produced will ever rank as masterpieces, but his friends hope for his future when they realize what he has already done without instruction. Aside from his musical gifts the boy is not precocious. He is a modest youngster, shy when strangers are around. Nearly all his spare time he spends at the piano. On that account he has not the robust health of most country bred boys."

Mancinelli left Covent Garden last month to conduct opera at Rio Janeiro. Campanini, the brother of the tenor, takes his place in London.

A Boer soprano, the "Colonel of the Boer Amazons," gave a song recital in London on June 11. The Daily News said of her: "The programme of her concert at the Queen's Hall told us that when prisoner Miss Van der Hoven (otherwise the 'Colonel') 'sang herself into the hearts of the British officers and soldiers, who regretted the day of her release, when they lost a true and dear companion.' Since that time Miss Hoven has been studying singing in Paris for two years. Her concert was disappointing. She sang somewhat coldly, and with but an ordinary grasp of the meaning of the composition in hand. Still, Miss Hoven has a really good natural voice, but before it will prove valuable at important London concerts it will have to undergo patient culture. And there will also have to be a corresponding improvement artistically and emotionally."

Miss Bauermeister has again said farewell to the operatic stage. This time it was in London on the 12th inst. The programme consisted of the first two acts of "Romeo and Juliet," and the third act of "La Boheme." Melba organized the benefit; the singers gave their services, and the Royal Opera Syndicate provided the house.

The English are as loyal as the Germans to their old stage friends. Mme. Albani gave a concert in London on June 27, and Mr. Blackburn said of her: "In certain phases of her voice she is wonderfully fresh, and almost, if it be not offensive to say so, youthful. She has one particular gift, and that is her appreciation and her consequently fine manner of singing the very difficult music of Mozart. We say 'very difficult' because, as every singer knows, despite the apparent simplicity of Mozart's work, its interpretation needs an enormous sentiment of art. That sentiment Mme. Albani showed to us yesterday in its fulness; one may easily say that younger singers, with therefore more youthful voices, cannot attain to the exquisiteness of this particular art of Mme. Albani."

Mr. Baughan wrote as follows about a distinguished woman who appeared at the Criterion Theatre, London, June 15: "Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck gave the first of several musical, literary and dramatic matinees. The talented lady is not new to London. A couple of years ago she appeared in her husband's 'Monna Vanna,' when performed privately at the Bijou Theatre, and last year she gave a series of matinees at Bechstein Hall. Her idea seems to be that songs may be given more effect if acted with gesture as an illustration of their meaning. It may be doubted if the idea is just. In such lieder as Schubert's 'Du Bist Die Ruh,' for instance, everything is fully expressed by the music as an illustration of the poem. Gesture then becomes somewhat of an impertinence and, instead of giving the song more force, really detracts from the impression it makes by drawing attention to the interpreter. And the [illegible] thing may be said of any song [illegible] perfect in itself. Mme. Leblanc-[illegible]inck was more interesting in her [illegible] on her husband's poems. She [illegible] any new light [illegible] them, but the charm of Maeter[illegible] is just the something one cannot [illegible] in. Several of the poems were [illegible] settings by M. Ga[illegible] Fabre. They are tasteful as far as the creation of the right musical atmosphere goes, but at bottom the music is commonplace in invention and workmanship. I would rather have heard the poems recited, for Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck has a beautiful and clear speaking voice. As a singer she is gifted, but the voice loses quality when it is necessary to sing at full emotional force." Mr. Blackburn said of her talk about her husband: "There was scarcely a man there with any sense of art who did not realize how well she explained the idealism of Maeterlinck. She described how Maeterlinck had pursued the ideal of life; how he had attempted to inclose in poetry and in prose (in literature, that is) all the ardent dreams and desires of his life, and she spoke of that will-o'-the-wisp which avoids the more, the more one pursues; but she finally came upon an image which it is impossible to dissociate with Maeterlinck himself. She described how the seeker after the Ideal went farther and farther upon his quest, until he reached a small door through which the sun was shining; how he penetrated through, and found there nothing wherewith to solve the mysteries of the world, but only the beauty of material sunshine and the exquisite loveliness in this material world. Whether or not any London public is ready to hear such finely mystical, but obviously simple, parables, we are not prepared to say. Materlinck is exquisitely fine in phrase, almost tensely sensitive in expression, and yet we dare to link him hand in hand with the old English tinker, John Bunyan, who wrote 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' The two men understood the value of allegory, the one through imprisonment, scourgings and physical, apart from spiritual, punishment. The accompanying music, which was not quite to our taste, was so far hidden from the public that it seemed possibly a trifle far-fetched."

Saint-Saens enjoyed Sonzogno's Italian operatic season in Paris. He expressed to the publisher his regret that his engagements out of town prevented his constant attendance and then added: "During the few days I spent in Paris—days much occupied—I said constantly what I thought about these operas that are so interesting, so alive, so dramatic. Their chief interest, in my opinion, lies in the reaction shown by them against the tendency toward a mystical and anti-dramatic opera. Yet modern means are employed. The operas are bold and frankly Italian in their modernity. What if they are assailed? What if they are not perfect? Who then is perfect? They trace a luminous mark." "Mystical" and "anti-dramatic" [illegible] It is possible that the laurels of Claude Debussy, with his "Pelleas and Melisande," will not let Saint-Saens sleep? As Mr. Thomas W. Lawson—or was it Julius Caesar—remarked: "There's hurrah enough for all."

A monument was dedicated in Vienna June 21 to the memory of Johann Strauss I. and of Joseph Lanner. Lanner is represented with fiddle and bow in his hands and Strauss as conducting an orchestra. A bas-relief portrays dancers of all ages dancing to music by the two composers.

C. F. Glasenapp, Wagner's laborious biographer, purposes to publish soon the rhymed verses of the composer.

The part of Salome in Richard Strauss' new opera founded on Oscar Wilde's play will be created at Dresden next season by Mme. Salome Krusceniski. Did her given name secure the engagement?

Sigrid Arnoldson's Carmen at the Opera Comique, Paris, is praised as "dainty and coquettish, yet perverse and perfidious."

An exchange says that the tenor Salignac will make "his debut" in Paris in a new opera by Widor, "Les Pecheurs de Saint Jean," at the Opera Comique. Salignac sang under the name of Thomas at this opera house before he first visited the United States.

Both Mr. Francis Rogers and Mr. Herbert Witherspoon gave song recitals in London recently with success. The Pall Mall Gazette of June 24 said of the latter: "Mr. Witherspoon is really an excellent singer, even though it is not quite possible to describe him as a brilliant vocalist."

We learn with considerable regret that Mr. Ffrangcon Davies is not to sing at the Worcester festival in September, when Elgar's "Gerontius" and "The Apostles" are to be given. We do not think that we are betraying any confidence by saying that Sir Edward Elgar has regarded Mr. Ffrangcon Davies as almost an ideal exponent of the chief part in "Gerontius" and in "The Apostles." It is surely almost impossible to believe the report that because Mr. Ffrangcon Davies was once a clergyman he is excluded by the clergy from singing in their own churches or cathedrals. It is well known—and there has been no secret about it for years—that Mr. Ffrangcon Davies adopted the profession of a singer owing to his profound conviction that his vocation therein would make for more good than in any other calling in life.—Pall Mall Gazette.

G. B. Lamperti, the singing teacher long known at Dresden, has written a treatise on the "Technic of Bel Canto," which will soon be published by Albert Stahl of Berlin.

Max Rogers, chiefly known by organ pieces and chamber music, is composing for orchestra. His Sinfonietta in four movements will be produced under Felix Mottl's direction at Essen early next season.

Charpentier's "Vie du Poete," performed here last season by the Cecilia, will be performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, as a stagework. For this purpose Charpentier is writing a new libretto. Massenet will write the music for "Chandelier," an opera-comique after de Musset. Mary Garden will create the part of Aphrodite in Camille Erlanger's new opera based on Pierre Louy's romance.

A NEW OPERA.

Amherst Webber's opera, "Fiorella," was performed for the first time on June 7, at the Waldorf Theatre, London. Mr. Blackburn wrote as follows:

"We remember a very clever and very pointed criticism of a certain French composer which appeared some time ago in one of the principal Parisian papers; it was to the effect that this particular musician had a genius for being everybody except himself. Although these exact words cannot be applied to Mr. Webber, it may be said, however, that his work contains a good deal of reminiscent writing. For example, he is not above taking an inspiration from 'Die Meistersinger'; at another time it is quite possible to be agreeably reminded of Rossini; again, and with considerable charm, he introduces you to Gounod's earlier manner, and every now and then one may get a glimpse of Mozart. This one must say in the interests of true and straightforward criticism; nevertheless, the general effect of the work is quite charming, and it possesses the saving gift of vitality; it is a distinct attempt to hark back to the days before we began to take our pleasures, so far as music is concerned, very seriously; it is obviously a spontaneous, if imitative, expression of the man's musical art; many of the songs are charming, particularly those which remind one of the soil of Italy, such as the gondolier melody at the opening of the opera, and Fiorella's song, which, in its English form, opens with the words, 'All Venice sleeps'; oddly enough, too, it is this song which strongly reminds one of the musical form of Wagner, as we have already said, as he expressed it in 'Die Meistersinger.' There is one particular detail also in the orchestra which is used by Mr. Webber with no less than a masterly sense of style—we mean that much abused instrument of romance, the guitar. It is a curious but characteristically human truth that a modern composer may employ such a method to heighten his effects, and his wishes will be most carefully respected; yet in the greatest song ever written for guitar accompaniment, 'Deh! Vieni,' from Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' the public is nearly always put off with an arrangement for pizzicato strings. In merriment and lightness the new work came to a fittingly charming conclusion, and, though it cannot by any means be reckoned as a masterpiece, it distinctly adds to the gayety of opera. The chief singers were excellent throughout. Mme. de Cisneros took the name part with great success, her acting and her singing being equally brilliant, and Sig. Pini-Corsi was, as usual, delightful. Sig. Angelini-Fornari was also an excellent member of a cast made up of genuinely attractive vocalists."

AT RANDOM.

One by one the picturesque features of the French army disappear. The old Empire uniforms are no more save in the special regiments of the Republican Guard, and the "Vivandiere," the heroine of so many songs, has been improved away. Now the drums are threatened—nay, inexorably condemned. Their solemn yet exhilarating rolling will no longer be heard beating to arms. They have been denounced as useless by the highest military authority. The theory was that afar off you might distinguish the roll of one regiment's drums from another, but perhaps the military ear is deficient in musicianly distinctions, for the fact remains that the majority of officers could never tell one note from the next. And so the drums are to go. But there is a subtler reason for their going. It takes a long time to complete the perfect drummer. Three years is all too short; two years an impossible time. And so because the "rapin" cannot tap scientifically and militarily is the reason why he should not tap at all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

To many minds the music of Gluck's "Orfeo" has an indescribable charm. It is so stately, so aristocratic, and yet so full of a delicate poetry and a sensitive feeling for atmosphere. I must confess, however, that it seldom makes the poignant effect for which the story of Orpheus and Eurydice yearns. There is a deal of poetry in the work; there is also much of periwig and red-heeled sentiment. And, after a little while, the musical mannerisms of Gluck's day become wearisome; they get between you and what is essentially fine in the opera to this day. Possibly in a century and a half Wagner and Richard Strauss will be dated just as clearly; but that is an idea one cannot realize now. But, dreary as much of the music is, the opera as a whole is still wonderful as music-drama. It is difficult to understand how Wagner could have gone so far astray as to lay stress on the fact that Gluck, with all his reforms, employed the set and artificial devices of concerted music, set arias, ballets, and the like. For these are but the outward flourishes of the opera. In essentials it is distinctly music-drama, and I was haunted by the thought that in the relation of the orchestra to the voices it is truer music-drama than much of Wagner's own work. One admired, too, the calm restraint of the music, in which passion is never overdone to make a theatrical effect.—Daily News (London).

July 17 1905

TRUE COURAGE.

A stock broker in New York refused to be blackmailed. He handed over tbe blackmailer to the police, and tbe next day he was famous among his business associates. Tbey praised his courage, bonesty, common sense. Some of them admitted to him that tbey bad been squeezed in one way or anotber, and had not dared to complain. Not tbat these victims bad necessarily been guilty of a disreputable action. They wished to avoid any possible annoyance at bome or in the office. In other words, tbey had not the courage to trust tbe good opinion of family and friends.

It would be interesting to know how much money is paid out daily in this country as blackmail, for this word, like cuckoo, unpleasant to the married ear, is one of singular elasticity. The sums thus paid are often known as subscriptions, contributions, donations. Often there is no direct threat of publication. A passing allusion, a hint, a peculiar wink is enough, and the timid one or the man of uneasy conscience exclaims: "Why, certainly. How much did you say it would be?" Alas for poor human nature! There are few men of 60 years who have not once at least committed some foolish or grotesque action, one that really injured nobody, one that might be easily explained, but if the world were to know of it there would be snickering and haw-hawing. There would be pointing of fingers, sly whispering. While the victim knows that he would be acquitted of any wrongdoing by a reasonably minded jury, he yet is conscious of the willingness of his fellow-man to suspect the worst, and he remembers that it is not always easy to persuade or convince the women of his own household. In a moment of mental depression or of physical expansion, he wrote a kindly, foolish letter to an old acquaintance, or he did some petty favor to a pretty and cheery typewriting girl or clerk, who overestimated the value of the attention. Or if the eternal womanly does not enter into the problem, some business transaction in which his purposes were honorable would look queer to outsiders. Or there is a skeleton in the closet, and one of his household must be protected. It takes more courage to withstand ridicule than to charge, waving a sword and drunk with the contagious fury of battle.

It is often said: "But if he were innocent why did he cough up? Why did he let himself be bled?" He that puts these questions in the language of the street is not sensitive, nor can he understand the sensitiveness of others. We regret to say it is easy for some wives to suspect their husbands of at least mental infidelity. Business cares have choked the exuberance of the husband whose affection, deeply rooted, is shown in his constant thought and watchfulness rather than in sentimental protestations. A woman would fain be wooed till she dies, and when her husband does not use habitually the rhetoric of a lover she thinks his love has cooled, that he must be interested in another. Occasionally a woman is found so sure of her superiority over her sisters that she exclaims: "Impossible! I don't believe a word of it. George has never even thought of another woman." It is also easy for men of a weak or slippery nature to believe evil of any one that has been successful and is highly respected. Recall a once famous blackmailing case in a neighboring city. They that really knew the victim believed he was a victim, one that sacrificed himself to save another. Yet what mean, low, preposterous stories were invented and circulated even till the day of his death.

The blackmailer is always at hand. The story of some one's submission is noised about, and Smith and Jones and Brown talk at the club: "I always thought he was an old rat. Of course he had to pay, but I'd like to see anybody try to blackmail me. Do you know what I'd do?" And there is alcoholic mouthing of the spectacular bravery to be shown under similar pressure. No wonder that the New Yorkers wondered at the broker's courage. He had his chance and he improved it.

AMERICAN STAGE MUSIC.

Horatio Parker, well known in Boston and now professor of music at Yale University, will compose the incidental music for a drama founded on Lew Wallace's novel, "The Prince of India." The play, it is said, deals with the overthrow of the Greek empire by the Turks and introduces the siege and fall of Constantinople; also "the mystic character of the Wanderer as the Prince of India. Dr. Parker is probably the best fitted of American composers to perform the work. He is the only native composer who has used the Arabic scale with skill and power." Just what this familiarity with the Arabic scale has to do with the Prince of India or the taking of Constantinople by the Turks is not easy to see.

In Europe, and especially in France, leading composers have gladly written music for plays. In this country Prof. Paine wrote music for "Oedipus Rex" and for Aristophanes' "Birds," originally for collegiate occasions. Mr. Kelley wrote music for "Macbeth" and "Ben Hur." These are the most noteworthy instances we recall, for Messrs. MacDowell, Chadwick, Foote, Converse have not worked in this field, and we are speaking now only of native composers. Prof. Parker has a melodic gift; he writes effectively for chorus, and he has an uncommon technical fluency. In preceding works his talent has been lyrical rather than dramatic, though in his ballad, "Cahal-Mor," there are indisputably dramatic effects. His endeavor to achieve success in a stage work is to be commended, and success may lead him to try his fortune in opera. Yet what inducement is there for any American to strive for fame in the opera house? Prof. Paine's "Azara," the magnum opus of his life, though published, has not yet been performed, and Mr. Converse's one-act opera with music of genuine merit is now seeking a manager. Nor are managers in this country wholly to blame for their indifference toward native works. The fashionable audiences of the Metropolitan and the Boston Theatre are not curious concerning unknown operas, foreign or domestic.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is not only a booster of education; he is the friend of the Muses. Master Harry Evans, a boy soprano, left the breezes and tingle-tangles of Coney Island to sing before the Sunday school of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, of which Mr. Rockefeller is superintendent. Harry sang "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," and it is said that Mr. Rockefeller wept, for he has been feeling a little lonely of late. After the school was dismissed Mr. Rockefeller asked Harry about his engagements and plans, and then spoke these memorable words, which have already fired our friend the Historical Painter to sketches preparatory to a masterpiece in oil: "Cancel all contracts; I will have you educated. I will have your silver voice trained for better service, and will support your mother while this is being done." Little Harry has left the beer garden.

Will Mr. Rockefeller send him to Europe? Not to Germany, we hope, for this silver voice will then come back German silver and not pure metal. Mr. Rockefeller is known as a patriotic American who has acquired wealth by trusting in the good nature and tolerance of his countrymen. He did not find it necessary to study economics in a foreign university. Why should not Harry be taught singing in this country? There are excellent teachers in New York and Boston, and there are capable instructors in smaller cities; at least one may infer this from the personal cards with affidavits inserted in the music journals. The New York Sun informs us that the new and endowed school in the metropolis will have an "atmosphere of musical study," especially at luncheon, when "professors, pupils and all the functionaries of the school will meet at this noonday meal to talk music and help along the atmosphere as much as they can." This is an important step toward the perfection of the curriculum. We remember the musical atmosphere in German towns. It was in the beer saloons at noon—Mahlzeit! and also at night. This atmosphere was thick; it could be cut with a knife; the windows were all shut and the air was charged with tobacco smoke, the smell of beer and sausage, and mental emanations from excited students raving about art. Here is Mr. Rockefeller's opportunity. Let him see to it that this luncheon in New York be substantial, nourishing and without charge to instructors and pupils. We like to think of him sitting at table with Mme Gerster and Messrs. Giraudet and Henschel discussing the modern art song, gossiping about singers of the past and present, or weeping while Harry sings the air from "Robert the Devil" "Gold Is Only a Chimera," or Rubinstein's "Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me."

Jul. 18. 1905

ART VS. LOGIC.

Doubts about the efficacy of the jury system are not confined to America. They spring in other breasts than that of Judge Taft. A curious story that comes from Paris may serve in illustration. A young man named Armand Gally—unhappy Armand! it is a fatal name in melodrama—loved a young woman, and his love was passionately returned. He was without work, discouraged, and at the same time romantic, yet he did not persuade his sweetheart to stop up chinks with him and then light the charcoal. He turned his back on tradition and shot her dead, but as he was a youth of gentlemanly instincts he first asked her consent. After he had shot her he shot himself, but emotion caused his hand to tremble, and he recovered. He was defended sentimentally by his counsel, who read to the jury some pathetic verses about the burial of Armand's heart under his sweetheart's window, so that roses would grow which she might pluck. The jury wept copiously and acquitted Armand. But how could his dead sweetheart pluck any rose that might grow from his heart? And the French have been described as clear and logical in processes of thought! The jury acquitted Armand, a true poet. Now, it appears that this touching poem was written by a viscount, alive today; that it was published a few years ago in the Gaulois. Enemies of the jury system should add this tale to their collection. Others might say that a jury is not expected to be conversant with a newspaper poem until it is honored by room in an anthology; that the men, in putting art above logic, were faithful to all the highest traditions.

SUCCESS FOR A DOLLAR.

Letter boxes in apartment houses are stuffed in the summer with all sorts of circulars which recommend laundries—work done by hand—teamsters, manicurists, Sunday schools, dealers in old clothes, bakeries, shares in some strange mine, etc., etc. We pulled from the mass a typewritten letter of a "Success Club." The club, with headquarters in a far western town, is described as "a department of the American Institute of Mentalism." We quote the first paragraph:

A personal friend, who is a member of this club, and who has a thorough knowledge of your character and ability, has recommended you to us as a person possessing sterling qualities, and as being ambitious, energetic and very anxious to make a mental and financial success. Acting upon this request, we have taken the liberty of interesting ourselves on your behalf. If you desire to become successful, we can show you the way. If you wish to better your position, increase your business, develop your talents or attain a higher social or business standing, the members of this club can exert their combined mental influence and thoughts in your favor and aid you to gain your desires. If we have been rightly informed, you, besides needing the assistance the club can render, are just the person to radiate this mental influence to others and help them while the members are helping you.

A special offer of a two months' membership, "including all the instructions and two success treatments daily by the club," is offered to us for the ridiculously low sum of one dollar, one bone, one cold plunk. Nor would this effort to give us success be a purely local mental haul and pull together at Los Angeles. "Our members," says the president, "are found in every country in the world. We have a perfect circle surrounding the earth." But this special offer holds good for only a limited time. The dollar should be sent at once.

A suspicious person might say: "Look out. Here is a gold brick offered at a preposterously low price. There's a sucker born every second. Etc., etc." But certificates of confidence and appreciation were inclosed with the complimentary invitation. Furthermore, the club will give "$1000 in gold to charity if every testimonial appearing in this circular is not genuine and was not voluntarily written to the club by a regular member." A member in New Mexico writes: "At the time I joined the club I was sick, but compelled to work, and for very small wages. Shortly after I began to feel better. On the 7th of this month my employer sold me his stock of goods on credit. By the 21st I had paid $100 on the cost of the stock, and on the 24th I sold the stock for $900 over the cost, and reserved an interest in the business." He adds that his health has improved, and he has supported himself and his little baby girl. "It is wonderful to me." A member in Ohio, the home of expectant statesmen, is not so precise in the items of thankfulness, but his testimony is precious: "Before I joined the club I was nervous and irritable. For the past month nothing has worried me. I see life in a different light. I have also been lucky in receiving valuable and useful gifts—things I had desired for years, but never expected to possess." A member in San Francisco finds his moral fibre has been strengthened: "Things that previously I found it hard to say 'no' to are now no temptation to me. My employer has recognized a change in me and rewarded me financially." One in Decatur, Ill., went through a serious surgical operation successfully. The doctors told him they didn't understand what saved him—a rare instance of medical modesty. Another joined the club, made $60 in one week, $49 two weeks later, $100 a week afterward and finally purchased for $100 an interest in a business which some one had previously refused to sell for less than $350.

This all seems promising. Think of a "perfect circle" of philanthropists surrounding the earth and radiating mental influence to help a stranger. We wrote to Mr. Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, about joining. He said that for some reason or other he had not been personally invited and he was therefore unwilling to butt in. He called our attention to a clause which we had overlooked in our excitement. It seems that by paying $10 at once and in a lump success will be guaranteed to us for one year.

PLAIN FEATURED.

"The suicide was 32 years old. She frequently lamented that nature had not made her handsome. She would often look in a mirror and weep. This became a mania with her." And so this maiden of excellent family and position, "blessed with friends, with ample means," went to a bathroom, cut her wrist and turned on the gas.

There is a legend of suicide in an old Greek town: Young women, as victims of an epidemic, killed themselves, until a law was passed that whoever thus anticipated the call of death should be borne through the streets undraped. Marcel Schwob, in a curious and exquisite story, explains this epidemic: There was in a temple a mirror which for a time, to serve the curse of a goddess, gave back to any maiden or young matron looking into it the vision of her face and body when she would be old and undesirable; to her there was henceforth no happiness in life.

In the report of this violent death in New Jersey there is no description of the poor woman's actual appearance. We are not told whether she was disfigured, repulsive to strangers, or commonplace and uninteresting, or positively plain and ill-favored. Nature is often kind, and there is a beneficent law of compensation. A woman may have an insignificant nose and mouth and glorious hair; another may have a blotched face and a statuesque, marmoreal figure. There are few who have not some one admirable feature. The pity of it is that this adornment may never be recognized, and the woman may take the solitary, morose knowledge of it to the grave.

Fortunately for many they never realize the fact that other women class them among the plain. Sweetness of disposition, unselfishness, mental brisk-

, a ministering spirit; these qualities, with physical wholesomeness, endear plain women to men, especially when one devotes herself to the life of a man, puts all her interests in him, increases by day and by night his vanity. That there are some who are discontented with their architecture and adornment is shown by the recent revelations of the workings of a "Sanatorium for Plastic Featural Surgery" in New York. Pathetic letters were found addressed to this maker of faces, who would gayly contract to smooth out wrinkles on face and forehead, to remove double chins, to set ears back, to straighten noses, and in spite of Hawthorne's story, to eradicate birthmarks. These patients wrote even from the far West. Is there nothing pathetic in this letter from a town in Arizona? "I have used the jar of ointment, and it has worked in a very dissatisfactory manner. My face, besides being very rough, is badly broken out, and is still freckled and wrinkled. I think had the jar been larger it might have done its work." The writer was not setting traps for a husband. Already married, she wished to keep his love, and he, too, wrote in agony: "Her face has come out in terrible blotches. It's dark, while her complexion is fair and she is a blonde. Kindly advise her what to do—what to do to protect her against her misfortune." But few at the age of 32, even when they are unmated, abandon hope, and court the gentle beautifier, death.

A rich cotton broker kills himself in New York because he is told that he would surely be blind. One can understand the despair of an active man, although there are the brave examples of Fawcett, Parkman and others of the utmost cheerfulness who accomplished much. But that a woman should have firmly believed her plainness unendurable and unforgivable is hardly credible. Her ending was surely due to insanity.

July 29 1905

MR. JEROME'S SURPRISE.

Mr. Jerome is surprised that those who heard his speech at Ottawa should be surprised at what he said. The true surprise is that Mr. Jerome should be surprised at anything. Words are not with him as counters. "So far," he says, "as the 'moral yearning' section of the speech at Ottawa goes, I am equally surprised that it should have been taken seriously." It may be remembered that Mr. Jerome said at Ottawa: "There should be two sets of statutes, one for the moral yearning of rural communities." But this district attorney pays the penalty of being seriously humorous and humorously serious. It is not given to every one to discriminate, to know accurately just when Mr. Jerome is an earnest reformer or a mad wag. It will be a sorry day for the republic when there is no "moral yearning" in a community, rural or civic. Mr. Lincoln put his trust in the plain people, as he called them, and he was not disappointed. What was the civil war itself but the outcome of a "moral yearning"? Did not Mr. Jerome owe his election to a "moral yearning" on the part of citizens who were willing to overlook his occasionally ill-timed humor?

CORROBORATED.

The Herald lamented a few days ago the decay of burglary as a fine art. It is a pleasure to say that we are confirmed in our opinion, which some have regarded as depressing, if not wholly pessimistic, by reading an account of a one-act play produced recently in Paris. We refer to "Her Family," by Messrs. Grecois and Guinchard. A young woman is married—that is, in sentiment and mind—to a person of tolerance and observation. She has a brother Benjamin, whose profession is burglary. The men meet without knowledge of their relationship, and burglar, who has been unsuccessful in his profession, tries to carve his brother-in-law, but here again he fails miserably. The brother-in-law has never had an opportunity of meeting a burglar in society, and when he finds that there is one in the family he at once and joyfully invites him to dinner. And then Benjamin frankly admits that art in burglary is today subservient to mechanism; the grand old traditions are forgotten or ignored; there are no broad lines, there is no true finesse. He attributes the decay to modern tools and, above all, to American competition—a pretty flattering compliment, introduced, we fear, by the playwrights to please the shoals of our visiting countrymen.

MUTUAL RAZORS.

We regret to hear a discordant note in Onset Bay, a place long celebrated for spiritual harmony. It seems that Mr. Taylor kept, and perhaps still keeps, a lunch room there, and that his wife, after a temporary separation and momentary reconciliation, went one day to his place of business and said she wanted a razor, "which, he explained, they used for cutting corns, but he thought she wanted it for some other purpose, and he would not let her have it." He also said that she tried to open the cash register, threw a caseknife at him and indulged herself in other forms of exercise not too violent for sultry weather, but with which we are not now concerned.

Mr. Taylor refused to hand over his razor because he thought that she wished it for some mysterious purpose, but he would have been justified in his refusal if he believed her protestation. The sentimentalist may like to think of man and wife trimming their feet with a mutual razor, but such sentimentalism is morbid. This diverted use of a razor, whether each wields it in turn or one lovingly operates on the other, is not to be approved. The application of the steel is no doubt heroic, but it is dangerous; it may induce blood poisoning, and it belongs to the dark age of the cave chiropodist. The ancients were cruel in their treatment; one of the favorite remedies was to bore a hole in the corn; a quill was then inserted, by means of which an acid was encouraged to burn and sizzle. The employment of a razor is but a step in advance, or, some might argue, a step backward. Furthermore, a razor is injured by such misuse, and the pride of man should be in the fine edge of this indispensable and daily tool. We do not speak of the taste displayed in such mutual confidences between man and wife. Man is in many ways a rough, gross animal; it is not surprising that he should have occasionally, or even chronically, painful blemishes, though not even Rodin in his realistic fury has represented a man with corned feet in imperishable bronze or marble. But Caesar's wife should have no corns. If she has, let her keep them to herself or remove them by herself. Let her have her own razor, and not be dependent on Caesar. Her feet may be like mice at play, the flowers of the field may bend to kiss them—they should always be poetical, ideal. The chiropodist, amateur or professional, is a realist.

WHEN THE BAND PLAYS.

The chief of police of Jersey City, Mr. Murphy, declares publicly that spooning couples will not be allowed to monopolize the best seats in the city parks near the band stands while the bands are playing. These seats are to be reserved for women and children.

Mr. Murphy thus reveals himself not only as one unacquainted with basic sociological principles, but as a Malthusian, and Mr. Roosevelt in his zealous labors for a parental government should at once ponder his case. Where in the world should spooners spoon if not near band stands? Whether the band is playing in Rome or Dresden, in the Garden of the Luxembourg or in the Thiergarten, lovers are always found near the clarinet, cornet, saxaphone and the rest of the instruments and the uniformed, perspiring leader. Thus are they alternately thrilled or soothed. The music inspires confidence in the timid, who are for once sure that the amorous conversation will not be overheard; but more than this, men and women never appear to such physical advantage as when they hear a band. The round shoulders sit up and are alert. The insignificant is clothed with distinction. The pale clerk is flushed with military ardor. The louder the music, the more sonorous the climax the deeper the glow in the woman's cheek; this phenomenon is well known to all experienced observers of an audience during a performance of a Wagnerian opera. The publicity of seats near the band does not check endearments. Emerson says, in substance, that the world loves a lover. The world likes to observe lovers, and when the band plays lovers forget the world. Mr. Murphy overlooks the fact that the women with children, to whom he would give the best seats, have had their opportunity. As sweethearts they once sat in those seats of the blessed. Let others have their turn.

HIS EARS.

Women were not the only ones who implored Dr. Nelden of New York, the face maker, to correct facial disfigurements, to remould their features. A business man in Elmira wrote: "I inclose two-cent stamp. Send me the remedy. I have a short chin and long, protruding ears." Some would therewith be content and praise nature for her justice, saying: "My chin may be a little short, but look at my ears." "Short chin" is vague; was it a chin like a poached egg? Did not the length of the ears enlarge his auditory faculty? In Mr. Andre Couvreur's ingenious romance, Caresco, the superman and surgeon, carving away superfluities from the captain of his flying machine and reducing him to the condition of a "human monad," nevertheless lengthened the captain's ears by grafting on those of a young Siberian wolf, so that he could distinguish easily the most distant sounds and noises.

Protruding ears are not fashionable, yet they are common. Mothers too often neglect their duty and do not train the ears in the way they should go. The poor neglected boy is tortured at school by the derisive shout: "O wing wong!" This nickname may stick to the wretch through life. Boys are cruel, and memories of school days last till death. Statesmen are never valued at their true worth by their schoolmates, and the philanthropist with large feet is always familiarly known to some as "Guffins." Perhaps the business man in Elmira suffered like annoyance.

A deep thinker once observed: "As nature ever designs well, if she chance to fail in her good intention, she generally takes care to supply her own defects; and where she has denied one faculty or perfection, we commonly find the loss compensated by some extraordinary talent." There was Hercules, for instance. His ears are said to have been abnormally large, but when he was engrossed in the pleasures of the table he would wag his ears in a most surprising manner. Bayle commented on this fact and mentioned good men and philosophers—some of them of his own time—who enjoyed a like natural advantage. His dictionary is not now near us, and we are obliged to refer the thoughtful reader to one of the foot-notes to the exhaustive article, "Hercules." If the business man of Elmira was able by means of the length or protrusion of his ears to wag them at will, what folly it was to consult the face maker! Such an accomplishment, if exercised faithfully, would of itself have attracted business; it would have served as an inexpensive diversion at home, either for the amusement of the children on a wet evening or for invited and restless guests. But man is never satisfied, and he is too lazy or obstinate to turn what he rashly considers a curse into a joy and a blessing.

July 20 1905

MALE EGOISM.

The police courts are daily revealers of man's egoism. Take the case of one Smith, a railway conductor in New Jersey, sentenced in a Yorkville court to six months on the island. A wife was waiting for her husband near a subway entrance in New York late at night. Smith accosted her. She said he had made a mistake, but he, with the predatory instinct of the male and unable to believe that any decent woman could be standing alone near a subway entrance at night, kept on insulting her, although she punctuated his remarks by hitting him in the face with a handbag and slapping him. She ran for her husband, and there was what is often described as a "thrilling scene." When Smith was brought into court the next day he begged the woman not to disgrace him further, saying he had already been punished terribly by being locked up in a cell, for he was of a highly respectable family. And the woman did beg for his release, although both magistrate and husband were obdurate. As Smith was led away he exclaimed: "This will ruin me." Not a word about the humiliation to which he had publicly exposed the woman. Not a word, apparently, of regret; not even the defence of drunkenness. "This will ruin me." Yet the woman urged his release. Maeterlinck in one of his plays represents the much wronged wives of Bluebeard loving him and refusing to leave him after he has been roughly handled by the villagers; all the wives save one, and she was the one that freed the others. She would not stay, though Bluebeard really loved her and had not abused her. And in like manner daily the beaten wife begs mercy for the brute that beat her, and even as she begs glares at her. Or in such a case as that in Yorkville does a woman, after the first flush of indignation, persuade herself that the insult was in a way a compliment? We have heard staid New England spinsters say almost bitterly that no Frenchman was ever rude to them in Paris.

DISAPPOINTED.

Mr. Walter Scott, cowboy miner, has come out of the West. It may be remembered—for each day crowded with surprising incidents whizzes by—that Mr. Scott hired a "champagne flier" to take him in forty-five hours from Los Angeles to Chicago. It is strange that there are some in such a hurry to get to the city on Skunk river. Mr. Scott then made his impetuous way to New York, but his sojourn there has not been a success. It is true that he went from hotel to bar-room and back again—"One Night in Ten Bar-rooms"—ordering in each instance "wine" and more heroic drinks; but he committed the fatal error of pocketing the change. His reputation died with the first acceptance of the money due him. "Never mind the change." How those words haunt us. 'Twas in the sixties we first read them. The paper was the Wellspring, then popular in Sunday schools. The story was of a reckless youth who, throwing down a quarter—or was it a dime?—refused to soil his fingers with the few coppers remaining to him above his purchase. The story was illustrated. The spendthrift had an immoral cigar in his mouth. The good boy stood by in a belted jacket, a collar with tassels and a Rollo cap. He evidently admired his companion, although in the letter-press we were told that the spurner of change did not prosper, but slid down the greased decline to ruin, while the more prudent youth became a postmaster, or a selectman, or a teller in the county bank.

It is also true that Mr. Scott engaged rooms in three hotels in New York—"it's always well to have 'em handy"; that he wore a blue and baggy suit, a blue flannel shirt, a red—some say solferino—scarf, and a black felt hat that runs to a peak; that he was greeted with wild cheers at the

Haymarket until the nymphs of the place called him a "piker," because he quenched his familiar smile, Malvolio-like, with an austere regard of control; that he gave a boy outside the sacred hall of the Stock Exchange $5 to hold his yellow dog—the species that is spelled "dorg"; but there was no exhibition of breath-stopping prodigality; there was no shower of gold, no game of hare and hounds with $100 bills. Mr. Scott did not even suggest a millennium of rum.

The times have changed, and today no one is easily startled by wild expenditure. It is not necessary to cite ancient and classic examples of excessive prodigality and luxury, to talk of Heliogabalus, Vitellius, Apicius, Clodius Aesopus, the tragedian, who took all possible methods to squander a vast inheritance as if it had been an insupportable burden; Aelius Verus, Cardinal Riarius, George Neville, the Archbishop of York. What is Mr. Scott in comparison with Coal Oil Johnny? Let Mr. Scott organize a negro minstrel company with diamond shirt pins and finger rings for each member, and then he will be only at the beginning of a great career. New York was not startled by his coming; she is disappointed by his sojourn. There was a time when Mr. Wielopolski, a gallant young Pole, by winning at whist f.150,000 and bequeathing f.70,000 to his friend, Alice Ozy, playactress and noble dame, set Paris a-talking. Mr. Scott might have attracted the attention of New York that same week. This is a more expectant, or, rather, more blase age.

A NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

The picture postcard serves admirably the laziness of the traveller who still feels it his duty to communicate from time to time with those left behind. He also knows that by sending these reminders he may excite the envy of some who have long been in the habit of looking down on him as from a tower. But in Italy the illustrated card enters as a national economic question. If the postal congress should reduce the international rate to four cents, the government knows that it cannot charge that rate for home letters. It is therefore proposed by some to reduce the rate for home letters to three cents and increase that of the picture postcards from two centimes to a cent. There are many protests against this scheme. It is argued that to raise the postcard rate would be to put an end practically to a national industry which is most profitable. It is also argued that the postcard is an educational influence—the receiver, if ignorant, asks about the view, and thus there is a diffusion of knowledge. Again, the picture card is a great advertisement for Italy; it lures foreigners to visit the country and spend money. It is said that these cards have largely superseded photographs, and fifty of the former now leave Italy for one of the latter.

RECEIVING BORES.

The bore in the country for a few days, the tripper, cannot understand why the cottager is not wildly anxious to see him and talk with him. That any cottager should have appointed hours for doing work is, on the face of it, a preposterous idea. The bore has passed safely the moat, drawbridge, portcullis, spring guns, man traps which supposedly protect Mr. Johnson's humble home. He has eluded the dog fed on raw meat and the maid of whom both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson stand in awe. All places yield to him. He surprises the sociologist on the veranda, in a hammock, reading a scrofulous French novel, that he may form a correct idea of the domestic life of a certain period. It is old Auger himself, fresh from the city. "Well, Johnson, you look cool and comfortable here; I envy you fellows, who have nothing to do in the summer—wish I could take it as easy, but I can't get away for any length of time. I came down to the Swaticheesit last night, and I said to myself the first thing I do in the morning will be to drop in on Johnson. I thought I would come early, so as to catch you without fail. You had no idea I was anywhere about you, had you?" Johnson pulls himself out of the hammock and looks about in desperation.

What is he to do? There are only two courses. One is to be inattentive, absent-minded, sulky. "Yes, Auger, you are lucky to find me. I seldom see any one before 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and this week I am unusually busy. Sorry I haven't anything to offer you, but there isn't a cigar in the house, and the doctor told me to give up all intoxicating drinks this summer. I should like to ask you to stay to luncheon, but Mrs. Johnson isn't at all well, and our life is too simple for him. You know we are vegetarians, and the carts haven't visited us for two days. When are you going back to the city? I shall have more leisure perhaps day after tomorrow."

The other course is to treat the bore like a nettle, to grasp him firmly. "Well, well, Auger, this is a pleasure. Why didn't you bring your valise? There isn't a spare chamber, but you can sleep on the sofa in the living room or in the hammock, if you don't mind the fog. Let me give you a cigar. The dampness plays the devil with tobacco, but this is not a bad one." Suppose that Mr. Johnson thus poisons him in the most friendly manner, insists on his drinking three or four glasses of Hollands, talks loudly and incessantly—what then? Auger cannot complain of the heartiness of the reception. The tobacco and the gin will do their fell work. Johnson gives him no opportunity of talking, but insists that he should walk over a few acres of bog and marsh attended by gnats and mosquitoes. As a result, Auger will soon have a headache and insist on returning to the Swaticheesit, nor will he have any desire to make a second call. If Mr. Johnson follows the first course, that which would be natural and honest, Auger would stretch his legs and maunder on till luncheon time, and even then, in spite of a forbidding invitation, it is doubtful whether he could be moved with a derrick. The cordiality, on the other hand, would please his self-love, though he would on his return to the Porphyry talk something like this: "I saw Johnson down at Clamport. Do you know, he's more sociable there than he is in the city. I suppose he's lonely and glad to see anybody. I don't think much of his place—too many mosquitoes—and he lives simply—but he gave me what he had—in fact, more than I ought to have had. He's not a bad fellow, after all."

July 21 1901

WHOSE TEETH?

It may be remembered that a witness in a court case in New York was so shy as to his teeth that his evidence was unintelligible, so the district attorney ordered for him a full set. Comptroller Grout received the dentist's bill for $40 from the district attorney's office, and for a time objected to the payment, but at last he audited the bill.

The news comes from the Bombay presidency in India that a cornet player in a British regimental band suffered so from decayed front teeth that he could not play with the expected virtuosity either cantabile or bravura passages. The band president sent the man to a dentist, who supplied new front teeth, after which the cornetist satisfied the bandmaster and delighted the lay hearers. According to the acoustical theory of Victor Mahillon, the substance of these teeth, porcelain, gold, silver, composition, or hard wood, could not have affected in any manner the quality, the timbre of the tone produced. In the course of time the cornetist came to the end of his appointed service and asked for his discharge. Before his name was struck off the roll the band president insisted on the return of these teeth as band property.

The question naturally arises: When this case in New York is dismissed, will the full set belong to the witness or will Dist.-Atty. Jerome demand a return for general office use?

SKIRT AND TRAIN.

While some, as we have noted in these columns, protest against a woman's automobile face and costume, "Elaine" of the Referee, dismissing the hockey skirt and the golf dress as impossible themes for male and gallant poets, remarks: "The motor dress alone, with its mask, veil and cloak, has perhaps a certain modern poetry of its own. It suggests quick motion and adventure, and has an element of mystery about it. And the want of mystery is the great defect of modern life. Everything is shouted on the housetops or glares at you from the hoardings." She was led to these remarks by the thought of Cecile Sorel's approval of crinoline. The Parisian play-actress would welcome the return: "The eighteenth century was the one in which women, by the becoming artificiality of their toilets, looked their best. The hoop was but a glorified crinoline. Only wide and ample skirts are graceful; they give a slenderness to the waist and an elegance that no tightly fitting skirts can ever have. Of course, if the crinoline were revived it would not be like that of 1860. It would be adapted to modern exigencies."

Thus do "Elaine" and the Parisian beauty agree with an eminent sociologist who declares that through the ages woman has been "pretty consistently of opinion that it is the robe a queue that best becomes her." Preach as one will against the skirt that is both inconvenient and foul, the street-sweeping skirt, and of what general avail is the preachment? Hear the sociologist: "If one of our first parents was satisfied with a crude notion of a kilt, you may depend it was not long before the other had learned to trail something longer when they went to dinner." The trail became longer as life became more ceremonious. The court train is the climax, and to a visitor from another planet a court reception must be an amusing and amazing sight; yet there are young American girls who are even now, hardly launched, looking forward to this ceremony as a little French maiden looks toward her first communion. What will some American women not do to attain this honor? What preparatory humiliations will not the proud daughter of a republic undergo? The court train! As to which says the sociologist: "Man is quite of woman's way of thinking, and when he peacocks at a state function is not at all loath to endow himself with the tail of a train. There is a lot of feminity in peacocks. Still, when man puts on this tail, he does not convoke his fellow-men to come and see how nice he looks with it. The peer who should exhibit himself in his coronation robes, and do a walk-round before the ladies of his family, would not have a very good time. With women, though, it is otherwise."

There have been exceptions; women who were most dazzling when they were skirtless, trainless. The sociologist, "Elaine" and Cecile Sorel forget the glorious Tolla Boccadileone, who was the supreme joy of life at Rome 200 years ago. This superb creature, who had but one physical defect, thick hands, on grand parade dressed as a man; she wore trousers, a turquoise blue jacket—her hair was "of the most beautiful Venetian blonde obtainable with a little money and art"—and these garments were trimmed with silver and gold; she also wore stockings of green silk, a mantle of pearl-gray cloth, and a black velvet cap adorned with a few slender feathers. As a rapt observer noted: "The whole costume suited her admirably, and displayed to the best advantage the harmonious and graceful outline of her limbs." Yet, if such a costume were now decreed, would there not be a male outcry, a call to bring back skirts, trains and even crinoline in preference? Every woman is not a Tolla.

AN OLD SONG AGAIN.

The Herald commented editorially soon after the death of Walter Kittredge on "Tenting Tonight" and other songs of the civil war. The biographical sketches of Mr. Kittredge did not give all the information concerning the origin of the famous song. From "Story of the Hutchinsons (Tribe of Jesse)," written by Mr. John W. Hutchinson of Lynn, we learn that Kittredge did not enlist. He was drafted into the army in 1863. "That night he went to bed the prey of many conflicting emotions. His heart was fired with patriotism, but full of grief at leaving his home and full of dread of war." He awoke, perturbed, in the middle of the night and wrote the song that soon became famous. If any one should take the trouble to analyze the verses, he would soon see that the sentiment is not wholly one of stalwart patriotism. The hearts of the soldiers are "weary"; "we are tired of war"; "wishing for the war to cease." The cynic might say with a show of justice that the song was for the cause of "peace at any price." After Kittredge had found in his mind a tune for the verses, he took the song to Lynn, where John Hutchinson sang the air, John's brother Asa the bass, and the children joined in the chorus. "Kittredge," adds John, "at once made a contract with Asa to properly arrange and publish the song for one-half the profits. That night we sung it for the first time on High Rock. * * * In less than two years its author and my brother had $1000 each from the profits of the song." Thus are the songs of a people often made.

IN THE BUTTONHOLE.

Trainmen of the Norfolk & Western railroad are now forbidden to wear flowers or bouquets in the lapels of their coats or any decorations of any kind that are not prescribed by the rules. It is said that some of these trainmen were fantastic in floral decoration, and that a conductor—in the old days all conductors mentioned by name in the newspapers were "popular"—excited remark by the sweet peas, bridal roses and nasturtiums that he sported.

The flower habit is often an affectation to be classed with the deliberate absence of an overcoat when the thermometer is below zero, or with the self-conscious pipe in the street. An impressionable youth reads of English statesmen with primrose or orchid as a daily feature of dress, and he, too, must have his daily pink or sprig of geranium. The fury of the chrysanthemum fad was but for a moment, and the green carnation was accepted by only a very few, especially after the publication of Mr. Hichens' best book, but the young man who is particular about a flower in his buttonhole is constantly in evidence. Now, at a lawn party or walking in an old-fashioned garden with a sentimental woman, or on the veranda of a country house, a man may be pardoned for craving or tolerating such a decoration, but what is to be said of a youth who stops at a florist's in the morning on his way to business, chooses his decoration and pays for it in a cold-blooded manner? If there is a pretty girl in the shop who puts the flower in his buttonhole with an ensnaring show of confusion, the youth should not be blamed. In the office the flower quickly wilts, unless the victim of the habit has the nerve to wear a vial of water underneath the lapel.

Let us not be misunderstood. Flowers have their place; they are beautiful, they are odorous, they are all that you say, but they are to be associated with women rather than with men. Let men know them, grow them, enjoy them; let them even have the mania of the Germans; yet the sentimental gardener in Johann Martin Miller's poem never thought of his own decoration; when he watched his tulips and violets he saw in his mind the gazelle-eyed princess, grand-daughter of the Sultan of Cathay. Nor is the association of flowers with trainmen on duty inevitable, though there was a time when it was the custom for brakemen to wear extravagant rings, usually of moss-agate. Whatever one may think of a button as a decoration, there is a certain fitness in the sight of a button in a buttonhole, and in childhood

the game, "Button, button, who's got the button?" prepares the boy for aspiration as a man. It does not matter whether the one decorated be a Son of the Whiskey Rebellion or a member of the Society for Providing Indigent Working Girls With Birds and Bottles, the button is at least congruous. It goes with a coat. Women are constructed by nature to wear roses, pinks, violets; flowers were made to adorn women; but suppose a sentimental girl should sing: "He wore a red rose in his hair"?

AFFECTION'S SEASON.

There is a humane society in Cleveland, and it keeps statistics. Is Mr. Johnson, the earnest student of sociology, a corresponding member? Occasionally Secretary Ricksecker publishes statistics that apply to some particular human interest. Thus he announces that husbands are more loving, more considerate of their wives in warm weather than in cold. "One reason for this is that work is more plentiful in summer. Another, that working husbands have less time to loiter about saloons and become drunk. In summer there is less drunkenness than in winter."

The statistics on which he founds this theory are probably local. His conclusions will seem to some superficial. His critics might argue that the average man when at work is more absorbed in that work than his wife; that man at work is often more irritable than when at leisure; that husbands are often more affectionate when they have hit the bowl than when they are sober and in full possession of their eyesight and reasoning faculties. Perhaps there is more drunkenness in winter in Cleveland than in summer, but the steady drinker elsewhere drinks in winter to warm himself and in summer to cool himself, such is the adaptability, he thinks, of alcohol to all emergencies, climatic and social.

The relation between the seasons and love has been examined curiously by many, and such men as J. B. Sinibaldi, in his voluminous treatise, "Genean Thropoeia"; Martin Schuriger, in his singular works, and Venette, in his "Tableau de l'Amour Conjugal," have paid special attention to the subject. The opinion of wise men is in brief as follows: In summer—that is, in hot weather—men are indifferent and women are affectionate; men in autumn are still indifferent, while women are still affectionate; there is some dispute about the effects of winter on men, but all agree that in this season women are in turn indifferent; but in the spring, yes, in the spring, gentle Annie, both men and women are affectionately inclined. It is only fair to add that no one of the wise men whom we have consulted ever lived in Cleveland.

KENTUCKY CHURCH LIFE.

Churchgoing in Kentucky is by no means dull even in these degenerate days. There was a time when disputes were settled on the church steps after the benediction had been pronounced. The judge and his brother would stand outside patiently waiting, as boys in peaceful New England after the evening service stood ready for their sweethearts, and when the gallant colonel appeared they filled him full of lead from the old family shotguns. Respect was thus paid to the clergyman and the sanctuary. But Mr. John Miller entered the church on Fraley Creek and announced in a clear, bell-like voice that he was the best man in the house. The statement was possibly true, but the time and the place were not well chosen; furthermore, Mr. James Grees and Mr. James M. Thomas disputed the fact, whereupon guns were used instead of sworn affidavits and certificates of character, and Mr. Miller proved his case, at least in the eyes of Kentucky, by killing Mr. Grees and wounding Mr. Thomas.

I regret to add that the report of the exercises is colorless and without detail. In the good old New England days the march up the aisle to the pew afforded an excellent opportunity for personal display. The shapes arise! As though it were yesterday, we see the stately stride of the lawyer who had been in Congress. He moved as to the march from "Athalia," chest out, head thrown back, conscious of universal admiration, and when he took his seat he ran his fingers through carefully arranged and statesmanlike hair, and then let an arm hang gracefully over the door, ready to hear with toleraucc the argument of the minister. The senior deacon, with white locks, walking slowly, looked at the congregation on each side as though counting the elect. The farmer ploughed his way; the young swells of the little town were conscious of their cravats; the sexton chewed his cud in unison with the advance of each leg.

Now, did Mr. Miller, in order to make the announcement of his superiority, walk up the aisle and climb the pulpit stairs, or did he utter his challenge near the door, as one impatient to be contradicted, as one expectant of the outdoor fray? Or was the gunning within the church, and did all those who were willing to admit the justice of Mr. Miller's claim drop instantly to the floor? What was the behavior of the clergyman? That a mob formed to lynch Mr. Miller shows the degeneracy of the times.

HEAT NOTES.

Gabriel Peignot, the antiquary and bibliographer of Dijon, wrote a book in which he enumerated and described all the most severe winters recorded in general or local history, remembered in tradition and personally known. The book is curious and worth reading, especially in hot weather, and yet a book that treated of extraordinarily hot days, weeks or months might be more refreshing to the judicious reader in summer, just as hot tea under the dog star is more cooling than iced tea. There would be evidences in the latter book, as in Peignot's, of the strange pride or vanity of an individual or a whole village in excessive heat or cold. A few days ago Marlboro was more conspicuous than Boston or New York. The suffering in that town was compensated, in a measure, by a sense of preeminence as soon as the inhabitants knew that on one particular day Marlboro was pre-eminent. On the other hand, men at work in habitually hot places, as stokers, foundrymen, bakers, sugar refiners, those in marble quarries, on western deserts or down in certain western mines, feel no such pride.

The man who is a slave to a thermometer may easily be as big a bore as the one with a yacht of a first season or a recently persuaded golfer. Give him the slightest encouragement and he will tell you the record on his veranda, at his office, in his bedchamber, and—his memory is appalling!—he will compare this record with that of a week ago, a month ago, two years ago, and he will give the record of still warmer days. Then there are the men who explain the excessive heat by wise talk about sun spots, felled forests or the Gulf stream. They are of close kin to him who explains all mythologies and legends by sun myths—the sun in the four seasons, night following day or day following night. The cult of the thermometer is a mania, and there may well be doubt as to the capacity of the victim to make a sensible will. There are men, and also women, who wake themselves hourly to see that the temperature in the bedroom is that once recommended by a physician.

There is an outcry when the mercury reaches ninety, yet when we were boys and girls together such heat was expected in July. Night after night in usually comfortable village or city houses we tossed and sprawled and panted and dreamed feverish dreams, irritated by a sheet; but now there is complaint when two blankets distress. So it was in the cold weather of those good old days. Snow was piled up from four to eight feet for weeks at a time; the ice was broken every morning in the water pitcher; yet the boy in a thick jacket, with a fur cap—there was a little fur ball on the top of it, after the manner of the old-fashioned round doughnut, and with a tippet, earcaps and "wristers"—the earcaps were also known as laps or earmuffs—this boy would slide down hill day and night, warm as toast, without thought of single or double pneumonia. We have grown old and chilly, and yet a little old-fashioned heat sets us complaining.

The sufferers are not all those hard at work in hot and stifling places or unable to sleep in crowded tenement houses in narrow, breathless streets. The tenement houses that bear genteel names are also often unendurable. The flat just below the roof is like the leads in Venice, from which Casanova made his justly celebrated escape. The air is foul, although the apartment house may bear the name of a nobleman of England. The only refuge is the roof, where each family in the house may sit under its own clothesline.

There is one great consolation brought by excessive heat. We are informed at least once a month that the sun is fast burning out. Thrilling descriptions of the extinction of the race by ice and cold are told by novelists and pseudo-scientists. Not long ago we read an ingenious French romance in which the few survivors are pictured as emerging, wild-eyed, shaggy, clad in skins, from their home in the bowels of the earth to see if there be one faint spark in the sun. Days and nights like the last memorable ones relieve us from fear of such an imminent fate. Even among the few survivors in the glacial days to come there will still be one consulting hourly his thermometer, unless his comrades, bored beyond endurance, dispose of him a few weeks before the inevitable end.

HIS LIFE IN VENICE AFTER THE SEPARATION

Early Sketches for "Parsifal"—How He Wrote "Tristan"—The Failure of "Tannhaeuser" in Paris—Cooling of an Arden Passion.

THE HERALD described last Sunday the drama at Zurich, in 1858, in which the chief actors were Richard Wagner, his first wife Minna, and Otto Wesendonck and his wife Mathilde, though Mr. Wesendonck was hardly an actor—he reminds one rather of the Lone Fisherman, always present but apparently uninterested in that which was going on about him, a silent man. The occasion for the description was the publication of the Wagner-Wesendonck correspondence, "Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck," translated, prefaced, etc., by William Ashton Ellis, and imported for sale in the United States by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It was in 1858 that Wagner was obliged to leave his "asylum" in Zurich, and the company of his Mathilde. The jealous Minna was not wholly heartless toward Richard on the morning of his departure. She was waiting for him down stairs; she offered him tea. And this is how he left his wife, according to his Venetian diary, which he kept for Mathilde's benefit: "At the last farewell my wife broke out in tears and lamentations; for the first time my eyes stayed dry. Once again I exhorted her to gentleness and nobleness and quest of Christian comfort; once more the old revengeful vehemence flared up in her. She is incorrigible, I could not help telling myself, yet I cannot venge myself on the unhappy woman; herself she must work out her own sentence. So I was in terrible, sad and deadly earnest; but, weep, I could not. So I set forth. And lo! I won't deny it, it was well with me, I breathed free." He added that he was at last able, alone, in solitude, to love Mathilde with every breath he drew. "Incorrigible" Minna! She wanted her Richard for herself. She found no "Christian comfort," no nobility in sharing him with Mathilde. She was not even of a mentally polygamous nature.

Mr. Ellis, in the final note, entitled "Valedictory," asks instinctively: "Would Wagner and Frau Wesendonck have been happier in the long run had they adopted the alternative suggested on page 25 and left their respective homes together?" Mr. Ellis, for a wonder, will not answer this question positively, but he is inclined toward the belief that if they had run away in 1852-3 they might have been happy, but not in 1858 and afterward. Not because a human being is said to change his skin once in seven years; and, as Mr Ellis says, without for a moment seeing anything funny in his statement, dear Mr. Wesendonck would have been "riper for that separation in the later year"—he was getting used to it, but "the love of Richard and Mathilde had sublimated into something too ethereal by the time of its declaration not to run risk of dispersion by the inevitable shocks of daily intercourse." Mr. Ellis doubts whether Mathilde's character was strong enough to be "a prop and moderator to a genius whose ideas of practical life had become so largely tinged with that transcendency which stamps his art works." What a beautiful euphemism for the plain words "selfish egoist" and "cad." Mathilde, it seems, would not probably have endured poverty. Wagner himself described Mathilde as chasing him, and now Mr. Ellis doubts whether she would have stood the test of daily association. "Affluence was unattainable by Wagner to the end of his days; in its absence the delicate hothouse plant might uncomplainingly have drooped and pined away." Poor Mathilde! But could not Richard have borrowed money from Mr. Wesendonck as from many others? Otto was for a time an easy mark.

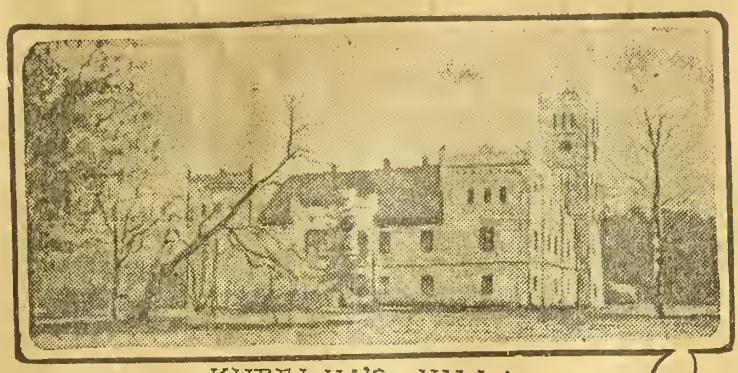
Beginnings of "Parsifal."

The dramatic critic, Sarcey, answered, in effect, when some one asked him if he had read a novel of a somewhat pornographic nature, that the love affairs of others did not interest him. Reading the diary and the letters, we should be chiefly interested in passages that pertain to Wagner's art, opinions on music and composers, hints at what he himself accomplished musically in later years.

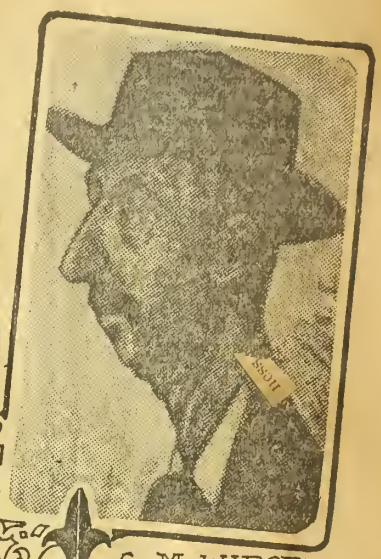
There are, for instance, allusions to "Parsifal." Is it true that Wagner's original intention when writing the libretto of "Tristan," was to introduce both Parsifal and Tristan in the third act? The composer, in connection with his "Tristan," thought much about "Parsifal" and an opera, "The Conqueror," founded on a Hindu legend. In Venice he saw a poulterer tear off the head of a live fowl, and he was indescribably shocked thereby. He analyzed his feelings and wrote down the analysis, three pages long: why he was not seriously touched except by fellow-suffering; why he could feel more compassion for lower natures than for higher, for beasts than for men. If there is any purpose in the suffering of the lower animals, "it can only be the wakening of pity in man, who thereby takes the animal's failed existence up into himself and becomes redeemer of the world inasmuch as he recognizes the error of existence in general. (This meaning will become clear to theo some day from the third act of 'Parsifal' Good Friday morning.") This Good Friday music, it will be remembered, was written years before the other music of the opera.

Still at Venice in January, 1859, he pondered his "Parsifal": "In particular a singular creation, a strangely world-daemonic woman (the Grail's messenger) is drawing upon me with ever greater life and fascination—if I bring this poem off some day I should have to do something very original with that. Only I have no idea how much longer I ought to live to carry out all my various plans. Were I really in love with life I might fancy quite a long existence guaranteed me by this multitude of prospects; yet it does not necessarily follow." Later he made "another altogether new invention for the 'Parsifal,'" and in May he wrote from Lucerne a long account of his scheme. The opera seemed bound to him to be "another nasty job." Amfortas is the principal character: "It is my Tristan of the third act with an inconceivable increase." The composer was staggered by the problem of the Grail for the life given to Amfortas by it unveiled increased his suffering and devotion itself became a torture. "And I'm to execute a thing like that, to boot? Make music for it, too? Declined with thanks! Let him do it who likes; I'll keep it fairly off my neck." There was still another difficulty. Amfortas is the chief character through the tragic interest awakened by his suffering; yet Parsifal, as the longed-for saviour, is indispensable and should be accorded the main interest "unless he is merely to come on at the end as a damping deus ex machina." But in Paris (August, 1860) he saw more and clearer in "Parsifal:" "Once the whole is finally mature within me, the carrying this poem out ought to be an unexampled joy for me; but many a year may be run ere then; also I should like to let it rest, for once, with poetry alone." The errand woman of the Grail and the temptress of the second act are now one and the same. "Huddled in a corner, she is present at Amfortas's scene of agony; sphinx-like, with curious scrutiny she stares at Parsifal; he, too, is stupid, comprehending nothing, open-mouthed—stays dumb. He is cast for it: the errand women of the Grail sinks shrieking of a heap, then vanishes (she must roam again). Was it the original intention of Wagner to have Kundry in the temple scene of the first act? In this letter there is something about the "profound hypothesis of reincarnation." Thus the purity of Lohengrin is explained by the fact that he is the continuation of Parsifal, "who first had to wrest to himself his purity; in the same sense would Elsa reach up to Lohengrin in her rebirth." "The Conqueror" would then be the sequel and conclusion of "Lohengrin," with the heroine Sawitri as a purified Elsa. Wagner also talks about Space and Time as nothing "save our modes of viewing," as having no reality apart from that; and this idea is expressed in the transformation scene of the first act of "Parsifal."

WAGNER'S LETTERS TO MATHILDE WESENDONCK



KUBELIK'S VILLA



C. M. WIDOR
COMPOSER.

JAN KUBELIK
VIOLINIST.

ARTHUR NIKISCH
CONDUCTOR.

The Venetian Diary.

There is comparatively little about music in the Venetian Diary (1858). He purposed to complete "Tristan" in Venice; the chants of the gondoliers moved him, they were "extraordinary, sublime." He saw Ristori as Marie Stuart and found her performance lacking in ideality: "This strain of ideality in German art is that which makes my music possible, and by means thereof, my poetry." "Of an evening, when I take a gondola trip to the Lido, it (the magic of the place) vibrates round me like one of those mellow long-drawn fiddle-notes I love so, and to which I once compared thee." That he used the piano in composition is shown by the waiting for an instrument before going to work: "The Tristan will cost much still, but once it is quite ended, meseems a vastly important period of my life will then have been rounded off, and I shall look with new senses, calmly, clearly, and with deep consciousness, into the world, and through the world, up to thee." He mentioned the gondoliers again, gondolas, with singers and musicians: "fine voices, passable instruments render songs. All is ear. For long I still can hear the tones, ennobled and transfigured by the midnight stillness, tones that as art can hardly captivate me, but had here bacome part of nature." His Erard piano finally came. "Last January, when I went to Paris * * * strange how it struck me to sue so actively for just such a piano." He called on Mme. Erard: "in presence of that altogether dull, insignificant person I became right-down inspired, and transported her—as I heard afterward—to regular enthusiasm: with the turn of a wrist I won the instrument, as if in fun." This piano, through the kindness of the "dull, insignificant person," was sent to Zurich and Wagner began to compose the second act of "Tristan." The songs with Mathilde's words, hitherto only pencil jottings, were written out carefully in Venice. The "Tristan" music pleased him: "What music it's becoming! I could work my whole life long at this music alone. Oh, it grows deep and fair, and the sublimest marvels fit so supply to the sense; I have never made a thing like this! But I also am melting away in this music; I'll hear no more, when it's finished. In it will I live for aye." In a passage of the duet he was long perplexed; at last he wrote it off rapidly: "A severe critic will find a touch of reminiscence in it. The 'Traeume' flit close by; but thou'lt forgive me that—my darling! Nay, ne'er repent thy love of me; 'tis heavenly!"

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Pleased by "Tristan."

In the letters from Venice he complains of Schiller and Goethe as lacking music: "Happy were they, tho'—happier without music: the intellectual concept gives no pain, but in music concept becomes feeling; that consumes and burns, until it bursts into bright flame and the wonderful new light can laugh aloud!" "Mr. Ellis speaks of Wagner as being unable to attain affluence. The composer was born extravagant; in a letter from Venice to Mathilde he says: "I retain my little weaknesses, am fond of nice rooms, love carpets and pretty furniture, like to dress for my indoor work in silk and velvet, and—have to pay for it in correspondence!"

There is some information about "Tristan" in the letters from Lucerne (1859). Wagner himself allowed that his work was good: "Child! This 'Tristan' is becoming something terrible. This last act!!! I fear tho opera will be forbidden—unless the whole is turned into a parody of bad production; nothing but indifferent performances can save me! Completely good ones are bound to send folk crazy—I can see nothing else for it. To this length has it had to come with me!" Yet he thought it was rash of him to publish the poem of "Tristan" before the music, before the difference in plan and execution between a poem intended primarily for music and a purely poetic stage play is so fundamental that the true import of the former, unless it be viewed with discrimination, may be lost. Wagner remembered Mr. Wesendonck's taste and promised to put in plenty of cadences: "Every eight bars a small gratification." He wished Mathilde to find some material for his bedclothes: "I carry my blankets and bedding about with me—pampered mortal that I am! The silk coverings look so terribly dirty, however, that I'm ashamed of the chambermaid seeing them." He preferred green, but red would do, "as the leaf turns in autumn."

He added: "If you found something, you should give the order quite secretly to forward the whole piece to me here."

In June he wrote: "I have just been playing through the finished worked-out first half of my act, and had to tell myself what dear God once told himself when he found that All was good! I have nobody to praise me, any more than dear God had then—circa 6000 years back—and so among other things I told myself: Richard, you're a devil of a fellow!"

He remembered his introducing Sebastian Bach to Mathilde. "Never had he given such delight to myself, and never had I felt so nigh him. But a thing like that doesn't occur to me when alone. When I have music-ed with Liszt, it has been something quite different; it was music-ing; and technic, and Art with a capital played a big role. There's always some hitch between men." Working at the herdsman's welcome to Isolde's ship, he invented a melody that on reflection he set to words of Siegfried addressed to Bruenhilde.

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Paris and "Tannhaeuser."

Wagner craved above all other things an operatic triumph in Paris. The idea, the hope of such a victory, was in his mind, and the disappointment over the failure of "Tannhaeuser" was all the keener. It is true that he, before and after this, abused roundly the French and French art, and then, almost in the same breath, showed his true appreciation of the French spirit. When things did not go well with him, he fretted and whined like any spoiled and naughty child. After his return to Germany in 1863, he wrote Mathilde from Penzing that Germany was an abominable country: "A certain Ruge is right in saying 'The German is vile.'" And why was the German vile? "Not a trace of hope exists there, and you may judge how it stands with my erstpresumed high patrons when I tell you that I have been invited to repeat my Vienna concerts by the Czechs of Prague, the Russians, the Hungarians, whereas I am certain that my precious Germans would decline me if I made an offer of myself." He loathed the people that at the time did not lie awake at night wondering about his works.

The story og "Tannhaeuser" in Paris has been told by Wagner in other letters and by both Germans and Frenchmen who wrote with personal knowledge. Yet in these letters to Mathilde there is much of interest. When the first translator of the libretto into French showed him an unsatisfactory draft, Wagner felt that a heavy load was off his mind, the thought of a French "Tannhaeuser," but his demon, his genius, said to him: "Thou seest how incapable this Frenchman is—or any one else, for that matter—of translating thy poem; consequently, thou'lt simply prevent thy work being given in France at all. But how, when thou art dead, and thy works at last commence to live? How, when one has not to ask thy consent, but produces thy 'Tannhaeuser' in just such another translation as lies before thee and has been wreaked already on the noblest German poems ('Faust,' for instance) with just as little understanding?" Roche, a clerk at the custom house, cheered him, and he soon thought that his operas were not a "paradoxical impossibility" in Paris. Roche assisted in the translation used at the Opera, and Wagner said he was pleased with it, yet we soon find him exclaiming: "I don't believe in my operas in French. I believe neither in a French Tannhaeuser nor in a French Lohengrin, to say nothing of a French Tristan." He began to think translations of his librettos impossible.

He describes a scenario of the ballet in the Venusberg—enlarged to please the Jockey Club, and this differs in certain important points from the final version. Thus the northern Stroemkarl was to emerge from the foaming water and play for dancing on his marvellously big fiddle. Wagner bettered, as he thought, Venus' music in the scene with the bored Tannhaeuser. He had no reason to complain of his treatment at the Opera. "Never in my life have I been so well treated, nor am I ever likely to be again; no matter what I ask is done; nowhere the smallest withstanding." He had all the rehearsals he wished. All details were submitted to him. He rejected thrice the plans for the scenery. "My pillar of strength is my giant Niemann"; and yet this tenor was almost, if not wholly, a traitor to him through fear. Wagner said of Marie Sax, the Elisabeth: "Her voice is wonderful, and not yet spoilt." The Venus, Mme. Tedesco, once the star of the Havana opera company and the toast of Boston's gilded youth, pleased him: "A superb head for her role, only the figure is just a shade too ample." He was sorry Mathilde would not come to see the first French performance, but Mr. Wesendonck was there and sympathized with Wagner after the fiasco.

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Friends in Paris.

These letters from Paris are on the whole the most entertaining portion of the book, and in them Wagner appears more of a man; always the egoist, always thinking of himself, but on the whole a little more human and interested occasionally in other beings. He found Berlioz in a lamentable condition, taking electricity for his ailing nerves and seriously affected stomach. He met Gounod, "an amiable looking, upright endeavoring, but it seems not very highly gifted artist"—destined later as "a suave, good, purely but not deeply gifted man." He read Liszt's "Gypsies," and found the book "turgid and phrasy." Oh, Richard, O mon roi! And your own prose? And the prose of Mr. Ellis, your translator? He had all sorts of plans; he thought of opening a season of his operas in German, and with German singers in Paris. The concert performances of excerpts from his works excited him: "Strange experiences, conversions, peuilletonists rushing to kiss my hand." He praised his admirers, Dr. Gasperini, Villot, Champfleury with "a very pensive, sad, appealing eye," Baudelaire, who did not wish to be presented till he had finished some verses in his honor—this same Baudelaire, who wrote a remarkable article on Wagner and "Tannhaeuser," was said to prefer the scratching of a cat's claws on a window pane to all music. Gustave Dore is named as a young painter, who had made a drawing of Wagner representing him as conductor of an orchestra of spirits in an Alpine landscape. Berlioz was envious of Wagner, according to the latter, and he had "a wicked wife, who lets herself be bribed to influence her very weak and ailing husband." This was the second wife of Berlioz.

The orchestra at the Wagner concerts was a large one, 32 violins, 12 violas, 12 'cellos, eight double bases, but the wind instruments were not energetic. "The oboes remained pastoral all the time, never rising to passion; the horns were miserable, and cost me many a sigh (their wretched blowers excused their repeated false entries by the disconcerting effect of my signal); trombones and trumpets had no brilliance." The enthusiasm of all the players consoled him. To find out the capacity of some of the singers Wagner went to the Opera and heard a new work by Prince Poniatowski. "What a longing seized me for the very simplest mountain vale in Switzerland! As I came home it was exactly as if I had been murdered, and every possibility had vanished into air." But the orchestra of the Paris Opera was "the first in all the world."

He was especially drawn toward the Countess Kalergis, niece of Nesselrode, and why? "She was the first person I have met who surprised me, quite spontaneously, by a truly magnificent grasp of my situation." The sly dog detected a "racy nature" in the wife of the Saxon ambassador, Mrs. von Seebach: "I was surprised by a certain gentle glow that gleams beneath the lava here; she could not understand how any one could overlook the intense warmth of my conceptions, and thought it questionable to take her own young daughter with her to the 'Tannhaeuser.' Such curious acquaintances one makes, you see, but they're nothing more — than acquaintances! Ah! child—let us drop all that!" But was Mathilde reassured?

Liszt and Tausig had been in Paris, and Wagner was glad to be rid of them. He remembered when he met Liszt first in Paris 20 years before: "I had already concelved a great loathing of the world in which he dangled glitteringly and

the gamily before me," and here was again, "basking in the sun, under the bury eyes." A grateful return for pir—that Liszt had done for him! It is a sure to find Wagner more decent ler d just in his opinion some weeks later.

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Aftermath.

The letters written from February, 1862, to June, 1871, are of minor importance. He tells of an inspiration for the orchestral introduction to the third act of the "Meistersinger." "It has become clear to me that this work will be my most consummate masterpiece." Was "Tristan" so soon forgotten? Reminded of his sojourn in Venice after the separation, he wrote Eliza Wille, a friend of Mathilde: "'Tis true one loves but once, whatever of intoxicant or flattering this life may bring our way! Yes, I know it now, now first completely, that I shall never cease to love but her." At that time he knew Cosima only as his friend's wife.

In 1863 Wagner thought of adopting a daughter. "Recently a maiden of 17 years and unimpeachable birth was recommended to me as gentle, willing to serve and uncorrupted; so I took her into my home to dish me tea, look after my things and be present at table and of an evening. God bless me, the trouble I had to get the poor child out of the house again without wounding her feelings! She was bored to death, longing for town again, but took every pains to conceal it; so that my only way to create myself a relative happiness at last, by getting rid of her, had to be on the pretext of my journey. Dear Lord! and yet 'twere so simple to please me. * * * Now the elder sister of the girl sent home has applied to me; she is more experienced, staid, seems well disposed and isn't unagreeable; so I almost think of making one trial more." Then there was a "lovely budding singer in Budapest" who was much stirred by Elsa's music; "the outbreak of these feelings was inexpressibly pretty and moving, and many a one might have thought the damsel had conceived a sudden love for me; so that is some one else to have to 'write' to."

Soon after this Wagner appealed to Mr. Wesendonck for money, and in March, 1864, Mrs. Wille asked whether the Wesendoncks could accommodate the composer with a work room either in the principal building or in the little neighboring house he occupied before—to complete his "Meistersing." No; it was not convenient for the Wesendonck's.

It was in 1864 that Wagner wrote Mr. Wesendonck—or as Mr. Ellis puts it—extended "an olive bough to Otto in the shape of a beautiful epistle." In this letter Wagner admitted that "the disturbance" which drove him away from Zurich should have been "avoided." "It so estranged my life from me, that you yourself, as I, did not really know me again when I last approached you once more." Egoist to the last! After this Otto and Richard wrote friendly letters to each other, but Richard's last letter to Mathilde was a formal request for a favor in June, 1871, and in it Cosima joined in best greetings.

This volume of correspondence is handsomely printed. There are two portraits of Mathilde, one of Wagner, a picture of Wesendonck's villa near Zurich, and a few fac similes. A portrait of the much enduring Mr. Wesendonck should have been added. There is an exhaustive index.

Mr. Ellis, who is alternately amusing or irritating in foot notes, has translated the diary and letters after his own singular manner. There is often the suggestion of a pedagogic German endeavoring to express himself nobly in a language that he understands imperfectly.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Jan Kubelik, violinist, with a view of his villa; a sketch of Arthur Nikisch made by Mr. Hector Dumas in Paris, and a caricature by Mr. Dumas of Charles Marie Widor, the organist and composer. Mr. Kubelik will revisit us next season. His success abroad is continuous. Not long ago he gave his 25th "jubilee" concert in London, with an orchestra conducted by Ernest von Schuch of Dresden, who then, it is said, made his first appearance in England. At a concert in Paris (last month), with the orchestra led by Nikisch, the violinist, according to the Courier Musical, "could not produce a harmonic or play a staccato passage without the inflammable public interrupting the performance by thunderous applause or by a full or languorous explosion of 'bravi' and 'brava.'" But why not occasionally a "bravo?" Mr. Kubelik married after his visit to America a Hungarian countess—"when I was on the peninsula with Sir Arthur," said Maj. Muldoon, "I became acquainted with a condesa, which is Spanish for countess." Now Mr. Kubelik has fame, money, a pair of twins and a villa, as well as a wife, Marianne Csaky-Szell. The villa is at Cychor, near Kolin in Bohemia. The portrait of the violinist published today is from one of the latest photographs.

The sketches of Messrs. Nikisch and Widor were contributed to Musical (Paris) by Hector Dumas, who attended the Colonne concerts last season in search of material. Mr. Nikisch is a favorite in Paris, although his mannerisms do not pass unnoticed, for a critic last month characterized him as the "Brummel of the baton." "The air is filled with his gentle curves, aesthetic festoons, harmonious beating of wings! But his gestures are something more than exquisite: they are of an exceedingly expressive force. They exteriorise musical phrases and transpose them for the eye in lines and curves of absolute precision. This man would make a deaf person enjoy a symphony." Charles Marie Widor is known in Boston chiefly by his organ works and a few songs, though he has written operas and orchestral and chamber works. He is esteemed as a teacher and as a serious minded composer of marked technical ability. Henri Gauthier-Villars once dubbed him "The Gabriel Faure of the poor."

The playwright Gerhart Hauptmann, to whom the prize of 1000 crowns was awarded by the Union of Viennese Concerts for a prologue for the Schiller festival, begged the society to give the sum to a musician. Joseph Reiter was the composer named.

Aino Ackte will give a series of performances next season at the Opera Comique, Paris. Her popularity in Paris as singer and actress is a striking commentary on the taste of the musical public of that city.

Puccini is at Buenos Ayres to attend the performance of his operas.

Alberto Franchetti is at work on an opera, "La Figlia di Jorio," based on d'Annunzio's drama, and also on incidental music for "La Nave," by the same playwright.

Mr. Blackburn wrote last month: "It is very pleasurable to observe that Cesar Franck growns in popularity, so far as his musical work is concerned, in England, which, despite all criticism, has really befriended the great artists of the world much more than any western country. It is our habit to asseverate that nearly all art in the way of music comes from other countries. That is, in a certain sense, the artistic humility of England. When one thinks, after all, how much our country has given to art, and how little we have made of it, the disproportion between the two facts is quite abnormal."

Miss Carlotta Stubenrauch, a violinist, who appeared in Boston as a child wonder at the first concert of the Banda Rossa and afterward studied in Berlin and at the Paris Conservatory, where she took the first prize, played in London June 7, and was warmly praised for her technic, taste and sincerity.

Mme. Emma Calve recently received from Heinrich Conried, impressario of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the largest offer ever made a prima donna, but her contract for a concert tour under the management of Cort-Kronberg this season precluded the possibility of her accepting Mr. Conried's proposition.

MRS. TIPPETT'S CONCERT.

A concert given recently in Portland, Me., by pupils of Mrs. J. E. Tippett of this city was an interesting musical and social affair. The concert was given at the studio of Mrs. Helen Elwell. The singers were Mrs. Mortimer Barney, Mrs. E. W. Gehring, Mrs. Carl Homsted, Miss Gertrude Berry and Miss Martha Hawes. The programme included songs by Kelley, Matthews, Liza Lehmann, Bach, Nevin, Handel, Mendelssohn, Manney, Giordani, Atherton, Foote. A waltz song by Miss Constance Tippett and two trios by her, "April" and "The Haymakers" (sung by Mrs. Homsted and the Misses Berry and Hawes), gave much pleasure. The various singers were praised by the local critics for their tone production, enunciation and interpretation, and the audience, according to an exchange, gave "hearty and well earned congratulations to the singers and to Mrs. Tippett, who has just cause to be highly gratified with the results of her successful teaching."

SCRIABINE'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

Mr. Nikisch brought out Scriabine's third symphony in Paris with Colonne's orchestra, May 29. The audience did not like the work and showed its dislike. Nevertheless, Mr. Nikisch introduced the composer in person, which, says Mr. Boutarel, "under the circumstances was queer." The symphony is entitled "The Divine Poem." There are sub-titles—"Introduction," "Struggles," "Pleasure," "Divine Sport"—and there is a long programme. "The work," says Mr. Boutarel—and he is friendly toward the younger school and not terrified by the radicals—"is built wholly on an extremely uninteresting theme, around which branch out episodic phrases for the introduction of varied rhythmic forms. Some of the episodes are orchestrated rather ingeniously. The programme is long and hardly original. There is a complete disproportion between the philosophical pretensions of the composer and the weakness of his 'divine poem,' which shows a certain mastery in workmanship, but does not shine by any elevation of musical ideas or any sincere and penetrating sentiment." The performance lasted three-quarters of an hour without any pause. Some in the audience expressed "tumultuous" disapprobation. Le Courier Musical said that Scriabine was the victim of the passionate admiration inspired by the modern Russian school. "We expected too much from a musician whose name rhymes with Borodine and were somewhat deceived by his unlooked-for Wagnerism. Just now, when our melomaniacs are exacting, it is not a sinecure to be a Russian. But the slight surprise by no means justified the hostility of some, and their behavior toward the composer, which, far from proving their musical taste, only disclosed their lack of education. It is well understood that we are the most polite people on earth; nevertheless, I earnestly advise strangers to mistrust our politeness, which is special."

AT RANDOM.

King Oscar of Sweden wrote a book entitled "Aphorisms Concerning Music and Song," which was published about 20 years ago. Certain harmonies appealed to him. "I feel sure that I shall not be misunderstood if I venture to assume that, in the chord of the ninth, the lower forms of existence seek to express their mighty impulse toward development—toward the unknown, the incomplete and the transitory, but also toward the emotional and the sympathetic appertaining to our mundane life; whereas it may be justly said of thirds, which are contained, though latent, in the chords of the ninth and seventh, that they are typical of the higher, unfleshly world, in which distinctness and harmony reign." The King also discussed Swedish folk music. "Our popular airs seem a part of our very homes on cold, long winter evenings, by the crackling pine wood fire on the hearth, but they are heard to best advantage, perhaps, far from human habitations during the pale, sultry summer nights of the north. They do not glow with the heat of the sun, but with inner warmth and unsophisticated feeling. They emanate from the innermost parts of a people, more than any other, the large majority of which is constrained to live a lonesome life, and consequently is predisposed to take a melancholy and even mystical view of the world, but which owns a generous and true heart, and has given countless proofs of earnest character and enduring will. This is why the Swedish popular airs always make a deep impression upon their hearers."

A "British Festival Concert," given with 3000 or more performers at the Crystal Palace, was the cause of Mr. Blackburn's remarks: "Though in truth we are not very keen about what we have called mere multiplication of sound, there is, nevertheless, something wonderfully impressive about such multiplication when it is realized on a very large scale. One mile should have no more meaning, in its own way, than millions of miles, and yet the distance of the earth from the most far-off star has, in the cold, mathematical terms of demonstration, a certain terrifying mystery about it which appeals to one's sense of size, when it is realized upon a grandiose scale. The singing of the chorus was naturally not distinguished by much light and shade—that would be far too much to expect, but a certain massiveness of effect, and a singular coherence, due largely to the influence of Dr. Cowen, was very noticeable during the whole course of the afternoon."

July 24, 1905

AT THE STATION.

The train halts and a young man alights, clad in a too readily made suit and carrying a new dress suit case. Carriages of all sorts are in waiting. There is flutter and confusion. He sees the coachmen of the private carriages irreproachable in the close-shaven indifference that is akin to insolence. The nabob of a few seasons mopping his face is borne swiftly to his summer home that sprang into existence as quickly as Aladdin's palace. Young wives are genteelly emotional over the return of husbands after the furious heat of the day. The earliest cottagers in dignified victorias look with tolerance or ill-disguised contempt on the new people. A distinguished guest is greeted with almost religious ceremony on the platform. Young women are high in carts, holding the reins, as did fair girls in Ovid's time, and dashing youths quickly mount to sit beside them. Pompous automobiles with intricate show of levers and flashing brass are freighted. Welcomes, radiant faces, laughter, blushes, and everywhere the show of wealth and luxury! The young man looks on and realizes that these men and women are of another world. The nearest to him is the spectacled professor in a dusty frock coat who believes in exercise and takes his bicycle from the baggage room. There is a springless barge for the young man, and the boy conductor asks carelessly whether he has a trunk. There is one other passenger, an elderly and evidently maiden lady. The barge jolts slowly toward an overgrown boarding house. The iron enters into the soul of the young clerk; he swears that he too will be rich, suddenly, at any cost.

B—A—BA.

Mr. Herman Cohen, in a London journal, protests against spelling as a social test. He sees spelling fast becoming one of the most severe of modern disciplines, a discipline that is very modern, while that of grammar is very old. His argument is that as 200 years ago there was a far greater volume of speech than of writ; that as "the whole of the lower orders never wrote, and their immediate 'betters' seldom"; that as "you can speak grammar or no grammar, but you cannot speak spelling (apart from isolated cases where spelling influences pronunciation)"; it is only in the last two or three decades that it has been common to hear "'he' or 'she'—mostly the latter—'can't spell properly,' and that not as a mere biographical detail, but as a social test." He cannot recall any passage in novels by Miss Ferrier or Jane Austin stamping any one according to orthography. But Mr. Cohen forgets that Macaulay twitted noble dames of the latter half of the seventeenth century for their spelling, "such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit," and quoted the instance of Queen Mary, the daughter of James. She had been educated by a bishop, and was versed in literature, yet she wrote in a Bible: "This book was given the King and I at our crownation." But "crownation" was a word then in good repute, and is there not now at Harvard, at least in the eyes of Mr. Barrett Wendell, praiseworthy looseness in the use of "I" and "me"? We sympathize with Mr. Cohen when he says: "The truth is that spelling, as a rule, is a very unimportant matter; as an exception, a very important one."

He believes in leaving something to the play of the individual mind. Every past half-century for at least 500 years back has had its own orthography; why should there now be an effort to "stereotype the vocabular future"? Look at the fine self-unconsciousness of the old writers, as Bacon, who wrote simple words as "he" in different ways in the same sentence. Why should you cudgel your brains over "already" or "allready"—the latter is the natural form? Does it make a world of difference whether you spell "travelled" or "traveled"? Is it necessary to reserve the termination "ize" for words of Greek origin and "ise" for those of Latin?

Yet there are principles at stake. Many write "forego" in the sense of giving up, going without, but the correct spelling is "forgo," for there should be no confusion between "for" and "fore," words which have nothing to do with one another. This distinction is made more and more, and some publishing houses, as the Times newspaper, scrupulously observe it.

The language has been made less picturesque and forcible to the eye by the effort to have uniformity in spelling by the attempt at spelling that is more phonetic and therefore more "serviceable." A dog was once a "dogge," with the immediate suggestion of teeth and growl. "Bulldogge" should today be the approved spelling. Or let us take sentences from Elyot's "Governour," quoted by Mr. Cohen: "There is an exercise which is right profitable in extreme daunger of warres, but by cause there seemeth to be some perile in the lernynge therof, and also, it hath not bene of longe tyme moche used, specially amonge noble men, perchance some reders wyll litle esteme it. I meane swymmynge. * * * This felde adjoyned to the ryver of Tyber, to the intent that as well men as children shulde wasshe and refresshe them in the water after their labours, as also lerne to swymme." Is not this license singularly attractive to the eye? And to those who desire uniformity it may be said that there is little logical uniformity in the modern attempt at a thoroughly revised system of spelling. By this revision the language suffers when read on the printed or written page: it is colorless, dry, baldheaded.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

In novels the old sea captain, after his good-by to his vessel, spends his remaining years in a cottage on a cliff commanding the sea, where he may watch the ships that pass, hear the call of the ocean, be ready to pass judgment on the weather to come. Occasionally, old as he is, he rushes in a storm to the beach and shames volunteers into a rescuing boat. The fine old sea dog! Thus he lives as Scandinavian warriors were buried, near the sound and the foam of the ocean and the fury of it, that they might be refreshed by the thought of liberty, immensity and action.

In real life the old sea dog, after his voyaging is done, chooses a cottage with back turned toward the water and

as far from it as possible. He looks out on grass and trees; he prefers the setting to the rising sun; his favorite breeze is from the west or the southwest. There are few traces of his past career, nor does he from his veranda or stoop "ahoy" passers-by, fish carts or the vegetable man. Now and then one of the melodramatic old sea captains may be found with a house perched on a rock, lapped by waves, and sometimes he is provided with a telescope and a case bottle of pineapple rum, but this type is more and more a rare bird. The New England farmer put his barn where the city man who buys the farm puts his house. The farmer wanted his house in a sheltered position; the city man thinks first of the view. And so the old sea dog is more like a land cat; he does not wish to get wet, and he wishes shelter. He has no desire to see the tossing or hear the roaring. To him peace is the one thing desirable.

TOO SOON.

In England the attendance at school of children is compelled at the age of 5 and encouraged between the years of 3 and 5. There are rumors that the board of education proposes to withdraw its grants for the education of children who are not yet 5 years old. These rumors have excited some physicians and other friends of the race to protest vigorously against premature education.

The physicians call attention to the encouragement given the spread of infectious diseases. The children at a most susceptible age, at an age when a disease is probably most fatal, are exposed to infection. They give and take with a generosity not shown in other daily contact. The physicians believe that the mortality due to measles and whooping cough would be diminished to a surprising degree if children were not herded together at this tender age.

They also agree to the proposition of some who have studied carefully the problems of education. It is maintained that the child who begins at 6 rapidly comes up to and passes the one that began at 3. This is said to be the universally practical experience of teachers. The brain is not formed, its anatomical structure is not complete until about the age of 7, and that portion of the brain which is concerned with the intellect is the last to develop. The objectors to the present encouragement argue from the general maxim that one should not strain a developing organ.

Some say in reply that a language, such as Greek, may be taught safely to a child of from 7 to 10, although in some European countries the rudiments of Greek are not taught till the 12th year. The answer is made that Greek is a specialized study: "The most just arguments which extol its magnitude and loftiness and subtlety are arguments for delaying its study until the mind is ready for it. It is a poor compliment to Greek to say that an average boy of 10 is fit for it." This answer is extended by saying that any subject which excites intellectual nausea in a child mentally and physically sound is brought to him prematurely.

Suppose a child is not taught to read until he is 7 years old, how can he then be educated? The answer is ingenious and sensible: Teach him how to articulate, to chew properly, to sleep soundly and regularly, to develop a sane appetite, to love nature and living things, to be sympathetic, to obey—"it is as easy to teach obedience to a child as to a well-bred dog"—to be courteous, unselfish, self-contained; simple drawing, or the distinction between musical tones may also be taught. "In short, during these years it is possible to teach a child nearly all those things in which its seniors are so woefully deficient. And if the foundations of these priceless acquirements are not now laid, they will cost far more, or be unpurchaseable, in later years." Yet, as a writer says epigrammatically with reference to indisputably precocious children, "it is hard to convince any one that the proper way to treat precocity is judiciously to discourage it."

July 25 1905

ROSEBERY'S HORSE.

The Herald has more than once commented on the names given to racehorses and chargers by Greeks, Romans, French, English and Americans. The defeat by Val d'Or of Lord Rosebery's hitherto unbeaten colt, Cicero, suggests the question why the name Cicero should ever have been given to a racehorse. For Cicero was a formal orator, fussy about his sentences, and rather ponderous. Were he alive today old Cis, as Artemus Ward fondly called him, would read his orations in the Senate from a typewritten manuscript and with traditional gestures. The leading newspapers throughout the land would have copy before the delivery, in ample time, so that he might be able to see revised proofs. There are the orations against Catiline, for example, the orations that have given so many boys unpleasant hours. Is it not now believed that they were sketched and then polished laboriously after the said Catiline had announced his intention of going and also returning? We like to think of Cicero in the old and approved costume of the American statesman of glorious days, with a high stock and a broad-brimmed stovepipe, oratorical in the Senate, on a hotel veranda, or in a bar-room surrounded by admiring constituents eager to have the honor of paying for his julep, cobbler or brandy and water. He was the man to give the opening lecture of an educational lyceum course, or to present diplomas with appropriate remarks to the graduates of a female seminary. But the mind refuses to think of Cicero as a fast horse. The pride of Lord Rosebery's stable was sure to fall in the end; the handicap was too great.

BAFFLING INITIALS.

They found among the papers of a man who is charged in New York with several crimes and misdemeanors a card that bears the following memorandum: "P. P., admires; W. M., loves nobody: she is jealous; W. B., marries; J. B., hates; W. W., dislikes; W. E., courts; R. B., beautiful; W. C., engaged; Pansy loves—stranger friend."

This memorandum may well excite curiosity. The man in jail has had two wives, who died in turn under suspicious circumstances; and other events in his checkered but never dull career proclaim him loudly to be first of all an amorist. This code or cipher evidently was framed with regard to women. The letters are not probably the initials of women's names, for five of the lot would then have Christian names beginning with W, an uncommon initial for female Christian names in this country. On the other hand, if the letters are for a cipher in correspondence, there is little distinction between J. B. and W. W. If W. M. loves nobody, of whom or what is she jealous? Jealous of attentions, praise, character? And when there is consideration of "W. C., engaged; Pansy loves—stranger friend" what shall be said? Who will unriddle the riddle, now that Poe's friend, the reader of ciphers, is presumably dead? Whether one of this man's wives died of poison or lockjaw is to the speculative a matter of comparative indifference; they might be tempted to forgive the widower, even if he were guilty, provided he were to unravel this greater mystery.

FROM THE BOTTOM.

The Japanese are raising Russian warships in Port Arthur; an English nobleman is endeavoring to find with the aid of divers the treasure vessel of the Spanish Armada; but there are some who are more interested in the attempt of Lieut.-Col. Malfatti, who has been studying the problem of raising two Roman boats from the bottom of Lake Nemi. There have been previous attempts—in 1450, about a century later, and then in 1827; but the boats may be said to have been discovered in 1895, for all traces of them had been lost, and it was then that they were definitely located. The boats are about 200 feet long; one is in about thirty feet of water, the other in about 500. Malfatti believes the only way to raise them without harm to the structure after these centuries is to lower temporarily the level of the lake.

The foreign journal from which we learn these facts adds that the boats are the "pleasure craft on which some of Caligula's worst orgies took place." Now Suetonius, a garrulous gossip, whom it is the fashion of whitewashers of Tiberius and other Roman emperors to denounce as malicious and a liar, chronicles with minuteness the amusements by day and night of this same Caligula; how he delighted to witness the infliction of punishments, to frequent taverns and boozing kens dressed in a wig and a long coat, to sing and dance and vie with gladiators; how he invited a number of people to attend the dedication of a bridge and then threw them headlong into the sea; how he burned alive in the centre of the amphitheatre the writer of a farce-comedy that did not please him, and thus he showed himself a true patron of art. And other monstrous and incredible anecdotes are narrated by Suetonius. In a chapter descriptive of Caligula's extravagance he tells of two vessels: "He built two ships with ten banks of oars, after the Liburnian fashion, the poops of which blazed with jewels, and the sails were of various parti-colors. They were fitted up with ample baths, galleries and saloons, and supplied with a great variety of vines and other fruit trees. In these he would sail in the daytime along the coast of Campania, feasting amidst dancing and concerts of music." Is it possible that these boats are the ones at the bottom of Lake Nemi? Suetonius mentions no others. These are among the boats that one would like to see—to be gaped at with Cleopatra's barge, the vessel that bore Columbus in 1492, the Mayflower, the Town-Ho.

AROUND THE WORLD.

A youth who passed his examination for entrance into the naval academy showed us the questions in geography. We rubbed our eyes. How many friends and acquaintances could answer these questions? Mr. Ferguson is described as a well informed man. How, sir, would you go from Trieste to St. Petersburg? What are the chief cities through which you would pass? What large rivers would you cross? Or can you name accurately the capitals of the states of the Union? How would you go in the shortest possible way from Duluth to Australia?

How is geography taught in the schools today? A man of 50 years remembers his geography chiefly as a shelter for the dime novels he devoured in school hours: "Silverheels, the Delaware." "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," "Seth Jones," and other works still remembered, although he cannot tell today the date of the first block house in New England, and is not quite sure whether the lines of longitude run up and down or across on the map. He recalls the staple products of Texas as announced in the sixties, but ask him to draw roughly the position of Roumania, Bulgaria, and the other "ias" somewhere near those countries which are as vague to him as Ultima Thule or the land of the Lotus Eaters.

Mr. Andrew D. White in his autobiography spoke of his disgust at Yale when he found in the teaching of the classics "a system which made everything of ge-rund-grinding and nothing of literature." His classmate Delano Doddard made an excellent translation from Xenophon's "Memorabilia," but he was not praised for it, nor was there any attempt to interest the class in the character of the passage itself; all the questions were dryly grammatical. How many boys today loathe the name of Homer, or Virgil, or Ovid, or Sophocles because the poems or tragedies are used only to test grammatical proficiency! And there are graduates who, thus maltreated in their youth, cannot understand why Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, reading a manuscript essay by a youth who had given his days and nights to Carlyle, advised him earnestly to read Virgil. Geography in like manner was a dry study in our boyhood. Is it made more entertaining or useful in 1905? An old sea captain in a village store tells us that the most of the saltpetre in the world comes from Calcutta; that the town has been so undermined thereby it will eventually be engulfed. Is this true, Mr. Ferguson, or is the ancient mariner a josher? We are told that he was a coaster, not a deep-sea sailor.

Alexander Dumas the Elder wrote delightful books of travel in which he described graphically countries he had never visited. May not one learn much of true geography, lands, people, animals, vegetation, manners and customs by reading books that are not geographical treatises? No doubt Pierre Loti, Lafcadio Hearn and Prof. Morse saw each a different Japan, according to his eyes and temperament and wish. Pierre Loti's Japan is in some ways an operetta country, but is not his India, "without the English" the real India, the land of mystery and religions, the land of color and famine? Corsica is still the birthplace of Napoleon and the home of the vendetta, the Corsican Brothers and men and women portrayed by Prosper Merimee. Of what use is it to know its population and its products? The boy of the sixties saw a picture of wolves pursuing a Russian peasant. Was not the picture unconsciously symbolical? Might not the wolves pictured today have ducal heads? In spite of modern civilization, the east is still the country of "A Thousand Nights and a Night"; silks still come from France and not from Berlin; the Parisians are polite and devoted to art; cutlery is made at Sheffield and not in Germany; there are still unexplored deserts in western America; the Spaniard does nothing but attend bull fights; port wine is not associated with Newfoundland; Patagonia is inhabited solely by rude giants. We were taught all this, and we thus look over the world today, still seeing the pictures in the old geographies and remembering here and there a passage of the text. The father of the household brought home proudly Colton's Atlas in two huge volumes, confident that it would be of service a lifetime. But what atlas is now strictly accurate at the end of a year from the time of its purchase?

July 26, 1905

WITH HAIR DOWN.

A looker-on in New York, a close observer—he might also be called a rubber-necker—describes "the array of women drying their hair in the sun in the windows of their flats after a home shampoo." This sight is seen in its perfection, it is said, from the easterly windows of the Columbus avenue elevated railroad. "Some of the women face the window and throw their hair forward over their face like a veil; others sit back to the window and spread their tresses out over the back of a chair. A few are assisted by a friend or a maid to keep the hair shaken out loose."

This practice was regarded as dangerous in the Italian years when brunettes were eager to be blondes. More than one suddenly fair woman after the application of the cunningly prepared lotion—the prescriptions for these two century-old lotions are still in existence—died or went mad from the exposure to the sun that was supposed to crown the work. In spite of the jests about chemical blondes and peroxide beauties, there is now no necessity for lotion or exposure. Did not Mrs. Vance Cheney say lately at a meeting of Disciples of the Higher Thought, that if a woman wishes to be beautiful all she has to do is to make it the purpose of her life. "Keep it always before you. State it and restate it mentally until it becomes fact to you. Add enthusiasm—quarts of it—and your self-conscious possession of beauty will appear in the flesh. Sometimes it may take a spasm of mind, but, then, it is worth the price." It is well known that fear will turn a person's hair gray in the space of a night. The most affecting instance we recall is the case of Don Diego

Osorius, a Spaniard of noble birth. Donatus tells it: "Don Diego, being in love with a young lady of the court, had prevailed with her to have a private conference under a shady tree in the King's gardens; but by the unfortunate barking of a little dog the lovers were discovered and the young gentleman seized by some of the King's guards and imprisoned. It was capital punishment to be found in that place, and accordingly he was condemned to die, but was so terrified at the hearing of his sentence that, though he was in the bloom of youth, his hair was all turned gray before the next morning. This prodigy being told to the King, he pardoned him, saying he had been sufficiently punished for his fault by the sudden change of the flower of his youth into the hoary hairs of age." A spasm of mind may as easily change a brunette to a blonde and back again. But there must be quarts, not pints, not gills, of enthusiasm.

This process of washing and drying the hair should be turned into a social enjoyment, as in the time when friends and lovers were expected to call, to give the news of the court and town, to woo. A student of life in the Renaissance describes a woman of rank or any famous beauty as dressed in a chemisette of fine linen, cut low at the neck, ready for the hairdresser and her friends. Then was she at ease, then could she show her heart to her friends until her coiffure was arranged—the operation of dressing the hair was most elaborate—and she was packed in a sort of strait-jacket, a tight garb supported by busks or whalebones, for the ceremonies of the day. For three hours under the hands of the hairdresser she could be her natural self. Then was she approachable. Why should not a beauty of the Back Bay be "at home" on a like occasion? Why should she sit solitary and bored while her hair is adrying in the sun? It's a wonder that Mr. James H. Hyde, who has such a love for the French of the eighteenth century, has not used his persuasive influence in bringing into fashion one of the most delightful features of social life in the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. There are minute descriptions of such receptions in the books of the De Goncourt brothers on woman in the eighteenth century. The sociological studies by Alfred Franklin might also be consulted with reference to earlier years. There would then be no excuse for any errors in detail. If beauty draws us with a single hair, think of her with all her hair down.

FRENCH ENGLISHMEN.

In spite of the closer relations between the French and the English, the traditional type of the Englishman as imagined by the French is still dear to the Parisian novelist and playwright. John Leech many years ago drew for Punch a sketch of this type whom he represented as saying: "Godam! Roshif! I shall sell my wife at Smithfield!" To which the French might answer that Leech's sketch of the two Parisians at the Crystal Palace exhibition looking with amazement at a washstand with bowl, pitcher and towels, and one saying to the other: "Mon Dieu, Alphonse, what is that extraordinary machine?" was equally untrue to life. But when the modern Frenchman introduces an Englishman in a novel, the character is, as a rule, wholly fantastical. Whether the novelist be de Goncourt, Mirbeau or de Regnier, the Englishman is even more impossible than many imagined by Victor Hugo when he was at work on "The Man Who Laughs."

We were reminded of this slavish adherence to an absurd tradition by reading a novel of de Regnier in which Mr. Thomas Tobyson of Tottenwood figures. The action of the story is in the eighteenth century. Mr. Tobyson is portrayed as uncommonly tall, heavy, muscular. He has a scarlet face, a scarlet coat and the fists of a coalheaver. His older brother is a peer, but he himself made a fortune in commerce and spends his life in running over Europe, collecting precious stones, calling on play-actresses, ballet girls and other famous dames, and drinking. He is gigantic, silent, phlegmatic, imperturbable. Whenever he enters the drawing-room of a play-actress he at once gives her solemnly some rare gem, and her servant brings him several bottles of wine. He is a polyglot, but fear of an imperfect accent leads him to speak English when he is in company. He goes restlessly from city to city, bored beyond measure, for he has sworn never to see his wife again as long as she lives, and yet the only thing that would give him true pleasure would be to walk in a fine mist over a bridge of the Thames. This wife is dwarfish and otherwise unattractive, but he constantly sends her jewels and precious stones, with which she bedecks herself till she looks like a shrine. Hear him: "We English, sir, have a high regard for men who carry out their duty, passion or whim. To do what one wishes, that is everything."

If one says that Mr. Tobyson is of the eighteenth century, the answer is that he is the same Englishman inherently as those portrayed by de Goncourt in "La Faustin," by Mirbeau in one or two romances, and by others that also describe contemporaneous life. Mr. de Regnier is a man of travel and observation. He has seen and talked with many Englishmen of culture. Is it possible that he does not venture to portray another type lest he should be accused of being an idealist? Or do all these modern novelists still have in mind the exploits of the famous Lord Seymour, known for years in Paris as Milord Arsouille, who, in some respects almost a legendary character, led a life characterized by de Villemessant in his entertaining sketch of him as regrettable, incomprehensible, highly questionable, so far as elegance of manners and good taste are concerned? The typical Englishman in nine-tenths of the French novels is a mixture of spleen and phlegm, cold-blooded, yet in a way a disciple of the Marquis of Sade.

BESSIE ABBOT.

A New York writer notes the fact that Miss Bessie Abbot will sing in concerts next winter in this country. He remembers that with her sister in vaudeville she was earning $500 a week when "the grand opera bee began to buzz in her bonnet"; she studied, and at last sang with success at the Opera in Paris. "All that time, of course, she never earned as much as she was getting here in the continuous theatres, and her expenses for costumes were much greater. * * * It is fair to prophesy that Miss Abbot would have earned more in a season of vaudeville at her old salary than she will in all her more ambitious efforts. But other American girls have done the same thing before her, and will doubtless continue to make the same mistake."

The writer forgets that the managers and the audience of vaudeville shows, like the Athenians of old, are constantly desirous of seeing or hearing some new thing. The most popular, the highest paid, last only for a few seasons, and few women in the business have the ingenuity to accommodate themselves to the public taste or, what is indispensable, anticipate, create it. A woman may give pleasure in a continuous show when she is comparatively a beginner, and she may, after a season or two and with further study, win success in serious opera, when she will be assured of at least a reasonable salary, if she has real talent and lives soberly. But when she is a too familiar figure on the vaudeville stage what is she to do?

Furthermore, this writer forgets that ninety-nine out of one hundred young singers have a wild ambition to shine in serious opera; that they are prepared, yes, eager, to make all sorts of sacrifices and undergo severe drudgery. They are happy in this chase after fame. They are supremely happy if they at last appear in grand opera, even in an unimportant part. If they never achieve the distinction they seek they know that they did their best, and then they may turn toward light opera or go on the vaudeville stage, or make a name in concert halls. Few of them are eaten up at once with desire for gain. It is only when they become full-fledged prima donnas that they are known as grasping, avaricious. Miss Abbot has made a certain mark in the operatic world. She is undoubtedly happier than if she had made money in vaudeville, were now losing ground and were conscious of the fact that she might have been celebrated in serious opera if she had only had the courage of her conviction.

A MELANCHOLY MAN.

It is announced that the Shah of Persia will visit the United States and Mexico. He is suffering from the effects of heat, and the physician advises a long voyage. His majesty also suffers from melancholia. He has what Henley describes as the tedium of the east. But the ancient Kings of Persia had a palace for each season, and the cooling drinks of that country are celebrated in books of travel and in native song. Could the Shah find no comfort in marble hall, seated by splashing fountain with a sherbet in each hand? It is the melancholia rather than the heat that drives the Shah avoyaging. When Menelaus, in the operetta, set out for Crete, his wife and the assembled crowd sang: "The plaintive King who embarks is truly most imprudent," but the Shah will leave behind him more than one wife. He will be a welcome visitor, for he is a romantic person, and his bravery was tested in Paris—the bravery of a fatalist. Furthermore, he is said to be well behaved, unlike his predecessor, who made a mess in the palace assigned to him in London, a mess that recalled the visit of Peter the Great; for he left John Evelyn's house in a foul condition, and the treasury was obliged to pay the vexed host a large sum of money. The Shah will find plenty of amusement in New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and possibly in Chicago. We doubt whether he would be happy in Boston, in spite of the Omar Khayyamists here resident. What could he do after he had seen the Public Library, the Museum of Fine Arts and the subway? There is not even a bulbul in the Public Garden.

A QUEER COMPOUND.

A Bostonian back from a vacation trip told us of adventures in the Provinces: how on Prince Edward Island he lived for two weeks on alternate mutton and "biled 'addock"; how in a Halifax barroom he saw one memorable night men clothed and apparently in their right mind drinking large quantities of port mixed with gin. The wonder had not yet gone from out his eyes. "I said to the barkeeper, 'Where do you get your port?' and he said, 'Newfoundland.' I felt like answering, 'Yes, and codfish comes from Terre Haute,' but I didn't, for I was not sure of the feeling toward Americans in Halifax; whether reciprocity in repartee would go down."

The barkeeper in this instance was undoubtedly truthful. Portugal has for over two centuries been fond of codfish; port was carried back as a return cargo in vessels that took the fish, and thus the question of return ballast was settled. At first the wine was for the owners of the vessels. It was taken crude and then mellowed on a Newfoundland coast. After a while it was discovered that the port improved in quality after it remained in Newfoundland for a time. Then came the practice of importing, storing in cellars and again exporting. A demand for it arose in England, where the wine was introduced by Devonshire fishermen. Thence it was sent to the European continent and afterward to the American colonies, but after the revolutionary war the trade with the United States was direct. Before Waterloo, one firm in Newfoundland had got control of the whole business. No one knows how the climate affects the wine, but the conditions are suited to the mellowing. It is said that a thirty-gallon cask stored in Newfoundland holds only twenty-six gallons at the end of ten years. The port is known to many in this country, and if we are not mistaken Mr. Seth Low telegraphed to St. John's for a cask of it the day after he was elected mayor of New York.

And so French colonial vessels take salt cod to Bordeaux and bring back cheap claret to St. Pierre and Miquelon. A Cornish schooner from Fowey takes every year a cargo of salt fish from Newfoundland to Malta, and as a rule calls at Marsala for a return cargo. When Reunion and Bourbon sent sugar to France the return cargoes of Bordeaux were partly unshipped at Mauritius, where claret for this reason was to be had cheap.

But why port and gin? Is the gin supposed to enliven the port, or the port to soften the gin? The blend is popular in Halifax, and the drinkers would probably say in answer that they mix because they like it, without giving any chemical or aesthetic reason.

UNKNOWN.

When the statement was made that a Newark man, who invented celluloid collars and cuffs, was nearing death at his summer cottage, thousands became acquainted for the first time with his name. There should be a dictionary of inventions with the names of the respective inventors. When there were several claimants for the honor, as in the case of the sewing machine and the electric telegraph, there should be a short inquiry into the reasonableness of the rival claims. Mr. Albert A. Sanborn invented, it is said, the celluloid collar and cuff. Who invented the paper collar? Who first imagined the reversible cuff, a sweet boon to thousands? Who invented elastic suspenders and congress gaiters? Who first thought of a cork penholder? And so one might go through the list of simple and convenient things and ask in vain what man found out or stumbled upon this article once or now deemed necessary, indispensable.

It would also be interesting to know in each instance whether the inventor made money by his invention or improvement; how often he was cheated, robbed, betrayed; how often he died poor and wretched, while others profited by his brains and amassed enormous fortunes. It is an old saying that inventors are seldom practical in business. Sometimes the invention itself is not practical until a looker-on guesses the one thing needful. A suitable title for such a book would be "The Tragedy of Inventions", but the book would be in more than one volume, even if little space were given each unfortunate.

MALE HINDRANCES.

Let us once more catch glimpses of the men and women on the merry-go-round in Vanity Fair.

Mrs. Lydia K. Commander—oh, the auspicious name!—put the searching question: "Are you a possessive wife, or are you an objective one?" at a meeting of the New York Legislative League. She might also have asked: "Are you a possessing wife or an objecting one?" Mrs. Commander answered her question, and, we fear, truly: Women in America are possessive; from which we infer that they own their husbands. Yet Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates spoke right out in meeting and cited instances where husbands were a decided hindrance to their wives. She told a sad story about her "janitress," whose husband left her. (Would not the meekest tenant be ready to leave a "janitress"?) "Several weeks later she said he was dead, and that she had been having a fine time since, with no man to sit up and watch for at nights. Opening her mouth very wide she exclaimed: 'Look at me teeth, I've new ones since he's gone.'" It's a mean husband who will not buy his wife teeth when she is toothless; he is, indeed, a hindrance. It is still the custom in certain New England villages to give the bride a set of china teeth on her wedding day, but a husband's duty is not then done; he

July 28 1905

should see to it that her teeth are always in good working order, although he may not be a Fletcherite.

Here is another instance of where a husband was a hindrance. Mr. Herman Klafter of New York before a magistrate charged his wife with insanity. "She was a beautiful cook, judge. She baked the finest biscuits and bread in the world. She could cook roast beef that would make your mouth water. She knew just when to pull it out of the oven, and she never bought a tough piece of meat in her life, or a tough chicken, or a tough goose." Ten happy years and three children for Mr. Klafter—and after that the dark. "About six months ago she refused to cook for me. Since then I have had to live on bologna, cheese, bread and pickles." The magistrate asked the wife why she did not cook for her husband. "Because he gives me only seventy-five cents a week, and I have had to live on charity." In this instance Mr. Klafter was a hindrance to art as well as to his wife. Mrs. Klafter was more patient than Mrs. Jennie Stotter of St. Louis, who sued her Clarence for divorce on the ground that for a year after the wedding she had nothing to eat but mush and milk. Whenever she suggested to Clarence that this diet was monotonous he would advise her to go into the garden to get tomatoes and fry them. A cheap humorist, this Clarence! And he, too, would tire of mush; then he would go home to his mother and leave her to provide for herself.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost would no doubt sympathize with these hindering husbands, for not long ago at a meeting of the Sunrise Club, after announcing the fact that he had at last succeeded in eliminating his conscience, that good and evil are to him all gammon and spinach, and that he yields to every temptation in the world, he shouted: "If I wanted to beat my wife, I'd beat her. If I don't, it's because I had rather not. It's more comfortable. Shall I blame another man who drinks and beats his wife because it gives him joy?" But Mr. James F. Morton, Jr., "free love advocate and philosophical Anarchist," could hardly follow Mr. Pentecost in his inexorable logic. To him right is that which is in accordance with the process of evolution. There are bad men, as there are bad eggs. And what, men and brethren, is a bad egg? It is one that "does not express itself on the plane that belongs to an egg." After which Mr. Morton declared that he was not afraid of the sex question. Mr. Edwin C. Walker also addressed the meeting, and said bravely that a good man was something higher and nobler than a good egg. "Has he no outlook in life beyond the egg's?"

No, husbands are not necessarily hindrances. Mrs. Lydia K. Commander and Mrs. Margaret Holmes Bates may shoot their poisoned arrows at poor man, but there are women who make allowances for him, as did the Queen of Roumania. She knows that as his sentiments are less complex, it is hard for him to understand the nature of women, nor has he time in the daily struggle "to study the intricate machinery of a woman's soul." However trying he may be, "the sunshine of smiles, the gladness of a perpetual holiday should always meet him on his own threshold." No doubt the teeth of the "janitress" were good enough for household use, and her desire for a new set sprang from vanity, from the desire to shine in society. What a glowing testimonial was that of Mr. Klafter to his wife's culinary abilities!

Could such a man be unfaithful to her? Not for a moment. Clarence, in St. Louis, knew that mush and milk was the best possible diet for his adored one; he did not take her with him to his mother's lest her digestion might suffer and her complexion be blotched. He himself, reared on mother's pie and doughnuts, was immune. We have done these men injustice.

A DREARY ISLE.

Sakhalin, which Japan has retaken from the Russians, has been described curtly as a convict island, but since the taking we have seen no precise description of the old prison life. It appears that the island has been the home of "violent" convicts; the judge of the violent was the governor of the Siberian station. We find in a foreign paper the following account of the procession of those landed to the jail: "First among the prisoners come men with fetters on their legs, and linked together in pairs. The clanking of their chains make a dismal noise. Next come half a dozen men, each without fetters, but secured by the hands to a long iron rod. Then follow female prisoners and, after them—the most affecting part of the whole—the wives and children who have chosen to accompany into exile their husbands and fathers. Behind them rumble telegas or rough wagons, which carry baggage and the children that are too young or infirm to walk." Readers of The Sunday Herald may remember the description given a few weeks ago of a similar procession in Giordano's "Siberia," one of the most thrilling scenes in the opera. The mournful chant of the prisoners is heard before they come in sight; it grows in intensity; after the scene when they arrive, the chant is resumed by the departing wretches and at last dies away. Did the exiles in Sakhalin have the heart to sing even a lugubrious, hopeless chant?

These prisoners were allowed daily three pounds of bread and a half-pound of meat each, and the kindly disposed could give them alms. The cells were mouldy and damp, less food was given to them than on the journey and the work in the salt mines was most exhausting. Few of the prisoners could read, but all alike were condemned to this labor, and when bodies gave way in exhaustion, there was the bodiga to encourage them; the prisoner was so fixed that he could neither wriggle nor scream, and he was flogged on the back with wire thongs bound at the end with pointed tin. There were other tortures which should not be described, and during any one of them the wretch was gagged. One can readily believe that no passage in Dostoievsky's dreadful "Memories of the House of the Dead" rivals in horror a plain statement of the atrocities committed on this island now owned again by the courteous and strangely smiling Japanese.

AT TABLE.

How many who pride themselves on their easy behavior in restaurants, their discrimination and taste in ordering a dinner or a supper, their ability to command the respect of a waiter, could pass an examination in the terminology of landlords? For example, why is a beefsteak treated in a peculiar manner known as Chateaubriand? Was the celebrated Frenchman the first to double the thickness of the "bifteck"? He wrote "The Genius of Christianity"; was this dish therefore named after him by some one who found in it a symbol of religion? Was the dish inspired by his wanderings in American forests when he dreamed of his "Atala"? No; as the story goes, when he was ambassador his cook, a man of invention and imagination, devised a new method of cooking the potatoes which accompany the steak doubled in thickness. Who reads Chateaubriand today? Who does not know the steak that bears his name?

Or why is a pudding called Nesselrode? After the Russian chancellor, you say, with a confident smile. But was the name given by the chancellor's cook or by a Parisian cook as a delicate compliment, or did the diplomat himself frame the recipe? In Paris you may relish "ecrevisse bordelaise," but this particular dish was never known in the Gironde until a famous Parisian cook, Borel, invented it, as another did the "sole normande." You order in an American restaurant a "tourneados," and the French waiter shows the proverbial politeness of his race by not smiling at your accent. You remember when you first ordered one in a spirit of curiosity—it was the bassoon player in the minstrel show who, when asked what he was going to play, answered, "Anything that comes out." But now that you are familiar with the appearance of a tournedos, could you give its origin? Is it true that Veron, bored at the Cafe de Paris by seeing every day a filet of beef on the table at which he sat with his friends, asked his waiter to find something new; that the chef conceived the idea of cutting the filet into small pieces; that the platter was not then put on the table, but passed behind the guests—hence its name—is all this true?

The American of late years has plumed himself on the fact that he of all men in the world knows the full glory of the lobster. The lobster is indeed, now that he is gradually disappearing, a species of divinity to chorus girls, angels, johnnies, dead game sports, as, according to the old Roman satirist, a fish was worshipped in his day. Has not a species of American, found chiefly in cities, received an identifying name from the thing which it orders served "boiled alive," with the accompaniment of "wine," that it may thereby find favor in the eyes of a fair one? Is not New York city itself, to borrow a term from the Sun, one grand lobsterorium? But can chorus girl or angel or lobster himself give the reason why one dish is associated with Thackeray, another with Newburg? Why not with Dickens, Peekskill or Bellport? We are far from the Jeffersonian simplicity of the years when lobsters were eaten at street corners, cold and with the aid of a jack-knife. In the early seventies in Paris lobster a l'americaine was a famous dish, and it is said that Englishmen crossed the channel simply to eat it. It was served admirifically at Pascal's. The sauce was first of all that used for crabs a la bordelaise—carrots chopped into the form of dice, thyme, bay, with a little of the jelly of meat and butter, all in white wine; but tomato sauce and brandy were added, and it was all important that the lobster should be cut up alive. There were protests against this last indispensable crime. The answer was that there were other culinary cruelties. Thus roast nightingales were a favorite dish in the season, but the birds were not killed. One was caught, and two or three drops of good rum put into its beak made it fall dead drunk. The bird, with others, was then larded, spitted and turned five or six times before a quick fire. The livers and the other insides odorous with rum were put on the birds, and pepper was shaken over the whole. The digestion was most amiable and the conscience was clear, for the birds at least died happy. The amateurs of nightingales thus triumphed over the lobsterites. But early in the seventies was lobster in the United States served in this "American" fashion? We have been told that it is almost impossible to find gruyere cheese in the region that gives the name; that hardly anybody in Dundee eats the marmalade which makes the town famous throughout the world.

IRRITATING SONG.

The Herald has received the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald: Apropos of your editorial anent the songs of the civil war, I wonder if people here at the North know how deep some of the songs buried themselves in the minds of the "Johnnies"? In the late seventies I chanced to spend a few days in Mobile, where my wife was born and lived during the war. I was made heartily welcome, and every kind of hospitality was extended to me and my party; but one afternoon, while walking on one of the principal streets, near the Battle House, in company with several of my new-made southern friends—not that they were new-made, only the friendship!—and as conversation flagged, I unconsciously whistled "for lack of thought," when all at once one of the gentlemen remarked: "I wouldn't whistle that if I were you while you are here!" Utterly unconscious of what I had been whistling, I stated the fact, at the same time asking, "What was it?" and, "Why should I not whistle it, whatever it was?" "Well," he replied, "though the war is over now some ten or twelve years, we, strange as it may seem to you, are still sore about the Yankee tunes." It transpired that I had, in entire innocence as to giving offence, been whistling the well known tune (after Libby and Andersonville):

"In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And my happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes," etc., etc.

Those old-fashioned, ungrammatical and, in a way, unpoetical songs of the time were freighted with all kinds of emotions, each according to the topography.

F. A. H.

Winthrop, July 22, 1905.

And yet there was little or nothing in the song itself to distress or disgust the most unreconstructed southerner. The prevailing sentiment of the verses, a desire that the war should end, that the volunteer might return home, was common to both southerners and northerners. If "F. A. H." had whistled "John Brown's Body," in which the wish to hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree was expressed bluntly, we could understand the irritation of his hearers. It is doubtful whether any one whistling "Dixie" in a northern town during the war would have been molested even by radical abolitionists, but "Dixie" was a negro minstrel ditty sung in the North before the war; it was adopted by the South as a national tune. Even today there are old melodies fraught with bitter association which bring scowls to Irishmen's faces and often incite to violent deeds. During the Franco-Prussian war would any German beer garden music conductor have put on the programme an overture in which the "Marseillaise" is introduced? But "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," was pacific in sentiment, and if there were cells in the South for prisoners of war, there were also cells in the North.

A NECK NOTE.

The late Jean Jacques Henner, the painter famous for his pictures of women, "made a specialty of that turn of the shoulder which comprises the turn of the ear and the soft melting curve of the back of the neck." Whether his models had their ears high or low on the shoulders is not cabled, but that is a mere detail; the painter was famous for catching and preserving the "soft melting curve of the back of the neck," so that admiring American students in Paris were not necessarily slangy when they said: "Get on to Henner's curves."

Only a few days ago we read in an English scientific journal—there was nothing else to read in the room, not even a stale newspaper—that a man's neck is usually too long and that man himself is responsible for this abnormality. The long neck is brought about—the scientist swears it—by the undue height of collars and by the undue height of the collars or stocks of our fathers before us. "The fathers have worn tall collars, and the children's necks have lengthened in proportion. Then the children, under the influence of heredity, have worn taller collars, and their necks have lengthened out of all proportion." One might well ask, But is not a collar made for the neck? A long-necked man prefers a high collar, and the reason is not far to seek. An ancient philosopher of the glutton school, Phlioxenus, if we are not mistaken, yearned for the neck of a crane that he might thereby enjoy food and drink the longer. His belief that such a neck would surely prolong enjoyment has been combatted by several deep thinkers—but suppose any philosopher had a crane's neck; he would surely wear a high collar, for in a turnover he would strike terror to the stoutest soul. As for the short-necked with a tall collar, "he relegates himself at once to the category of purveyors of collared head." There are crane-necked women, otherwise we should not see women swathed as to their necks, unless one have goitre, like the Prussian Queen so misused by Napoleon. We read: "Women's necks are long, and too long, because the demand is, or was, for long women, and because it was forgotten to provide that the long woman should have the scientific neck." This is trivial reasoning. Tall women have been extolled by poets since Andromache smiled on Hector, but because a woman is tall she need not have a stovepipe neck. Few women look well in stand-up collars, high or low, and collared they will find no Henner.

"UNSEASONABLE."

Baron Komura is wearing a derby hat which is characterized by fastidious New Yorkers as unseasonable. After all, the baron is the best judge of what is seasonable or unseasonable in dress. He lives and moves and has his being in a diplomatic atmosphere which is unaffected by rain, snow, fog, hail, heat, cold or mephitic vapors. Whether he wore a panama or a plug, a derby or a turban, or whether he preferred to be hatless, the seasonableness is a matter between him and the spirits of his ancestors.

The truly great have their own private atmospheres. They are masters, not servants, of the seasons. One of the ablest lawyers in the state of New York, whose home is in Schenectady, wears a battered straw hat when snow is on the ground and the creeks and the ponds are frozen. We once met in an Alpine pass a professor of a western college. He was a tall, gaunt man, ravaged by fever and ague. He was making the tour of Europe in an extravagantly long frock coat, and he wore a plug hat that reminded one of a coal stove unblacked and inactive. He had been seeing Italy, and the heat had been terrific; but he told us with pride that his only baggage was a knapsack. "Why, I went up Vesuvius and into the crater, just as I am." And whether he stood in the Vatican or near the Giant's Causeway, in the Strand or on a glacier, to him his frock coat and plug hat were seasonable. Nature and art accepted them; why should mere man carp or complain?

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Sato said to a New York reporter apropos of the Nippon Club dinner: "There will be no after-dinner speeches. We can only boast of before-dinner speakers. It is our custom. We do not like to stop during dinner to listen to talk. Eating is more interesting." Truly the Japanese are a highly civilized folk.

Think of the volumes entitled "Table Talk," which should be entitled "Aids to Indigestion." Yet there are persons who must always be didactic, not only between the courses but while others would fain eat. They are even more to be dreaded than the professional dinner speakers, the men "ready on their feet," the entertainer that tells side-splitting stories or gives irresistible imitations, or, worst of all, sings for the company. We remember, however, table talk recorded by Thackeray that was so pertinent and wholly admirable that it might serve as a model. Thackeray and his friend were dining at the Cafe Foy when there was really good eating to be found in Paris. The dinner was as follows: Potage julienne with a little puree in it; two entrecotes with spinach; a partridge with truffles; Roquefort cheese; a bottle of nuits with the beef and one of sauterne with the partridge. There was a slight dispute over the insertion of the puree into the julienne, but talk worthy the name was reserved for the partridge.

"Gustavus—Chop, chop, chop.

"Michael Angelo—Globloblublob.

"G.—Gobble.

"M. A.—Obble.

"G.—Here's a big one.

"M. A.—Hobgob. What wine shall we have? I should like some champagne.

"G.—It's bad here. Have some sauterne.

"M. A.—Very well. Hobgobglobglob, etc.

"Auguste (opening the sauterne)—Cloo-oo-oo-oop! The cork is out; he pours it into the glass, glock, glock, glock.

"Nothing more took place in the way of talk."

QUOITS.

The fact that the Governor of a western state is addicted to quoits has caused merriment in the East, and also provoked learned disquisitions on the proper spelling of the name of the game and on the use of the word "hob" in connection with the game. Let us say first of all that no self-respecting player will ever refer in writing to the game as "quates." There is a wide enough field for individuality in spelling: Coyte, coite, choytte, coyt, coight, quoite, quoyte, quaite, quayte, queit, quait, queight, quoat, quite, quyte, qwyte, kwoit, Koit, kot.—Will not these suffice?

The game itself is a noble one, whether played in its simplest form—a flat disc of stone or metal—to display strength, as at the justly celebrated funeral games in honor of Patroclus, or in the more modern form and with the indispensable hob. Milton himself did not disdain to use a homely illustration drawn from the sport. To show his contempt for a learned treatise, he remarked: "Every acute reader will be ready to ding the book a coits distance from him." Observe the force of "ding," how simple, yet how Miltonic! In England there were sour-visaged persons who held the sport "unlawful" and classed it with dice and football. Mr. Robinson, he who in 1551 Englished More's "Utopia," chose the words "lewd and unlawful games, as tennis, tronkes and coytes." Burton mentioned "coits" with "keelpins," pitching bars, wrestling, football and many other sports—the common recreation of the country folks." And fair women, noble dames, have rained influence on the players. The scornful Princess Ida in Tennyson's poem thought well of hobs and ringers.

"Poor boy," she said, "can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl."

We like to think of this Governor of a far western state pitching quoits on the village green, in the cool afternoon hour just before supper. It is the game for a Governor; for in India the chakra or quoit is the emblem of power. The costume of the classic discus thrower as revealed by the sculptor's art has antagonized the unduly sensitive in Montreal and in certain New England towns, and we do not recommend it to western statesmen. The player should remove only coat, waistcoat, collar and cravat. A suspender—not a pair—should be preferred to a belt, and trousers may be tucked in boots or tied about with string. The good old copper or brass quoits are more heroic than horseshoes, and, though it is long since we have seen a game, we even now hear the delightful thud as the quoit enters the turf, or the glad metallic cry of the ringer. This particular Governor and quoit pitcher is uniformly victorious, but it is a good thing for a Governor to be beaten occasionally; it reminds him that there are prizes in the world other than the chief chair in the State House; it reminds him that he, too, is mortal.

AFFECTION'S PLEDGES.

Not long ago Miss Mina Haskiovetz sued Mr. Jake Baker for $10,000 damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage. She admitted in her declaration that she was very beautiful and that when she announced her betrothal "great was the rejoicing in the household of the plaintiff." A betrothal feast was prepared at the home of the intended bride, "and forthwith the plaintiff did go, at large expense and much sacrifice, to provide a feast that might tempt the palate of any man, to which flocked, as is usual on such occasions, those who from sentimental reasons desired to honor the intended marriage." The face of the defendant "beamed with satisfaction," and "profuse were his thanks for the magnificence of the engagement feast so aptly provided by his intended bride." Yet while the face of the supposedly happy man was radiant, and even while he was eating and drinking, he was "engaged to another fair member of her sex." The treacherous conduct of Mr. Jake "sadly, remorselessly shattered and hurt the feelings both of herself and her parents, especially since she was put during the betrothal to large expense for entertainment and raiment." Since she was unable to get back again the food and drink so heartily enjoyed by the prospective bridegroom, she put the amount of the cost in her bill for damages, heart and stomach damages.

We also read not long ago that a judge handed down the opinion that a betrothal ring, whether the diamond be a priceless jewel or a brilliant mockery, belongs to the bride, even after the engagement has been broken by her.

We are reminded of these pathetic instances by a story told to us by a man who, about to move, wished to sell an upright piano, for which he had no use, not even as a receptacle for ice and beer bottles—for upright pianos in dry towns have been converted into ice chests for this sly purpose. He thought he had found a purchaser in a Maine town, who used a music teacher as a middleman, but suddenly the would-be purchaser lost interest in the piano, although it was an excellent instrument and it was offered at a moderate price. It appears that the applicant was at the time courting a musical young woman, and that the piano was intended for a betrothal or wedding gift. The young woman, ignorant of the good fortune in store for her, rejected her wooer, threw him down, to quote the gloomy expression of the thrown. Not long after he made another offer for the piano, for he was courting another woman, but this time the offer was lower, from which it is fair to conclude that she seems less desirable to him, or that she is possibly a widow. Now, suppose that he had been accepted by the first and had given his betrothed the piano with a fine flourish: suppose that the betrothal had been thereafter broken: would he have had a reasonable claim on the piano? Would not a sensitive woman have returned it to him, or would she have had the heart to play on it either soothing nocturnes or voluptuous waltzes to a successful rival? As yet the piano has not been bought.

GERMANS AT WAR ON VOCAL QUESTIONS

Should the Old and Traditional Vocal Technic Be Abandoned? Should Singers Declaim and Howl and Ignore Thorough Vocal Training?

THERE has been dispute of late in Germany over questions of vocal art. The Pan-Germanists insist that there should be a purely German art, based on purely German principles, without relation to any foreign tradition. They dream of a school of song established on the present tendencies of music, and thus they remind one of the ingenious architect seen by Capt. Gulliver at the Academy of Lagado, the architect who built his houses downward from the roof. They set the "art song" against "the art of singing"; they war against concessions made in the music schools to any Italian or French or Franco-Italian method or theory. They say that the respect still paid the remains of Italian virtuosity is the cause of the notoriously inferior condition of German vocal art.

The Pan-Germanists are combated both by good Germans and by correspondents of foreign journals who live in Germany. Thus Dr. Hermann Freiherr von d. Pfordten wars in the Signale against those who wish to hear nothing more and to know nothing about "bel canto" and "Kunstgesang" and believe that German "Gesangskunst" is not in need of this old-fashioned, foreign technic; he also contends against others who go so far in the other extreme as to swear that Wagner and the later moderns have put the art of singing to death, that music now demands declamation or shrieking, that no one can sing Mozart and Schubert in these evil days, that the best voices are ruined by modern music and the only salvation is a return to the old strict Italian school and a renouncement of the new music.

We find Mme. Albani, who swears by the elder Lamperti, the great prophet of the Italian art, denying the statement that Wagner's music is injurious to the voice: "If the student's method be good, then nothing at all will injure his voice. When the interpretation of Wagner's music has wrought havoc with a voice, the harm has been caused solely by the young artist's attempting Wagner before he had learned the right way to sing."

Excellent teachers in Boston insist that pupils should learn to sing by the rules of the Italian school which are approved by the common consent of great instructors of the past. They also insist that the pupil should sing only in Italian until the tones are all properly placed. Yet we find Mr. Santley, who studied to his great advantage in Italy, saying: "It may come easier to sing in Italian than in English, but to those of their audience whose ears are attuned to the beauty and delicacy of the Italian tongue the gibberish they utter mars entirely any effect they might make with their vocalization." He refers to English pupils. The American pupils may possibly have a quicker and finer ear for languages, but might not Mr. Santley's remarks be applied justly to them also? Nor are the pupils in Boston content with singing in Italian. These New Englanders sing with like aplomb in French and German; they would be willing to sing in Roumanian or Biscayan at two days' notice; nor are many of them seriously concerned with the poet's purpose and expression.

One may well exclaim, "What is truth?" and yet not be a jesting Pilate.

Need of Technique.

Mr. Paul de Stoecklin is the correspondent in Munich of the Courrier Musical of Paris. A well informed man, sensitive and sympathetic, he writes without prejudice, without fear of classic fetich, and his head is cool when he listens to the hysterical proclamations and propositions of the ultra-radicals. He considers this question of "bel canto" and "art song."

He admits at once and cheerfully that Germans no longer know how to sing, if they ever knew. "It is painful to hear a song in the land of Schubert, Schumann, Mozart and Franz. One may name some singers, Brema, who sings badly; Kvenen, who is not a German; Staegeman, purely a pupil of Italians, and Myzs-Gmeiner and Lilli Lehmann, two admirable exceptions. (But Marie Brema, who does sing badly, can hardly be catalogued in spite of her mixed parentage as a German by birth or education.) Is this fault to be imputed to the remains of the tradition of 'bel conto'? Is it not due rather to new elements that will not assimilate with the imperfectly understood principles of this tradition, however one may strive to amalgamate, and is not the result something bastard and necessarily unproductive?

"We wish to found a German school of song, the art song. A laudable ambition, but the means employed are less praiseworthy. For myself I do not know what a system wholly new, arbitrary, one that they try to fix by groping about, will produce. That which they have now is bad. If this new art is introduced it will be necessary to give up all the vocal music from the time of Bach to that of Schumann, for the melodies sprung forth under the influence of 'bel canto.' All this system rests on a thorough misunderstanding, a mistake, a wretched quibble. The voice is an instrument, and its technic must be thoroughly mastered. Technic is simply a question of the trade; virtuosity, which is only a mastership in trade, is good, necessary, on the condition that it serves as a means and is not the end. It is evident that one neither plays nor sings Beethoven and Franck, Bach and Rossini, Mozart and Wagner in the same manner, but their music is, nevertheless, played or sung by the same instrument. I do not think that there is a better violin method than the Franco-Belgian, or that there was a better master than Vieuxtemps; nothing hinders one from playing equally well a concerto by Vieuxtemps, a thingumbob by Wieniawski, or music by Beethoven. To wish to create a school of modern singing is madness. They who succeed in making of the voice that which the singers toward the end of the 18th century and of the first 40 years of the 19th century made are masters forever of the technic of this magic instrument, for they know all its resources, qualities, capabilities.

"On the contrary, pupils should be taught in song, as in piano playing and in violin playing, in addition to the necessary virtuosity, the art of ruling one's virtuosity and not allowing it to be noticed, the art of suppling it in the service of art; they should be taught music, style, that is to say, the exquisite quality which consists in adapting one's temperament to a work, and thus giving it the suitable, exact expression. To abandon today in favor of some nonsensical chimera the development of the organ of a singer under the pretext that contemporaneous music does not go with this development is, first of all, to throw over Bach and Beethoven, whose works abound in technical difficulties which exact miracles of virtuosity. To know how to sing faultlessly music by Gluck or Mozart is not an obstacle in the way of singing Wagner, on the contrary. At present the howlers of this system of modern declamation can only howl, and this, alas, is a mediocre result.

"Let us bring to the front technical education and musical education; let the one fecundate the other and serve it willingly, but let this musical education be solid and robust. Then will there be sure and perfect instruments. Then will there only be need of the divine spark, the sacred fire, a gift, which all the theories, however paradoxical, will never be able to kindle."

A Proposed Remedy.

The title of Dr. Hermann Frhr. v. d. Pfordten's article is "Kunstgesang und Gesangskunst," a title fashioned after the old romantic manner: "Colic and Bucolic: a Summer Idyl." He, too, deplores the present condition of vocal art in Germany. "The risks taken in

DISPUTE OVER ART OF SINGING AND THE ARTISTIC SONG

PABLO DE SARASATE

EUGENE YSAYE

BLANCHE TOWLE
SOPRANO

vocal performances today are truly incredible. One does not know whether they should be called naive or arrogant." Whoever wishes to sing should say to himself that the task is more complicated and more difficult than ever before. A singer cannot know too much. First of all there must be a technical mastery as in the former centuries. Whoever believes that he can afford to ignore the past is grievously mistaken. In song there has been nothing, there is nothing that can be safely ignored. Some cry out against technic for coloratura, because, forsooth, coloratura passages are un-Germanlike and out of fashion even in Italy. It is true that no one composes today for a Queen of Night; there are no variations written after the manner of Proch; but Wagner and the more modern composers lay great stress on the flexibility of the voice. The singer may omit the trills of Bruennhilde and Hans Sachs, but the trills are there. Are there no coloratura passages

tor Kothner or for the Barber of Bagdad? "It would be easy to add examples after example; the case is simply this: It is true that there are no longer any distinctively coloratura parts in ultra-modern music, but it is taken for granted that every voice is capable of singing coloratura passages correctly, and is also able to give character to them in the performance, which is a still harder task. Here is no diminution, but rather an enlargement of technical pretensions." Runs and trills and all sorts of florid passages should be practised for the sake of making the voice a more supple instrument of expression. Lyric and dramatic sopranos alike should study coloratura. That the music of Wagner and the ultra-moderns is to be declaimed and not sung is an error which, unfortunately, is now widespread. This music is unendurable when the phrases are chopped or torn. If the instruments of the orchestra were to be played as the voices are used by these howlers for "art song," every sensitive ear would be stabbed. The singer must first be master of tones and of tone-connection; then will he perhaps be able to characterize, to portray in song. All this is still more true of singing in concert halls, where the attention of the hearer is fixed on the singer's art; where there is nothing to distract. It is as impossible for a poorly-trained singer to do justice to Hugo Wolf's intimate and intense song as it would be for him to be truly dramatic in one of Wagner's operas. Nor is there any personal routine, any art that is purely individual and untaught that can for any length of time deceive the hearer. "First learn to sing; then to interpret in a songful manner"—words that might well be committed to memory and repeated constantly by every pupil in a music school, by every private pupil of a teacher, and especially by all pupils in an operatic class.

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National Limitations.

The traditions of the Italian, French and Franco-Italian singing teachers have been mentioned. Where and how is the pupil to become acquainted with these golden rules and precepts? Pfordten does not say, except in an indirect way. The singer, according to him, cannot learn all that is necessary by studying "bel canto" the "pure Italian method," any more than by rejecting and despising technic. The singer should acquaint himself with all that is good and wise in the instruction and the treatises of the leading teachers, past and present; above all he should hold before him an ideal, for technic is only the servant of the ideal. He should toil on, with at least one eye on the ideal, until his voice is wholly obedient. The ideal cannot be the same for all nations. It must be an Italian ideal for the Italians, a German one for the Germans. "A German trained in the Italian school may be able to sing Italian, but not German, when his instruction has been one-sided. Each tone should be saturated with German musical sentiment." The German must walk independently in the path blazed by the Italian. Only the fundamental principles can be of service to both; the wished for results are too different. "A German tenor's voice will never sound so sweet as that of an Italian, nor will an Italian's ever be so warm as that of a German; the national character is revealed respectively in each. But the German 'art song' must be based on the 'bel canto,' on a technic that must be mastered." The writer admits that "bel canto" will never bloom in Germany as in Italy, that rivalry in this respect is vain, but depths of German emotion should be expressed artistically.

Is this helpful advice to the pupil of my land? Is it not aesthetically pure and earnest and delightfully vague? What are these fundamental rules? To whom have these traditions descended? Whose treatise is indeed the golden book of vocal wisdom?

And if the one book be obtained, it the one teacher be found, after reading and oral instruction, does not the future of the pupil depend largely on his own aesthetic sense, on his ability to discriminate and reject where he finds that he as an individual is not helped as are his fellows, on his ability to create a mood that will be contagious, to interpret and sustain an emotion that will charge the hall like atmosphere and enwrap the hearer?

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Old Treatises.

The old Italian traditions! What are they? And where is the storehouse in which the French traditions are safely kept? And how, pray, about the Franco-Italian traditions?

There are many treatises on singing and they are in various languages. The Herald purposes to describe next month three or four of the old books on vocal art that are still respected and referred to with wonder, but are little known by the pupils studying today. We doubt seriously whether a pupil in Boston, studying day and night any one of these treatises, and sleeping with it under the pillow, could learn to produce tones, bind them, master the art of ornamentation, or sing in a manner that would be endured even at an afternoon tea. Yet there is much to be learned from them concerning the aesthetics and what might be called the common sense of interpretation. The student will also learn from these books that in the historical and glorious years of Italian song teachers of the highest repute were never weary of inveighing against contemporaneous and degenerate art; that they shook their heads and sighed as they thought of the illustrious singers whose voices were then quavering with age or choked with envious dust.

The Herald next Sunday will discuss the famous "Observations on the Florid Song; or Sentiments on the Ancient and Modern Singers," by Pier. Francesco Tosi.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Blanche Towle and caricatures of Sarasate and Ysaye, which appeared originally in a German weekly. Miss Towle is a native of Lewiston, Me. After study for some years in Boston, she made New York her dwelling place. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of uncommon power and brilliance. A singer of marked industry, intelligence and a woman of impressive presence, she has won success at festival concerts in the middle and southern states, as well as in oratorio and in church work in New York and its neighborhood.

Mme. Gadski, who sings at the Wagner festival in Munich this summer, will give concerts in the United States next season from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. She, with Alfred Reisenauer, pianist, Harold Bauer, pianist, Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, Miss Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, and others, will be under the management of Mr. London G. Charlton.

The conductors of the Cincinnati May Music Festival Association (1906) will be Mr. Frank Van der Stucken and Sir Edward Elgar. The latter will conduct his "Apostles," and probably his "Dream of Gerontius."

Miss Alice Neilsen, once an operatic singer and now an operatic star, will give a series of operatic concerts in this country during the coming fall and winter. She will be assisted by a quartet of singers and other artists.

The Review for the eighth season of the Faelten pianoforte school shows that this institution continues to enjoy a large measure of prosperity. The total registration for the season was 702 students, coming from 25 states and from Canada. The instruction comprised 4235 class and 11,550 private lessons, given by 15 teachers. Students of the school gave 48 public recitals in Greater Boston and in New York; 558 students gave practical demonstrations of their musical knowledge by passing the various course examinations. The series of artist recitals included Mr. Josef Hofman, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Prof. Willy Hess, Mr. Rudolf Krasselt and Mr. Carl Faelten. The committee in charge of the scholarship fund reports that eight students were assisted during the season to the amount of $388.

Miss Marie Sundborg, soprano, of Boston, has been singing with success in Sweden. She is engaged by Neuman, a director, to sing before the King of Sweden.

Miss Edith Castle, contralto, with Miss Adelina M. Connell, pianist, and Mr. Bertram Currier, 'cellist, gave a concert for the Black and White Club, Plymouth, on July 21. The programme included R. Strauss' 'cello sonata, a group of 'cello pieces and songs by A'

ward, Brogi, Holmes, Woodman, Vannucini, Ries, d'Hardelot and others.

The Queen of Roumania is not a wild-eyed Wagnerite. "To my thinking, something 'of the earth earthy' will ever cling to his highest flights." She thinks the elevating influence of "Parsifal" is diminished rather than increased by stage representation: "I am always inclined to shut my eyes, as the action taking place on the stage only destroys the illusion the really sublime music conjures up."

Friedrich Spiro, in a gloomy letter to the Signale over the condition of music in Rome, declares Fregoli to be not only the most artistic singer, but the finest musical product of Rome for the last 25 years; yet Fregoli, who mimics the bass grown gray in the service, the beginner, the Parisian singer of chansons, with her fantastic hats, the sentimental German in her reform costume and with her awkward bows—Fregoli, whose intonation is absolutely pure, whose interpretation is unfailingly true, did not appear in Rome last season, and the season was dead.

Miss Bauermeister retired "definitely" from the stage on July 12. The Pall Mall Gazette said, apropos of the farewell matinee organized by Mme. Melba: "All sorts and conditions of men gathered upon this occasion to do honor to an artist who has consistently accomplished her work in a most admirable fashion, a work which she, with extraordinary modesty, must, long ago, have mapped out as being most suitable to her talents and, therefore, most advantageous to her ambition. Mlle. Bauermister has, indeed, worked hard for this culmination in her artistic career; her unassuming manner on the stage seems to us now, in reviewing the past, as purely artistic; time was when one wrote a phrase—when everybody was writing such phrases—as 'the inevitable Mlle. Bauermeister'; but at the present moment it is difficult to think of anybody else who could have taken so steadfastly the moderate, and yet very significant, parts which are necessary for the interpretation of grand opera, and yet which are, as it were, by custom looked down upon by the budding prima donna."

The 16th annual meeting and festival of the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association will be at the Weirs from July 31 to Aug. 4 inclusive. Mrs. Alice Chase Smith soprano; Mrs. Grace M. Rotch, contralto; Mr. George A. Copeland, Jr., pianist, and Mr. John H. Gutterson, lecturer, all of Boston, have been engaged by the management for the occasion.

"MME. BUTTERFLY."

Puccini's opera, "Mme. Butterfly," was performed for the first time in England at Covent Garden, London, July 10. The chief singers were Miss Destinn and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti. Mr. Campanini conducted. The performance is said to have been "extraordinarily fine." The Pall Mall Gazette spoke of the opera as follows: "It is a very curious thing to note the change between the Italian school of today and the Italian school of three-quarters of a century ago. In those old times it was almost de rigueur that at all events, at whatever price of cheapness or commonplaceness, and one may even go so far as to say thoughtlessness, the world should be made the richer by tune, and if it were not made the richer by orchestration, that satisfaction should be generally given to musicians of the time. Nowadays, so curious is the spirit of Italy, that in its attempt to imitate the preaching of Wagner it has largely lost its old sense of melody and has made a very heroic attempt to make up for that loss by elaborate orchestration. 'Madama Butterfly' is a singular instance of this fact. We can say that there are certain pages which are without question full of melody, but the fact remains that on the whole the melody is subservient to the musicianly feeling which underlies the work in its accompaniment. Here, everything is full of charm; here also the sense of orchestration which always distinguishes Sig. Puccini's work is a very notable addition to that which we expect to find and which we seldom miss. But if we were to distinguish really the greatest quality of Puccini's score, it would be in his most remarkable expression of the sense of grim humor in music, a sense not usually associated with modernity in music, a sense also which one is inclined to think practically ceased with the death of Rossini. All the more interesting, therefore, is it that Puccini, who is so essentially modern, should in a certain sense be the heir to a new form of an old Italian tradition. * * *

"There are many passages in the early part of the work, particularly a little five-bar movement written in six flats, which show how sweetly and how intimately Puccini has realized some sort of that old Japanese thought which has given to him inspiration. Yet cleverly enough Puccini has associated his eastern feeling for music with that peculiar western spirit which seems at the present moment to attempt to conquer the great fortress of Russian music which is in the culmination of Tschaikowsky such an amazing mingling of the east and west. Well, it would be absurd to say that he has actually achieved the height of his ambition, but it would be equally absurd to say that he had failed in doing some very good, some magnificent, work in this respect. From this point we may come to actual details.

"The opera is written for soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor, baritone and bass, multiplied in actual numbers, according to the whim of the composer. The music is, in many passages, obviously intended to give local color to the plot and to the general surroundings thereof. It is here, oddly enough, that Puccini seems to shake hands across the gulf of time with Rossini; for nothing could be more delicately humorous in its own way than his treatment in music of Lieut. Pinkerton, the Official Registrar, Cho-Cho-San's mother (readers will doubtless remember Mr. Gilbert's treatment of the character of Ko-Ko in 'The Mikado'), and the two amazing characters called the Aunt and the Cousin. At the same time, it is to be confessed that the humor may not appeal to the common crowd, because of the grimness and the quiet tyranny with which the story is associated; but in Puccini's case the fact of the matter is that the steadfast method of his treatment of the subject makes the tragedy of the piece all the more moving and stirring. After all, the modern school of Italian music very often borders upon hysteria; even as any very excitable person who gives way at any emotional point to an hysterical display of emotion, so this peculiarly Italian development in modern art is to be to a large extent developed upon these lines. At the same time, Puccini has by no means left unfulfilled that essential sense of beauty which has always distinguished his former compositions. It surely should not matter that at times the reminiscenses in the new work of 'La Boheme' are almost grotesque; naturally the composer is permitted to draw upon a past inspiration of his own; but it would be impossible for anybody to hear this new work without feeling how original it is, how full of fine musicianship, and no less how distinguished by the personality of the composer. In a word, Puccini seems to sum up largely all the musical tendencies of this modern Italy which refuses to allow the crown of musical accomplishment to be taken away from its soil without a determined struggle.

"The book of 'Mme. Butterfly,' which has been written by Signori Illica and Giacosa, is founded upon a Japanese tragedy by Mr. John L. Long and Mr. David Belasco. Gruesome enough is the culmination of the plot, and into its details there is no particular necessity to enter. Suffice it to say that the story is based upon one of those inexorable tragedies of the east which, from the very outset, despite the note of pleasure which is struck in the opening scenes, portends a final tragedy. It is the old tragedy here portrayed of the child intervening, as it were, between the thoughts and desires of man and woman; surely it is one of the most terrible world tragedies to which modernity has given birth, for there is nothing of the kind to be found in the darkest pages of attic drama. With singular persistence, the idea, ruthless in its origin and more ruthless in its end, is worked out, and we are probably not saying too much when we give it as our opinion that a great deal of the assured success of this strange and beautiful opera will depend upon the tragedy and the pathos—we had almost written the stern pathos—of the libretto. It would be superfluous to select from the score any particular melody in order to point our moral; rather would we call attention to the purely orchestral passages which occur between various dramatic situations. Puccini is not in the habit of indulging in the modern fashion of intermezzi; but he compensates for this by his suggestive orchestral treatment of situations which do not involve any action on the part of the principal characters. He compensates also in this matter most effectually, for it is by this means that his dramatic suggestiveness becomes so important in the working out of the drama."

ORCHESTRA AND CHAMBER.

Lancelot of the "Referee" wrote as follows about Josef Holbrooke's introduction and variations on "The Girl I Left Behind Me," produced in London at a concert of the Ostend Kursaal orchestra on June 2: "The composer's idea would seem to be to greatly extend the experiences of the said girl. After she has been introduced by the strings with exhilarating vigor, she is taken up by the contra tuba with comical effect. She is then passed on to the double basses, and in the third variation to the flutes and oboes. After this she is apparently taken to a dancing academy and is taught the mazurka, the jig and the waltz, becoming sentimental in the last. This gaycty seems to lead to a fit of reflection, and painful harmonic progressions suggest dreams caused by a lobster salad. In variation eight a military element is introduced, which does not exercise a healthy influence, for the maid becomes frivolous, although the cornets and trombones try to remind her of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and in variation 11 other kindly instruments sing warningly 'My lodging is on the cold, cold ground,' and an elegy for strings and wood-wind preaches the transient nature of earthly pleasures. But the effect is to make the 'girl' more reckless, and variation 13 is little short of a pandemonium. In variation 14 the maid is distinctly in bad company and would seem to have taken to opium-smoking, and she utterly loses all sense of key. In variation 15 she is in a very tumbled condition, but she is brought to her senses by the arrival of 'The British Grenadiers'; but much that was impossible to forget was left behind. Nothing more discordant, wild and daring has been heard in London since Richard Strauss' 'Till Eulenspiegel,' with the spirit of which Mr. Holbrooke's work has much affinity."

An adagio for clarinet and strings by Wagner, dedicated to Rummel, a clarinetist, who died at Wiesbaden in 1849, where he had been for many years a conductor, was played lately at the Wuerzburg music school. The work has never been published. Wagner's Fautasia for piano, written when he was 16, was published recently.

Reynaldo Hahn's "Le Bal de Beatrice d'este" (16th century), a dance suit, played in Paris at one of the pianist Risler's concerts May 28, gave much pleasure. The work is scored for two harps, two flutes, oboe, two clarinets, trumpet, two horns, two bassoons, kettle drums, piano.

A piano trio, op. 16; a "Romantic Serenade," op. 17, for 'cello, harmonium and piano, and songs by Hermann Koegler, a young Leipsic student, performed at Dresden, gave pleasure.

The violetta is employed by Felix Draeseke in his new string quintet, produced at Graz at the 41st Festival of German Musicians, but it did not add much, if any, to the color effects, according to the critics.

STAGE WORKS.

Last night at Covent Garden Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" was given for the first time this season. Mlle. Selma Kurz took the part of Oscar, a character, it may incidentally be said, upon which Verdi lavished great pains, and to which he assigned the interpretation of much beautiful music. For among all the works of Verdi "Un Ballo" takes quite a unique place. It scarcely seems to belong to any one of the "periods" which have been so carefully distinguished by critics of the work of Verdi. It has neither the deep and sombre quality of "Otello," nor the brilliant fancy of "Falstaff," nor the undoubted sense of commonplace which exists in such early work as "Il Trovatore." It stands, to our thinking, quite by itself, thereby showing the extraordinary versatility of Verdi's brain, and the peculiar power which he seemed to possess of changing his manner, his style, his mode of expression, and even his musical appreciation, just as the spirit moved him. In its way "Un Ballo" has never quite been rivalled; one would not attribute to it much depth of thought, and the culminating tragedy cannot be said to carry with it much seriousness in its effect; Verdi treated the story frankly from the point of view of the novelette, in which he was clearly and amply justified by the results which he attained.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 20.

Mr. Blackburn thus described Mr. Messager's conducting of "Faust" at Covent Garden, on June 26: "Instead of taking the score as so many conductors have done in the past, and will do in the future, not as a continuous work, but rather as the means of emphasizing the beauty of particular songs, M. Messager, particularly in the first act—though the fact was noticeable throughout—made much more of a music-drama out of the work than an average conductor would conceive to be possible; he dovetailed instrument into instrument progressively, as it were, according to the workings of Gounod's mind; above all things, he was rightly emphatic, yet not in the least violent, when it was necessary to bring out into prominence the spirit and the significance of any particular instrument." Miss Donalda as Marguerite "was altogether charming; the purity, the facility, and the wide range of her voice, combined with a singularly appropriate sense of maidenliness in her acting, resulted in the impersonation of a Marguerite too seldom seen upon the stage, of one entirely unversed in the ways of the world; her freshness was particularly suited to the right conception of the part. Though, perhaps, in the last act her voice did not ring strongly enough, at all events, in the garden scene, she touched the whole character from every point of view, with beauty and lightness."

Mr. Blackburn wrote apropos of a performance of "The Huguenots" at Covent Garden: "It has been, of course, the practice, now for many a long year to refuse any large or generous acknowledgment of Meyerbeer's singular and very exceptional musical talent. Wagner, who made the attempt to sweep the musical world clear of many reputations, had no hesitation concerning his hostile judgment of Meyerbeer, no less than against Rossini and many another. Nevertheless, it must be remembered, that though possibly the effects of Meyerbeer's score are very often purely theatrical, and though he was frequently distinguished rather by grandiloseness than by greatness, it would be perfectly absurd to join in any chorus of their general condemnation, despite the odd sort of cloud under which this musician has been compelled to rest for so long. If a musician is theatrical, in the superlative sense, then he has achieved a very notable and singular feat; if his choral writing is distinguished by infinite care, and his orchestral writing is equally distinguished by a satisfied ambition, then it seems to us that, though one may not possibly rank a work produced on this level among the highest achievements of art, it would be the most flagrant injustice to dismiss that which has pleased so many thousands of musicians, so many tens of thousands of the general public, with a curt word of scorn. * * * It strikes one to say a last word, as a little curious that this opera, the death of which has been proclaimed by a large number of artists and critics for long years past, still remains effective and engrossing even though it has passed its 70th birthday."

The Daily News (London) says: "Discussion of British grand opera is always more or less concerned with the libretto, and several promising works have been sadly hampered by a poor book. In the new lyric play, 'Gwenevere,' composed by Mr. Vincent Thomas, no such handicap seems to exist, as the Arthurian legend has been given a scholarly and poetic setting by Mr. Ernest Rhys. Mr. Thomas' opera will be produced at a West end theatre in the autumn by Mr. Whitney Tew, and the promise shown by the composer's former work, "Eos and Gwevril," will cause the production to be awaited with great interest. The title role will be created by Mlle. Van Dyck, who claims direct descent from the great Dutch painter, and is a favorite pupil of Mme. Emma Nevada. Mlle. Van Dyck will make her debut on this occasion. The other parts already assigned are those of King Arthur (Mr. Edward Iles), Sir Launcelot (Senor Roncevalle), and Merlin (Mr. Whitney Tew)." Mr. Tew, an American baritone, gave a song recital in Boston three or four seasons ago.

A FRAGONARD ROOM.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is well known as a lover of art. Unlike Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, whose tastes in this direction are humble and austere, Mr. Morgan finds delight in the cunning of the painter, the sculptor, the carver, the embroiderer; he drinks deep draughts of color; he is ravished by the beauty of a line. Now, it is reported, he has added a Fragonard room to his London mansion. Like Sir Epicure Mammon in Jonson's comedy, he has said to himself:

> "And then, mine oval room
> Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
> From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
> But coldly imitated."

The story of these panels by Fragonard is a singular one. They were found at Grasse, the home of the painter, during the Reign of Terror. There are five of them, "The Rendezvous," "The Pursuit," "The Crowned Lover," "The Love Letter," "Waiting,". They were ordered by the Countess du Barry for her pavilion at Louveciennes, and it is said that she herself gave the titles. But Louis XV. did not relish the idea of thus going down to posterity, and he would not allow the panels to be exposed so publicly. A sensitive monarch this libertine of the famous little suppers! Did the countess pout at the royal decision? She was, after all, a simple soul, without malice, and she loved the King ingenuously, "with her force and freshness of a Lorraine peasant," to quote the phrase of Vergile Josz. She thought to please her lover by being painted by Drouais as a muse. She was represented as seated, robed in a light and transparent stuff, which revealed so much beauty that when the picture was hung in the Salon there was a scandal, and the muse was obliged to seek more secluded quarters. Drouais gave her a more respectable dress, and it cost the countess f.15,000. She did not profit by the lesson. She sat for Fragonard as the shepherdess in the panel "The Rendezvous," and insisted that the King should be painted as the happy shepherd. Hence the displeasure of Louis XV. A New York newspaper says that the panels cost Mr. Morgan a million dollars. Vergile Josz states in an interesting article on Fragonard published in the Mercure de France for February, 1901, that they were sold by Mr. Malvilan to a London merchant about 1900 for f.850,000, and then were sent to America. We understand that Mr. Morgan bought them originally for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Fragonard is introduced by Henri de Regnier in his "La Double Maitresse." He is portrayed there as a thin, severe-visaged man, who seeks the company of dancing girls and singing women solely as models; and his drawings of frankly erotic scenes, preserved in albums of amateurs, are represented as more highly prized than the pictures that made him famous and are known to the world at large.

Both Fragonard and David decorated the luxurious house of Marie Madeleine Guimard, the celebrated dancer. Fragonard and she quarrelled, for her affections were not as fixed as the polar star, and it is said that afterward, gaining admittance to the house, he changed his picture of her as Terpsichore to one of Tisiphone and gave her a hateful and revengeful expression, while he preserved the likeness. A famous woman, thus to inspire the artists of her day! One of her slippers was sold in Paris in 1892 for f.950.

COLOR FEAR.

A Pennsylvania farmer says that birds hate and fear the color blue, and that one blue scarecrow does more good than ten ordinary ones. A "professor" explained this fear to his satisfaction: birds were once little reptiles, and in the reptile state they were preyed on by big reptiles, and these big reptiles were blue. The birds' fear of blue is therefore inherited.

Mr. Wallace makes the statement that protective coloration in some of its varied forms has not improbably modified the appearance of one-half of the animals living on the globe. Mr. Dixon, following out this theory, thinks that the colors of certain brilliantly ornament birds, as the Painted Pigeons with plumage of black, white and yellow, and the gorgeous Sun Birds, are protectively adapted to certain haunts or habits of the species possessing them. Then there are colors as well as

s for recognition. But are blue ... or birds whose plumage is ...hed with blue objects of aversion ...rds of all colors but blue?

...ere is such a thing among human ...s as fear of a certain color, or at ... a strong aversion to a color. Ex...ments made in color-audition prove ... conclusively. Among what are ...n as the lower animals, there are ...nces of such aversion. Why is the ... and often the cow exasperated by ...sight of red? There are dogs that ...ot endure a certain color. Is there ...hing in this theory that birds fear ...?

...erman Melville, in a fantastically ...uent chapter, "The Whiteness of ... Whale," the forty-second chapter ..."Moby Dick," argued that it was ... whiteness of this whale Moby that ...ve all things appalled the sailor. ... all the accumulated associations of ...ite with whatever is sweet and hon...able and sublime, "there yet lurks ... elusive something in the innermost ...ea of this hue which strikes more of ...nic to the soul than that redness ...hich affrights in blood." He men...ned in connection with this the white-...rouded bear and shark, the White ...eed of the Prairies—that milk white ...arger famous in western annals and ...dian traditions—did not Mayne Reid ...ake him the hero of a novel?—the ...batross, the White Hoods of Ghent, ...ho murdered their bailiff in the mar...et place, White Friars and White ...uns, the White Tower of London, ...White Lima, the tearless city, "the ...trangest, saddest city thou canst see," ...he snow-howdahed Andes, even the ...White mountains of New Hampshire—whence, in peculiar moods, comes that ...igantic ghostliness over the soul at ...he bare mention of that name, while ...he thought of Virginia's Blue Ridge ...s full of a soft, dewy, distant dreami...ness? Or why, irrespective of all lati...udes and longitudes, does the name of ...he White sea exert such a spectral...ness over the fancy, while that of the Yellow sea lulls us with mortal thoughts of long lacquered mild afternoons on the waves, followed by the gaudiest and yet sleepiest of sunsets?" Ah, "Moby Dick" is a great book, a wonderful book—one of the few true glories of American literature—and Melville is to be ranked with Poe and Hawthorne and Walt Whitman; but is not this fear or love of color often a matter solely of association? Do all ghosts rise in a milk-white fog? Is not the black veil of the New England tale the more terrible because of its blackness? Does not Jude end his description of the fate in store for disbelievers by describing them as "wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever"? And to some this Yellow sea of "lacquered mild afternoons" is a strange wild ocean, the home of pirates of unutterable deeds, the scene of horrors above and below the waves.

Aug 1 1905

HER RING.

A correspondent writes: In The Evening Herald of July 29 you referred editorially to a judge who handed down the opinion that a betrothal ring, whether the diamond be a priceless jewel or a brilliant mockery, belongs to the bride, even after the engagement has been broken by her. Could you tell me the name of the judge who pronounced this opinion with no mean applause? Is the decision sound law? Do you consider the judge an honor to the bench or a farce-comedy character?"

The judge referred to is Judge James S. Erwin of the second district court in Jersey City. The opinion was handed down in the suit of Mr. Walter Jatkowski against Miss Lewandoski of Jersey City. Mr. Jatkowski, wooing Miss Lewandoski, took her gayly to Electric Park in Newark, and there he put on the third finger of her left hand a diamond ring valued by experts as worth $65—not a Kohinoor; not a diamond that once adorned the head of some ferocious Hindu idol and, snatched from its forehead by some sacrilegious looter, blazed balefully thereafter a heritage of blood and mystery and woe, but a good, plain, working diamond, warranted to bind a contract and hold fast a sweetheart to an agreement. Mr. Jatkowski, perfidious man, said he did not give it to her; he lent it to her, but she would not return it. She answered that he courted her and showed his love by amiably escorting her to church, singing duets with her, calling frequently, with or without sheet music.

The judge said, in giving his reason for non-suiting the plaintiff: "He (the plaintiff) played the piano; she sang, and they danced together; and the court presumes that while in that elated state the plaintiff transferred the ring to the business finger of the young lady. The court has no doubt that he gave her the ring, and the whole thing might have had a more happy ending, only, as she says, he came to her house intoxicated one night and she gave him the mitten."

Was the judge's decision "sound"? It is enough to say that it was handed down in New Jersey. "Jersey justice"; and who are we to fly in the face of tradition? Furthermore, it is discreet for a layman to admit that he is Davus and not Oedipus. Should an engagement ring have a string on it? Perish the thought! Why should Miss Lewandoski be expected to sing "Take back the ring that thou gavest," or Mr. Jatkowski "Give back the ring that thou tookest"? Engagement rings, like suppers, theatre and opera tickets, buggy rides, etc., are legitimate spoils of war. There should be some compensation for loss of time, waste of gas, general wear and tear.

REHABILITATED.

When Baron Komura dined with his compatriots at the Japanese Club in New York "Togo lobsters" were served. It appears that in Japan to describe a man as a lobster is a high and enviable compliment. The lobster is symbolical of old age, with its bent figure; it is also symbolical of strength and happiness. So, when a Japanese says to another "You're a lobster," there is no indignant "Sir!" there is no answering jab or cut or pistol shot. In the saying is the assurance of prosperous and honored old age.

Friends of lobsters both long and short should rejoice in this homage, which may soon become universal along the Atlantic coast, so great is the present admiration for the Japanese and their ways. The compliment is even greater than the one paid by Gerard de Nerval, who led affectionately, with the aid of a blue ribbon, a live lobster in a Parisian park. Some one asked him why he chose a lobster as a pet, and he answered solemnly: "It does not bark, it does not mew; it knows the secrets of the sea; it has seen strange sights; it does not wish to be fondled all the time; it is quiet and respectful. I like lobsters." Gerard found his lobster less irritating than Jenny Colon, the singing woman, whom he adored, and yet one of his uncles, who had lived in the latter years of the eighteenth century as it was necessary to live if one wished to know that period well, had warned him that a play actress was not a woman, and nature had forgotten to give her a heart. Was he mad when he led the lobster in his daily walks? It is pleasanter to think that he was a misunderstood symbolist, as Mr. Arthur Symons would have it. That De Nerval lived miserably at last and hanged himself should not lessen the glory of the lobster. Shades of innumerable American lobsters, pained by the thoughtless characterization of foolish males, will now bless Baron Komura and his compatriots for the rehabilitation in the great "lobsterarium" of the world.

FOR ILLUSTRATION.

The more "artistic" the photograph, the less useful it is for reproduction in a newspaper, and not infrequently it is a poor likeness. Modern photographs sometimes produce a ghastly, corpse-like facial effect by the artistic arrangement of shadows. A pallid nose and cheek with one fishy eye will be thrown into bold relief while the rest of the face is apparently in an advanced stage of decomposition. The press agent of Mr. Ernest Schelling distributed photographs taken in Paris in which that pianist looked as though he were exposed in a coffin.

Some families have the courage to remember albums of photographs taken in the sixties. The albums were gorgeous affairs; they were bound in Russia leather, or some of them were plush decorated: some had a concealed little music box, but the tunes were few and seldom descriptive of any particular photograph. An album in which an appropriate tune would be played for each photograph—for grandpa, Aunt Lucinda, who spent a year or two in a lunatic asylum; Uncle George, who went wrong; Cousin Cyrus, the trustee who disappeared with the funds—such an album would be an endless source of amusement. There is a wealth of tunes to fit any family incident, to characterize kinsman or intimate friend, as "O, Willie, We Have Missed You," or "Now Is the Time for Disappearing," for the faithless trustee.

The old photographs! The men, luxuriantly whiskered, leaned against a marble pillar or sat by a table covered with books—the books still found in the waiting room of a dentist. Women were rather languid, with the head on one side, or they recalled the contemplative Buddha or the Dreaming Iolanthe in butter—a triumph of American art. The cartes de visite went out of fashion, and there was a craze for gigantic heads, male and female. Men and women preferred later to be taken in a snow storm, and with garments trimmed floridly with chinchilla. These photographs were often enlarged, or a crayon based on one would stare at callers in a steam-heated hall. The master of the house stood revealed, defying the snow, as Ajax the lightning. Or a girl was photographed seated at a piano. Rembrandt heads, "profils perdus," became the thing: a literal commonplace face was turned into something pleasingly vague and mysterious. Not even her own mother could recognize Lucy or Jane, but the photograph was praised as a "perfect picture" and put on the mantelpiece or against a table lamp as a decoration.

And now every one photographs. Men, women, children, dogs, mountains, gardens, clouds—nothing daunts the jaunty courage of the snapping camera. Likenesses are often striking, the positions are often characteristic. Yet when there is need of a photograph for a newspaper article, there is a grateful thought of the old-fashioned photographer, who took what was described as a speaking likeness, a photograph in which the sitter had two ears, two eyes, a nose, a mouth, two cheeks and a chin—something, at least, that would come out in reproduction.

INCOG.

Mr. Roosevelt "visited incog" a children's hospital. Several celebrated rulers took delight in going about disguised among their people, mingling in their sports, supping in their simple homes, mourning or rejoicing with them, eager to do justice, to right wrongs, to raise up the humble, to play the part of Providence; and some suspicious, sullen monarchs would sneak about to hear what was said of them outside the palace. We recall Nero, who rambled about the streets in search of amusement, who used to beat men who were peacefully walking in the streets and throw them into the common sewer, and also break into shops, plunder them, and afterward as Emperor sell the goods at auction. Then there was the great Caliph of Bagdad, the magnificent Haroun, with his Grand Vizier and Masrour, the Sworder. What nights and what adventures! Or who can forget the Viceroy of Peru in "La Perichole" and what he heard when he went about incog? Does any one say this Viceroy is a fictitious, a purely opera bouffe character? Go to! He and the marquis who, a prisoner, had not tasted food or clothes for ten long years, the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, Grog and Puck, the diplomats, Gen. Boum, the aristocrats in "The Princess of Trebizond," the Admiral of the Swiss navy in "Parisian Life"—are these not real? They are closer to us and more familiar than any reigning monarchs—always excepting William II. King Edward himself, eminently sensible, visits Paris without his crown and sceptre, and wishes no one to bore him with cheers and addresses and genuflections.

A President goes about incog and simplicity there is a return to Jeffersonian simplicity. What a relief from fuss and feathers, bands of music, surging crowds, special detectives, regulars and militia, booming cannon and blare of trumpets. The Paris correspondent of the Referee (London) saw the John Paul Jones parade in Paris, and was moved to say: "Would it bring about international trouble if I were to suggest, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, that the ships' bands of the United States are just a little bit too gorgeously arrayed for dignity?" A band cannot well appear incog in a procession, and a bandmaster incog is inconceivable, though human ostriches, we are told, spare the tumblers and goblets, china and knives and forks on the family table. We refer to the Referee's stricture because it hits the increasing desire for national splurge. Our Presidents, it is true, still wear the dress of any ordinary and conventional citizen, but some patriots would have them uniformed on all public occasions—they recommend something with lace and a sword. There are cabinet officers, members of legislative bodies, unattached statesmen, men of some little celebrity, who cannot endure the thought of going from one town to another or from one street to another incog. They must constantly be recognized. The solecism, "That's him!" is grateful to their expectant ears. They court the identifying thumb. Like the Sar Peledan, they would have a flourish of brass instruments before they sit down at the domestic table, that the neighbors may be informed, "Bill Jones is at his dinner."

Aug 2 1905

A PARISIAN CHANGE.

As the character of the London journals has changed—conservative Britons prefer the word "Americanized"—so certain Parisian journals have altered their policy. The Echo de Paris publishes the cablegrams of the London Telegraph; the Matin is associated in the publication of news with the Times; other leading Parisian newspapers have an agreement with London contemporaries; in other words, the Parisian looks today for news rather than for the signed opinion of a writer. It is no longer possible for a hawker to cry ... in the days of the Epoque: "Truly, ... amazing! A newspaper like this ... three sous! I should never have ...lieved it had I been told of it! W... do I see? An article by M. Granie... Cassagnac! An article by M. So... Furthermore, 'Les Lettres de Gri...' by Amedee Achard! Three newspa... in one and all for three sous! ... publisher surely wishes to ruin him...self."

The famous days of such individual...ity are past, nor do publishers an... editors longer content themselves w... the opinion of the boulevard on a p...litical or social subject. It is imposs...ble to think of the present editor o... Figaro imitating the illustrious De Villemessant, his predecessor, lunching in cafes for the purpose of finding ou... which of his contributors were bore... and which were popular. Daudet tell... how De Villemessant dismissed his crack leader writer in the presence o... the whole editorial staff:

> De Villemessant—Are you pleas... with your leader?
> Paul d'Ivoy—I think it's rather good.
> De V.—So much the better—as it is t... be your last.
> D'Ivoy (turning pale)—My last?
> De V.—Precisely. I'm not joking. Your copy is intolerable; there is only one opinion on the boulevard; you'v... been boring us long enough.
> D'Ivoy—But, sir, our agreement?
> De V.—Our agreement? That's go... Go to law about it, and we'll have ... I'll have your articles read in ope... court, and we'll see whether any agre... ment can compel me to insert such no... sense in my paper.

Many Parisians have learned at la... that there are other streets in th... world; even the cabman, an invete...

newspaper reader, wishes to have all the news; he no longer buys the Petit Journal solely for the signed editorial.

We have spoken of the Epoque and the extraordinary efforts made to push it by advertisements of every sort, printed and oral. In the carnival of 1847 the publishers conceived the idea of a gigantic car on which the characters in Feval's feuilleton, "Le Fils du Diable," employes of every kind in a printing office, and others should ride in appropriate costumes through the streets. One thing was lacking: a beautiful woman, who should act the part of some goddess or other. Just before the day of days an English woman of rare and sumptuous beauty called at the office with a letter from Charles Dickens. She had with her a manuscript romance which she wished published. Felix Solar, who founded the Epoque, told her she was unknown; she should be associated first in the minds of the Parisians with leading celebrities. "Tomorrow," said he, "all the French literati and other distinguished men, Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Gautier, Paul de Kock, Scribe, Musset, Lamartine, Meyerbeer and others, will ride disguised as various characters on a chariot to show their sympathy for our newspaper. If you could take part in this touching manifestation of good will, you would at once be in close contact with our literary society and your name would be in every one's mouth." She rode on the chariot dressed boldly as a goddess, pleased as Punch. A man by her side answered her questions. When she asked the name of a tall, long-haired fellow, a mechanic in the pressroom, her companion said to her: "That gentleman is Theophile Gautier." The next day she remarked to Solar: "I never thought that these great men could be so gay and simple. Meyerbeer and Balzac kept on eating bread and sausage the whole day, and as for Messrs. Scribe and Victor Hugo, they stopped the chariot at every wine shop."

Did Sothern the elder know this story when he played his famous practical joke on an Englishman in New York by giving him a dinner to which all the celebrities were invited? There is a similar story in Besant and Rice's "The Golden Butterfly" of a dinner given to Mr. Gilead P. Beck, at which Swinburne and others behaved in a surprising manner. No doubt some Roman jester played a like trick on a friend from a province, and introduced him to Horace, Virgil, Maecenas and other worthies who then proceeded to be "gay and simple."

THE SULTAN'S REWARD.

The Sultan, uninjured by the bomb, says publicly and by proclamation that his escape was "God's reward to him for his constant endeavors to promote the peace and happiness of his people." One remembers the charges of outrageous cruelty brought against him; how, a timid man, made suspicious by designing courtiers, he orders men to be assassinated as another commands his dinner; how he butchers thousands with the easy conscience of a confirmed pigeon shooter. One remembers this and wonders at the Sultan's proclamation. Is that man of the east a hyprocrite or a fanatic, to use such preposterous words? Perhaps he believes that the happiness of his folk is assured by constant blood-letting; that those who escape are benefited by the slaughter of their neighbors. After all, his self-congratulation is no more monstrous than that of a Christian monarch who orders national rejoicing over the defeat of an incited foe. France under Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia. Then William I. had just cause in thanking God for the killing of thousands of Frenchmen in battle. But was not France, according to the foolish code of honor, compelled to declare the war in consequence of the machinations of Bismarck and others? Was not the government determined that [illegible] be? That a monarch believes in a Providence who watches over him, no matter what he does, is one of the perquisites of the trade. Is the Sultan insolent in his belief that as commander of the faithful he is the Lord's vicegerent? Do not William II. and the Czar believe firmly that they rule by divine right?

A NEEDED WORD.

"The Bystander" of London deplores the fact that there is no word in the English language which properly describes the man of the rifle, as "cricketer" describes the player of England's national game, as "archer" describes the man who shoots with the bow. The word "rifleman" does not suit him, unless he happens to belong to a patricular branch of the army. He is not a "gunner," and "shooter" will hardly do, for the latter term describes a low class of ball in cricket. The reporters at Bisley used the word "marksmen" or "shots" for the male competitors and "markswomen" or "lady shots" for the female competitors. We should have expected the English reporters to speak of the latter as "marksladies," for women in England are either "ladies" or "persons"—there are no females, no women, in polite speech.

The Pall Mall Gazette, discussing the needed term, says that "marksman" is a vague word at the best, and a "shot" is properly applied only to the man who discharges a shotgun. "Logically, the rifler (only rifler isn't, of course, right) ought to be called a bullet. Yet to call a man 'a good bullet' or 'a bad bullet' would result in misundertsanding. Perhaps some poet could coin the missing word."

But why will not "marksman" do, in spite of the reproach of vagueness? One skilled or practised in shooting at a mark is the evident definition. As a matter of fact, "marksman" in England was once, if it is not now, a title of merit awarded for a certain recognized degree of proficiency in rifle practice (see "Musketry Inst." for 1859). It is true that a marksman may be one who marks out land, or makes a mark in place of a signature, or has attained a certain degree among Orangemen, or ranges competitors in a race, but there would be no possible confusion in connection with shooting. "Markswoman" is at least a century old, and Sir Walter Scott used it in "St. Ronan's Well." "Rifler," too, might be called vague, as one that rifles, pillages, robs. "Bullet" has an unpleasant meaning in English slang: "To give the bullet is to discharge an employe," and "to shake the bullet" at any one is to threaten the discharge.

Aug 3 1905

GHASTLY RECOGNITION.

Mr. Henri Languille of Orleans, France, murdered an old man and was guillotined. When his head fell into the basket, a physician, duly authorized, lifted it and thrice called the murderer by name. On the first two occasions the eyelids were raised and the eyes fixed themselves on Dr. Beanrieu. At the third call they remained closed.

The Parisian newspapers are therefore debating again the questions: Whether a man is conscious for a short time after his head has been cut off? Whether he suffers after decapitation? The questions are old, and there were experiments in France before the recent one at Orleans. A physician, De la Pommeraye, was visited just before his execution by a colleague, who asked him in the name of the profession to which they belonged to respond as he best could to a like call. He promised to do his best. His head was raised and the question was put: "Dr. de la Pommeraye, do you hear me?" The eyes of the head opened and closed spasmodically. But might not these spasms have occurred in each instance naturally and inevitably if there had been no summons to recognition? Some of the learned, as Prof. Hartmann, state that life of the tissues exists after death, that there is a succession of deaths before the spark is finally put out. "The opening of the eyelids after the head is cut off is the reflex action on the still vibrant nerves by the sound of the voice." Something might be said about the behavior of chickens for some little time after they are headless.

This problem has interested novelists, and there are several exceedingly unpleasant stories worked out from this motive. Probably the most blood-curdling of them is Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "Secret of the Scaffold." Since some insist that punishment by the electric chair is cruel, inasmuch as the condemned may suffer agonies for a few moments, no doubt questions suggestive of tales to the grimly imaginative will arise and experiments will be tried. Decapitation has interested the Parisians ever since their St. Denis walked about with his head in his hands. Gerbault even went so far as to portray him taking his head to the hairdresser's that his hair might be pleasingly combed.

NOCTURNAL VISITORS.

Mr. Stuart Crane of Louisville, like Ulysses, has seen many cities and men. He is by profession a travelling man. For the last three years a mysterious fate has pursued him, until he is now in a hospital suffering from brain fever. He would stop at a highly respectable hotel, and after an evening spent in writing to the firm or in sedate and improving conversation with a colleague, he would go to bed. He would awake suddenly and find the bed clothes gone. He would change room; he would change hotel; his fate was the same. "The strangest part of it all is that, when the covers once disappear, they are never found again; and, though there are four nurses with him in the ward at the Chillicothe Hospital, report has it that the supply of bed clothing is rapidly dwindling."

There is a reasonable solution of this mystery. The books of Yogi philosophy—and, by the way, the leading Yogis are now found in the western states, not in India—assure us that beyond the border "the lower planes of the Astral plane" are filled with souls of a gross and undeveloped type. These lower plane souls hang around the old scenes of their earthly degradation; they are in very close contact with the material plane; they masquerade as the spirits at seances where mediums and sitters are also on a low plane; they play silly pranks; they indulge themselves in "general devilment." Is it unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Crane is pursued nocturnally by some soul who, though catalogued as belonging to a lower plane, is by choice a high-story worker? The soul may be of some one unreasonably offended by Mr. Crane, that of a tradesman who told some jest at which Mr. Crane could not laugh, even to gain an order, or of some rival and discomfited drummer?

This mysterious fly-by-night pulls off the bed clothes and takes them with him. How different the behavior of the sweet and gentle ghost that haunts Ionia, a plantation in the Green Spring region, Louisa county, Va.! There are many out-of-door and household spectres in the region, some frightful to look upon, others soothing and beneficent. In Ionia, a mansion that belonged to the Rives family, whenever a guest sleeps for the first time in the largest chamber, an old lady enters the room in the costume of a century ago and with a candle. She walks toward the bed, smiles on the visitor, tucks him up tenderly and glides away through the shut door. Truly a spirit of the highest plane!

A STAGE PARADOX.

There has been discussion in The Era over the question: "Should an actress be highly educated?" One writer thinks that a Girton girl would in all probability make a better Juliet than a woman of comparatively scanty schooling, but the general opinion may be thus formulated: "A bright, keen and alert intellect, with a moderately good school education, is the most promising soil for the cultivation of the actor or actress." This statement led an observer to remark: "It is certain that many parts have been excellently played by charming ladies who hardly knew the difference between a cape and an isthmus, while an attractive personal quality in many very indifferent players is the fact that they are 'so cultured' off the stage."

It is doubtful whether a course of study at any college with a degree as certificate of work satisfactorily done would enable a young woman to impersonate Juliet or Rosalind or the heroine of any modern "problem play" with greater authority than that displayed by a woman whose education has been derived from experience. Granted that the natural gifts—among them beauty, grace, emotional intensity—are the same, it is more than likely that the play-actress who has been obliged to know life rather than school would be as a woman more interesting, moving and convincing on the stage. Suppose Juliet is to be impersonated. She is, first of all, a woman in love. Does any one in the audience inquire for a moment into her education, whether she had been trained in mathematics or the classics? Juliet loves romantically, despairingly. How will a college education enable the actress to portray this passion more effectively? Would it not tend to check the natural emotional display?

As a matter of record, the great majority of truly distinguished play-actresses have been born in humble, often the humblest, circumstances; they have known a childhood of poverty; their early surroundings have often been squalid; their education has been in the street or on the stage; in some instances they have been illiterate persons. Dull, stupid or even coarse in private life, they have charmed and dazzled and thrilled in plays. It was said of Peg Woffington, the daughter of a bricklayer, whose girlhood was far from being cloistered, that she was "most admirable in the representation of females of high rank and of dignified elegance." Where, pray, did Rachel begin her training, where did she learn the classic grandeur and intensity that made her famous above women? As an ignorant singer in the streets of Lyons. One of the most accomplished of modern actresses, one that was the incarnation of all that is refined and sweet in womanhood, was for some years a barmaid, and the voice that delighted thousands—alas, that it was stilled when it was most irresistible!—had been heard by cockney sports and men about town in slang and chaff and vulgar jesting.

There are women of education who become actresses to support themselves or to gratify their vanity. Suppose one of them is to mimic the joys and sorrows of a Juliet or some noble dame of Italian history. The press agent announces the fact that Miss Nettie Van Guskirk has prepared herself for the composition of the part by reading contemporaneous records "in the original"; that she has searched museums and picture galleries for accurate costumes and stage furniture; that she has lived months in Verona, Venice, Padua in order that she may play with a finer appreciation of local color. But what does all this amount to if Nettie is not first of all an emotional woman who has been trained to express the emotions of a woman? A play-actress in private life may be a ignorant and dull as Pendennis' first love, yet on the stage be as a magnet to draw all toward her; or she may be coarse and a slattern by nature, yet behind the footlights a lady of long descent, an aristocrat from sole to crown. This is a paradox of the comedian that is more curious than the one propounded by Diderot.

Aug 4 1905

SUSPICIOUS GUESTS.

A few weeks ago there was a robbery in a humble thatched cottage at Newport. The mistress of the cottage lost her jewels, which were of a great value. A New York newspaper, stating the fact that much money has since been spent in the endeavor to find the thieves, publish[illegible] the headline: "No Guest Sus-

ected Robbery." The reader learns that there were no guests in the house at the time when the crime was committed. The conclusion of the headline is therefore sternly logical. The reader also learns that the owners of the cottage "keenly feel the attack upon those who have been their guests." Were these guests privately accused of having given the tip to certain parties skilled in the use of the jimmy, but temporarily out of active employment? Did they prepare a chart for nocturnal navigation in the rooms? Did they wax the keyholes for false keys?

Guests should henceforth take more than ordinary precautions in their choice of hosts. It is not enough to ascertain beforehand the abilities of the cook, the character of the wines and strong drinks, the customs and rules of the cottage life. The thoroughly housebroken may now distrust themselves. Will they not run the risk of being suspected at any moment of plundering wine cellar, linen closet, jewel case? Even if they ask to be searched before they leave, and expose the contents of trunks or dress suit case, they would not be free from the suspicion of collusion with dark-lantern burglars or slick second-story men. Guests in all instances should send in advance sworn certificates to their good character; they should be vouched for by personal and long tried friends of the host.

DISTURBING NAMES.

"W. F. W.," a London journalist, read the baptismal name "Edythe" in an advertisement and could not believe that the name was given to her in this orthography. Continuing his reading, he found another woman insisting that she had been christened in the name of "Mai," and he found the variant "Mairi," yet he could not be persuaded that these women did not as children answer to the call "Mary." He knows a woman who asked plaintively: "How could they ever call me Susan?" They did call her this, and her resentment grew. She did not name herself Suzanne; perhaps she feared the reproach of French frivolity; she turned Japanese, and is distinguished as San among all Susans.

It is a curious fact that some otherwise sensible persons are seriously annoyed by such feminine capriciousness. "Her name is Mary; why should she call herself 'Mai' or 'Mairi'?" There are purists who are prejudiced against Jenny if she signs herself "Jennie"; "Fie on Jenny's case," they exclaim. Yet why has not Jenny a right to spell her name as she pleases? Is she the less fair or amiable therefor? "Give me a simple girl, plain Mary, plain Edith. I can't stand these affectations." Then there is talk about the simple life.

As a matter of fact, there are old and ornate spellings of Edith, as there are of Alice. "Mairi" is a little far-fetched; it suggests a savage tribe, but if a girl wishes to be thus addressed why should she not be humored? There is much affectation in this chatter about a simple life, about the pious duty of plain and sanitary fare—a scrip with fruit and herbs supplied and water from the spring. Mr. Chesterton is right in saying that it needs a far more "decadent and elaborate mind to walk about in sandals with a raw tomato held firmly in the right hand and no hat on your head than to conform to the more commonplace and usual ways of dressing and eating." What is the only simplicity worth while? The simplicity of the heart, the simplicity which accepts and enjoys. There can be a reasonable doubt as to what man preserves this. There can hardly be no doubt that a system of simplicity destroys it. There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviar on impulse than in the man who eats walnuts on principle." Names are taken on impulse. Why should not Mary on principle?

A man may be named Cyrus, or Cy, or Quartus, and yet he is not immediately blamed for affectation if he is known familiarly as "Cy," or "Zene," or "Quarty, old boy." Why should "Mai" be looked on with suspicion? A person's name is supposed to identify. There are fourteen Susans in the street; why should not one of them be privileged to call herself San? Especially as the Japanese are now in fashion.

OVERDONE.

Mr. Johnson spent a few days last week at a country house, and found much material as a sociologist for his great work—the first volume is almost ready for the printer. He was especially impressed by a certain behavior of young male guests, some in college, others studying law or medicine. The first night after he had dressed as though it were winter and he were going to a formal diuner—for thus are summer rest and enjoyment marred by hosts and hostesses who insist on conventions and formalities when nature herself is uncorseted, short-skirted and with flowing hair—he went down to the parlor with his society smile and with his boots too full of feet. The guests were all assembled. A young lady of the house entered, and naturally all the men arose. In a few minutes she left the room for some purpose or other, and the young men again arose. Mr. Johnson joined them in the manoeuvres, a little belated. They had hardly resumed their seats before she re-entered, and lo and behold! they all rose again, all except Mr. Johnson, who made a silent protest against this nonsense, as he called it. Telling us of his visit, he said: "That continual bobbing up and down got on my nerves. The absurdity of it! Here was some girl or other coming in and out of the room every five minutes, in the morning, in the afternoon, at night, and even when she had gone out only for a minute, there was this solemn rising and seating one's self. You know how women will stand and stand while they are saying good-by after a call, or assuring the hostess as by a sworn affidavit that they have had a pleasant time at dinner. They stand and chatter and are apparently fresh and tireless, while the men near by are ready to drop after five minutes." He lowered his voice: "This was worse." Then he railed against this affectation of courtesy: "When did this trick come in? In my days of gallantry, before I began to devote myself seriously to my life work, it was naturally the custom to show respect to women by rising when they entered a room and when they left it for the night; but, if a woman arose from a chair to absent herself for a few minutes or moved from one chair to another, the most courteous never stirred, nor was he expected to turn himself into a jumping-jack. I give you my word, there was such a restless crowd in this house that sustained conversation was impossible between the older members of the company. The solemnity of dinner was disturbed. Miss Beatrice came in late—the youngest of the family—and every youth jumped up with napkin or fork in hand. But I saw that the young women did not pay such marked attention to the movements of an old lady; in fact, they sometimes neglected to rise when she entered the parlor quietly. And these same young men who were so foolishly punctilious in this one respect said flippant things to their elders and neglected to do things for the young women which in my day were thought obligatory. Veneer, my boy, veneer! No doubt these young squirts looked on me as a fossil, or a rheumatic with creaking unoiled hinges, or a man of some scientific attainments who had not in his earlier years been admitted to polite society. Let them think what they please; my knees, if not my withers, were unwrung."

TALES OF DERRING-DO.

Mr. John F. McCarthy's reminiscences, published in book form, should be interesting reading. Some men defer the writing of their memoirs until their memory is blunted, and they are therefore often vague or incredible in statement, but Mr. McCarthy's adventures as a yeggman are fresh in his mind, and the adventures themselves were bold and thrilling. If only he will be satisfied to write as he would talk, as Gen. Grant wrote his inimitable book! George Borrow, no mean judge, praised the style of the authors of the original Newgate Calendar for directness and simplicity, and also the style of writers of early chap-books and broadsides. If Mr. McCarthy tries to be picturesque or poetic in his narration, if he calls in the aid of a "descriptive writer," his book will lack the essential qualities of straightforwardness and force. Furthermore, the book should not be illustrated. It is much better to leave faces, figures, scenes to the imagination.

Books of this nature fascinate both the old and the young. There is no better reading than the original "Lives of Highwaymen," but it is exceedingly scarce, and Johnson, who pirated the book and ruined it by "improvements in diction," deserved a worse fate than that which befell any one of the heroes he described. What a wonderful book was left behind him by the artistic ruffian, Benvenuto Cellini, who in these days would surely be serving a long term at hard labor, as would Casanova, whose autobiography, long despised and regarded as the abomination of desolation, in spite of the fact that Thackeray lifted from it freely for his "Barry Lyndon," is now acknowledged as something more than a mass of obscenities with a relieving episode—the escape from the leads; it is rightly ranked as a masterpiece of personal revelation, as a marvellous picture of a blackguard period. Casanova was the supreme adventurer; yet he today, repentant or defiant, would be obliged to write his memoirs in a narrow cell.

In an ideal republic the memoirs of certain distinguished generals would be classed with the books that we have mentioned, for men like Caesar would be voted criminals of high degree. Carlyle, for his "Life of Frederick the Great," would be catalogued with Harrison Ainsworth or less famous chroniclers of the deeds of burglars, highwaymen and confidence men. And in this ideal republic, Miss Tarbell's short biographical sketch of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller—who probably rejoices because the sketch is no longer—would be read as one now reads a narration of the life and achievements of Dick Turpin or "Sixteen String" Jack.

The reader whose taste has not been sentimentalized will look forward eagerly to the publication of Mr. McCarthy's memoirs. It should easily be the book of the season; not only as a "quick seller," but as a tale told by a man of pronounced individuality and indisputable action. Admiration for adventurous exploits is not choked in a commercial age. The timid reverence the audacious. And now, when novelists go back to knights in armor and the years of derring-do, or analyze laboriously problems of sex, or write with a dark lantern after the minute manner of Mr. Henry James, the true story of a yeggman will be welcome.

Aug 5 1905

SPARKS IN COURT.

Suits brought against railway companies for injury to life or property are of interest to many who are not immediately concerned. There are some who even look forward to such injury without contributory negligence on their part. A curious case lately came up before the court of appeal in England. At a certain station of the North Western passengers who alight on the north platform and wish to go somewhere on the north side of the line can cross by a subway to the other platform and double back by a road under the rails, or they can leave by a private path belonging to the company close to the line. They are invited by a board marked "Way out," and there is a ticket collector; but they are exposed to sparks from the engine if it starts while they are still on the path. Local residents petitioned the company to screen this path, but the company refused to do it. A petitioner soon thereafter got a spark in his eye and gave him £25 damages. Should the judge have ruled that the company had taken all reasonable precautions? A railway is bound in England to use all the known scientific apparatus to check the sparks nuisance; it is not bound to screen its whole line or the side of a public road. But in this instance the court of appeal held that the provision of a screen was not so plainly unreasonable as to justify the judge in taking away the exercise of discretion from the jury. The company was obliged to pay, and either to screen the path or to close it up.

MASCAGNI AGAIN.

Mr. Pietro Mascagni was surely born under a restless, warlike star. Wherever he goes there is strife; wherever he has been the mention of his name stirs up strife. All this dates only from the time of his sudden success with "Cavalleria Rusticana." Perhaps, after all, success, as Victor Hugo insisted, is hideous. Called to Pesaro as the director of the music school, Mascagni's term was a series of quarrels, which culminated in an open row that led to his enforced resignation. In America he figured in courts as well as in theatres. He goes from city to city in Europe as a conductor; discussion of his merits incites screaming; fists are clenched. There is always the quarrel between him and Leoncavallo, in which one—it matters not which one of the two—is seen accusing the other of taking the same subject for an opera, following or anticipating. And now, long after he left Pesaro, his music set neighbor against neighbor in that ordinarily peaceful little town.

It appears that since Mascagni was dismissed from the school in Pesaro his music has been excluded there from public orchestral concerts, that there might be no popular demonstration. It was thought at last that the music could be played with comparative safety, so far as audience and performers were concerned, and the overture to "Cavalleria Rusticana" was put on the programme of a piazza concert; but after a few measures the friends and foes of the composer began to growl and howl and make all manner of loud and disturbing cries, and when their throats were tired they began to box each other, and there was soon such violence that the concert was abandoned.

There are superstitious and ungallant persons in America and in Italy who allege that Mrs. Mascagni is Pietro's evil star; that it is she who, by pouring suspicion into his credulous ear, persuades him that men in all lands are leagued together to tarnish his fame and to pick his pockets. On the other hand, the composer believes firmly that his wife is his mascot. She nursed him when he was sick unto death. She urged him to send his "Cavalleria Rusticana" to the publisher when the competition was announced, when he himself was faint-hearted. He attributes all his good luck to her, for he had none before his marriage. She may have been his mascot but her charm disappeared with the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana," for, in spite of the later works, Mascagni is still a man of one opera. It would be hard to persuade him of this, for he is a doting parent toward all the children of his brain.

DICKENS STAGED.

Mr. Tree produced Mr. Comyns Carr's version of "Oliver Twist" on the last night of his season, and with such success that he announces it as the piece with which he will reopen the theatre in September. There have been several adaptations of "Oliver Twist" for the stage. The first was the work of a dramatic pirate in 1839 at the old Surrey Theatre, and Dickens went to see it. Forster tells us how he liked it: "In the middle of the first scene he laid himself down on the floor in a corner of the box and never rose till the act drop fell."

It is apparent to any one that the novels of Thackeray, which cover periods of time and are made up

st part of conversation, are difficult to adapt. It will surprise some to an acute critic declaring that the of Dickens, while they tempt the right, are still more repugnant to e version, for while the characters made for the theatre, the novels, ed mostly in instalments, have ense of form. The plot is for st part perfunctory; yet when was taxed with looseness in rigue of his stories he girded up s to write "Our Mutual Friend." ere not recent attempts to un- "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," he one by Mr. Cumming Walters, pite of the fact that the incomplete el was finished shortly after the of Dickens by "a spirit hand" published in this country? Take er Twist," for instance: how many can tell you all about Oliver's adtures with Bumble, Sowerby, Fagin; many to whom Bill Sikes, Nancy, h Claypole, the Artful Dodger are he people in the next street can de- the plot of the story or why there mysterious attempt to turn Oliver criminal? The theatregoer is rned chiefly with the squalid edy of Nancy, with the melodraic Fagin and with the relieving edy. What does he care for the lowy Monks, the legitimate son? Mr. Carr gives a condensed form e whole of the novel, according to accounts of the play that have ed us. This would seem to be aken reverence, for the reader can all the vague passages, the mawk- about the sentimental lovers, tator must sit and endure le if he wishes to enjoy the that he remembers in the book. sing this subject, a New who has had much to do with e as playwright and critic said that a more serious obstacle in aptation of a novel by Dickens fact that there are two and often plots in the more important ; that there is too much material. essful play must be founded on odes in which the favorite and ble characters are introduced. play must be, first of all, a suc- of character sketches. In a unded on "David Copperfield" the men and women that are nade for theatrical use! The ontains a melodrama, a comedy, ; but it cannot be squeezed as in press into one dramatic piece that ns all the vital characteristics. refully annotated list of successys based on novels would be an ining volume. There are a few that still live while the novels selves are practically forgotten or ed. Thousands know "Camille" have never read Dumas' romance. cle Tom's Cabin" is still played in country and in Europe to thrilled nces who know the story itself vaguely as a powerful abolition . This play may be performed interpolations, as when Legree, the sale of Uncle Tom, asks: "Is good slave?" the answer is made: and a good juggler, too!" and Tom immediately begins to balls and knives in the air; the motive is one of universal and g interest—the sale of a man's without the ability to sell his he play of today that is adapted ly from a "quick seller" is of litantage to dramatic art. People ee it to find out whether the aracters are anything like the d women in the novel, just as Mr. Carr's "Oliver Twist" was d last month at His Majesty's e some of the critics reproached ee for not being the Fagin that shank drew.

VIEWS OF A FAMOUS OLD ITALIAN SINGER

His Advice to Masters and Pupils—Faults and Affectations Peculiar to Operatic Celebrities—Marie Hall, English Violinist, to Visit Us.

THE full title of the treatise on singing to which The Herald referred last Sunday is as follows: "Observations on the Florid Song; or, Sentiments on the Ancient and Modern Singers, written in Italian by Pier Francesco Tosi of the Phil-Harmonic Academy at Bologna. Translated into English by Mr. Galliard. Useful for all Performers, Instrumental as well as Vocal. To which are added Explanatory Annotations and Examples in Musick."

The edition from which we shall quote is the second, published at London in 1743. The original was published at Bologna 20 years before. On the back of the title page is this note: "By the 'Ancient' our author means those who lived about 30 or 40 years ago; and by the 'Modern' the late and present singers."

Tosi's treatise has been called the "golden book on song." It was translated into German by Agricola, who added notes and comments; into English by Galliard, and into French as late as 1874 by Theophile Lemaire, who also added notes.

The life of Pierfranco Tosi is told at length by Fetis and other compilers of biographical dictionaries of musicians. It is enough to say here that he was an Italian singer of great reputation. He journeyed much to hear the eminent singers in Europe. His own "manner of singing," says Galliard, "was full of expression and passion; chiefly in the style of chamber music. The best performers in his time thought themselves happy when they could have an opportunity to hear him." After he lost his voice he applied himself chiefly to composition. We are told he was a zealous well-wisher to all who distinguished themselves in music, "but rigorous to those who abused and degraded the profession." He visited England and sojourned there under four monarchs. He filled honorable offices in Italy, and, receiving a church-retirement in Flanders, he died there. "He was very much esteemed by persons of rank," adds Galliard, "among whom the late Earl of Peterborough was one, having often met in his travels beyond sea; and he was well received by his lordship when in England, to whom he dedicated this treatise. This alone would be a sufficient indication of his merit, his being taken notice of by a person of that quality and distinguishing taste." But Peterborough was not a snobbish patron.

The earl, whose portrait was drawn sharply in verse by Swift, whose love affair with Anastasia Robinson, the singer, gave Mr. George Meredith the motive for a novel, was honored by Tosi with a dedication, in which he spoke of the many favors bestowed on him, especially at the earl's delightful seat at Parson's Green. "The famous tulip tree in your garden there is not so surprising a rarity as the uncommon penetration of your judgment."

A Teacher's Duties.

Tosi says in his introduction: "I cannot but wonder that among so many professors of the first rank, who have written so amply on music in almost all its branches, there has never been one, at least that I have heard of, who has undertaken to explain in the art of singing anything more than the first elements, known to all; concealing the most necessary rules for singing well." He himself disdains to speak at length concerning these all important first steps, rudiments "which necessarily fall to a master of a lower rank, till the scholar can sing his part at sight." We may guess at the nature of these first lessons from the requisites demanded: this teacher of beginnings should be honest, he should sing neither through the nose nor in the throat; he should have command of voice, "some glimpse of a good taste, able to make himself understood with ease, a perfect intonation and a patience to endure the severe fatigue of a most tiresome employment."

The teacher should study the voice and the disposition of the pupil before giving a long course of lessons: "that he may not be obliged to give a strict account to God of the parents' money ill spent, and the injury done to the child by the irreparable loss of time which might have been more profitably employed in some other profession. * * The ignorance of the parents does not let them perceive the badness of the voice of their children, as their necessity makes them believe that to sing and grow rich is one and the same thing, and to learn music it is enough to ha[illegible] pretty face: 'Can you make [illegible] The master should [illegible] or too great severity creates stubbornness, and too great mildness contempt.

Tosi passes over knowledge of the notes and of their value, time, rests, accidentals, etc., but he dwells on the importance of knowing the seven clefs. He insists on the necessity of pure intonation: One who has not a good ear should not undertake either to instruct or to sing. One who sings out of tune loses all his other perfections. "I can truly say that except in some few professors, the modern intonation is very bad." What would he say to that of today?

"In the sol-fa-ing let him endeavor to gain by degrees the high notes that by the help of this exercise he may acquire as much compass of the voice as possible. Let him take care, however, that the higher the notes, the more it is necessary to touch them with softness, to avoid screaming." The pupil should hit the semitones according to the true rules and thus distinguish D sharp from E flat. The master should teach him "to hit the intonation of any interval in the scale perfectly and readily and keep him strictly to this important lesson, if he is desirous he should sing with readiness in a short time." The vowels should be pronounced distinctly; the pupil should always sing standing in a graceful posture, making an agreeable appearance, "without grimaces and tricks of the head, of the body, and particularly of the mouth, which ought to be composed in a manner (if the sense of the words permit it) rather inclined to a smile than too much gravity."

Here we have the famous rule for "a pleasant expression; lips parted as in a gentle smile," a rule that has been stultified by unreasoning and unreasonable singers. Lancelot of the Referee spoke some months ago of women who "deliver such an impassioned love song of self-abandonment as Grieg's 'Ich liebe dich' with a simper, even while the voice speaks in heart throbs; and on other occasions a 'pleasant look' will be carefully preserved while the lips tell of shattered hopes and anguish of mind." So songs about childhood are too often sung with an affectation of naivete. "In singing these songs," says Lancelot, "it has become quite a tradition to deliver the words with an affectation of childishness, with wide-opened eyes, raised eyebrows, and a general endeavor to depict ignorant innocence which is very trying to behold, particularly on the face of an artist whose memories of childhood must be more or less remote. Children are more often old than young in their ways, and they are always serious."

The teacher, according to Tosi, should teach the pupil how to hold tones without shrilness like a trumpet, or trembling; to swell a tone from softest piano to loudest forte, and by the same art to return from the forte to the piano; to study on the three open Italian vowels, particularly on the first, "but not always upon the same, as it is practised nowadays"; to acquaint him, after he has made remarkable progress, with the first embellishment, the appoggiatura, and with the manner of gliding with the vowels, and to drag the voice gently from the high to the lower tones. "But if he should let him sing the words and apply the appoggiatura to the vowels before he is perfect in sol-fa-ing, he ruins the scholar."

Sound advice; but so far there is not one hint or suggestion about the manner in which a pure and beautiful tone is formed. Many things should be done; but how?

Truths and Maxims.

The next chapters treat of the appoggiatura and the trill. There are two powerful obstacles in forming the trill: "The first embarrasses the master, for to this hour there is no infallible rule found to teach it; and the second affects the scholar, because nature imparts the trill but to few. Yet "who wants it or has it imperfectly will never be a great singer, let his knowledge be ever so great." And this is now true, for mastery of coloratura is necessary to the singer who wishes to move and thrill in sustained song or exert authority in declamation. A voice is not thoroughly supple until it has the trill in easy control.

In the chapter on phrases or running passages of long breath, Tosi warns the pupil against slovenly enunciation and pronunciation; he should read and pronounce the words to his teacher after he has mastered the musical phrases. "If the words are not heard so as to be understood, there will be no great difference between a human voice and a hautboy. This defect, though one of the greatest, is nowadays more than common, to the greatest disgrace of the professors and the profession; and yet they ought to know that the words only give the preference to a singer above an instrumental performer, admitting them to be of equal judgment and knowledge."

The pupil should never take breath in the middle of a word. "Anciently such cautions were not necessary but for the learners of the first rudiments; now the abuse, having taken its rise in the modern schools, gathers strength and is grown familiar with those who pretend to eminence." Might not this be written today with reference to the Bayreuth school of song and singers? Of course this prohibition is not rigorously insisted on by Tosi in long running passages or in "interrupted movements," where they cannot be sung in one breath. The singer should always be provided with more breath than is needful.

The pupil should feel the spur of rivalry; he should not hold his music before his face; he should sing as often as possible before persons of distinction to acquire confidence, but not boldness. "Assurance leads to fortune, and in a singer becomes a merit."

The pupil should be well skilled in forte and piano, used more to the first than the second, it being easier to make one sing soft than loud; experience shows that the piano is not to be trusted to, since it is prejudicial, though pleasing, and if any one has a mind to lose his voice, let him try it. On this subject some are of opinion that there is an artificial piano that can make itself be heard as much as the forte; but that is only opinion, which is the mother of all errors. It is not art which is the cause that the piano of a good singer is heard, but the profound silence and attention of the audience."

And whoever does not sing to the utmost rigor of time deserves not the esteem of the judicious; on the other hand, the stealing of time, the rubato, in pathetic passages, is an honorable theft, provided the robber makes an ingenious restitution.

This should be done; that should not be done—Tosi cannot justly be contradicted. But just how are the right things done? The excellent master described by Tosi should be consulted, but he himself has long been silent.

Shocking Examples.

There was no one keener than Tosi in exposing the affectations, the faults, the sins of the irritable race. See what he says about certain singers of operatic recitative: "There are some who sing recitative on the stage like that of the church or chamber; some in a perpetual chanting, which is insufferable; some overdo it and make it a barking; some whisper it and some sing it confusedly; some force out the last syllable and some sink it; some sing it blusteringly and some as if they were thinking of something else; some in a languishing manner, others in a hurry; some sing it through the teeth and others with affectation; some do not pronounce the words and others do not express them; some sing it as if laughing and some crying; some speak it and some hiss it; some hallOO, bellow and sing it out of tune, and, together with their offences against nature, are guilty of the greatest fault in thinking themselves above correction."

It was the belief of Tosi that to study much and to preserve the full freshness and beauty of the voice were incompatible. The beautiful voice is a gift of nature; perfection in art is a "painful acquisition"; Tosi, therefore, considered the latter as the more excellent merit and more deserving of praise. And what should the student not do to gain this perfection of art!

He should abstain from all manner of disorderly conduct and from all violent diversions. He should master his own language and be thoroughly acquainted with the meaning and shades of meaning of the text that he sings. Youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity, and "the unwearied study of youth is sure to overcome all obstacles that oppose, though defects were sucked in with our mother's milk." When the voice is tired there should be study with the mind. The student should hear closely the most celebrated singers and instrumental performers, but he should copy no one of them: "Where knowledge with study makes one a good singer, ignorance with one single copy makes a thousand bad ones." He should learn to accompany himself. (This advice may have been indisputably sound in the time of the harpsichord, but some believe that the modern piano, which is a compromise in the matter of pure intonation, is injurious to the delicacy and accuracy of a singer's ear, and that it is far better for him to practise his exercises unaccompanied, or with the occasional use of a pitch-pipe). Tosi was firmly of the opinion that all study to sing is inevitably vain if it is not accompanied with some little knowledge of counterpoint.

"Whoever studies, let him look for what is most excellent, and let him look for it wherever it is, without troubling himself whether it be in the style of 15 or 20 years ago, or in that of these days, for all ages have their good and bad productions. It is enough to find out the best and profit by them."

Tosi in his old age declared that if he were young he should imitate as closely as possible the sustained song of the ancients and the swift passages of the moderns. He advised the pupils to study both, to arrive at perfection, "but if one were to choose, I should freely, without fear of being taxed with partiality, advise him to attach himself to the taste of the first." In his catholicity he admitted gladly that each manner of singing has a different degree of eminence.

Caustic Observations.

There are pages in his book that are now chiefly of historical or antiquarian interest, for the character of the music that invited the comments is now itself only historical. It is no longer the fashion for a singer to improvise his cadenzas, and a thorough and intimate acquaintance with the ancient moods is no longer indispensable to an operatic singer. In like manner the chapter on cadenzas, or cadences as they were then called in English, is now of interest chiefly to the general student of music, but many of the observations made for the benefit of the singer after he is proficient and ready to sing in public are of weight today.

It is believed by some who are ever praisers of past times that in the 18th century every singer was a swan. Yet Tosi tells us: "If too many did not persuade themselves that they had studied sufficiently, there would not be such a scarcity of the best nor such a swarm of the worst." He is never weary of inveighing against the "immoderate gargling" of the stage, against the mediocrity of the lazy, the ignorance of the impudent pretenders. He has a pretty knack of polite abuse, as when he writes: "There are also several who study nothing but the defects and are endowed with a marvellous aptness to

REVIEW OF "GOLDEN BOOK" OF PIERFRANCESCO TOSI

Aug 6 1905

MARIE HALL

MRS: RIDER-KELSEY

BESSIE ABBOT

learn them all, having so happy a memory as never to forget them. Their genius is so inclined to the bad that if by gift of nature they had the best of voices they would be discontented if they could not find some means to make it the worst."

Schools and styles of song and vocal composition may change, and fashion may succeed fashion, the character of the singer remains the same. As it is today, so it was in the year when Tosi meditated his art in the garden of Earl Peterborough or in his retirement at Bologna. "I can truly say that I have never in my life heard a singer own the truth and say: 'I'm very well today'; they reserve the unseasonable confession to the next day, when they make no difficulty to say: 'In all my days my voice was never in better order than it was yesterday.'" The avaricious singer was then a familiar figure: "One who thinks on nothing but gain is in the ready way to remain ignorant."

The arrogance of some was shown openly on the stage; they hid their own failings by shrugs, scornful glances, malicious shaking of the head to show the hearers that gross errors were due to the accompanist or the orchestra. "He is still more to be blamed who, when singing in two, three or four parts, does so raise his voice as to drown his companions; for if it is not ignorance, it is something worse." Is the singer puffed up by the applause in one city? "Let him often change climates, and then he will judge better of his talent." Were singers celebrated for gorgeous plumage? They should have reflected that "merit and ignorance are equally aggrandized by pomp; the singers that have nothing but the outward appearance pay that debt to the eyes which they owe to the ears."

Nor was Tosi too inflexible in his view of the duties of a singer toward art. He admitted that a hearer has some rights. "To please universally, reason will tell you that you must always sing well, but if reason does not inform you, interest will persuade you to conform to the taste of that nation (provided it be not too depraved) which pays you."

In his day the problem of operatic acting must have been discussed, for he remarks toward the close of his little volume: "I do not know if a perfect singer can at the same time be a perfect actor, for the mind being at once divided by two different operations, he will probably incline more to one than the other: it being, however, much more difficult to sing well than to act well, the merit of the first is behind the second. What a felicity would be to possess both in a perfect degree!"

The Book's True Value.

Near the conclusion of Tosi's whole letter: "Remember what has been justly observed that mediocrity of merit can but for a short time eclipse the name sublime which, how old soever it grows, can never die. Abhor the example of those who hate correction; for like lightning to those who walk in the dark, tho' it frightens them, it gives them light. Learn from the errors of others: O great lesson! it costs little and instructs much. Of every one something is to be learned, and the most ignorant is sometimes the greatest master."

The reader may thus obtain some idea of Pierfranco Tosi's book, which is a collection of shrewd and excellent maxims. It should be read thoughtfully by teachers and pupils. In it, as in a looking-glass, they may see their faults and failings. By reading it singers may be led to correct certain affections which do them harm and annoy their hearers. By reading it certain teachers may be persuaded to ask themselves if they should teach without seeking further instruction; for Tosi, tempted to believe that good taste was nearly lost and that the profession was going to ruin, mentions masters who could barely sing, and mean instrumental performers, "who, though they never sing, nor know how to sing, pretend, not only to teach, but to perfect, and find some that are weak enough to be imposed on."

The book is curious and entertaining, but no student will learn from it one practical lesson in management of breath, in production of tones, in any technical matter that contributes to pure intonation or pure and musical phrasing. It is not in any way whatever a textbook. It is a reminder, a warning, an encroachment to one that is already proficient in vocal wit. It is also valuable as a picture of the age in which Tosi flourished. It is a contradiction, and a corrective to those who delight in condemning contemporaneous singers and in referring vaguely in the censure of them to the wonderful men and women of bygone years; for Tosi, in the period of such singers himself, found grave faults in their art, and he, too, looked back longingly on the golden age of song.

MARIE HALL.

Mr. Henry Wolfsohn of New York has made his preliminary announcement of the singers and players who will be next season under his control. The list includes the Emma Eames Concert Company, Marie Hall, the English violinist; Bessie Abbot, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, Caroline Mihr-Hardy, Susan Metcalfe, sopranos; Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, Louis Homer, Muriel Foster, Janet Spencer, Margaret Roche, contraltos; Ben Davies and Messrs. Van Yorx, James, E. P. Johnson, tenors; Campanari and Messrs. Miles, Witherspoon, Croxtone and Luchstone, baritones and basses; Hugo Heermann, David Mannes, Dorothy Hoyle, violinists; Messrs. Schroeder and Kronold, 'cellists; Raoul Pugno, Miss aus der Ohe, Mme. Zeisler, Miss Cottlors, pianists, and several clubs of various character.

Miss Marie Hall will visit this country for the first time. She is the daughter of Edward Felix Hall, a harpist, who, with his wife, travelled from town to town, picking up a precarious living. While the parents were in Newcastle, Marie was born, on April 8, 1884. Observing a natural aptitude in the child for music, her father taught her to play the fiddle. At the age of 9 she appeared in the Newcastle town hall, and some wealthy Newcastle gentlemen interested themselves in the child and desired to arrange for her proper education, but the nomadic father took his family to Malvern, where Marie performed with him. In Malvern Max Mossel of the Midland Institute of Music, Birmingham, heard her play and, impressed by her talent, gave her one year's private instruction and then recommended her for a scholarship at the Conservatory. She held this scholarship for two years. Generous help enabled her father to bring her to London to play for Wilhelmj, who, after hearing her, requested him to leave his child with him.

In 1901 arrangements were made by her friends to send her to Prof. Sevcik of Prague. She studied with him for 18 months, and played at a coming-out concert with uncommon success. She then went to Vienna, where she gave five concerts. On Feb. 16, 1903, she gave her first concert in London at St. James' Hall. The programme included Paganini's concerto, Tschaikowski's concerto and Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia. She at once became famous, and her triumphs have already been described in The Herald. A subscription is now being raised in England to buy a Guarnerius violin, which will be given to her at her concert in London in October next.

Miss Hall will arrive in this country in November for a series of 50 concerts. She will make her first appearance in Carnegie Hall with orchestra in the first week of November.

Much has been written concerning her childhood, and simple facts have been distorted. It is true that she was at one time playing in the streets for bread, and she is anxious that this fact should not be hidden. It happened one night that Canon Fellowes heard violin playing in the streets of a provincial town, and even under such unfavorable circumstances he realized something unusual and masterly in the performance. It was through him ultimately that she was able to enjoy her first instruction for three years.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of Miss Marie Hall, violinist, Miss Bessie Abbot, soprano, and Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano. A sketch of Miss Hall is published elsewhere today. Miss Abbot, who will sing here in concert next season was formerly well known in this country as a vaudeville singer. Her voice attracted the attention of Mr. Jean de Reszke and he advised her to study for opera. The story of her artistic life in Paris is familiar to readers of The Herald. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey really began her professional career in the fall of 1904. She has sung in oratorio with marked success in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis and

ther cities, and she was enthusiastically praised for her singing in the "Passion according to Matthew" at the Bach Festival of 1905 at Bethlehem, Pa.

The Mercure Musical of Paris announces that Vincent d' Indy, the distinguished composer, will conduct a series of orchestral concerts in Boston next December.

Umberto Giordano is at work on a French opera dealing with Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. The libretto is by Sardou and Moreau.

The violinist Veesey has a vacation of three months in Hungary. He will give concerts in the English provinces in October.

Florizel Reuter, violinist, has begun a tour at Buenos Ayres. He will play in South Africa and Australia, "after which he will retire for five years before reappearing in public."

Mr. E. H. Lemare, the English organist who sojourned for a year or so at Pittsburgh, and then resigned his position to return to London, will go to Austria early next year.

Mr. George Grossmith will begin this month a farewell recital tour of Great Britain. "This will be the last occasion upon which Mr. Grossmith will give the entire programme by himself." 'Tis time, 'tis time!

Among the contributors to the August number of the Musician, published by Oliver Ditson Co., are Mr. Edward B. Pill, who writes entertainingly about Gustave Charpentier, and Mr. Clarence M. Chase, who describes what Isidor Phillipp, the piano teacher has accomplished at the Paris Conservatory. Other contributors are Messrs. N. H. Dole, A. Eisen and W. S. R. Mathews. There are reviews, pedagogic articles and 24 pages of new vocal and instrumental music.

Albert Visetti is writing a book about female composers.

FOR SINGERS.

The Herald has already mentioned Mme. Albani's concert given in London on June 27, but Mr. Baughan may even now be quoted.

"In listening to Mme. Patti and to Mme. Albani the student of singing must wonder what was the secret of the old school of teaching which enables artists who have been so long before the public to sing so that they still give pleasure to their audience. In Mme. Albani's singing there is still the remains of a grand style, an emotional grip which even now makes the younger school seem anaemic and finnicking. Her execution of Mozart's 'L'Amero' was not, of course, faultless, but it had a distinction and a vital force which many a more perfect performance lacks. The same thing may be said of her singing in the duet, 'Va, je t'al pardonne,' from 'Romeo et Juliette,' with Mr. John Coates. It was good to see so large an audience paying respect to a singer who was among the first flight for so many years. I thought with regret of her Isolde, of her Elsa and Elizabeth."

Miss Donaldo, the Canadian soprano, was warmly praised as Juliet at Covent Garden. C. W. J. wrote in the Daily News: "She has no doubt much to learn before she can be counted a perfect singer of florid passages, but the quality of her voice is so exquisitely pure and her way of managing it is so unaffected that she cannot fail to delight those whose ears are attuned to like sweet singing. Now she reminded me of Mme. Cames, now of Mme. Melba. Yet there was always a personal charm in the embre; and Mlle. Donalda showed more power over grades of feeling both in singing and acting so that her Juliet must be set down as a distinct success."

CLUB TIPS.

Is it true that club servants are fast becoming demoralized by the tips of injudicious, foolish members and invited guests? The statement is made. It is said that in New York clubs the old style English and Irish servants have nearly all disappeared; that Italian and other continental servants willing to work for smaller pay have taken their places; they in turn will find higher wages in the new hotels, unless the house committees raise the pay or put up with inferior service. There is a Christmas box in nearly all clubs, but it is hinted that the upper servants, those in petty authority, pocket the larger part of the contributions, for there is more or less graft in clubs, even when membership is exclusive, even when the charter characterizes the purpose of association as a gregarious wish to cultivate the arts, literature and the graces.

A member who tips a club servant does his fellow-members much harm, and he should, if convicted of a second offence, be summarily ejected. A club is for the common benefit of all the members. They are supposed to be treated equally by officers and servants. The moment a member tips a servant he takes an unfair advantage of his comrades and he debauches the probity of the one he tips. In a club restaurant all should be served with the same attention, though we do not blame a club waiter who takes his time in serving a professional bully, who roars and screams because his beef is well done and not rare, because the size of the portion does not suit him, although the waiter is not at fault.

The trouble is that there are club members who are not willing to observe the rule against gratuities. They either wish to obtain more than their share of the service, or, suddenly rich, they are eager to impress the waiter with an undue sense of their importance. In either case they are eminently unclubable persons.

TAXABLE PROPERTY.

"Protests have been made in Newport, R. I., by a number of summer residents against the increase in their personal property tax." There are humbler summer cottagers scattered throughout New England who would like to protest against the increase from year to year in their real estate tax; but of what avail would such a protest be?

Mr. Johnson, for example, bought, five or six years ago, in Clamport three acres of land that had been used only for pasture until the discouraged cattle, finding nothing there but a view of the sea, persuaded their owner to lead them elsewhere. The taxes on these acres were merely nominal. Mr. Johnson built a modest cottage, where, at a good distance from disturbing summer people, he might find quiet; where the only moving things in the air would be crows, song birds, lightning and other flying bugs. He found comforts and discomforts, but on the whole the comforts prevailed and he was able to seclude himself for meditation on his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," to which The Herald has before this referred.

The town tax at the end of the first year was reasonable. At the end of the second it rose to such a height that Mr. Johnson felt himself to be in truth a man of property. After the momentary flush of pride he wrote a discreet note to the chief assessor asking why the tax was so much higher when the rate of taxation had been raised only a few cents. The answer was diplomatic—that is, wholly unsatisfactory. In vain did the assessed point out in a lucid letter that he had made no improvements; he had not laid out a tennis court; he had not added a wing or a hennery; there was, indeed, need of repair. The assessor was unmoved. Mr. Johnson consulted the village oracles, a retired skipper and the storekeeper. The answer was this: "Josh Bursikorn is straight."

During the next year the town was obliged to assist in the making of a state road. Mr. Johnson has no horse, and when he drives an animal recommended by the snag-toothed owner as "safe" he seeks grass-grown roads, for they lead through a more romantic country, and Mrs. Johnson objects to being seen with such a rig on frequented highways. The state road is nowhere near his house. Again a raise. Another year rolled around, and the town found it necessary to build a pest-house eight miles, at least, from his cottage. Again a raise, and this time one that struck terror to his soul. He himself had not awakened in the night in his city flat with the harrassing thought: "Clamport has no pest-house!" He does not expect to have the smallpox or the bubonic plague, nor does he invite guests with contagious diseases. No doubt there should be such a house in every respectable country town, but his assessment might have provided this one with a memorial window and a liberty pole. Meanwhile, state roads are being made in all directions, toward map villages uninhabited save by some temporary squatters and unvisited by those who have once passed through. He has only one consolation: According to the assessment he owns extremely valuable property; he rubs his eyes occasionally to see if there is not a pagoda tree within picking reach. And he has the satisfaction of saying to Mrs. Johnson: "If I should die suddenly, you will have at least a home; and if you do not wish to live here the year round, you can sell it for a high price." If Mrs. Johnson is incredulous, he shows her triumphantly the tax bill. Yet in his darker hours he meditates an article with the attractive title: "Country Homes for City Suckers."

OBLIGATORY MUSIC.

It is said that the first cabin concerts were omitted on a steamship bound for New York because Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, a passenger, objected to them. We are loath to believe the story true, to think for a moment that Mr. Morgan should try to exercise such authority. If it is true, Mr. Morgan, after all, is not so much to blame as the captain of the steamship who thus cringed to a plutocrat. The other first cabin passengers certainly had rights and privileges, unless they were carried without expense as guests of the capitalist.

No doubt these cabin concerts are disliked by some, who either believe with the Frenchman that music is the most expensive and disagreeable of all noises, or, truly appreciative of music, are exasperated by the mediocrity of the amateur performances. Occasionally an opera singer or a distinguished violinist is persuaded to take part for the benefit of some charity, but too often the cabin is the arena in which a passionate amateur wrestles with song. That the bleating tenor and sobbing soprano are not at once thrown overboard or at least put in chains for the remaining days of the voyage is due to the fact that they relieve in a way the tedium of the trip, and the bored are charitable or they find amusement in the vain vocal endeavor.

Some feel as Mr. Morgan is alleged to have felt. They are not so much opposed to music itself as to the character of the concerts. On shore they prefer the restaurant where there is no band, Hungarian, German—and applauded Hungarian bands are often composed of honest Germans—or one of rag-time musicians. They are comparatively few. The feeling of the great majority is expressed by the line of a familiar poem:

"And somewhere bands are playing."

They wish to be where these bands are. They are afraid to talk unless there be this shield and stimulus. They eat and drink more and faster to lively strains, and a sentimental wail on the 'cello encourages goo-goo eyes and whispered sentiment. Then there is the joy of recognizing the tune—and this is often no slight task: "Why, don't you know what that is? It's Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance.'" "Now we have that jolly waltz song from 'The Josser of Jericho.' Do you remember Jennie Jumpup in the part? Wasn't she a corker?" Thus is digestion supposed to be aided and the mind improved.

As on land, so on deck—unless there's a jig-tune there's nothing doing. The voyage is dull, the ocean itself is a bore. Even the charm of the smoking room palls. There must be music. If the steamship has no band there are always passengers who are willing to oblige. And they at last have their chance: the sufferers cannot leave the ship.

Aug 8 1905

HIS DOUBLE.

Mr. James H. Hyde, it is reported, is seriously annoyed because a young Russian priest at Newport, R. I., is his double in appearance. The priest has corresponding black whiskers, Van Dyke beard and "characteristic" outing cap. Newspaper men and other distinguished persons in Newport go up to the priest, address him as Mr. Hyde and at once ask him questions.

Mr. Hyde is "seriously annoyed," but how does the priest feel about the identity? Many years ago a member of The Herald staff published this personal note: "The Prince of Wales and Mr. Henry James are said to be often mistaken for each other"; and he added this illuminative comment: "It is seldom that two men have such hard luck." Why, in this instance, should Mr. Hyde be the one to be aggrieved? Is not the individuality of the priest dear to him? No one wishes to be mistaken for another, except, possibly, Mr. Hall Caine when he is pointed out as Shakespeare. But others have borne a singular resemblance to Shakespeare; Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer still bears it, and there is the memorable case mentioned by Mr. Gilbert in a Bab ballad. Tell a man to whom you have just been introduced that you would take him anywhere for your old friend Higgins, and although he has never seen him he hates Higgins from that moment with Florentine malignity. It matters not how highly you praise Higgins, how you laud his mental ability, force of character, generosity, or refer knowingly to his conquests over the ladies; the hatred is fed by your praise. He hates Higgins and he hates you. If you are addressed by a stranger in the street by the name of another, your first impulse is naturally to rank the stranger among the companions of Hungry Joe. As soon as you are convinced that he is not a hunco steerer you are the more indignant. Your denial is churlish. Yet the one for whom you were taken may be a citizen of sterling worth and integrity. It matters not; your own individuality was not recognized; it was flouted; it is impossible that any one should look exactly like you. No doubt Mr. Hyde feels all this keenly at the present moment. But we should like to hear from the priest.

ON THE CAPE.

Mr. F. J. Stimson's grim story "Jethro Bacon," a study of New England strength of character, purports to be a record of a long spun out tragedy in Sandwich, on Cape Cod. As a matter of fact, Jethro lived in a village a few miles from Sandwich, and, although Mr. Stimson's novel is in the Public Library of that village, it is not in general circulation, not because its picture of Cape Cod life in general would irritate the readers, for there are at least two well thumbed copies of "Cape Cod Folks" in the same library, but, as the librarian says, "Jethro Bacon" might hurt the feelings of the sons of Jethro who are still living.

A man who has for some years known the cape, not as a mere cottager, but as a summer villager, finds one serious objection to Mr. Stimson's striking tale; he says that it would have been impossible for Jethro to keep secret his movements on foot or in his boat; "everybody would have known all about it from Provincetown to Buzzard's Bay." He has read carelessly, for the existence of this boat is referred to by one of the characters in the story. In the tragedy as it occurred all the villagers knew of the secluded house, the woman so tenderly cared for by Jethro, even after she was white haired; the terrible silence for years of Jethro and his wife. They took it all phlegmatically; it was none of their business. In the real tragedy, the woman after Jethro's death threw herself into the sea rather than live on unsympathetic charity.

Another objection might more reasonably be made by a Cape Codder: Mr. Stimson more than once refers to Dennis as very near Sandwich.

Even if his book were to be in general circulation in the village of the tragedy, we doubt whether it would cause the slightest stir. We are informed that the author became acquainted with the story at second hand, and the details are not so scrupulously reproduced as to excite the suspicion of those who knew Jethro; thus Jethro's sons—he had sons, and they are now living honorable and prosperous lives—are purely fictitious characters in their degeneracy. The village might well be proud of the fact that such a tragedy occurred within its limits, and was recorded with such power by a novelist of ability who comprehended the epic heroism of a rude native. For what else is the village distinguished? What other native has shown such strength of character?

Mr. Stimson well says that the dramas of the New England country have hardly yet been written. The New Englander repressed his passion; it was, therefore, more intense than that of the Italian or the Spaniard; it was more soul shaking; it was more terrible. The late Albert G. Browne, Jr., once speaking on this subject, exclaimed: "How many empty coffins have been solemnly buried in peaceful hillside cemeteries of New England!" The natives themselves are little concerned with the pathetic or tragic incidents in the life of a neighbor. If they are persuaded to narrate them, they tell the tale in a bald and literal manner. Nor if a village or lonely farm is chosen as the scene of an impressive story is there any local pride in the fact. How many now living where she suffered even know of Sylvester Judd's "Margaret," or what farmer near the scene of Dr. Holmes' "Elsie Venner" or "Guardian Angel" is pleased by the thought that he should have a peculiar interest in those romances? What did the natives in Berkshire county make out of Herman Melville when he wrote within sight of Greylock? Did not his neighbors laugh when he added to his house a veranda facing the north, that he might look on the mountain? "Winter piazza! Wants, of winter midnights, to watch the Aurora Borealis, I suppose; hope he's laid in good store of polar muffs and mittens."

No one who has lived on Cape Cod will ever escape its charm; the mysterious charm of sea and sand, ponds of sweet water, scrub pines and that strangely fragrant and caressing air. Is it possible that the hardy men who made the cape famous on the oceans and in the ports of the world will soon have no successors in the towns where they now rest forever? The Portuguese invasion is ominous. A traveller once said of them at home, "a frivolous people, easily amused." On the cape they are a singularly industrious, frugal and sober folk. They have mastered the lower towns; they are steadily advancing up the cape. A Barnstable sea captain said only the other day: "In a year or two I shall have chiefly Portuguese for neighbors."

A BELATED EXAMPLE.

An Italian was counting his money a day or two ago. He was holding safely a few hundred dollars, the savings of laborious years. A storm came up suddenly, a tempest as they still call it on Cape Cod and in certain English provinces; the lightning burned the bills and utterly destroyed them, while the man escaped with blackened hands.

Years ago a clergyman, described by a contemporary as a "painful preacher," a sincere, godly man, who was once the school teacher of Oliver Cromwell, wrote an amazing book, entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgments." The Rev. Thomas Beard collected from all sources instances of punishment which he held to be directly inflicted by heaven—all sudden insanities, violent deaths caused by lightning or water or fire, apoplectic stroke. These were punishments for all manner of sins, as sins were reckoned in those illiberal days; also for all sorts of unbelief. Many innocent men and women were probably thus pilloried by him. Would not this Italian have been catalogued at once by Beard, possibly under the head of avarice—the act that he counted openly his money would have been enough—or under the head of strange religions? or he might have been accused of some darker crime. The Italian was singled out in the street; the bolt struck the money and consumed it; therefore the money itself could not have been rightfully acquired; for in all the old religions the deity personally directed the lightning stroke to carry out his will.

HOME EXERCISE.

Magistrate Mayo of Harlem is just and sensible. If a girl wishes to indulge herself in high kicking in her own home and people stop in the street to see her, the janitor has no right to make it unpleasant. Such is the righteous decision. The janitor, Mr. Pouch, or Mr. Pout—for both names are given by New York reporters, though the latter name is the more appropriate—tried to justify his conduct by saying in court: "The daughter kicks all over the flat, and people come and look in at the windows." Miss Helma Fuerst, the kicker, began an exhibition of her art for the benefit of the magistrate. "It was just like this," said Helma, and she lifted up her dress and began to dance on the bridge.

Mr. Pout should be informed that a domestic high kicker is not necessarily a professional dancer. Even in Boston there are women, young and old, of unquestionably high social position, who practise diligently what is indiscriminately known as high kicking; they kick solely for the sake of their health; they attend schools in classes; they glory in their diligent and intrepid exercise. They kick to reduce flesh, to give themselves elasticity, to keep themselves young. Often in a visit at a country house you hear strange noises in the room above you. A guest, male or female, is going through the appointed series of exercises, and high kicking is an important feature. The kicking in the recoil shakes the ceiling. Unfortunately for you, the light gymnastics are practised, as a rule, at an absurdly early hour, before the bath. We remember a coarse and brutal person—he was a joyful agnostic—who would get up at sunrise and stamp and puff and snort till the electric light shades shivered and the window curtains rolled up suddenly in terror. Sleep was impossible for the wretch below. Then the brute would go back to bed and slumber peacefully until the call for dressing. At breakfast he would lecture on the importance of taking care of the body, and while he ate a Montreal melon he would discourse on hardened arteries, disintegrated tissues, pasty complexions. "Fat is a disease," he would say impressively; "it should be kept down at any cost."

That the passersby liked to look at Miss Helma, pretty and 18 years old, in the act of caring for her health should not have surprised even a janitor. Youth, beauty and activity always gladden the eye. Why should a janitor complain? He should be proud of such a tenant, even to the neglect of his routine duties.

Aug 9 1905

AN OLD QUERY.

Not only was Mr. Hoch, the Chicago Bluebeard, reprieved at the last moment, saved for a time from the gallows by a woman who held him in pity, if not in admiration, but here is Mr. Carlton, accused of having many wives and killing at least two of them, who is visited in jail by women, "well dressed and bearing every evidence of refinement." They beg for a glimpse of him, only a glimpse. Let it be recorded to Mr. Carlton's credit that he refuses to see them. Miss Eleanor Vandeventer, his betrothed, who is charged with assisting him in various plots against the single happiness of some of her sex, is the only one thus favored—when she herself is not in jail.

It is the old story that suggests the equally old inquiry: "What possible pleasure can women find in momentary association with such scapegraces, if they are not proved criminals?" The prisoner may be physically repulsive to men; he may be illiterate, unclean, unwholesome in every way; it matters not; he still draws women after him as did Hunold Singuf by his magic piping in Hameln when he was weary of his work in freeing the city from rats. But Hunold is said to have been fair to look upon, not like the picture Mr. La Farge made of him long ago for the Riverside Magazine. Do these women wish to discover the secret charm of such men as Hoch and Carlton? Are they anxious to be under the spell and yet safe this side of the bars? Do they wonder at the courage of a man who takes gayly to himself one wife after another? Or is this the only romance that they can know, though at long distance, in a humdrum life enlivened in some instances by harassing domesticity?

Marriage is a desperate thing, as Mr. John Selden observed. The sight of the extraordinarily desperate may not be unpleasant to the female eye.

AN ITEM IN ROUTINE.

The death of Joseph Solari, who until a few months ago ran a restaurant in New York, has called forth comments of regret and lamentations over a departed glory; for a restaurant keeper dies, as far as the public is concerned, when the once familiar restaurant is closed. In Boston there is comparatively little restaurant life. It is not the custom here for whole families to dine or sup frequently in such places, as it is in New York, San Francisco or Chicago. The Bostonian is not by habit a nocturnal animal. He is not excited so easily by the hubbub and the glare, nor are the women of his household so eager, after the theatre, to watch the actions of celebrated, and often notorious, men and women. Why this is all so is an interesting problem in the sociology of the city. Absurd and anachronistic sumptuary laws have for a long time sent the Bostonian early to bed; but at heart he is a simple and domestic animal, and at his restaurant luncheon he is hurried and intent on business. He stokes, that his engine may run during the afternoon.

The disappearance of a long-frequented restaurant disturbs seriously the routine of even a stoker. A man becomes accustomed to a certain table, to certain dishes; he learns through experience what not to order; he has schooled himself to tolerate, if not to welcome, faces seen day after day. To many, routine in pleasure and in business is indispensable. This craving for routine sometimes assumes curious phases. Once make a dash for liberty, and you are lost, until another routine is established, one perhaps still more inexorable. Mr. Sims noted this in a pleasant manner not long ago. He told the world, with an engaging frankness, that while he belongs to six or seven clubs, he goes to only one of them, for he dropped out of the habit of lounging in the others years ago, and now he cannot persuade himself to enter them. "There are two restaurants to which, a year or two ago, I was a constant visitor. I stopped going for a little while, owing entirely to an accidental circumstance, and now I can't get back to them. I have started deliberately to go to one of them again and again, got to the door, hesitated, and gone somewhere else. It is not a form of insanity, but a peculiar mental—or, rather, a peculiar nervous—condition. Comparing notes with friends of my own calling, I find that this condition is more common in men following a sedentary occupation than I should have thought." You yourself have known this experience. You left a restaurant in a tiff, for some petty reason; there were no beets that noon in the corn-beef hash; the waiter took another's order first, although you preceded the favored; the cashier gave you a Canadian quarter in change, and you did not know it until the car conductor looked at you scornfully. This was a year ago. You are not satisfied with the food where you now lunch; you miss the corner and the faces; instead of the waiter who anticipated your wants, there is a bulbous young woman, who breathes hard when she passes a plate over your shoulder; she asked you only yesterday whether you said "apple pie" or "pie plant pie," and then laughed coarsely. You would be much happier at the old place, but you cannot persuade yourself to go back. You have established for yourself another routine. And now you hear that the old restaurant is no more; it was obliged to make way for a huge office building. No doubt there are more pretentious restaurants in New York than that kept by the line of Solaris. Yet how many of the old frequenters now find true comfort elsewhere?

"MOTHER GOOSE" IN CHICAGO.

Mrs. Gudran Thorne-Thomson of the Chicago University elementary school has no patience with men, women and children who find delight in "Mother Goose." She cares not whether the name of the silver-buckled sailor was Bobby Shaft or Bobby Shafto. Contrary Mistress Mary, Margery Daw, Jack Spratt and his wife, Johnny Green, who put the pussy cat in the well; Tommy Tucker and the rest of the immortal company are, in her mind, unwholesome companions for the young; nor has she any respect for the moon-jumping cow or for the mouse in the clock. A Chicago newspaper tells us that Mrs. Thorne-Thomson said to an audience of school teachers that "the infant mind would be immeasurably benefited by familiarity with the noble conceptions of Homer"; she suggested instead of

"Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie,"

the following lines from Pope's translation of the "Iliad":

"Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus Arethous' son,
Then sunk Eloneus to the shades below,
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow."

But how about the respective characters? Jack Horner was a good boy; he admitted this himself; he knew that the plum which he pulled out was a reward for his goodness. Paris, on the other hand, was not a model for the young, whether he be portrayed by Homer or by the librettists of "La Belle Helene." His comrades-in-arms looked skew-eyed on him, and Helen herself often wondered how she could have left her country and stirred up such a strife for the sake of the shepherd-dude. "'Twas fatality!" as she exclaims in the operetta. Leave the moralities out of the question; would Mrs. Gudran Thorne-Thomson seriously maintain that Menestheus and Eloneus are as alive today as Master Horner? The two are mere names in a dusty catalogue; Master Horner is the incarnation of the greed of self-glorifying youth. The ethical lessons that might be drawn from the six familiar lines would easily fill a volume in folio, and the circumstance of the pie is more truly epic than is Pope's version of Homer's account of promiscuous bashing and tunking.

If Mrs. Gudran Thorne-Thomson really wished to accustom the mind of a child to dive far down in the sea of thought, she would call the attention of teachers to a curious treatise, "An Essay on the Archaeology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes," by John Bellenden Ker. The book was published in Southampton and London in 1834, and there is a later and much enlarged edition published in two volumes. The ingenious Ker insisted that these old phrases, such as "He is as busy as a bee with two tails," and these nursery rhymes were originally satirical; that the original words were closely corresponding to Dutch, and that the phrases and poems should be translated as from the Dutch. "Little Jack Horner" would then appear as

"Lij t'el Jacke Hoornae
Sat in de koren er,
Hij ding er kruijse m'aes by.
Hij put in hys doeme
End putjid uit er plump
End kraeijt, O! wat er goed boeye Am Hey!"

This may be translated as follows: "The public's bane, Justice Allproper, crammed full of law there, obtains by his judgment, along with his bread, every man's curse. He sponges a share out of the winnings, the party he decides in favor of draws from the decision, and while he grows fat by the traffic, he exclaims, 'Oh! what an excellent milch cow the clodhopper is.'"

Ker's book is a mine of such labored and misdirected ingenuity. He will admit nothing that is plain and palpable. Give him a "Mother Carey's chicken" and see how he carves it. "The bird has no other relation to the original form of the phrase: 'Er moet er geraes kijcken'—any one must see in that quarter there is a storm." What need is there of even Mrs. Gudran Thorne-Thomson turning for relief to Homer? Let her promptly introduce "Mother

Goose" according to Ker into schools and nurseries, and Chicago children will soon be wiser than their parents or Mr. Halliwell, the eminent Shakespearean, who did not disdain to publish the old rhymes with a few aunotations.

AS A BOY.

Mr. William H. Belcher, mayor of Paterson, N. J., where so many things are irregularly happening, ran away, and is charged with obtaining money from friends, clients and banking institutions through false pretences and forgery. Before his disappearance he was held in high repute, as one incapable of a dishonest action; he was elected gladly to public office.

Now there is not only none so poor to do him reverence, but many shake significant heads and say, "I told you so"; "he never looked you in the eye"; "something in my heart told me to distrust him," etc., etc. And a louder and more definite voice is heard, that of "one who knew him well," an old, familiar acquaintance of every newspaper reader, one who is first cousin to the "gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned," the gentleman who so often volunteers secret and hair-raising information and statesmanlike advice. "One who knew him well" said to a reporter who had approached him in a reverential attitude. "He was dishonest as a schoolboy. Why, he was whipped once at school and sent home for stealing a pocketknife from one of his schoolmates, and I remember well that the schoolmaster at that time predicted a future of criminality for Belcher."

"As a schoolboy." What man of us today does not remember pranks, follies, crimes, sins of his boyhood? What healthy, normal boy has not been told by a sour teacher that he was on the road of ruin, the broad road that leads to the jail? That clergyman, whose life is an inspiration, whose presence is a benediction, as a boy was a sorrow to his parents and a terror to the village. From stripping a neighbor's fence of pickets and breaking windows with buckshot and a sling he went so far as to steal cards of gingerbread at the county fair and cattle show. The banker whose name is synonymous with probity as a boy took money from his mother's purse and bought a knife and two rings with blue and green stones, which he hid in the woodbox over night, not foreseeing that there would be need of a fire the next morning in the sitting room. He has not forgotten the look of that knife; it was pearl-handled; it had six blades; there never was a knife like it; nor has he forgotten the flogging that rewarded his financial operation. The storekeepers were instructed not to sell him anything. The girls at school avoided him for a week. Worst of all, he was sent to bed for a fortnight while it was light, and through the window he heard voices of happy boys—boys who had not been found out—yelling at duck and yard-sheep. For him, too, the jail was prophesied after "a future of criminality." In all probability Mr. Belcher's knavery as a schoolboy was overrated at the time and is exaggerated today. It is the boy pirate who turns into the useful and honorable citizen. It is the quiet sneak who develops into the confirmed and defiant picaroon.

HAT AND HAIR.

We are informed on excellent authority that the upturned hat has changed the style of doing the hair "in a way that promises to be permanent"—as though in any fashion of coiffure there could be permanence, even for the wigged. "Pompadours are smaller and are pushed more to the front, and are careless and irregular." That they are careless and irregular has been observed for some time by the most superficial. Such pompadours are not to our taste. Pompadours should be scrupulously formal and impressive. Pompadours should pomp. The wearers should move as in a minuet, swim, not sprawl, not hump along with mannish stride. Nor does this coiffure admit the use of spectacles, though the insolent lorgnette may be raised and let fall with a peculiar fitness. The pompadour is not for every one. When will a woman learn to dress her hair to suit her own face, bearing, character?

It might be well for our women to follow the example of the Japanese, with whom the coiffure indicates the position and the age. We are told—see books that have helped us—that Japanese girls of 8 or 9 wear their hair in a bow at the back, wound round with red crepe, while the front is left bare, save for two locks which dangle at the side; that damsels ready for the matrimonial yoke comb their hair in front and arrange the tresses in the shape of a butterfly or a half-opened fan; that a restless widow who appreciates the worth of man twines her locks round a long hairpin or shell placed horizontally across the back of the head; that the inconsolable one, she who never can replace her loss, cuts her hair short and combs it backward without a parting. And in more civilized America there would be need of a distinctive coiffure for the divorced. It is impossible to praise too warmly such symbolic hairdressing.

A Londoner said recently that woman today owes a heavier debt of gratitude to her hairdresser than to her dressmaker. "The reason so many women look younger than their age nowadays is largely owing to the hairdresser." It is more and more the fashion for English women preparing for an evening triumph to have their hair dressed by an artist; they no longer depend on their own skill in twisting their mop. That household companion, the World of Dress, asked only a few days ago: "What has become of the middle-aged woman? The middle-aged woman is gone; so completely gone that in a little while the world will talk quite gravely of preserving a specimen for posterity." In this country the middle-aged woman is often found living happily, tactfully or unhappily with a middle-aged man. In England, it is said, she now appears so young that she is practically non-existent; and why? All on account of a more careful coiffure. When in doubt, Mrs. Johnson—may the day be far distant!—rush to the hairdresser's; for it is not a man who writes: "If the middle-aged woman is dying to let herself go, and to eat and dress and so forth without any regard to her looks, she is foolish to suffer for her appearance. But women are all the happier for not looking their real age—and no less useful because they are pleasanter to look at." This sentiment will, of course, be heartily condemned by all women who have definite spheres of action outside a family.

But is it always the hat that determines the coiffure? May not the hair shape the hat?

A VILLAGE SPORT.

An Englishman growling about the American invasion said not long ago: "Not content with our own failings and shortcomings, we have of late gone out of our way to bag and import Americanisms, giving to them meanings far from those they bear in the land of their invention." One of these Americanisms that he objects to is the word "sport" used as a personal noun and associated for years in America with "the dregs and lees of sporting institutions, so that to designate by it a decent person was to hold him up to contempt and obloquy." A "sport" in the eyes of this groaner was once, if not now, "in the main a vagabond, a thief, whose walks of dishonesty happened to lie among sporting people." He was a combination of blackguard and blackleg. "Yet we are constantly reading of well known 'sports' from America, alluded to thus by way of compliment."

How little this Londoner knows the true meaning of Americanisms! Could he, if his life were at stake, define accurately the difference between a sport, a true sport and a dead game sport?

In the earlier American days to which he refers a sport was by no means necessarily a blackguard or a blackleg, nor was he looked on with contempt. On the contrary, a sport who was visiting or had returned to the village of his boyhood was an object of peculiar interest, wonder, admiration. We well remember the thrill when as a boy we saw for the first time and in an Adirondack village a sport who, after exciting years, had returned to the shadowy seclusion of the eternal hills. He returned not inglorious, but bottle scarred. Loafing at the village store, we saw an elderly man who, even to boyish and unsophisticated eyes, was a person of distinction, of experience—one who, to use the French phrase, had "a fatal air." "Who's that?" we asked. "Why, that's Safford Pond; he's come back." "What does he do?" "Oh, Saff's a sport."

"Saff" stands before us now. He wore a fancy waistcoat cut very low, skin-tight trousers of the species known as "lights," a hob coat and leg boots. An elaborately set diamond blazed in his shirt front and there were two or three sparklers on his left hand. His cravat was immoral in its brilliance, and his white plug was ornamented with a weed. His mustache was too jet-black. He had a knowing smile, and when he deigned to wink, the wink was of ineffable meaning. As we were admiring him, he walked to the tavern across the way, took a seat on the veranda and whistled to a small boy. "Sonny"—his voice still rings in our ears—"do you want to earn some pennies? Shine 'em up," and he pointed to his boots.

"Saff" was the glorious Apollo of that village till he died. It was rumored that he had seen the elephant in New York; that he had been on intimate terms with gamblers, but that when he had played he had played a square game; that he knew too well the taste of various brands of champagne; that he was a good judge of a trotter; there was also a vague story about his infatuation for a play-actress. Thus was he a more heroic figure than his brother Byron, the judge, who was anything but Byronic, or the retired captain of a Lake Champlain steamer, or the man who was lost for three days in the neighborhood of the Gothic mountains. He was the first sport we met; his memory is still sacred.

As a matter of fact, "Saff" Pond left his village to earn a living. He went to New York, where, a man of industrious and sober habits, he worked at a modest salary. Perhaps, like the clerk in de Maupassant's novel, after years of monotonous service he realized that he had missed what are popularly supposed to be the joys of life, but unlike this clerk he did not hang himself from remorse. When he had saved enough for his few remaining years he put some of the money into diamonds, bought for the first time the clothes which he had long coveted as the dress of a man of the world, and went home to loaf until he died. He had always been abstemious. His complexion and his facial buttons were not due to a fast or irregular life, but to his confined, pinched life. He was kindly, simple, dull. Yet his friends and neighbors would have been pained and shocked had they known the truth. To them he was a true sport, one that had seen and done things, all in all the chief glory of the village. Nor did "Saff" ever contradict them. Possibly before he died he counted himself as a dead game sport.

Aug 11 1905

A QUESTION OF SIZE.

Mr. Witte is a very large man, and human bulk impresses even a hotel clerk. See how Mr. Witte dominates in the photograph of the five on the Mayflower, although Mr. Roosevelt is by courtesy in the middle and is doing his best. Here is a Russian that might have stepped from one of Turgenieff's or Dostoievsky's novels—and Turgenieff himself was a giant. As an unidentified human creature Mr. Witte would excite remark. As the chief representative of a venerable nation he is indeed a formidable force, formidable in spite of his naturally pacific inclinations and his bonhommie. Mr. Witte has the apparent simplicity that is more effective than evident shrewdness.

Baron Komura, no doubt, has all the mental keenness and agility that the world attributes to an undersized oriental, and he, too, is courteous in his own polished manner. Unfortunately he had no opportunity on his way to Portsmouth of saying that Boston is architecturally and in other respects the finest city he has ever seen. When we remember that Mr. Witte was recently in Paris his tribute to our civic pride is not without a touch of humor, and humor becomes a man of Mr. Witte's physical proportions. He has by his mere presence in this country and with a few bland words made thousands of Americans wish his Czar well in the powwow at Portsmouth. The Czar should have sent him to England and America at the breaking out of the war.

It is a popular belief, perhaps a delusion, that the undersized are quicker witted in debate and in all mental operations than the huge. It is also said that the pony-sized are the most enduring as well as agile soldiers. Gen. Shafter was imposing on parade, and Gen. Bonaparte might have cut a sorry figure by his side. John C. Heenan was, we are told, a wonderful specimen of manhood—Charles Reade, no mean judge, said he was the most glorious physical specimen he had ever seen—yet Tom Sayers, small and with one arm broken, fought such a fight that even to this day the English treasure his memory as the conqueror, an instance of loyalty prevailing, though not without plausible excuse, over truth. In the war between Japan and Russia, the dwarf, as Japan is characterized even by her warmest friends and admirers, has staggered the giant. Now will the popular belief in the combat of wits between persons of strikingly dissimilar build be confirmed? After all it is oriental against oriental. The bluff frankness of Mr. Witte may be more misleading than the cautious reserve of Baron Komura. A huge man is not necessarily slow in mind or thick in speech. Mr. Witte's speech is smooth with oil. May the wits of both be exercised for honorable and enduring peace!

NOT WEEDS.

"Sunflowers may be flowers in Kansas," said Judge Brady of Kansas City, Mo., to Dr. Flanders, who, arrested for failing to cut weeds on his property, left the flowers standing, "but they are weeds in Missouri." Then Kansas is the more civilized state, in spite of Gov. Folk and his heroic work. Judge Brady may be deeply versed in Kent and the state reports; he may be intimate with Coke and even with Benjamin on Sales and Stephens on Evidence, but what is all this when weighed in the balance against one head of a sunflower, whether it be the helianthus giganteus, the helianthus divaricatus, the swamp sunflower (helenium antumnale), a poor relation known vulgarly as the sneezeweed, or the common and garden helianthus annuus whose seeds are dear to chickens? The sunflower a weed? A sacred and artistic emblem, it figured in the symbolism of Peru and Mexico before the Spaniards dreamed of seeking western gold. The handmaidens of the Sun-god wore representations of the flower in beaten gold upon their breasts. Did not an English master in verbal decoration speak of the "leonine glory" of the flower? Judge Brady should spend his days with sunflowers till he recognizes their superb beauty; he should spend his nights in pondering the twenty-two varieties until he can distinguish them with his hands tied behind him.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia newspapers with one accord are advising their readers as to their conduct as host and guest during the summer months and as members of polite society during the year. Perhaps this is a part of the general movement to clean the city. The Philadelphia Press, for example, recently published some invaluable hints concerning table manners. The advice is not parochial; it is not con-

fined to a consideration of the manner in which pepper-pot and scrapple should be eaten; the Sultan and an English duke, the Mikado and the suddenly rich in New York may read with advantage and admiration.

The Press, after laborious meditation, decides that "if you do not care to take wine when at a formal dinner, a gesture of dissent is sufficient to show the servant that he or she is not to pour any in your glass." To turn down one's glass after the manner of a President's wife at a dinner to diplomats in the White House is ostentatious; furthermore, the glass looks prettier in its proper position. If you do not eat salt, you do not invert the salt cellar. Nor is it fine deportment to seize the opportunity for giving in detail tabulated statistics concerning the unhappiness, misery, crime due to the Demon Rum. Do not, though you may have been praised for your elocutionary powers, yield to the temptation of reciting in a clear, bell voice the beautiful poem that begins,

O water for me, O water for me
And wine for the tremulous debauchee;

or that other poem dear to prohibitionists in which a forward young woman declares with unnecessary fervor that lips which have touched wine shall never touch hers. The Press insists on this "gesture of dissent"—probably a sweeping wave of the hand like the "geste large" of Zola's heroes, and not the thumb applied to the nose with spread out fingers—at a "formal dinner." At an informal dinner anything goes; you may even express doubts as to the soundness of the wine or say that you are not patriotic enough to enjoy American champagne.

"Lettuce leaves should be folded with the fork and so conveyed to the mouth." Only the immoral French take a leaf in the hand, crumple it up, swab it around the bowl and then smack lips over it. Not long ago an Indiana novelist, a writer of "quick sellers," was invited by his publisher to visit New York. The characters in his novels move in the court circles of Europe, and the writer is never so happy as when he describes minutely the table equipage at aristocratic feasts and the ineffably high-bred deportment of the assembled guests. At a luncheon given to him he was taken violently sick and obliged to withdraw. The next day the publisher, condoling with him, suggested that the salad might have been the cause: "O no," answered the author, "it couldn't have been. I ate only two or three knives full of it." (What he really said was "knife fulls.")

"Never allow your servant to reach across a person in placing or removing anything." A maid-of-all-work in an intelligence office of this city was told by an applicant for her favors that she would be expected to wait on the table. "Do you do your own reaching, or shall I have to scuffle around?" Let the guests reach. Such extension is recommended by physicians of the school that stands with one leg on the present and the other on the future. One of their most prized maxims is: "Stretch and yawn."

"The habit of piling one plate on top of another shows a lack of proper training." The hostess should allow the guests this diversion. It encourages conversation and incites to merriment. If novelty is sought, the plates for the courses may be limited in number as at a German table d'hote. We remember the experience of Mr. Terence Quinn of Albany, N. Y.—rest his amiable soul!—who was sent to Congress from his emotional district. To the day of his death he was never weary of describing a dinner at Washington to which he had been invited: "Fourteen courses, would ye' believe me, and we never changed a plate."

Aug 12 1905

DE SENECTUTE.

There have been delightful essays on the pleasures and advantages of old age from the treatise of Cicero to the few pages sent by Mr. H. H. Furness to the members of his class at Harvard who have survived even their class dinners, but many today engaged in everyday work find old age annoying, and not only old age itself, as the years are traditionally counted, but the appearance of old age. For this is the period of young Napoleons in every form of commercial activity. The sobriety and poise that come from experience are as nothing to the impulsive experiments of daring youth. On every hand are seen the boy statesman, the boy preacher, the boy financier, the boy architect, the boy medical specialist. Even the man of 40 is accused of being an old fogy. Look over the advertisements in London journals and you will find sellers of hair dye warning the readers against the appearance of age. A young Napoleon is permitted to be bald at 26, but he must not be prematurely gray. Gray hairs may be honorable to "the working classes," but they are dangerous; they suggest a weak heart and unsteady hands, dim eyes and dull ears. The gray-haired must dye or go about vainly seeking employment. "The only frankly old you come across are the really young," says a shrewd observer.

A man of 60 is now, indeed, a patriarch. Like the man in Dostoievsky's "Humiliated and Offended," as he goes to business, he seems to say to all that meet him: "How old I am!" Forward youths ask him if he remembers Kean, whether he knew Mayne Reid in the Mexican war and other questions of a disconcerting nature. They are surprised that his memory is still retentive, that he can add columns of figures correctly, that he has any teeth left. Why is he not in some asylum for incurables or in his coffin? The man of 30 years is now middle-aged and going down the decline. The man of 22 is in the prime of life. As for the man of 70, he is dead, but he does not know it. Moses himself settled that long ago in the prayer quoted by the Psalmist.

We do not believe that in this country many dye their hair from fear of discharge. Gray hair has long been considered a distinction, and by reason of the hurry and bustle Americans are often prematurely grayheaded or as bald as the roc's egg. But white mustache and whiskers are fatal. Hence, so much shaving, even of the upper lip. The man of 50 may say that he shaves close to please his wife or to eat green corn with more abandon or because he likes to be clean; his real reason is this: He fears the reproach of handicapping years.

THE HYDE LECTURES.

It is pleasanter to think of Mr. James H. Hyde as interested in French literature and art than as one too much interested in life insurance. His recent visit to Boston was for a purely aesthetic reason, to arrange the course of lectures at Harvard this year in the series given under the direction of the Alliance Francaise and paid for by him. Inasmuch as he pays for these lectures, it may seem ungracious to question his choice of lecturers, yet it may be said that the Frenchmen who have hitherto appeared on the platform are not representative of the younger and more interesting school of literature. The one shining exception was Mr. Henri de Regnier. The others were, for the most part, highly respectable and orthodox persons who prefer Boileau to Verlaine. The irreverent might dub them fuddy-duddies.

Mr. Hyde's secretary names Mr. Julien Tiersot as one of the lecturers this coming winter. Mr. Tiersot is something more than a librarian; he has written books about music that are both scholarly and interesting. It is to him we owe an excellent study of Hector Berlioz as man and musician. He is also the author of the authoritative work on French folksong, and he is a constant and entertaining contributor to the French musical press. If his lectures at Harvard will be on folksong, they will be something more than compilations and restatements, for Mr. Tiersot is an investigator and he has his own views and theories. In this branch of musical investigation he has collaborated with the distinguished composer, Vincent d' Indy, who, it is said, will also visit Boston next season to conduct a series of concerts.

The other lecturer will be Mr. Anatole le Broz, a professor of Celtic literature. "Anatole." Would that the lecturer were to be Anatole France, for when the name Anatole is mentioned one thinks immediately of that gentle ironist who is today the first of French literary men.

THE PIE MACHINE.

Mr. E. L. Sons, a Pittsburg baker, has invented a machine that will turn out 40 pies a minute, 24,000 every ten hours. There is an endless chain like a waffle iron, except that the cups are in the shape of a round pie. A man stands at one end and fills the cups with dough; they then go through a furnace and are partly baked; they reach a man who throws in the filling; a third man puts on the lids, and the pies go through another furnace and come out ready for the table. Truly an ingenious, a wonderful machine, admirably suited for common life in the great pie belt. Yet what man of you who knows the full glory of pie would be satisfied with one thus machine-made? Can any one imagine Ralph Waldo Emerson, who ate pie for breakfast, enjoying one that passed through Mr. Sons' machine? There may be an endless chain of palatable sausages—links upon links—but never of pies. This machine turns out "poy."

For the successful pie, the one that makes man believe for once in the joy of living, is the result of thought and care and skill applied particularly to it. Look at the deep apple pie, for instance, the pie of pies, without an under crust, with an inverted teacup in the middle, a pie baked in a nappy. The apples are to be pared, quartered, cored. Then comes a question of nice judgment: Should one use half a cup of brown sugar mixed with one saltspoonful of allspice, or maple sugar, or half sugar and half molasses? For the true epicure there must be a dash of molasses. Observe the minuteness of these directions: "Roll a strip of paste one inch wide, wet the edge of the dish, put the paste on the edge, wet the rim of paste, then cover with a piece of paste a little larger than the dish with the extra fulness thrown back into the centre. Press the cover to the rim, but not on the outer edge." Can any machine take such infinite precaution, prepare with such affectionate personal supervision? We do not say that the directions quoted above are final. Each happy New England household had its own receipt, and to some women still living the one given above may be worded flippantly, without due appreciation of the solemn task in the creation of a masterpiece. But the thought of a deep apple pie made by an endless chain and by indifferent men is preposterous.

Mr. Sons' machine merely slaps lids and filling together and bakes the mass. "Lids" and "filling"! Even the vocabulary of these "poy" bakers is as a hissing and a reproach.

Aug 13 1905

NECESSITY OF PERFECT AND APPROPRIATE DICTION

Bacilly's Old and Curious Treatise —Much Stress Laid on Distinct Enunciation—Elgar in America —Italian Opera in London.

THE Herald discussed last Sunday the treatise of Pierfranco Tosi in illustration of the proposition that while early Italian books on singing may abound in shrewd observations of general application and portray the vocal period to which the writers belonged, they are, nevertheless, of little practical use to the student now at work, who is advised to consult and ponder the old Italian traditions. A fortnight ago The Herald referred to a movement in Germany to do away with all traditions of "bel canto," and also all French and Franco-Italian traditions of vocal art. It is our purpose today to examine into these French traditions.

It is often stated by superficial essayists and by rough-and-ready historians that the French singers have no well defined traditions save those that have been borrowed from the Italians: that there never was a national school of song in France; that if it had not been for the Italians, the French would have continued to be mere howlers. These historians and essayists have quoted both visitors and Frenchmen themselves of the 18th century, who complained bitterly of the quality of French vocal art and compared the French singers, greatly to their discredit, with the Italian. It should be remembered, however, that visitors, such as Burney, were thoroughly Italianized; that Rousseau and others who attacked French vocal art were bitter partisans in their endeavor to change the character of French operatic music, if they were willing to admit that it had any character at all.

For years French vocal art was sharply characterized. It would be foolish to deny that as far as "bel canto," flowing song, and vocal virtuosity were concerned, the French school was much inferior to the Italian. There are other qualities in song, and these were brought by the French to a state that closely approached perfection.

The French first of all in opera or in chamber music, in comic and in serious works in all periods, sought earnestly the fitting expression of the text, scenic or emotional effects. They believed that action was as important in opera as in tragedy or comedy. The salon singers themselves strove after perfect diction, and they would sacrifice willingly any vocal grace or embellishment to drive home or suggest subtly the meaning, the spirit of a verse. Mere singers of roulades were not in favor in the 17th and 18th centuries in France; and yet persons thus skilled were sometimes longed for even by such a composer as Rameau, a writer of direct and dramatic music, who nevertheless complained that "masters have always taught taste in singing without busying themselves much about the means of tasteful interpretation; it is not then astonishing that there are so few good singers in France, seeing that one owes them only to hazard."

Early Schools.

Not that France was without singing schools. The "maitrises" had served as conservatories from the middle ages; music and singing were taught at these schools, and about the middle of the 17th century there were special teachers of singing who quickly won reputation. In the "maitrises" the chapel master taught the choir children; he fed and lodged them and played the part of an old-fashioned schoolmaster. One Annibal Gantez, a musician of a rollicking humor and a pretty wit, has portrayed amusingly this singing school life in "L'Entretien des Musiciens" (1643). The children were not always so fortunate as to be in the care of such a teacher. They were flogged for slight faults and sometimes horribly maltreated. Flogging brought out the musical instinct, it was thought. The stick with which the great Gregory beat his pupils has been preserved. Furthermore the "maitre" in many instances robbed the children in their nourishment. Gantez tells singular stories: how one master, discouraged because a child could not learn a certain interval in his part, tore out the notes from the book and forced the boy to swallow them that they thus might get into his head. It is true that Gantez protested against such barbarous instruction, as he rebuked half-seriously the singers of his day for their drunkenness and general immorality, but he did not hesitate to say that a master should be permitted to make something out of the bodily nourishment, provided he "abused their innocence as a good Christian, not as a Turk."

It was to these schools that Cambert and Lulli, who were the first opera makers in France, went when they were in need of singers, and while one may say from looking at the music which was given to them that they were not skilled in vocalization and the ornaments of song, they were undoubtedly excellent in tragic representaions.

An Old Treatise.

Toward the middle of the 17th century a French school of singing was firmly established. The various teachers gave instruction in the art of singing "brunettes," serenades in the Spanish fashion, drinking songs and love songs. One of these teachers, Dubuisson, a mighty tess-pot, a two-handed drinker, made a specialty of teaching strangers, above all Germans who were sojourning in Paris. A man named Nyert finally came to Paris; he had spent some time in Italy and he had learned how to combine characteristics of the two schools; under the patronage of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. his reputation was great. Other teachers of equal, if not still more pronounced, fame followed him.

Treatises on singing began to appear, and the author of the first of these in France that were worthy the name deserves more than a passing notice. "Remarques curieuses sur l'art de bien chanter, et particulierement pour ce qui regarde le chant francois" by B. de Bacilly was published at Paris in 1668. The book soon became popular, and a fourth edition was published in 1681.

The first edition, dedicated to the Princess Marie Marguerite Ignace de Lorraine, is now before us. It is a small volume in 12mo, of 428 pages. Nearly half the book treats of the application of song to the text as regards enunciation and pronunciation, and this is most significant. The purely didactic portion

FRENCH SINGERS AND THE FRENCH VOCAL TRADITIONS

of the work is made up of scattering comments, and there is no treatise at all, in the modern acceptation of the word, on the art of singing. On nearly every page is there a reference to prosody and pronunciation.

For Bacilly and all good French teachers after him have put as much stress on enunciation and pronunciation as on singing itself.

Bacilly also shows us that French men and women of fashion were persuaded with difficulty to sing French music unless the text was composed of Italian or Spanish words, or interlarded with them.

He, as others, insisted that the genius of French art was in clearness, logical coherence, directness of appeal. "To sing well," says Bacilly, "it is necessary to follow the rules of song; that is, to add the necessary ornaments, as the carrying of the voice, also the accents, etc., which are not indicated on the music paper or cannot be indicated." As a rule, it was the composer who taught his airs to the pupils in the manner in which he wished the music to be sung.

Before Bacilly, Fr. Mersenne (1636) had reproached the French for wishing to ape the Italians in tickling the ear by vocal flourishes instead of endeavoring to arouse the emotions and passions of the hearer. "One of the chief perfections in singing," said the learned father, "consists in fine and distinct enunciation and pronunciation of the text, so that the hearer does not lose a syllable. This is to be noticed in the recitatives of Baillif, who enunciates with great distinctiveness and brings every syllable to the ear, while the majority of singers choke the syllables in their throat, or take them in such a manner between their tongues, teeth and the lips, that no one can hear what they say." Bacilly, too, dwelt on this subject. Without enunciation and expression, a beautiful voice was as nothing to him. "When they who have only a beautiful voice say: 'That's what singing really is,' one can answer justly: 'That's what playing on the hurdy-gurdy really is.'"

Random Observations.

The French for years delighted in singing "a la cavaliere," in singing without accompaniment, and Bacilly himself preferred such song. He disliked to think of a man of quality submitting to "the slavery and the embarrassment" of an accompaniment.

The titles of two of the chapters in his book are naive: "Whether one can learn the method of singing without knowing music;" "whether one can sing without knowing the rules."

Three things are necessary, according to Bacilly, for one to sing well: voice, disposition, ear; but it is still more important to have a good master. "Yet experience teaches us that it is not every one who has a voice for singing as for speaking, and that one with a good master may strive in vain to force nature to give either voice or ear." There is a great difference between a beautiful voice and a good voice; the former will at once please the ear, but while the latter has not the sweet quality or a natural and delightful fall, it charms by its vigor, solidity, readiness to sing in time and rhythm, "which is the soul of song, and naturally beautiful voices are generally without this, for nature here, as in other instances, wishes to distribute her gifts." The beautiful voice is too often sluggish, without quickening fire; it pleases the crowd at first and soon it bores it. Nor should a small voice be confounded with a weak one. All this—and Bacilly treats the subject of voices at considerable length—is interesting, but the student is helped little, or not at all, in his practical work. Bacilly speaks of the breath, "which is very important in singing, for one should not cut a word or a syllable in two, as many do, and thus make a very bad effect," but nowhere does he tell the student how he should take, sustain and release the breath. He speaks of false intonation, "a horrible thing to musicians," and he says the fault may come from a voice which has not control of its tones, from an imperfect ear, or from ignorance of intervals; but how is the student to correct the fault? He should choose a teacher whose intonation is flawless and sing with him! First, catch your teacher.

This teacher should know how to sing, and he should always sing good music. He should have a good voice. "It is very dangerous to study with a master who sings 'through the nose,' or who uses the tongue in singing." "The trouble is that, as a rule, one goes to a teacher because he has a reputation without foundation, or through the advice of a friend who is affectionate rather than discriminative." "It is a common failing to praise a teacher for the sole reason that he is not stingy with his time, but gives long lessons." "One knows the merit of a singer by the progress of his pupils."

A curious little volume, one that is full of shrewd comments; but Bacilly's strongest points are made with regard to the proper enunciation and pronunciation; with regard, in a word, to diction.

Accepted Traditions.

Look at the line of French composers and great singers down to the time of Rossini's triumph in Paris. Lulli, the Florentine, demanded first of all from his singers, true and pure declamation and good and beautiful emission of tone. A century later Gluck in Paris made the same demands. There was no place for mere Italian virtuosity in the operas of either one of these composers. Lulli advised his singers to go and watch the stage action of Champmesle in drama. He wished his singers to be tragedians, not virtuosos; and in that, say Lemaire and Lavoix the younger, in their great treatise, "Le Chant," he comprehended the taste of the French public, "which is perhaps only moderately musical, but it loves in music that which is most emotional, noble and puissant—that is to say, dramatic sentiment and the intelligent translation of the poet's thought by the player or the singer."

And the great singers were lyric tragedians rather than mere song-birds. There was Marthe Lerochois, well educated, small, with superb eyes and noble gesture, and the mobility of her face was such that she could seem beautiful. She thrilled by her declamation. A contemporary wrote of her: "When I recall her, that little woman who was no longer young, with her black hair, armed with a black cane with a ribbon of fire, acting in the great theatre which she filled all alone, and letting out bursts of her marvellous voice, I assure you I still shiver at the thought." Her arms were scrawny and for her were invented the sleeves a la persane. Such was her dominating and fascinating power, such was the intensity and the truth of her diction that as Armida in Lulli's opera she frightened the audience; it sat immovable and silent, its soul in its eyes and ears, and not till the violins had finished the music of the scene did it dare to breathe."

But why speak of Jelyotte, the tenor, or Larrivee, who, although at times he was so nasal it was said of him: "That nose has a fine voice," yet blazed a star of the first magnitude in the operas of Gluck by the authority of his diction; or of Rosalie Duplant, Miss Levasseur, the superbly passionate Saint-Huberty, and other glories of the race? Their deeds are recorded where all can read. Then, as now, in the operas of the true French school, these things were first of all demanded—clear and expressive diction, dramatic instinct and authority, action that suited the text and the situation. And in concert, ever since the time of Garat, who, according to the unanimous testimony of those who heard him, was the greatest singer of France, the first thing required has been diciton. Diction, as displayed of late years in Boston, by such artists as Plancon, Lubert, Gilibert, Mme. Calve, Miss Lucienne Breval. The traditions of French song are not concerned so much with the art of singing as with the translation of the poet's thought into musical and heightened speech. If the poem be direct in its appeal, or romantic, or naive, or subtle, or mystic, the interpretation should be in strict accordance. The voice may not be of itself agreeable; it may not lend itself easily to florid passages; there may be flaws in tone production; it matters not, provided the soul of an emotional artist catches the poet or playwright's meaning and reveals it to the hearer.

CAROLINE BRANCHU

GIUSEPPINA GRASSINI

DUPREZ AS RAOUL

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today portraits of three singers once famous in Paris, though Grassini and Duprez were renowned in Italy and in other countries. Giuseppina Grassini (1775-1850) was a special favorite of Napoleon, who held French music in little esteem and was passionately fond of Italian melody and Italian singers. She, Crescentini, Mme. Paer, Brizzi, Crivelli, Tacchinardi and Mazzari were his most esteemed court singers. Grazzini for some years wore a miniature of the Emperor, but it is said that the Duke of Wellington consoled her after the downfall of the Emperor. De Quincey, drunk with laudanum, found a peculiar pleasure in hearing her and he chanted her praise in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater."

Alexandrine Caroline Branchu (1775-1850) was the last lyric tragedian of the heroic period of French opera, but there were hints in her style of the school of singers that followed her. After she took the first prize at the Paris Conservatory she sang in opera-comique at the Feydeau Theatre. It would appear from this that she had more vocal agility than her sisters in grand opera. She made her debut at the Opera in 1801 as Dido. Her voice was naturally beautiful, powerful, expressive, and of extended compass, and her vocal knowledge was unusually full and sure. She was both a tragedian and a virtuosa, and she has been characterized as the last of the lyric tragedians and the first of the dramatic sopranos. Mme. Branchu left the stage in 1826; after her the school of vocal virtuosity exemplified by Mme. Cinti—Damoureau came into favor, and with it the old music tragedy, admirable in many ways in spite of a certain heaviness, disappeared to make room for the modern drama, which was Italianized and demanded less depth of expression but more supleness in song and a more intimate acquaintance with vocal art. Berlioz recorded more than once his admiration for Mme. Branchu.

Gilbert Duprez (1806-1896) was for 10 years the glory of the Paris Opera. Plain-faced, squat, with a frog's mouth, in voice and intensity were such that in heroic parts he carried all before him. His reputation was first made in Italy, and for him Donizetti wrote the part of Edgardo in "Lucia de Lammermoor," which was originally a "tenor opera." Famous also as a teacher, Duprez wrote "L'Art du Chant," and a supplementary set of studies, "La Melodie," also his "Souvenirs," which shows him to be a man of much thought and shrewd and original observation. The picture published today was intended chiefly to show a costume worn by Raoul in "The Huguenots," a costume that is now not often seen.

Mr. Blackburn wrote concerning Mr. Scotti's Don Juan: "He is always intelligent, and invariably sings well in this character. We could sometimes wish, perhaps, for a little finer, a somewhat more aesthetic, touch in his conception of a character which both Mozart and Da Ponte invested with so exquisite a refinement, and with so pointed a style. To make any sort of violence attach itself to a realization of the part is, in its way, to take away part of the essence of the character. We do not suggest that Sig. Scotti really was violent in his conception and fulfillment of the part, but though he sang and acted extremely well, he was at times perhaps a little too boisterous, a little too rollicking for this fascinating man of the world, who had carried wickedness to so supremely artistic a point that damnation itself necessarily was the only possible result in the end. In any case, not to pursue this point any further, Sig. Scotti's rendering was exceedingly good and exceedingly interesting." Perhaps Mr. Scotti's Don has ripened with the years. When he impersonated the part in Boston, he was a rather commonplace masher, nor was his vocal skill adequate to the interpretation of Mozart's music, music that is the severest test of a singer's attainments.

The Mercure Musical (Paris) announces that Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, who is spending the summer in Medfield, will be its American correspondent.

The London Telegraph said apropos of a festival concert at the Crystal Palace with a programme of British composers: "Counting Dr. John Bull, the alleged composer of our national anthem, the British musicians exclusively laid under contribution were 10 in number: Bull, Parry, Stanford, Goring Thomas, Mackenzie, Sullivan, Elgar, Cowen, Coleridge-Taylor and Edward German. Good men all these, but—now excepting Bull as an almost prehistoric person—they are either still in existence or have left us so recently that their graves are scarcely green. Truly, the Crystal Palace authorities are shrewd men in their generation. It is easy to

imagine them as asking, 'What do the present-day public care for the ancient send them to the Dictionary of Namen whose names, when mentioned, tional Biography?' Truth to tell, the answer is that they care nothing at all, and so it was that in the programme of the 'Grand British Festival Concert' nobody's eyes were hurt by the names of Henry Purcell, the two Wesleys, or Sterndale Bennett. How praiseworthy thus to avoid offence. But here is a curious circumstance—of the nine chosen composers only one was an Englishman pur sang. His name, it is true, was Edward Elgar, and that goes for something. Alas, nevertheless, for the predominant partner. Musically, we are a poor lot."

Eduard Grieg has written to a friend in London: "I am sorry to say that I don't think my delicate health will permit me to visit England any more."

Mr. Blackburn did not hesitate to say of the boy Elman, apropos of his concert in London on July 6: "Mischa Elman is an artist of the rarest distinction. He ranks by right, and not by anticipation, with the greatest violinists of today. We venture to say that neither Joachim nor Ysaye could have played Bach's famous 'Chaconne' better than it was played by Elman yesterday. We are perfectly aware that to many who, perhaps, did not listen to him with great care, and to the public at large who did not listen to him at all, these words savor of exaggeration; nevertheless, they express what we are convinced will be the general opinion of the public not very long hence. Take, for example, the Bach 'Chaconne': here, not only was the technique of the work completely realized, but despite all the brilliance and rapidity of movement which it contains, Elman so far fulfilled the meaning of Bach that he was at the same time able to infuse the true sentiment of the composition into his interpretation thereof. If one may express one's meaning in a somewhat fanciful manner, the general pictorial idea which his playing gave to us was that of a rather grave face looking dimly through complicated tracery. As a rule, the violinist is anxious to weave for you the tracery, and omit the personality which lies behind it. His playing of the 'Kreutzer Sonata' was magnificent; Elman upsets all one's favorite theories, for, young as he is, his interpretation of Beethoven was full of depth and feeling, quite apart from the fact that in the final movement his brilliant technical display was both flawless and yet most personal. In a word, Mischa Elman stands, as we have said, among the great violinists of the present day; by what strange phenomenon it happens that so young a boy should be gifted with apparently the experience that only comes with many years, should be gifted also with a depth of sentiment which possibly we had not recognized in his former recitals, must remain a psychological secret; it is the same secret of Mozart's early creative power, a secret which at present baffles all students of the human mind."

Mr. Edward Maryon gave a concert of his own works in London, June 28. Lancelot of the Referee wrote concerning him: "This composer is the holder of a grand prix d'honneur and gold medal from the Paris Conservatoire, awarded for his opera 'L'Odalisque.' Also he has studied under Max Pauer, Jensen and Franz Wuellner. Consequently he may be accounted an accomplished craftsman; but he has missed the one thing superlatively needful for success—mastery of design. However beautiful the carving and embellishments on any art work may be, the effect is spoiled if the design be bad; whereas beauty of contour will in itself excite admiration. Form in music is the road to the understanding of the listener, and the clearer it is the quicker will be comprehension. This is the reason of the success of the simple tune of four or eight bars. The most successful of Mr. Maryon's efforts were some songs, the metrical form of which had dictated a coherent and musical design, and the settings of 'If Thou Are Sleeping' and 'Revelation' instantly pleased. In others Mr. Maryon has so lost himself in endeavoring to illustrate each word that he has missed the spirit of his text. This in itself is destructive to perception of general effect, and the results in excerpts from his operas were vagueness and incoherence. I point out these faults in the hope that Mr. Maryon will profit by having his attention drawn to them, for that he has talent is patent." Other critics complained of Mr. Maryon's lack of balance and form.

ELGAR IN AMERICA.

The Pall Mall Gazette received the exclusive information that Harvard University gave Edward Elgar the degree of doctor. The report published in this country to the effect that President Hadley of Yale gave Sir Edward the degree and at the same time pronounced him to be the greatest composer now living—Yale does nothing by halves—must be incorrect, for the ear of Mr. Blackburn of the Pall Mall Gazette is always close to Sir Edward's mouth. Perhaps Sir Edward himself made the blunder—he has received so many honors of late—and what, after all, is a degree from an American college to one world-crowned?

The Pall Mall Gazette speaks patronizingly of the tribute paid Sir Edward: "The ease of travel, and the necessary accompaniment of fame, translated, as it were, in the language of Shakespeare, from one continent to another, proves that modern instinct and modern feeling may give to an artist that appreciation which in old days it was never possible for him to receive. Sir Edward Elgar seems to have accomplished the prophecy of Puck in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' wherein it is said: 'I will put a girdle round the earth in 40 minutes.' Not yet, perhaps, has a musician's work been so thoroughly associated with the occupation of men of science as is involved in that sentence. Elgar, in receiving a rare and at the same time a cosmopolitan distinction from the most eclectic body of America conferred on him by Harvard, is to be recognized surely by his colleagues in England as one who has carried abroad that new sense of musical thought, of musical feeling, and of musical endeavor which belongs not to any of the academies; not to any of the modern schools, not to any of those teaching institutions which, admirable in their own way, can never produce a genius unless a genius is ready to be produced even through the futility of much academic teaching. We speak not against academies, but against their claims.

"There is something almost humorous in the idea of Elgar receiving such recognition in America. But, at the same time, one's sense of humor is checked by the remembrance that he there has broken new ground, and therefore has become a sort of musical Columbus in the land to which the pioneers of our own country wandered, for the sake of their own spiritual ideas; and it would seem that one of the greatest musical pioneers of today is there to be recognized in his true guise, as one who, though in technical form he knows his work thoroughly from the beginning to the end of the alphabet of music, yet chooses to play with his technique, to assert his own individuality, to make known to the world his meaning within the limits of absolute convention, while never neglecting his own personality. They who make objections to the Demon's Chorus, for example, in 'Gerontius,' have practically never studied the case of elder masters in the sense in which Elgar has made that study. The fact is that Elgar has determined within the circle of his own acquaintance with the right and proper regulations and laws of music to make out for the public at large the expression of his singular individuality. Whether he will be understood in America or not is a matter which does not concern lovers of art in the least; but we are so convinced that America identifies herself as far as is possible with art that it would be very disappointing if our greatest contemporary English musician were to find that his work was not completely appreciated as it was appreciated some little time ago at so uninteresting a German town as Duesseldorf."

"Something almost humorous in the idea of Elgar receiving such recognition in America." "Almost humorous?" Why, President Hadley's characterization of Sir Edward was positively funny.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

Mr. Henry Russell brought to an end his Italian opera season at the Waldorf Theatre, London, on July 15. The Pall Mall Gazette made these comments on the season:

"The experiment of giving an Italian season during the grand season at Covent Garden has been one about which there may be various opinions as to its ultimate artistic result; of course, with the financial aspect of the matter we have nothing whatever to do. It is doubtful, however, if the English public is ready to receive back to its arms the old Italian opera of the lighter kind. Such works as 'Don Pasquale,' 'Traviata,' 'La Sonnambula,' hoc genus omne, still to many musicians of catholic views have a charm, quite apart from the historical interest; for our own part, we are still much fascinated with that feeling for endless tune, with that bright sort of life, and with those humorous situations in the various plots which are usually founded upon delightful Italian novelettes. But the graver kind of opera enthusiasts, under the influence of the latter German school, nay, even of an earlier German school, so exquisitely realized, for example, by Weber in such a score that of 'Der Freischuetz,' will, perhaps, have little enough to do with these things; of course, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, of a much later period, do not fall into this category; but it was naturally impossible, try how one might, to rely upon a whole opera season with the works of these earlier musicians. There has, in incidental detail, been much to praise in particular points, that is, in the work of certain singers and in the playing of the orchestra. In the latter instance, especially, we have often had occasion to write words of high praise. Sig. Conti has toiled with amazing energy, and upon his shoulders have rested many of the chief successes of the season. The great drawback, however, with the general number of performances has been the fact that the old convention of opera has changed, giving place to new; the restoration of a mere convention, unsupported by work of real genius, however talented the composers may have been, seldom commends itself to a modern generation. The operas of Mozart, on the other hand, the work of Gluck, Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' too, belong, of course, to the lasting music of the West. These were musicians of the profoundest knowledge and inspiration, and wrote with deeper ambition than to fulfil the lighter interests of their own contemporaries. The distinction need not be drawn more elaborately. Mr. Russell, however, has fought bravely, and we understand that in the autumn, if present negotiations do not fail, he will inaugurate a further season, though of not precisely the same character."

ENGLISH FESTIVALS.

The programme of the Briston festival, which will begin Oct. 11, will include a concert performance of "Lohengrin" (without cuts) "The Dream of Gerontius," "Elijah," Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" and its sequel, "Lelio"; Mendelssohn's "Oedipus at Colonos," Richard Strauss' "Taillefer," Mozart's mass in C minor, "The Messiah"; Beethoven's "Engedi." Mme. Melba, the pianists, Miss Adela and Miss Mathilde Verne, Mr. Kreisler, violinist, will take part. Mr. Josef Holbrooke's dramatic scene for baritone and orchestra from "Marino Faliero" will be a novelty, and the works by Strauss and Mozart will be performed for the first time in England.

The programme of the Sheffield festival—it will begin on Oct. 4—will include Bach's mass in B minor, "The Messiah"; Nicholas Gatty's "Fly, Envious Time" (new), Schumann's "Paradise and Peri," F. Cliffe's "Ode to the Northeast Wind" (new), Bruch's "Frithjof," Brahms' "Naenie," Mozart's "Requiem," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," the closing scene from Tschaikowsky's "Eugene Onegin," two eight-part choruses by Weingartner, the "Eroica" symphony and a symphony by Weingartner. Mr. Kreisler will play a violin concerto.

OPERAS NEW AND OLD.

The Wagner Society in Amsterdam has decided to give an annual performance of "Parsifal" in the future, so as, by repeated representations, to minimize the cost involved in staging and rehearsing the music drama. The first performance—the first operatic performance in Europe outside of Bayreuth—was given, it may be remembered, on June 20. Mme. Litvinne and Messrs. Forchhammer, Breitenfeld, Kroner, Holm and Blass were the chief singers. Dr. Henri Viotta conducted.

The new Weimar Theatre and Opera House (the same building performing both functions) to be erected on the site of the one shortly to be demolished, deserves a passing note. This will be the fourth that has stood upon the same spot. The first, sacred to the days of Schiller and Goethe, and of which the latter was at one time director, was demolished by fire; another speedily arose in its place, and was rebuilt somewhere about the middle of the sixties. This is the one now doomed. It has, however, in its day harbored many a great name, and seen the birth of many a famous career—to wit, Herr Scheidemantel, the celebrated bass, a Weimar man himself. Herr Wagner conducted one of the earliest performances of "Tristan," with that wonderful couple, the Vogels, in the title roles; and at an earlier date Liszt himself wielded the baton on grand opera nights, being superseded in the post of grand ducal conductor by the late M. Eduard Lassen, the charming song-writer, who, though a German by choice, was a Belgian by birth and nationality. Weimar's present conductor, by the way, has English, or rather Scottish, blood in his veins; he is Herr Aloys Obrist, young, enthusiastic and of great talent. His father was a Swiss violinist of note, his mother the sister of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, and his brother is the celebrated Munich master of decorative art, Herman Obrist.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A new opera, "Anna Kar Enina," based by Antonio Menotti on Tolstoi's novel, music by Salvatore Sassano, was announced lately for production at Naples. It was chosen by a committee of the Institute for the Encouragement of Musical Art.

FOR SINGERS.

Mrs. Rollie Borden-Low, "an American soprano," gave a song recital in London June 27. Her programme included seven songs by Hugo Wolf. Her voice was described as fresh and pleasing.

Mme. Elena Theodorini gave a concert in London July 17. Mr. Blackburn wrote of her: "Mme. Theodorini has long been a vocal favorite in Italy. We well remember her interpreting the part of Valentine in 'Les Huguenots' in Rome some years ago, and we equally well remember with what enthusiasm she was then received. Her voice is not now so fresh as it was in those times, and it is curious to note how that 'open-throated' manner of singing, which with her, as with many an Italian singer of the period, scarcely wears as well as it should. This particular method takes the voice away from the centre, the heart of the note. It is not so much that you can say (even though you feel it) that Mme. Theodorini is singing out of tune, but you can negatively say that she does not always seem to get at the purest point of the pitch. If one can imagine the pitch to be a very small circle, with the heart right in the centre; then it may be said that Mme. Theodorini is always within that circle, even though she does not by any means at all times reach that centre. She has a powerful voice; for that reason it may possibly be that it did not sound at its best in so limited a space as that occupied by the Salle Erard. In any case, the sheer brilliance of such works as Viardot's 'Aime-moi,' or a well known aria from 'Lucrezia Borgia,' did not seem, under the circumstances, to bring out any 'brilliant separation of notes in the runs'—as Rossini used to describe the matter—with the result that occasionally one had the sense of a slurring effect. Sig. Armando Lecomte sang, in an extremely Italian manner, 'O Casto Fior,' from Massenet's 'Le Roi de Lahore,' in which, precisely in the same manner, he was quite excellent. Whether or not that style is now acceptable to the public it is not for us to decide; in our opinion it is not altogether delightful." Is this the same Mr. Lecomte who gave a recital in Boston some seasons ago, with more aplomb than vocal art?

MUSICAL BORES.

The kind of semi-artistic bore—on, for example, music—who is incompetent but convinced, and vainly fond of criticising, is to me far more irritating than the most rabid and sincere Wagnerian, from whom the non-Wagnerite usually shrinks in fear. Certainly it is true that a love for or dislike to Wagner has the effect of a party question rather than an artistic one. People cannot discuss Wagner without growing heated and losing their tempers. It is a subject as liable to lead to quarrels as politics. But, as I said before, one is—or one should be—carried away by enthusiasm, or, at least, interested in the enthusiast. On the other hand, there is something really depressing about the "bogus" musical critic—the ignoramus, splashing vaguely about, like a seal on land, among artistic questions, expressing decided, if ambiguous, opinions and talking nonsense which he fondly supposes to be serious sense. Yes; undoubtedly the real musical bore is the pretentious amateur who thinks it matters what he thinks.

I meet him often at the opera, where he is always to be seen. He comes up to talk, to bestow unnecessary praise, and to find infinitesimal faults. He has lately found out that "the very latest thing" is to go back to the old "tuney" operas—in fact, to prefer "La Sonnambula" to "Tristan." Delighted with this discovery, and hoping it will sound ultra-fresh and original—even startling—he said the other evening, patronizingly, "Isn't it charming tonight? I love 'The Huguenots,' you know. I must say I take far greater pleasure in the dear old Italian school than in all your Germans." I amiably replied that "The Huguenots" happened to be written by Meyerbeer, who was quite as German as Wagner. He retreated behind an opera glass, bowing and smiling to some one who was looking in a different direction and did not see him, and then continued: "Yes! Yes! Give me melody. Frankly, I don't care for Wagner. I like music!" And this is the man who dined before lunch to hear the "Ring" from 2:30 until midnight only last season. Of course, he is bound to vary his tastes, because he is only following the fashion. This is perfectly right if he likes it, but why pretend to have any other reason than fashion for his likings? "Well," he continued; "I'll come round again after the next act and tell you candidly what I think of Scotti. Mind you, I shall say exactly what I think. I am always frank. As to Caruso, I consider him excellent in this part, and I don't care who knows it." "Does he know it?" I asked, "or can't you get it conveyed to him? Think what an encouragement it would be!" Hush! the curtain. He returned to his seat, and bore up bravely during the next act by looking forward to his own conversation in the entr'acte. Like all his kind, he likes talking and detests listening. And yet he is musical!

But I have by no means yet exhausted musical bores (often as they have exhausted me). There are so many types. There is the gentle lady amateur who invariably says, "I love music, but I am not exactly musical. I have never learnt music, and I have no ear whatever. I don't know one note from another, but I simply adore it. Besides, of course, I know what I like." She doesn't, "of course," "know what she likes," or she wouldn't think she liked music. To say you adore music, although you have no ear, is as if a blind person were to say his only real pleasure was looking at pictures. The pathetic part of the whole thing is that this poor "earless" creature thinks she must like music. Why should she? She goes to concert after concert, claps her gloves into holes, and says, "Oh, how sweet! I call that a voice with soul in it," and so forth. She doesn't even know how much she suffers. The whole thing is merely a most unnecessary affectation. It is a sort of middle-class convention that a lady should be "fond of music." It is supposed for some mysterious reason to be the right thing. It is a "refined" taste, so she tries to cultivate it and pretends she succeeds. I see no earthly reason why any woman or man should be more ashamed of disliking music than of disliking anything else. To be fond of music is not a virtue; rather the contrary. It is a privilege. But if you are deprived of this pleasure, why not admit it? I prefer the sort of boy, and even the sort of girl, who says "straight out," "All music is rot." That may be an extreme view and a little narrow, but at least you know where you are.—The Referee (London).

Aug. [illegible]

A MISAPPLIED WORD.

Poems by Ernest Dawson were published lately by Mr. John Lane. They were published in America three years ago by Mr. Mosher of Portland, who reprints some of them in the Bibelot of this month. Since the publication by Mr. Lane one or two reviewers have spoken in a patronizing manner of the poems and taken an orthodox pleasure in reminding the reader that the poet wasted much of his comparatively short life and died of drink and other demoralizing habits. They have grudgingly admitted that he had talent, but they insist that he was a "decadent," and therefore one to be dismissed from the consideration of all thoughtful and respectable people.

But a decadent is not necessarily a person given up to riotous living, an immoral person. There are honest citizens who believe that he must be of close kin to a degenerate, whereas the word decadent should not be associated in any manner whatever with an author's personal immorality or with his loose or tight opinions concerning morality. An author is a decadent through his use of language, through

the artistic expression of thought, and the thought itself may be highly moral. It was Theophile Gautier who first characterized and classified the decadent in his preface to a complete edition of Baudelaire's works. There comes a time in the history of every language when some persons revolt against the conventional and approved literary expression and shape and color phrases in an unusual way. When this way is natural to them, when it is to them inevitable, their work is sincere, and in many instances it has lasted. The Shakespeare of the sonnets and of passages in the plays was a decadent, as were Apuleius, and certain fathers of the church before him. Henry Vaughan of the spiritual poems, Donne, Quarles in certain poems, De Quincey, Keats, Pater (especially in his "Imaginary Portraits"), Baudelaire, Laforgue, Verlaine, Maeterlinck—these may all be classed as decadents. Poe was a prince among decadents, not because a glass of wine would craze his brain, not because he was shiftless in money affairs, but by reason of a few marvellous poems, as "Uladume," "The Valley of Unrest," "The City in the Sea," "The Haunted Palace," "Annabel Lee," "To Helen," and such masterpieces as the prose-poems "Silence" and "Shadow." The true decadents have as a rule written in a vein of exquisite purity. Yet these reviewers would have us believe that every decadent is often a rake in expression, as well as at heart, and usually a victim of strong drink. If drunken habits make an author or a decadent, writers of grave treatises and books "without which no gentleman's library is complete" could not be freed from the withering characterization.

ON A VISIT.

The Philadelphia Bulletin cries out passionately, "Is hospitality going out of fashion?" and then answers its own question with a lamenting "Yes." It has the gift of Asmodeus: it uncovers roofs and sees men and women "burying themselves in out-of-the-way homes or spending their holidays in hotels where rooms are scarce and entertaining over night out of the question." It hears—for the Bulletin has fine ears—this "sentiment voiced" by the complaining millions of men: "I do not care to visit this season. I prefer the independence of paying my board"—a vague sentiment, for the boarder's independence may grieve a strictly commercial landlord. The Bulletin analyzes the reasons for this falling off in visiting; it attributes the decay to the exactions of the hostess and the selfishness of the guests. The world is a pleasant one as viewed from Philadelphia.

Not many years ago few city men had country homes. The city was not then thought impossible from June till November. Yet a change of air was desirable, and so there was a month spent at a watering place, or there were long visits to kinsfolk in villages. The father would stay for the most part in the city, but mother and the children would descend on Aunt Lucinda, or at the old homestead where grandmother still kept up her pride in seedcakes and gingersnaps. There was always room enough in the house, and the guests were not unduly fastidious concerning food. What did it matter if the animal eaten had only a day before looked inquiringly at the stranger? The butter ran on the butter plate, and the heat of the water drawn from the well some hours before undoubtedly killed the typhoid fever germs. Neither hostess nor guests complained. Perhaps less was expected; possibly the manners were better in those days.

"The ideal hostess never allows friends and acquaintances to descend upon her unannounced." How the old ideas concerning hospitality have changed! What has become of the open house? The open door is now merely a political term, though it might be applied to a jail. We like to think of a hearty old buck in the western part of the commonwealth—he died a few years ago—who lived in accordance with the traditions of his family. He still wore the stock, buff waistcoat and blue coat; he drank solemnly at intervals stated by the clock a glass of New England rum with a little water; and, although there were only three or four in his household, the dinner table was set daily for a dozen. "Pot luck" with him was not a haphazard or timorous invitation. We have aped the modern English in letters of invitation; the days of arrival and of departure are marked for the guest, and in some instances he is not allowed his choice of trains; but we could go still farther—the names of those expected with him should be given, so that he may refuse from fear of being bored, the list of wines and strong drinks that will be served, the hours of meals, and a plain statement of what will be expected from him as a contributor to the general entertainment.

The Bulletin forgets one important change in the summer life of this country: many who are in immodest or modest circumstances have a cottage of their own; it may be a Newport cottage, a summer palace that would open the eyes of Persian kings, a bungalow, or a still ruder house, but there it is, a refuge as well as a shelter. Often there is room enough in simple cottages for the family and one guest, but the food problem in this or that locality annoys the housekeeper. She is dependent on wandering carts for meat, fish, fruit and vegetables; she has only a maid-of-all-work, excellent and willing, but many guests would naturally tire her when she, too, should have some advantages from the summer months. Why should the housekeeper turn herself into a drudge, anxious lest her guests with a wolfish appetite should find the table meagre? In the more pretentious cottages there is a troop of servants, and meat comes from the city; but why, again, should the mistress be bored by seeing continually her city friends? Is there no escape for her from social duties? Should she have no opportunity of hardening herself for the pleasures of the winter?

As for visits in these days to the old homestead—first of all, many of these homesteads are now in the hands of Irish, Swedes or Portuguese. If they are still open to the family, the children themselves would protest against the food on which their parents throve. The age is a luxurious one. The desire for selfish comfort often drives out hospitality and checks the inclination to leave one's own bed and bathtub.

Aug 15 1905

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The grand dukes and other influential persons in St. Petersburg close to the Czar are said to be amused at the popularity of Mr. Witte in the United States; amused and also vexed. The story is that his greatness is a foreign delusion; that he poses as a great man only when he is away from Russia; that in all his speeches and actions he looks toward the gallery. The dislike of these sneerers is natural, for Mr. Witte belongs to the plain people; he is able, he is honest. These are three dangerous qualities, enough to send a man to Siberia if he be bold enough to stand openly against Messrs. Dukes & Co. Mr. Witte opposed the waging of this war, and even if he were silent, if he should studiously refrain from saying "I told you so," he is an unpleasant reminder. Nor is he the first whose ability and character are recognized more clearly and appreciated more warmly by the powerful in lands other than his own. No doubt in Russia there are thousands who respect and admire him—as, for example, the Czar in his braver moments, otherwise he would not have sent him to Portsmouth. Or was the Czar compelled to do this by the force of public opinion and in spite of the ducal cabinet? Mr. Witte's enemies regret that he is so good natured in the performance of his mission, that he talks and behaves like a human being in the presence of Americans. He should be formal, severe, steel-eyed, reticent, diplomatic. But Mr. Witte is a shrewd observer; he sizes up the sentimental, impulsive American. Even if he were not inherently good natured, it would be policy for him to play to the American grand stand. In his relations with this people he has been eminently diplomatic, and he has served well his country and his Czar. Two days after he landed there was a kindlier feeling for Russia throughout the United States.

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Admiral Caillard and other French naval officers high in rank passed in the course of the procession the Nelson monument in Trafalgar square. When they were abreast of it they looked at the bas-relief which depicts Nelson's death on the Victory, and they raised their hands in salutation. The spectators cheered them.

Some may exclaim: "How insincere this bloomin' melodrama, how spectacular, how French! Why should they thus salute the memory of the conqueror?" For there are such carpers and mean persons everywhere. The action was melodramatic and spectacular; it was also French in its tact and gracious courtesy. It will make more for a close bond between England and France than a leader in the Times or a state paper. Nelson would have been the first to appreciate the tribute. But was the action insincere? Perish the thought! Brave men saluted the memory of one who had died on his battleship. What matter whether he were English, Dane, Italian or Russian? England and France are traditional enemies. They are the Harvard and Yale of the nations in the sport of war. Perfidious Albion! The monster, "Buonaparte"! The vile Corsican! Look at Gibray's caricature of Napoleon and his family! Look at the caricatures of Queen Victoria and the present King drawn by Parisian artists of established reputation during the Boer war! Honors are easy in such tributes. Yet Paris is the playground of Englishmen, and Frenchmen compliment the English by aping their dress and secretly admiring their social deportment; we say secretly, for in the French comic journals and on the French stage the Englishman is caricatured broadly, as the Frenchman for years has been burlesqued in London theatres. At present the French are ahead in the international complimenting, thanks to the memorable salute of Admiral Caillard and his officers.

A RUSSIAN QUESTION.

A well informed Russian might say at Portsmouth on the hotel veranda: "I do not understand you New Englanders. During your civil war you believed that our government was friendly to you; you saw our vessels ready to help you if England and France should recognize the South. You entertained the Grand Duke Alexis in a most hospitable manner. If I am correctly informed, you once eagerly devoured our more modern literature. It was the fashion to read the novels of Turgenief; many of his stories were translated into English; then you became acquainted with Dostoievsky and Tolstoi, and while the former's 'Crime and Punishment' absorbed your interest for a time, there was a true Tolstoi cult—I believe there were Tolstoi clubs. You also know something about Gogol, Pouschkin, Gorky and other Russian writers. You are familiar with our music. Grant that Rubinstein was a cosmopolite and a virtuoso, that he was appreciated everywhere; it is true, is it not, that in your concert halls music by Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Borodin, Arensky is heard and enjoyed? You have shown more than a common interest in our literature and musical art; you have had substantial proofs of our liking for you as a nation. Yet I find that your sympathies are with the success of the Japanese. Why is this? How has Japan shown any interest for you, except in courteous words? Are you physically drawn nearer to them than to us? Is not our religious belief more like yours than theirs? Do you answer, 'It is your persecution of the Jews'? You do not understand our domestic problems. Read what your once popular Dostoievsky said about this race in Russia—you can read it in his 'Journal of a Writer,' which was translated into French not long ago. It seems strange to me that warm admiration for the literature and music of a country is not associated with appreciation of the country itself. Otherwise you would love my people as thus revealed to you, for both this literature and music are intensely national; they spring from the soil and the folk."

And the only answer would be this: "The New Englanders sympathize with the Russian people, not with the corrupt and tyrannical government. Russian literature, and in a way Russian music, have taught them this distinction. They believe that by the victory of the Japanese Russia may be purified and her people bettered. There is this possibility. If the Russian government should triumph in a war that was not and is not wished by its people, we see no hope for the millions crushed and complaining."

IN THE KITCHEN.

The dining car department of the Union Pacific Railway Company is at work on the problem whether white or black cooks are the cleaner in their preparation of food for the table. This reminds us of a story that comes from the far east. Two English housekeepers, exiled there, disputed over the comparative cleanliness of their kitchens. An unannounced visit was made in each instance to determine the question. In the first kitchen there were creeping things on walls, floor, tables, and the general appearance was unappetizing. The other kitchen looked spick and span. Everything was sweet and shining. The Chinese cook grinned from ear to ear. He was washing his feet in the soup tureen. His personal cleanliness was the ruin of his mistress and himself.

It is a foolish man or woman that insists on being in the kitchen during the preparations for any meal. Nor should the imagination of one at table be allowed much play. He cannot help being pleased or distressed by the manner of serving. At his own table he may be allowed to object, but he must be as brave a man as Mr. Sullivan of New York, who complained of his cook, Mrs. Welch, in the Jefferson Market court. The scene that fired Mr. Sullivan to daring deeds was described by the Sun: "The dining room opened and Mrs. Welch came in. She held a coffee pot in one hand and an omelet in the other. The omelet wasn't in a dish. Mrs. Welch carried it after the fashion of a dish rag. 'Here's the truck yez is in a hurry about,' said Mary, chucking the omelet on the table and slamming down the coffee pot. 'I don't quite like the way you serve it,' protested Mr. Sullivan, mildly. 'Yez don't,' mocked Mrs. Welch, 'an' why shouldn't yez?' 'The omelet is burned,' said Mr. Sullivan. 'Burned, is it? And so are me fingers. I burned them gettin' it out of the pan for yez.'"

Mrs. Welch's methods were thus forced on Mr. Sullivan's attention. The table girl or cook is probably more suave in presentation in your own happy household, and therewith be content; do not wonder how the omelet or the hash got out of the pan or on the dish. Be optimistic in such matters. We happened to be in an oyster house in Albany one night. The house, once famous, and in spite of its modest appointments frequented by legislators, lobbyists and judges of the court of appeals, was kept by a prominent citizen, who was interested practically in politics and the prize ring. A dudelet dropped in, sat on the hardest of seats, looked at the bill of fare and asked, "What's a Boston stew?" "It's a box stew," answered Joe, behind the counter, "only the waiter sticks his thumb in it." The dudelet called for a broil, but no one present was afterward deterred by recollection from ordering a Boston stew, any more than he would have refused an entree in a private and sumptuous house from fear of what might have been done to it in the kitchen.

There are squeamish souls who cannot bear to think of certain details in the manufacture of molasses, in the making of bread by Parisian bakers, and thus they might go uneasily through the list of edibles. Theories concerning cleanliness and the practice of them are largely individual. A person may be an excellent cook and yet not take a daily bath. Even in nature beauty springs from corruption—see Omar Khayyam with his applauded remark about the rose and Walt Whitman with his reference to the "polished breast" of the melon. Be satisfied with scent and taste. Do not be anxious to go behind the returns.

Aug 16 1905

AN ABUSED BEAST.

The Herald has received the following letter:

CLAMPORT, Aug. 13, 1905.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Not long ago I was talking on the veranda with some women and girls and I happened to speak of the number of skunks that are about here this season. To my amazement there were cries of protest against my mention of the animal by that name. One woman seemed seriously offended. "Why don't you say wood pussy? I corrected my daughter yesterday for speaking of one as you did just now, and I asked her where she heard that low word. I suppose the coachman was thoughtless or some villager may have used it in her presence." I confess I was vexed for the moment. Another woman said she preferred the word "polecat." I appeal to you: Is the word "skunk" a low or vulgar word? My own mind is clear on this subject, but I wish an expression of opinion from an authority, that I may quote it. I asked Mr. Johnson, but he said: "A skunk is a skunk. Don't pay any attention to their nonsense." I remember dear old Uncle Chimes would use the word, though he seldom could be persuaded to leave Boston, and I do not believe he ever saw a skunk in the flesh. He used to apply the word to a man whom he disliked for some reason or other. You may remember that he had his prejudices. Yours truly,

EUSTACIA JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson was correct in his statement, dear madam; a skunk is a skunk, just as patchouli is patchouli, or kerosene is kerosene. The skunk is the mephitis mephitica; the polecat is the putorius foetidus. and the true polecat is by no means like a skunk except in its fetid odor. The former is constantly aggressive in its scent; the latter only when it is irritated or alarmed. The women that made the objection are either genteel in the obnoxious signification of the word or they are prudish. They would call for civet if you should distinguish between leg and limb, or speak of "drops of sweat" or "the sweat of his brow." "Wood pussy," forsooth! The term may be permitted to children, but is the smell then any the sweeter? Furthermore, the skunk is not distinctively a forest animal, although we saw the other day in a dictionary a picture of a skunk exceedingly uncomfortable on a bough of a tree.

The smell of this animal is unpleasant. To excuse it would be as impossible as to ignore it. This is unfortunate, for the beast itself is useful and naturally amiable. We know men who have caught many skunks, tamed them and made pets of them. Some months ago we read an interesting article by a naturalist who accustomed a mother skunk to his presence so that she at last allowed him to take her little ones and photograph them. Others skin skunks and send their skins to Germany, where as furs they adorn the sentimental women of the fatherland. No doubt the animal is meditative, if not poetic. Of nocturnal habits, it loves the moon. It is quiet; it is brave. Caught cruelly by a paw in a steel trap, it does not moan or howl, even when it is dragged off far enough from the house to be shot. The only real out in the skunk's character is that you cannot reason with him on short acquaintance, reassure him, convince him that no harm is intended. As many superior and two-legged featherless beings, he fires and then inquires; then you are in no frame of mind to conduct an argument logically or with persuasive rhetoric.

What would your mealy-mouthed friend say, Mrs. Johnson, to Thoreau's words about the skunk cabbage, the earliest spring flower? "Mortal and human creatures must take a little respite in this fall of the year. Their spirits do play a little. There is a little questioning of destiny, and thinking to go like cowards to where the weary shall be at rest. But not so with the skunk cabbage. Its withered leaves fall and are transfixed by a rising bud. Winter and death are ignored. The circle of life is complete. Are these false prophets? Is it a lie or a vain boast underneath the skunk cabbage bud, pushing it upward and lifting the dead leaves with it?" Would she have had him write "wood pussy cabbage"?

SPURIOUS PICTURES.

Whether the Velasquez in the Museum of Fine Arts be a veritable Velasquez or a copy is a question that will entertain artists and amateurs in Boston and its neighborhood for months to come. There are always doubting Thomases to argue with obstinate believers, and artists, especially in Boston, have much time for argument. The Herald has referred editorially to the statement of a distinguished portrait painter that this particular "Velasquez" was well known in London and Paris among painters and dealers before Mr. Ross bought it, and that it could have been had for a few hundred dollars.

There is no talk, however, of its being a forgery, and there are many who believe that the Corot bought by the Prince of Wales for the new Dublin Gallery of Modern Art is wholly spurious; that his royal highness was persuaded to buy it by persons who knew it was not genuine. A Parisian collector of pictures said lately to Mr. Frederic Lees: "Never has the traffic in spurious pictures been conducted on such extensive lines as it is today. Something will have to be done to put a stop to it. Every picture that is painted nowadays should have a certificate signed by the artist in the presence of official witnesses. As to works by painters of the past, the forgery of these should be prevented as much as possible by bringing in a more stringent law against falsifiers." Men charged with forging pictures by Corot and other celebrated artists were tried recently in Paris. The pictures had been seized at the official salesrooms, the Hotel des Ventes and at their homes. The only living artist who had thus been injured was Willette, who, on the witness stand, said in substance that after hard and incessant work for twenty years and in spite of success he had only made a bare living out of his art on account of the number of forged pictures and drawings bearing his name and put into the market. He was of the opinion that auctioneers who sell forged canvases as genuine works of art should be held responsible.

This reminds us that the Journal, of Paris, published not many weeks ago a paragraph that might well be pondered by our picture buyers: "Do our readers know that there is in Paris a manufactory in which artists, who receive large salaries, copy canvases of our great masters? These pictures are sent to the United States. A high duty is paid on them. Thus stamped as authentic they are sold for their weight in gold to American millionaires. A number of pictures, the originals of which are in Paris or in the provinces, can be seen in the gallery of one of these collectors." Mr. Lees, who contributed an article on this subject to the North American Review for June, said lately in the Pall Mall Gazette that these manufactories swarm all over France. "Some of these picture forgers are attached to this or that dealer-expert—the man who has his shop on the grand boulevards and his branches in London or New York; others supply the trade in general." The artists whose works are most copied—and the copies are often marvellously well done—are Ziem, Henner, Charles Jacques, Corot, Diaz, Courbet, Dupre.

The collector of pictures, old furniture, old prints, old glass, old china, curios of any kind, should bear in mind the words of the poet:

"Falsehood and Fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes."

Excellent imitations of old English glass are made in Holland and Germany. "Battersea" enamels are common in Paris; silk pictures and old needlework samples are imitated in Germany; Toby jugs purporting to be old Staffordshire ware are exported freely from Belgium; bogus lustre jugs worth from ten to seventy-five cents are sold at a high price. Look out for "old" Sheffield plate, Bow and Chelsea figures (made in Germany). The Chelsea real gold anchor mark on the back is itself too often a forgery. Lowestoft china in Paris auction rooms is not always what it seems. There is a man in Paris who is said to have made at least $2,000,000 by manufacturing and selling "imitation genuines." And even in Boston and New York are there no queer sales of "antique furniture"—highboys and lowboys, secretaries, chairs, candlesticks, warming pans, door knockers and other articles supposed to give solidity as well as a family stamp to the suddenly rich?

Aug 19 1905

SHAMELESS BOSTON.

A contributor to the Echo de Paris frees his mind about Whistler, apropos of the Whistler exhibition. He also has much to say about the American spirit as revealed in art. This great American painter preferred to find subjects in Venice, Paris, London, rather than in his own country, and in this he is truly American, for "the rich Yankees—rich in dollars or mind—are dissatisfied with the resources which the United States offers to a life spent on the spot"; so they wander over Europe, bored or disgusted by their own land. "It seems as if in their own country they are exiles"; they look toward Europe as their real home. Whistler was also an American in his talent for self-advertisement, his ingenious and refined Barnumism. "He excelled in displeasing, for he knew that hatreds are often more valuable than friendships to the man who loves fame." He was also an American because he knew the exact limits of his genius. He never made a move outside these limits. He understood his resources as a Morgan or a Rockefeller understands the details of a business venture.

Thus and in other ways was he an American. The critic assures his readers that Whistler was also American in his artistic sensuality. It is true that there are few nudes signed by him, but he drew graceful young bodies with long legs, with long slender arms, draped in transparent stuffs, studies that remind one of the art of Loie Fuller. "These little danseuses do not come from Pompeii or Florence or Paris; they come straight from Boston or New York." From Boston! Yes, from sensuous, sensual Boston, where the genial climate favors exposure of the form divine, where the public squares and public buildings reveal the predilection of the people for the nude in art—witness, for instance, the statue of the Bacchante in the Public Library. Softly, perhaps we dream. The critic should visit Boston at the invitation of the Watch and Ward Society. These young women in the pictures by Whistler "seem like the music hall girls that America sends to us; they are cousins of the elegant young women who arrive in Paris early in the spring, with audacious hats, with gowns that cling closely to their bodies—and one hardly knows which is the more durable impression made by them, that of their chastity or that of their boldness." It is a pity that Mr. Whistler is dead. He would have enjoyed this tribute to his Americanism. He might have been persuaded thereby to visit Boston, where beauty is so worshipped in its most alluring form. It should be remembered that he was born in Lowell, not far from this notoriously sensual town.

LOBSTERS AND ELEPHANTS.

The lobster, wise men tell us, is in no danger of becoming extinct, though chorus girls are increasing in number day by day and the lobster palaces smoke with the incense of the broiled live. Philanthropists are incessantly planting lobsters, and there is no pessimist beneath the waves to tell the crustaceans that life is not worth living. Thus reassured we become at once the sport of the eternal see-saw and go down in spirits, for we learn that the African elephant is doomed. His beauty is his destruction, for inasmuch as his tusks are whiter and harder and larger than those of his Asiatic brother, the ivory hunter is indefatigable in getting more money with less trouble than in Asia, where hunting for ivory is allowed only in parts of the forests of Burmah, or "by permission" in certain districts of India.

The bigger the tusk, the nobler the animal, and although the Hindoos and other Asiatic races have always respected their own elephants — their demi-gods and sages consulted the oldest elephant when they wrote the first sacred volumes—the African species is the one that impresses even the irreverent American boy. Some say the African's character is not so amiable as that of the Asiatic, but who can fathom the depths of any elephant's character? Probably the bitterest attack ever made on the sagacious beast was put by Charles Reade into the mouth of the hero in "Jack of All Trades." The substance of this attack is identical with an opinion of a Bombay native student concerning the horse: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so." In vain the repeated tales from ancient days of the elephant's benevolence and generosity. Reade and some now living insist that, like Mr. Scraggs in the western melodrama, he never forgets and never forgives. When one thinks of the life of a tame elephant in this country—how he is led from town to town dressed in his baggy trousers and with a man to prod him with a sharpened iron, suspicious of covered bridges in the course of country roads, exposed to the injudicious admiration of swarms of admirers, made to do all sorts of undignified and absurd feats of strength or skill under a tent, obliged to hear day after day screeching calliopes and jests by clowns no longer Shakespearian — when one thinks of a life like this and of the insults offered by whooping children and practical jokers, can any thoughtful person blame an elephant for killing his elephanteer or some too presuming jester?

And so in the course of the ages the larger animals quietly disappear. Lobsters may yet be eaten by thousands when there is not in Africa or Asia an elephant's foot for a travelling epicure. Man himself will also disappear. Did not a learned person assure the world a few weeks ago that birds would at last be the sole inhabitants of the earth?

UNINTELLIGIBLE.

A young woman in New York tried to kill herself, for she had quarrelled with her sweetheart. Her name was Effie Record, and she was in the habit of recording the events of the day and the precise state of her emotions in a diary. One of the latest entries was as follows: "My darling George is a queer fellow. I can't understand him. He certainly is the limit." Yet this same George, the unintelligible limit, was the one that saved her from death. Perhaps she understands him better now.

How many men and women really understand each other before marriage? Good looks, mutual attraction and propinquity encourage a pair to believe that the momentary passion will turn into lasting affection; but each has been on best behavior; the man has shown the devotion of the sportsman in pursuit; the woman, even when most coy, has constantly lured him on, often unconsciously, obedient to instinct and the great law of nature. After marriage there is no need of concealment, for so they foolishly argue; the man throws off the mask, as in melodrama; he reveals himself as a creature of habit, a night wanderer, thoughtless, selfish, in some instances inherently polygamous. He has captured his prize, he has taken from other men something that they regarded as desirable; he has proved his good taste; a handsome woman is pointed out as his wife; he has added to his property; if he provides her with food, lodging, dress in accordance with

his means; if he takes her now and then to the theatre or accompanies her in the performance of social duties—when he is sure of the dinner to which they are invited—he flatters himself that he is a considerate and dutiful husband. The wife, after two or three years of vain expectation, is forced to say to herself: "I can't understand him." She is not neglected, as the word "neglected" is used; he is civil and kind to her; he shows a becoming interest in her daily life; but there is something between them, a barrier which, vague and impalpable, separates them as though it were of adamant.

It is often the case that the husband cannot understand his once admired and adored Arabella. "I never thought that a woman could change so much in her ideas about things. Before we were married you used to say——" and the wife is compelled to wonder at his memory. "I never thought you would be so exacting." Is she exacting? A London sporting journal recently gave advice to women on "Love and How to Keep It," as it would recommend a diet for dogs or advise concerning the care of ferrets. It seems that a woman should never force a man to stay at home when he wishes to go out, or to go out with her when he wishes to do something else; she should allow him to put cigar ash on the ash tray and throw paper into the waste paper basket, even if these receptacles are made untidy; she should not frown if he smash down cushions, sprawl on sofas, leave newspapers on the floor; he should be permitted to smoke all over the house: "The man who is forbidden to smoke in his wife's drawing room may greatly respect her correctness, but he is liable to spend his evenings in his smoking room"—or in some one else's drawing room. Above all, there should never be a frown when he is a few minutes late to dinner. Punctuality may be the murderer of affection. If the suburban husband is led to expect black looks when he is late, "he will far more frequently miss his train than if he were the husband of a less precise woman; once the habit of missing the train for dinner is established it is extraordinary how soon it leads to the custom of missing later ones." And on such wretched trifles lasting love depends, they say.

Happy the man or woman who discovers the idolized one to be "the limit" before the binding and fatal day. There are learned writers who insist that there were never Courts of Love in the time of the Troubadours. The courts of love today are the police courts. In Brooklyn a magistrate, Mr. E. Gaston Higginbotham, sets apart the last Sunday of every month to give advice to wrangling, jarring or sullen couples. Before him appeared lately a car conductor against whom the complaint of drunken behavior had been brought. Interfering kinsfolk of his wife had driven him to drink. The magistrate addressed the wife: "He gets up at 4 o'clock in the morning and works hard all day for you. He doesn't have to do it. He's doing it because he wants to make a home for you. You've got a good husband. Why don't you be kind to him? Did you ever get up at 4 in the morning?"

"I wake him up," answered the wife.

Mr. Higginbotham, nothing daunted, gave sound advice, would not hear of a separation, and made each one of the pair intelligible to the other. Unfortunately there are married couples who are not willing to submit to such adjudication in open court, nor are all magistrates like unto Mr. E. Gaston Higginbotham.

Aug 18 1905

TWO OR ONE?

The Herald has commented on Bishop Potter's opinion that a sermon should not be over twenty minutes in length of delivery. The opinion is sound, even when the clergyman hems and drawls. It would be interesting to know the bishop's opinion on the number of sermons a clergyman should deliver a week, for Bishop Potter is not only a preacher of singular force and directness, but an eminently sensible man. In the good old days of meeting houses the minister was expected to deliver two long and elaborate sermons on Sunday, and his remarks at prayer meeting, generally on a Friday night, might often have been dignified with the word "sermon." Preached today, such prayer meeting remarks would probably be called a "sermonette"—a vile term, but one no worse than "storiette." Two thoughtfully prepared sermons of orthodox length were considered by some divines as an unreasonable task to demand of an ordinary man. Bishop Andrewes, the bishop of Ely and of St. Swithin, a preacher of more than ordinary scholarship, once said: "When I preached twice, I prated once"; and Robert Hall, asked how many sermons a week a minister could be expected to prepare, replied: "If he is a man of pre-eminent ability, one; if of ordinary ability, two; if he is an ass, six."

The preacher of many sermons recalls to his hearer's mind the confession of the godly Mr. Henry Church, which serves as a preface to his "Miscellanea Philo-Theologica" (London, 1637)—the book should be on every drawing room table and in the dentist's waiting room: "The reason why I so much exercised my pene was because a drowsinesse fell on mee when I did reade, and wrighting kept me awake; if any be offended, I writ not to offend them." Such an excuse would be of no avail when the minister preaches without notes—a dangerous practice, for then, "intoxicated with the exuberance of his rhetoric," the improvisator doubles the time allotted by Bishop Potter, if he does not keep repeating himself at still greater length.

A STAMFORD MODEL.

Mr. Edward Kennedy, a negro who keeps an eating house in Stamford, Ct., is now at the age of 64 and turning white. He is answering the old question about the Ethiopian and his skin in a most unexpected manner. The poet possibly foresaw him when he wrote in fine frenzy:

"Eternal silence laughs along the shore
And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor."

He himself attributes his white hands, forearms, mouth, chin, neck and various patches on his body to an herb tea brewed by himself for several years and taken internally in large quantities and with keen enjoyment. The physicians say in explanation that he is losing the pigment from circumscribed areas of his skin, but they do not know what causes this loss, for he has no skin disease. And what does Mr. Kennedy say? "I never knew I had any pigment, and as long as I feel well I don't care that if I lose it all," and saying "that" he snapped joyful fingers.

This man is a model for many who are uneasy through superficial knowledge. He lived to be 64 years of age before he knew he had a pigment, and he does not intend at this late day to be disconcerted by its presence or its loss. Happy the man who knows only vaguely that he has a heart, a liver, a spleen, an appendix, kidneys, lungs and other more or less indispensable articles of human clockwork! Happier is he than the captain of the Atlantic aeroplane in "Caresco, Superman," from whom the distinguished surgeon had removed nearly all of his organs, internal and external, that he might approach the ideal human monad and be free from suffering of any kind. Perfect knowledge of anatomy and physiology does not cast out fear. A man lives and loves and fulfils his duty to family, city and state and is a noble and self-respecting animal as long as he knows the word "spleen" only in connection with a mental condition. Let him read in some medical journal about the mystery of the spleen inside of him, or let him hear a ghastly story of a patient with the enlarged organ, and if he has reached a certain age his courage is at once daunted. He has rejoiced in the possession of organs and functions which have worked, as he supposed, normally, for he has heard no serious complaint from any one of them. His courage was in his ignorance.

Few have the stoicism of Mr. Kennedy. Suppose that Mr. Ferguson, uneasy about a disfiguring blotch that appears suddenly and spreads, should call on his family physician. The eminent Dr. Sokum shakes his head, inquires into Mr. Ferguson's diet, recommends gaseous waters instead of alcohol and beer, advises him to consult a dermatologist, who in turn examines, queries and then lectures on pigment. Mr. Ferguson, nervous, reads all available information about pigment; he hears the fatal word wherever he goes, in the street, at the office, in theatre and concert hall, in the night watches; he sees and finds pigment everywhere, as Sir Thomas Browne found the quincunx in every manifestation of nature and work of man. Mr. Ferguson in reality feels well enough physically, but the terrible word obsesses him, it hurries him to the grave toward which he was going leisurely and with a certain dignity. Let him remember Mr. Kennedy in his eating house at Stamford, and be calm. The fable may be told of others. You, for instance, have a liver. For years you have never found pride or mortification in the possession. You have accepted the fact that in this respect you are mortal; you have never had a wild desire to see the organ, though you may have wondered at Calverley's lines in which he speaks of something dear,

"As to cadet in Hindustan
The fleeting remnant of his liver."

Now that your own is a little tired, do not reflect gloomily on hob-nail or gin drinker's liver, cancerous growths; do not see how in many ways you can spell cirrhosis.

"'Easy come, easy go,' says Mr. Kennedy, regarding his pigment, and he refuses to submit to any medical examination." Thus he turns contentedly to his life work of preparing fishballs, doughnuts and coffee.

THE CULTURED KAISER.

Dr. Butler and Prof. Burgess met the Emperor William at Wilhelmshoehe, and, like the walrus and the carpenter, talked of many things. The Americans were "surprised" at the Emperor's intimate knowledge of American slang. Why surprised? Nothing that pertains to man escapes the ken of this restless and tumultuous ruler. Now he chastens an architect's exuberance, and now he writes the scenario of an opera; he preaches a sermon and delivers a warning against the impressionistic school; he examines into the results of Biblical research in Assyria, and has strong opinions on the precise cut of a corsage for court display. Does one think for a moment that philology has been neglected by him? Slang is language in the making. Every nation has its slang. We see the Emperor poring deep into the night over English slang dictionaries from that of the canting crew to Farmer and Henley's colossal work, consulting the French dictionaries from those of the eighteenth century to those of Delvau and Bruant. As a Berliner, he is necessarily and thoroughly conversant with German slang, and "the footpads and loafers of speech" dear to Italians and Spaniards are found among the synonyms in "Slang and Its Analogues." But American slang, by its reckless audacity, wild extravagance, inimitable picturesqueness, grotesque humor and dash of irreverence, must irresistibly appeal to him. No wonder that he is conversant with it, that he employs it in a manner that would delight Mr. George Ade or Mr. "O. Henry." The Kaiser is a cultured potentate, and he allows no one, not even the president of an American college, to forget it.

DEODORIZED.

Mr. Luther Burbank, who is praised by some for raising fruit which in each instance is "pruned of its most inherent qualities"—to use the phrase of an old war-horse of Vermont Democracy who applied it to a party platform after it was tinkered by the committee and presented to the convention—now purposes to produce an odorless onion, and for this he is acclaimed by unfortunates who know not the full glory of the onion. What honest boy would prefer a new-fangled coreless apple to the old-fashioned kind?

The epicurean savor of certain foods and drinks is in the smell. No coffee ever tasted as good as it smelt, and if mankind would only realize this, and be content with the smell, there would be no talk of the ill-effects of the stimulant or of the necessity of succedaneums for it. The true charm of the strawberry is in the delicate perfume or, to grosser minds, in the odor and taste of the sugared cream at the bottom of the saucer. We have before this insisted on the value of the onion on the table, in symbolism, in magic, in medicine and in art. We now state, and without fear of contradiction, except from the superficial, that the chief charm of the onion as an edible is its odor. Whether the onion be served in its native purity, sliced with raw tomatoes, or snatched fresh from the garden and eaten alone or with a hunk of bread, or fried and served as a smotherer to a steak, or baked or scalloped with white sauce and buttered crumbs, or boiled until it is tender but not broken, or stuffed with finely chopped cooked chicken and stale soft bread crumbs and the finely chopped contents of itself, or pickled, it should smell of onion, and smell strongly, unmistakably.

If Mr. Burbank should be successful in his experiment, an inducement to marriage would disappear. Many French girls take to themselves a husband, it is said, that they may read openly and without fear novels written by their ingenious countrymen. American women have confessed to us that one of the amenities of married life is the pleasure of eating onions. As Mrs. Johnson remarked to us when she was the peerless Miss Eustacia: "You know I like the taste of onions, and I like the smell; but I must wait until I am married." She blushed for her frankness. Did she marry the eccentric but earnest student of sociology for this reason alone? We doubt it; for there were others, and they ate of the forbidden fruit. (Possibly Eve's apple was an onion.) However this may be, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, to use the Meredithian phrase, now defy the world with pledge of mutual onion.

Aug 19 1905

FROM RED TO PINK.

A German professor reduces the redness of a human nose by hitting the offending organ with his fist. This salutary bushing is administered at stated intervals until the nose no longer serves as a danger signal, a warning against the insidious approaches of the Demon Rum.

The Germans have always been clumsy in such facial attentions. Before the invasion of American dentists a hot raisin was applied to an aching tooth, and the patient was advised a succession of hot raisins and patience. When he could endure the pain no longer, or the supply of raisins had given out, there was a bungling operation with a chisel and a mallet, or the tooth was pulled with a rude instrument and by a prodigious exertion of brute strength. No German dentist, however, had the aplomb of the English laborer among teeth who told Sir Oliver Lodge not long ago that loss of teeth is due to the development of brain. O the flatterer! It's a wonder that he has not been knighted.

The French also have a cure for red noses, but mark the difference in treatment. A hammer set with platinum wires pounds the organ for several minutes a day. Two hammerings a week will after some months reduce the "bibulous blush" or the flaming red to a delicate and admired pink. Or, if a patient prefer a poetic blue, the nose should be hammered longer. Any light and non-committal shade can thus be obtained to suit the hair or a costume.

SANE PRECAUTIONS.

Mr. Robert D. McGonnigle of Pittsburg, Pa., not only gave away almost all his money while he was alive, in

which respect he was eminently sensible, but he also called on an undertaker, inquired into the cost of a highly respectable funeral, and paid the bill in advance. Some may question his soundness of mind because he left by his will a sum of money to maintain and care for his dear horse Ginger, but no lover of horses, no antiquarian interested in last wills and testaments, would entertain the question for a moment. A Bombay native student recently described the "noble quadruped" in a school composition: "He has four legs, two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs; he also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman, as well as some cargo. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awaken. Also, there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse." This Bombay youth would appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mr. McGonnigle, and he would rejoice in the terms of similar bequests recorded in Gabriel Peignot's collection of singular wills.

It was also eminently fit and proper that Mr. McGonnigle should pay his last bill in advance. He knew what he was getting, and he did not wish posthumous trouble or annoyance of any sort. Too often there are unpleasant scenes after a funeral: the family is surprised at the amount of the bill, or there is indecorous squabbling about it, or in one way or another the solemn memory is disturbed. Mr. McGonnigle asked for a first-class funeral. He was not so thrifty as Sir Charles Grandison—the sublime, the ineffable prig!—who thus arranged the last tribute to his father: "What I think to do, cousin, is to inter the venerable remains with those of my mother. I will have an elegant but not sumptuous monument erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription that shall rather be matter of instruction to the living than a panegyric on the departed. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious. The difference in the expense shall be privately applied to relieve or assist distressed housekeepers or some of my father's poor tenants who have large families and have not been wanting in their honest endeavors to maintain themselves." But did they receive this difference? We doubt it. Mr. McGonnigle, from what we know of him, would never have got along with Sir Charles. Sir Thomas Browne was nearer to him: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." Even Enoch Arden had a costly funeral.

Mr. McGonnigle did not like to look forward to an undertaker, fired with alcohol, with a wagon bearing his body, racing with electric cars. Even though the undertaker should win the race he took no pride in the thought that his body might be thrown out, as happened in Lexington the other day. (Matthew Lawrence's ride in his coffin was not unlike that of poor Fanny Robin in "Far from the Madding Crowd.") Nor would Mr. McGonnigle have enjoyed the thought of being buried with a lot of old newspapers, dime novels, cigarette butts and other rubbish, as happened to Mrs. Ann Flaherty in Newton, when she was interred there at the expense of the city.

HONEY DAUBING.

A writer not long ago reminded his readers of the bitterness displayed by reviewers during the first half of the last century in their treatment of public questions, men in political life, contemporaneous authors, rival publications. He quoted from magazines of ponderous weight and self-assumed respectability to show the reckless malignity of the period. It was easy for him to find proofs—passages, pages, whole essays written by men whose names even now have more than an honorable mention in encyclopaedias of English literature. He noted with pleasure the change for the better; he praised the genial current of modern discussion and criticism; he paraphrased at length the dictum of Goethe that the chief duty of criticism is to discover all that is good in the thing criticised. No one today in an English-speaking land dies killed by a merciless article, nor does the publication of a criticism invite at once the return courtesy of an invitation to pistol sport on the field of honor. This is the age of appreciation or of charitable silence.

It is true that the magazines of today are unlike the Quarterly and Blackwood's of the earlier years. No Gifford sneers contemptibly at Hazlitt and is then flayed alive as Hazlitt stripped Gifford of his skin in the famous open letter. Blackwood's was never weary of dismissing a Whig as "an ass." This was its common and mildest term of literary or political objection, and this epithet was applied indiscriminately to all Whigs by Wilson, Lockhart, Maginn, not by petty and virulent hack-writers. No magazine would publish today an attack on the editor of a rival couched in these terms: "The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant, and the dependent on the great contribute to form the editor of the Quarterly Review. He is admirably qualified for this situation, which he has held for some years, by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired; and in the event of his death, it will be difficult to provide him a suitable successor"; nor would a contributor be allowed to refer to a distinguished essayist in this language: "It was amusing to see this person, sitting like one of Brouwer's Dutch boors over his gin and tobacco-pipes, and fancying himself a Leibnitz!" Yet these compliments were exchanged by Hazlitt and Gifford, and they were mild for them.

It is also true that Mr. Lawson is allowed "to slosh around" in print; that plain-spoken articles on political bosses and trust bugs are published by respectable magazines; but Mr. Lawson is considered by many as a mad wag, to whom license should be granted for the gayety of the nation, and bossism is an acknowledged evil that should be fought without mercy. The fact remains that political, literary, aesthetic discussion is conducted on a far higher plane. In the hottest campaign the editor of an influential journal would hesitate for a long time before applying to an opponent the phrase launched by Horace Greeley against Henry J. Raymond: "You lie, you little villain!" Such phrases were current in the fifties and sixties, and it was the fashion to describe Greeley's abuse as "tremendous English."

In the recoil we have all gone to the other extremity. Appreciation, not dissection, is now asked for, published, and admired. Mr. Roosevelt, to whom so many—as Mr. Witte—are "splendid fellows"—is not the only one to throw about superlatives in praise as a madman beats upon a drum. The hastily written novel is a "profound study"; the "quick seller" is "epoch-making"; Mr. Sargent is the world's greatest portrait painter, and there are rivals of Titian, Claude, Poussin, in every American city. Every new work by an American composer is a masterpiece; there is "a most accomplished American diplomat" in every foreign city of any size. Periodicals that discuss literature are controlled by publishers of books. Even in the daily newspapers there are no plain-faced women, no men of limited capacity. This indiscriminate laudation, this rejection of any standard, was characterized years ago by Robert Schumann as "honey daubing."

Mr. Churton Collins has complained bitterly of the mealy-mouthed log-rollers of London. It is pleasant to think that in Paris there is still blame as well as praise; that there is still the graceful persoual touch, as when Mr. Jean Marnold, replying to an attack on a musical magazine of which he is an editor, remarks: "The Mercure Musical, represented by me, repulses their insinuations with a foot which is ready to kick something else."

Aug 20 '05

SOME OF THE CAUSES OF THEIR SUPERIORITY

How They Were Trained for Years—The Great Period of Male Sopranos—Mastery of the Art of Breathing—Necessarily Less Favorable Conditions Today.

THE HERALD, in the first of four articles, called attention to the dispute in Germany between the admirers of "bel canto," who urge a return to the traditions of the old Italian school and to those of the French, and the believers in the theory that modern song demands a modern school of singers, to whom traditions should be only of antiquarian interest. It then inquired into the Italian traditions as formulated vaguely by Pierfranco Tosi, and in the article published last Sunday it examined the characteristics of French singing in the classic years of the opera house. It demonstrated the fact that Tosi's golden book is not a practical treatise for any student who today is still doubtful about matters of tone production. It shows that the French teachers in the heroic years insisted on the supreme importance of enunciation, pronunciation and all that makes for perfect diction; that the traditions of French song are concerned not so much with the art of singing as with the translation of the poet's thought into musical and heightened speech.

It will be remembered that Tosi mourned the decay of vocal art even in the celebrated days of Farinelli and Faustina. Fifty years later Mancinelli was as doleful, although Pacchierotti and Mara delighted his contemporaries. Stendhal (Henri Beyle), a half-century later, found no singers worthy of praise in comparison with those who had gone before, and at the end of another half-century Panofka, a famous singing teacher, indulged himself in jeremiads over the pitiable condition of song and contrasted the worthlessness of the singers of his day with the excellence of those whom Stendhal bitterly assailed.

And 25 years ago Vernon Lee (Miss Paget) did not hesitate to write these words that deserve quotation in full: "Instead of the patient and intelligent study begun in the childhood of the singer, we have nowadays a vocal education dispatched in two or three years at most—an education consisting, at the best, not of preparing the singer to perform correctly any music put before him, but merely to repeat effectively five or six conspicuous vocal parts which he or she may be expected to perform; no forming of the voice; no training of it into obedience to the will; no careful education of the artist's powers of judgment and selection; no more study of composition, now that the singer has every appoggia tura written for him; no study of reading from the score, now that every piece is taught him by ear at the piano. Let him or her be effective; act with impetuosity, declaim with vehemence, shriek and yell passionately, if he or she have dramatic instinct, or force upper tones, or bellow lower ones, or gabble off shapeless roulades, if he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat: any of these means will lead to distinction, and they are qualities, whether dramatic or purely vocal which are due to mere endowment, which requires little tuition and less practice; above all, which entirely dispense with the mere knowledge that such a thing as an art of singing has ever existed or can ever exist."

It is true that neither Stendhal nor Vernon Lee wrote with full pedagogic knowledge; neither one was a singing teacher, neither one was a professional musician. The former proved himself a shameless plagiarist in his life of Haydn, but he was a man of infinite taste in aesthetics, and both he and Vernon Lee felt the spell of Italy and inquired curiously into the causes of this fascination. Readers of "Le Rouge et le Noir" and other grimly realistic novels by Stendhal know only one side of that strange man's character, and it may be said of Vernon Lee that her essays, "The Art of Singing, Past and Present" (1880) and "An 18th Century Singer: An Imaginary Portrait" (1891), are among the most valuable contributions to the literature of song, and an acquaintance with them is indispensable to any one who wishes to know whether the superiority of the vocal schools of the 18th century is a groundless superstition, due to the general tendency to praise all that is in the past at the expense of the present.

Earliest Virtuosos.

The earliest singers whose names have come down to us no doubt had each his method, tho only pure old Grecian method. These methods were bitterly assailed by the pupils of other teachers than that of the one taught in each instance. It is not improbable that Orpheus, the first of the wandering virtuosos, who was at last put to death at a recital by too enthusiastic Thracian women—Mr. Paderewski, the eminent Polish hypnotist, has on several occasions narrowly escaped a like fate—was criticised harshly for imperfect tone production. We know the names of some of these old singers, male and female, but we know absolutely nothing of their manner of singing except that they sang well, and we know this because, after the manner of virtuosos, they said they sang well. There were also teachers with methods at Rome, and they surely should have taught the old Italian method in its purity. Suetonius informs us that Nero took lessons of Terpnus: "Nor did he omit any of those expedients which artists in music adopt for the preservation and improvement of their voices. He would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits, or food prejudicial to the voice." The Gallic bards were taught 13 modes of expression.

Ancient Precepts.

But from the beginning of the middle ages the Italians have been superior to the singers of other nations. Their voices were naturally more flexible, they exercised them diligently as far back as the eighth century, and they made every effort to attain the highest possible degree of virtuosity. The florid counterpoint and the proper performances of the ornaments in plain song required technical proficiency. The character of the music shaped the character and the skill of the singers, and this has been true up to the present year. We know, however, almost nothing of the precise method of vocal instruction in those early times. Glareau, Canuntius and other authors of musical treatises speak of the art of "diminution" and of vocal exercises, but their mention is short and vague. Diminution consisted in substituting for the simple notes of a melody little groups of rapid notes which filled the same place in the harmony and rhythm, but made the melody more ornate. The notes in diminution always represented the precise value of the note for which they were substituted.) Zarlino, in 1562, in his "Institutioni Harmoniche," gave some rules about varied song with chorus, and also about ornamentation, and in 1613 Cerone, the Spaniard, in a book that is excessively rare—there are not more than a dozen, or possibly 14, copies in the world—gave some instruction concerning rules of vocalization, enunciation, the bearing of the singer and the hygiene of the voice. This book, "Il Melopeo," was published at Naples. The edition was sent to Spain, but the vessel carrying it was wrecked. From Cerone's treatise we know that at a time when the male soprano or contralto, the castrato, was not yet in fashion in Italy and Spain, the tenor was the favorite voice, and Cerone regretted that women could sing at all. He advised singers to use the "rubato" for certain effects—robbing temporal values and then restoring them. He discussed questions of timbre, emission of the voice, style, head and chest registers, breathing, enunciation. He, as Zarlino before him, complained of singers who uttered mad cries, who howled, "singers who forgot that a true artist should sing with his ears rather than with his mouth." The singer should "not throw out his voice with the impetuosity and fury of a wild beast." He should look over the music carefully before he sang. When he had rests he should sing mentally the other parts in turn, so that he would not miss his entrance. He should pay strict attention to the meaning of the words; he should not in his musical frenzy go so far as to sing with his head, arms, neck, feet, and thus resemble a dancer, nor should he be so reserved as to resemble the cool singer mentioned by Hesychius, the singer who displayed so little emotion that icicles formed on his lips. Nor should he carelessly change the characteristic sound of a vowel. Strange medicaments were recommended for the preservation of the voice, but some advice then given might be heeded today. The prudent singer should not force his voice at the beginning lest he fatigue his lungs; he should not attempt to sing too high or too low; he should practise diligently vocal exercises; his diet should be light, he should not eat for some time before singing, he should shun almonds, filberts, walnuts, for they dry the throat; the falsettos, sopranos and contraltos should put much water in their wine, for pure wine makes the voice logy; tenors and basses, if they are young, and especially in spring, should temper slightly their wine, for pure wine heats the stomach, makes the mouth dry, takes away sonority from it, but in winter they should drink their wine as it comes from the vine; old singers should always drink their wine neat. A singer should write little, for the position soon wearies him; hence, composers have seldom a good voice. If a singer must write, he should have a raised desk so that he will not be obliged to lower his chest and head.

The French were said to sing, the English to hurrah, the Spaniards to lament, the Germans to howl, the Italians to invent capriciously and in daring leaps.

When solo singing began to come into fashion about 1600, and the opera was invented, the soprano and the alto voice

IS THE FAME OF 18TH CENTURY SINGERS PURELY LEGENDARY?

Antipo 1905

MLLE. ANNA THILLON

SOPHIE CRUVELLI

MME. CINTI DAMOREAU

were especially esteemed in Italy. The tenor was still used, but the bass voice fell out of favor, and soon it was not employed, except later in comic opera, until Rossini restored it, although in France basses were in high favor during the 17th century and florid music was written for them.

Enthusiastic Eulogies.

Descriptions of the early famous singers have come down to us, but they are enthusiastic rather than analytical and it is not possible to gain from them a definite idea as to any particular method by which they produced the vocal effects. As Vernon Lee well said in 1880: "The praise heaped on Mme. Mara a hundred years ago is exactly the same as the praise heaped on Mme. Nilsson today. Critical descriptions of vocal prformance, on the other hand, rarely present a very clear notion to the reader; and critical descriptions in the 18th century, which merely created and enjoyed, very rarely produced; for mere inventories of technical qualities, such as abound in Burney and Mancini, entirely fail to give any notion of a vocal style."

Thus a correspondent of the Mercure de France writing from Venice toward the end of the 17th century, said that the stage women there understood music in perfection and had a fine control of their voices and certain manners of trilling and of echoing which they varied and managed at will. "It is a pleasant thing after they are through with a grand air or are leaving the opera house to hear gondoliers and even more important persons crying out in a loud voice: 'Viva bella! Viva ah Cara! Sia Benedetta!' "

Before him Maugars, a French violinist, heard much music in Italy, and wrote out his impressions. He found many male sopranos and contraltos, some excellent baritones, and very few low basses. They all sang at sight remarkably well. "Their manner of singing is more rapid than ours; they have certain vocal inflections we do not have. They deliver running passages with a greater harshness, but they are beginning to correct this fault." It is to him we owe a portrait of Leonora Baroni, the Roman singer, praised by Milton in a Latin epigram which begins: "Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentis"; "She is an excellent musician," said Maugars, "and she composes the music she sings. Her voice is high, of a liberal compass, true, sonorous, harmonious, and she softens and strengthens it easily and without any grimaces. In modulations she uses so skilfully and agreeably enharmonics and chromatics that there is no one who would not be ravished by this beautiful and difficult manner of singing. She is not obliged to beg for the aid of lute or viol, without which her song would be incomplete, for she plays the instruments perfectly. I have heard her sing several times more than 30 airs with two and three couplets which she herself composed." It will be observed that Maugars, unlike Bacilly and other Frenchmen to whom The Herald referred last Sunday, demanded an accompaniment to a song.

There was "La Margarita," who imitated in song the trumpet, and vied with it in duet. "The hearer was so moved by her he thought to see the earth yawn under her feet, hell open to engulf her, the city of Rome in arms to punish her, demons frightening her by their cries; there are drums and trumpets in her airs; thus does she express in song all the various agitations of her soul." There were other famous women, Vittoria Archilei, the two daughters of Caccini, Catarina Martinelli, Florinda, Julia and Victoria Lulli, Anna Manarini, and other noble dames of song.

Male Sopranos and Altos.

But the male sopranos and contraltos of the 18th century were the stars of the first magnitude, and it was due to them that vocal proficiency reached an incredible perfection, so that the stories related of their prowess seem to us incredible; as, for example, the familiar story told of Baldassare Ferri of the faultless intonation, brilliant trill, inexhaustible breath. "One often heard him execute rapid and difficult passages with all the shades of crescendo and diminuendo; then when it seemed that he should be exhausted, he would begin again an interminable trill and go up and down with this trill through the intervals of the chromatic scale to the extent of two octaves with exact purity of intonation. All this was only play for him, and the muscles of his face never showed the slightest contraction. He was endowed with sentiment and imagination, and there was a touching expression in his song."

These male sopranos and contraltos were caught young. No time was wasted on account of a change of voice, and there was no danger of losing the voice. It was not uncommon to find one of these unfortunates glorious on the stage for 30 or 40 years, and Mancini says of Matteucci, whose real name was Matteo Sassani, a Neapolitan of noble family, that when he was over 80 years of age he sang in church services with a voice so clear and fresh and with such flexibility and ease that they who heard him without seeing him believed him to be a young man in the flower of his age. The last of these male singers on the operatic stage were Crescentini, who moved Napoleon to tears, and Velluti, who retired from the theatre in 1829—he was then 48 years old—and died in 1861. So near as years are reckoned are the older singers of this generation to the great and supreme vocal school.

Eighteenth Century Training.

The male soprano or contralto at the age of 10 or 12 years, if he had shown true promise of vocal talent or musical feeling was examined by some master with a view to his education. The question was this: Could a voice be made out of the rudiments as they existed? a bad voice was worse than no voice at all. The decision was made, and, if favorable, the boy was sent to a conservatory, where he was lodged and fed, or apprenticed to a private teacher, and in this case it was agreed that the latter should share in the profits of the virtuoso for a certain number of years. For a long time, some say for two years, the pupil sang nothing but scales of sustained tones and the simplest exercises for producing tone and holding the breath. The aim of the master was to produce a pure and homogeneous sound throughout the voice. It should be noted that the master's aim was also to bring out the individuality of each voice, and to be content with this, not to say beforehand this one will be a soprano, and that one should be a contralto. The exercises given were designed for the peculiar requirements of each pupil. They were not written according to some general universal theory to which all pupils were indiscriminately submitted. Not until the tones were perfectly produced and were homogeneous was the pupil allowed to practise vocal gymnastics, chief of which were the swell and the trill. Fresh exercises were constantly provided to suit the pupil's growth, exercises in which all difficulties were from time to time introduced, so that the youth himself should be obliged to determine divisions of breath, accents, swelling and diminishing. The early Italian exercises were composed for a pupil whose capacity and control of breath were definitely known to the teacher. Perfect management of breath led to perfect phrasing. It may be said that phrasing is breath.

A Master's Breath.

And here we may quote in illustration from Vernon Lee's "An Eighteenth Century Singer": "The notes of the voice were the material, the paint or clay, in which the mind's conception must be embodied. And that which corresponded to the brush of the painter, laying the color on in various thicknesses and with different grouping of brush-marks; and still more to the modelling tool or finger of the sculptor was the breath. It is difficult, nowadays, to realize this central fact of the art of Pistocchi and Porpora, of Farinelli and Pacchierotti, for the breath has become little more than the mere vehicle for the voice, and has turned from a brush, a chisel or an artist's fingers into little more than a shovel. But in those distant and different days, the management of the breath was the technique of an art all the more technical that it gave to the artist the most entire intellectual latitude to conceive and arrange his performance of another man's vague direction. It was by husbanding the breath and employing it in a hundred different ways that the singer shaped the component notes into a song; by letting out the breath in various degrees, stopping it, taking it off here, spreading it, smoothing it out there, that he modelled the various phrases, connecting certain notes with one another; dissevering others; giving, as it were, the projections and concavities of the form, making that form, according to the degree of detail, either large and massive or small and delicate; obliterating irregularities by a sweep of breath; searching out, fretting or raising into relief, with one incisive breath or a series of separate, short breathings, the details on which the ear and the mind were to dwell. And when he had thus modelled his song as the sculptor models, or as the painter prepares his cartoon in mere light and shade, it was with the breath again, now no longer a modelling tool, but rather a brush, that, by varying and combining the various registers, movable differences in vocal quality, and the various timbres of his voice, and by giving different and infinite degrees of loudness and softness, he put on the high lights, deepened the shadows and varied the coloring of his marvellous pattern."

From School to Stage.

The pupils worked for years on holding long notes and swelling and diminishing them, on repercussions of the same sound and other curious devices. There was no chatter about the mechanism of the throat; the mechanism of the voice was studied. Bontempi, a pupil of Virgilio Mazzachi, tells us how the advanced pupils studied at a Roman school: "They spent an hour a day in singing difficult pieces to acquire all the necessary experience. Three hours were used, one in trills, one in diminutions, one in peculiar roulades. During another hour the pupil worked with the master who held before him a looking glass that he might make no movement of eyes, forehead or mouth while he sang. Such were the morning occupations. In the afternoon theory was studied for half an hour. An hour was spent in counterpointing a given theme; another to the study of literature. One practised the harpsichord or composed a psalm, motet, song, according to his talent. Such were the studies when the pupils did not go out. On fine days they would go to sing where an echo would permit the singer to judge his voice; or they would hear a performance of music in a church. On their return the pupils were obliged to give an account of their impressions to the master."

After six or seven years of study the pupil, now from 16 to 20 years old, was sent on to the stage, in a subordinate part, in a first-class theatre and under the supervision of the master. There the young singer had experience and learned by hearing the mature artists. The singer was hardly ever independent till he was over 20 years, and when, pray, did his study end? Crescentini and Velluti, when they were over 60 years old and the most famous singers of their generation, used to meet once a week in a house in the Via della Pergola at Florence to practise Leo's exercises together and see which of the two would invent the more beautiful ornaments.

cchierotti, the great singer and acher, said to Rubini, who in his turn as famous: "The study of our art is oo long for our lives: we have the oice when we are young, but we do ot know how to sing; when we begin o know how to sing we no longer have he voice."

Modern Perplexities.

Now, if a pupil today, fired with the ambition to have a control of breath hat would excite the wonder of even a

Yogi, should consult the treatises, he would be perplexed at the very start. All sane teachers deny the absurd proposition that in order to sing it is necessary to breathe otherwise than in ordinary life; but how should one breathe? Should one employ diaphragmatic respiration? The leading authorities say yes, and among them are Crivelli, Lamperti, Concone, Dr. Mandl, Panofka, Segond. There are those who say that this manner of respiration is ruinous to voice, and in the case of women, to health. The Paris Conservatory preferred the clavicular respiration, and Duca, Manstein, Caruilli, Labiache, Manuel Garcia, Mme. Mainvielle-Fodor and others were of the same opinion.

Or look at the discussion over registers of the soprano voice. Some, as Crivelli, Crescentini, Concone, Lamperti, Della Sedie, admit three. Tosi, Mancini, Stephen de la Mandelaine, Manuel Garcia and others will have only two: chest and head. There are a few who insist that there are no registers.

And so the pupil will find disagreements concerning propositions that seem to him of vital importance. What wonder that he sometimes is tempted to exclaim: "A singer succeeds in spite of methods." Messrs Jean de Reszke, Van Dyck, Saleza have expressed the same opinion, but only after they were celebrated. They were all in the school, and M. de Reszke had many teachers—is he not now himself a teacher, and will not his pupils sound abroad the merits of the De Reszke method?

In Conclusion.

It is not difficult to understand the fame of the 18th century singers. They studied with incredible diligence and patience under teachers who, naturally skilful in song, took infinite pains with each individual voice. What to such enthusiasts was a term of from six to ten years of uninterrupted study, without distracting care or thought of the necessity of earning one's living? Furthermore, it was not expected that any one with a voice for speaking could with a year or two of study be prepared to shine in concert. The pupil of today is too often ambitious and confident without any cause whatever. He or she has not the voice, and, if the voice is there, there is often a lack of what may be called singing brains. There is superficiality in vocal instruction as in many other branches of instruction in this country. The pupil is handicapped by a frail body or by the necessity of self-support. Teachers have not the time, if they have the inclination and the knowledge, to spend infinite pains in the development of individual voices. The vocal pupil is, as a rule, wofully ignorant of music and only slightly acquainted, if at all, with the spirit and meaning and the life of the period of the poet and composer whose verses and music are to be interpreted.

There are as good voices today as there were in the 18th century. The other conditions for the development of great singers are too often sadly lacking.

It should also be remembered, indeed, it should never be forgotten, that the music of a period shapes in large measure, if not wholly, the vocal art of the same period. The consummate singer who appreciates and understands the vocal spirit of the 18th century will be all the better prepared to interpret the art song of the present day. To howl, to bleat, to be false to the pitch, to slide from interval to interval as one scoops out a spoonful of cottage cheese, to be slovenly in enunciation and grotesque in pronunciation, to breathe at random so that even a declamatory phrase is chopped—these exhibitions of incompetency or pig-headed arrogance, all too common in every city where music is now cultivated, would be intolerable in any century. They are injurious to the music of Debussy, Faure, Loeffler, MacDowell, Tschaikowsky, Verdi, Wagner, as they would be to that of Monteverde, A. Scarlatti, Lulli, Gluck, Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti.

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes in illustration of the series of leading articles on traditions of Italian and French vocal art, concluded in this issue, portraits of Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, Sophie Cruvelli and Anna Thillon.

Mme. Cinti-Damoreau (1801-1863) was in her time the most brilliant of French singers. Mme. Branchu, whose portrait was published in The Herald last Sunday, was the last of the French classic lyric tragedians. Mme. Cinti-Damoreau was the first "chanteuse legere" to appear on the stage of the Paris Opera, in 1826, the year that Mme. Branchu left the stage. With her appearance the conditions of operatic song began to change. A pupil of the Paris Conservatory, she was called from her Italian career by Rossini, about to produce his "Siege of Corinth" at the Opera. She made her entrance in "Fernand Cortez," by Spontini, and sang afterward in Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" and "William Tell." She was the singer of roulades, the princess in song. Her vocal art was characterized in its prime as perfect. She afterward became a glittering star at the Opera Comique, and created brilliant rather than expressive parts, as in Auber's "Black Domino," "The Ambassadress," etc. She visited the United States with an opera company. The costume shown in the portrait is one worn in "The Ambassadress."

Sophie Cruvelli, a German by birth, born in 1826 and at latest accounts still living, was a mistress of Italian song, and was famous in European capitals in the fifties. In 1854 she was engaged at the Paris Opera, with a yearly salary of f.100,000, which was then thought to be a prodigious sum. She was a woman of rare beauty and capricious temper. Her sudden and inexplicable disappearance from Paris when she was most wanted is still memorable in the annals of prima donnas. She created the soprano part in Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers." She married a nobleman and left the stage about 1856.

Anna Thillon (born Hunt) was an Englishwoman who made her debut in Paris in 1838 when she was 19 years old. Renowned for her beauty and her charming singing—she was a light soprano—she was a favorite at the Opera Comique, where she created the leading part in Auber's "Crown Diamonds." She visited the United States in the fifties, and soon afterward left the stage.

These three women, French, German and English, trained in the traditions of Italian virtuosity, were favorites in the two leading and national opera houses of Paris.

TWO FIDDLERS.

Von Vecsey played in London again (Tschaikowsky's concerto and Bach's Chaconne, June 24), and Mr. Blackburn again was lost in wonder, love and praise: "We have said already that this is no prodigy, in the true sense of the term; he is a finished artist. That he will increase his repertory and grow possibly in strength of wrist may rank among reasonable prophecies; at any rate, at the present time the very fact that he was able to tackle, with most singular success a work like that by Tschaikowsky—who ranks with Elgar and Strauss as among the most modern creative musicians of our time—prove how the 'Zeit-Geist' has come to even so young a brain as this; but a more extraordinary truth lies in this—that he is equally ready with the great work of a time lying far behind our own generation, as was proved by his exquisite Bach playing. Von Vecsey takes music quite obviously as the ruling spirit of his life, and his obedience to that spirit has in it something that almost reminds one of hagiological records."

But what is Sir Edward Elgar doing between Tschaikowsky and Richard Strauss? We forget—Yale University has declared him to be the greatest living composer! Mr. Blackburn, however, has other loves. Thus he wrote of Mischa Elman, another child wonder: "We are content to say that he reaches the ideal plane of the great violinist; we speak of him not in the least as if he were a mere phenomenon, but we praise him quietly and unsentimentally because he is a great and wonderful artist. Technic we seem to expect nowadays from boys and girls of almost any tiny age; but we get it in an extraordinary degree from Elman. He seems to know every device possible to his instrument. The places into which others have hesitated to enter he seems to have explored with fearless boldness. And therein lies the great characteristic of his playing—his absolute fearlessness. He is the Siegfried of modern violinists."

Mr. Blackburn is not alone in his admiration for young Elman, but the Daily News speaks with some discrimination of the "amazing" violinist: "Possibly London amateurs are beginning to find out that Mischa Elman's playing is intrinsically interesting as playing. You do not marvel at his technique—wonderful though it be—but at the insight which enables him to interpret well known works in a spirit that enchains the attention of the most blase concertgoer. It was so yesterday, in Vieuxtemps' concerto and Bach's Chaconne. The latter piece presents some of the most obstinate problems to the violinist, and makes such demands both on the player's technique and his musical gifts that few mature violinists can achieve a satisfactory effect. The inspired boy attacked the work with an aplomb that attracted the attention at once. It would be absurd to say that one could admire all that he did, but the performance had the great merit of being fresh and spontaneous, full of life, and of first-hand conception."

Furthermore, the Daily News said of von Vecsey, apropos of a performance after his return from this country: "The tone seemed less broad and powerful, the technic a little less sure, and there was an absence of the musical feeling which was so marked a feature of his playing when he first appeared here. The chief work in his programme was Beethoven's concerto, a composition which so young a player can hardly be expected to grasp. Vecsey has not played this work here before, but he has been extravagantly praised by German critics. It seemed to me a perfunctory performance, and only remarkable when one remembered the age of the player."

JOACHIM'S INTONATION.

Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland has written a life of Joseph Joachim for Mr. John Lane's series "Living Masters of Music." Mr. Fuller Maitland, a blind worshipper of Joachim, admits in his preface that it is hard to steer clear of mere eulogy in dealing with a living master of music.

Mr. E. A. Baughan reviewed this book for the Daily News (London), and this excerpt from his article will be of interest to concertgoers and violinists.

"To those who know all that there is to know about the life and artistic career of Joachim, there is at least one new point of interest in this little biography. It consists of an ingenious defence of Joachim's intonation, a defence which I do not remember to have read before. Mr. Maitland complains that the exaltation produced by Joachim's playing is apt to be dashed by the words of a neighbor, or a remark of some particularly inept journalist, 'But he plays out of tune.' Our author admits that of recent years 'the top joint of the little finger of the left hand has become physically weakened, and that it occasionally fails to obey the brain's command in the stopping of some very high note.' But that, we are told, is not all what the critics and others mean when they accuse Joachim of faulty intonation. Mr. Maitland advances the extraordinary theory that the great violinist plays 'just' intonation, and that this jars on ears accustomed to the equal temperament of the piano. Every tyro knows, of course, that in order to employ all keys equally on that instrument it is tuned on a system that makes almost all the intervals a little out of tune. But this difference is not at all what the 'critics and others' mean when they accuse Joachim of playing out of tune. To begin with, the contrast of 'just' intonation with the compromise of the piano does not produce the effect of playing actually out of tune. The difference is more one of quality of tone, a certain brightness and a certain dullness according to the modulation. And Mr. Maitland is surely going much too far when he says 'the difficulty of practically adjusting the intervals becomes so great that most violinists give up all attempts to lay in true intonation, and just adopt the equal temperament of the pianoforte, or something not recognizably different from it.' You have only to hear Kreisler or Ysaye play to a pianoforte accompaniment and then to an orchestra to note, if you have sensitive ears, that is exactly what they do not attempt to do.

"Mr. Maitland has forgotten, too, that no one is taught the violin on the basis of the piano. The old teachers of singing made it a rule that their pupils should not learn to sing to the accompaniment of a keyed instrument, and all competent teachers of the violin follow the same course. I am not sure, indeed, that Mr. Maitland does not give violinists other than Joachim too much credit for solving a difficult problem of acoustics in stating that they adopt the equal temperament of the piano. In playing with orchestra they would have to adopt the 'just' intonation of which Joachim has the secret. Besides, the inaccuracies of intonation of which many of us complain in Joachim's playing now are particularly noticeable when he is leading his quartet. Does Mr. Maitland wish us to believe that not only do most great violinists employ the compromise of the piano, but that Dr. Joachim's own players are in opposition to him?

"Mr. Maitland must also admit that Joachim's employment of 'just' intonation has developed with the years, for all of us who can remember the great violinist's playing a couple of decades ago know quite well that his playing out of tune is a comparatively modern accomplishment. He was always slightly inclined to this fault, especially in rapid passages, which demand great neatness of stopping; now the fault is not slight. I am afraid that Mr. Maitland's ingenious explanation does more credit to his power of hero-worship than to his logic or sensitiveness of ear."

Aug 21 1905

HEROISM IN CHICAGO.

A Chicago justice, evidently past the age of lively emotions, fined Mr. George Smith the sum of $25. And why did he fine him? Mr. Smith kissed Miss Emma Sass, a telephone girl, on the back of her neck, while she was on the seat in front of him in a street car, although he had not had the pleasure of a formal introduction. "I just couldn't help it, your honor," said Mr. Smith in his defence. He is to be honored for his speech—an honest, manly cry fresh from the heart.

The Herald some time ago commented editorially on the irresistible attraction of a woman's neck to him that sits behind in an open trolley car. Miss Sass was undoubtedly comely and bewitching as to her neck. Her hair was drawn smoothly up toward the comb; or it clung in short, crisp, caressing curls; at least there were no scolding locks, there was no suggestion of scanty vegetation. Mr. Smith kept looking at this neck, as did other men. The spell o'ermastered him. He bravely did what they sneakingly wished to do. He paid Miss Sass, or rather her neck, the highest tribute within the power of mortal man. And for this he was fined! Where is Mr. Andrew Carnegie? One of his medals should be forwarded at once, suitably inscribed, to this wronged hero.

QUEER SERMONS.

The Herald has received the following letter:

SUNDERLAND, Aug. 18, 1905.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Bishop Potter's remarks about short sermons and your own editorial comments recall to my mind a sermon that is probably the shortest on record. French preachers in the seventeenth century, and even later, were accustomed to take extraordinary liberties in the pulpit. Their singularities of speech and gesture drew great crowds. A bishop once announced to his congregation that on the Sunday following he should deliver an unusually fine sermon. The church was filled to overflowing, and at the appointed time he went up to the pulpit. Looking about, he cried out thrice, in a formidable voice, "April fool!" and left the worshippers dismayed. GEORGE B. SLATE.

The curious reader will find many still more amazing sermons in Gabriel Peignot's "Praedicatoriana," sermons preached in good faith that would defy ingenious and irreverent burlesque. Equally singular sermons preached in the churches at Rome during the lenten season of 1700 are described in Rodocanachi's "Tolla," a storehouse of entertaining information about Roman customs, manners, life of that period.

And might not queer sermons preached in America within the last twenty-five years fill several supplementary volumes to Peignot's work? Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, with his "Cain ruled the first city, and Cain rules New York," would not be the least of the contributors.

MR. TILDEN'S HOUSE.

This was a curious story about the supposed discovery of secret staircases, underground passages, stone vaulted chambers in the old Tilden mansion in Gramercy Park. The eminent lawyer was in some respects not unlike Mr. Tulkinhorn, and he, too, could work like a mole in the ground. His house should have been mysterious. We like to think of him pressing knobs that opened doors to stairways or closet rooms known only to him, or moving artfully concealed levers that controlled sliding panels. There are such naturally secretive persons in every profession, men that would fain rise through the floor by a trap to greet the waiting caller or fade apparently through shelves of sheep-bound books. There was an old building in University place, New York, which furnished scenes for one of Theodore Winthrop's novels, and it is said that the famous newspaper editor, who was accused of writing the "Arthur Richmond" articles and also of sitting unconsciously long before for the portrait of the villain in Winthrop's romance, took full advantage of secret doors and staircases to impress his friends with his mysterious attributes and powers.

Either in city or country house a secret room with no apparent entrance and a hidden exit would be welcome to men of otherwise open life. There they could read, write, loaf, snooze undisturbed, safe from connubial distraction, far removed from the bore. Some men have what they are pleased to call a den, and it was honestly designed for seclusion; but a doting wife insisted on making it attractive and comfortable, so that it turned out to be the most popular room in the house. How often has a weary or a busy man heard through closed door the voice of his spouse: "You must go in and see my husband at work in his den. Oh, no, you won't disturb him; he likes to be interrupted; it is good for him." It matters not whether Mr. Johnson is discovered asleep in a Morris chair or writing furiously with one boot drawn off to favor an arrogant corn, the caller is forced to enter, and there is chatter. If a husband dares to lock the door the average wife is grieved, and, alas, how many dens are provided with an exit toward air and freedom? Though this exit may lead by dark and greasy stairway, by the coalbins of the apartment house, into a cat-frequented alley paved with empty cans and broken bottles, the escaping wretch feels like Dante when, leaving the Inferno, he looked up and saw the stars.

TWO BROTHERS.

Count Tolstoi, it is said, has completed a novel which will soon be published. The story will present "the latest development of the moral and philosophical views of the author." This is a pity, for a great novel is something more than a zealous tract. Tolstoi's latest story, "Resurrection," which in the beginning contained admirable pages of character drawing.

dwindled sadly in power, because the author soon began to preach. The humane spirit that incited Charles Reade to write "Very Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Never Too Late to Mend," was highly commendable, but Reade, the novelist, will be remembered by his early short stories, by "The Cloister and the Hearth," a superb masterpiece, and possibly by "Griffith Gaunt." What a pity that Tolstoi, who wrote "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace" and a few short tales or sketches of inimitable force, should in his old age remind one of a common scold or of an impracticable visionary!

The motive of this new novel is a familiar one, if it is correctly reported. A peasant has two sons. The older one of the boys remains on the farm with his father. The younger is drawn irresistibly toward the city, and he goes there to enter a factory. The career of each is described. This reminds one of the sixteen poems founded on the "Two Brothers" idea by a Ledger writer in the good old Bonner days. We are indebted to Mr. James L. Ford for preserving the first verses of one of these examples of "good bad stuff":

"Herbert to the city went
Though as sturdy was his arm
As plain Tom's, who, quite content,
Stayed at home upon the farm.

Herbert wore a broadcloth coat,
Thomas wore the homespun gray;
Herbert on display did dote,
Thomas labored every day."

It will be remembered that in eight of the poems the city sport finally went back to the old homestead dead broke and lived gratefully on the bounty of the country brother, who had added a veranda and an ice chest to the house and purposed to introduce running hot and cold water after he sold the next crop. The city sport burst into tears when he realized how happy he might have been hoeing corn, watching the turnips, and in wet weather patching up the harnesses and doing odd jobs around the house. In the other eight poems the farming brother had hard luck, and the rich city man came back in time to pull down the sheriff's red flag and furnish all sorts of luxuries to his rheumatic parents. The Ledger poets tried to work the editor with a series of poems, "The Two Sisters," based on the same simple and beautiful idea, but 'twas all in vain. As Mr. Ford says: "Bonner was down on sisters."

Neither the simplicity nor the familiarity of the motive stands necessarily in the way of Count Tolstoi's success. All plots of love stories may be reduced to this: Two men love a woman, or two women are in love with a man. Whether one brother stays on a tobacco farm in Hatfield and the other hears the "call of New York," or one is a peasant in far off Russia and the other hears the call of Moscow, there is an opportunity for a novelist in either instance to lay bare the workings of human hearts. But the world has a right to demand from the author of "Anna Karenina" something more than a long-winded Sunday school book. Better a preposterous melodrama with a joyful reunion at the old homestead to music furnished by a quartet of males with their heads close together during the more intricate harmonics.

Aug 22 1905

OVERDRESSED.

The Herald's correspondent "Walsingham" says that the inns and restaurants of New York "swarm with types of the refined and the merely opulent; above all, of the overdressed." Trained observers at seaside and mountain resorts tell the same sad story. We regret the fact, for such dressing in summer is as incongruous and offensive to the eye as a restaurant window that displays glaring and glowing squash and custard pies that fire the imagination of the looker-on, while blueberry and mince pies suggest shade and coolness.

Women are in these days the chief offenders. In the time of the Restoration a cavalier was often a wondrous being; he wore half-skirts and half-arms. "Some walk," said a "Walsingham" of that period, "as it were, in their waistcoats; and others, a man would think, in their petticoats; they must have narrow waists and narrow hands, large cuffs upon their wrists and larger upon their shin bones; their boots must be crimped and their knees guarded. A man would conceive them to be apes by their coats, soapmen by their faces, mealmen by their shoulders, bears or dogs by their frizzled hair—and this is my trim man!" But today a man is presentable in a pair of flannel trousers and a Madras or percale unstarched shirt, even though the sleeves of the latter are wrong and the buttons come round to the inside. Mr. Duncan C. Coale of Newark knew a man in Wyoming who sported a waistcoat worth several hundred dollars. It was made of the finest leather, elaborately decorated, the buttons were $5 gold pieces, and over the left pocket was a medallion made of a $20 gold piece with a diamond set in the centre. A beautiful waistcoat for winter display, for a formal dinner or reception, or for the opera, but the Wyoming gentleman never dreamed of donning it in summer. The summer men of the East wear no waistcoat at all.

We do not believe in sumptuary laws. Some of the Popes regulated the street dress of Roman women of high degree. Thus Innocent XII. insisted that when they walked or drove in the Corso the skirt and bodice should be of the same color, the head and shoulders and hair should be veiled; the only jewelry should be two rings and a little neck chain; and be forbade embroidered and perfumed gloves, decorated fans, cloaks trimmed with passementerie. On the other hand, we have little sympathy with the "young and very wealthy American widow" who joined the "Simple Livers" last June near Geneva, Switzerland, for they make a show of parading about in only one garment, a loose, flowing white robe of light flannel. We are more inclined to sympathize with the Washington Post, which, after the somewhat startling statement that "the really well dressed woman is she who is never led astray," commends her evening gowns, though they may be limited; her opera cloak, though it may be severely simple; her one visiting gown and her one simple walking suit because—"she wears each at the proper time."

A TALE OF A WHALE.

Much has been written about the decay of the whaling industry and little or nothing of the decadence of the whale itself, the spouting fish with a horizontal tail, as Herman Melville defined it. Fish? Yes, for Melville knew all about whales; he laughed at Linnaeus, who in the great year of independence declared: "I hereby separate the whales from the fish," and Simeon Macey and Charley Coffin of Nantucket laughed with their messmate. Melville took the good old-fashioned ground that the whale is a fish, and looked at Jonah for his backer.

A curious incident that happened recently to Capt. von Leitner and his steamship Graecia on her trip from New York to West Indian ports is a proof of the whale's decadence. "He altered his course to avoid running down a whale which lay athwart his bow." A humane man, you say. But did he not, well acquainted with the history and the legends of the sea, prefer to put his vessel out of danger, as in the old heroic days whalemen avoided certain famous whales who were clad in "a terrible prestige of perilousness": Timor Tom, scarred like an iceberg; New Zealand Jack; Morquan, King of Japan, whose jet, they say, sometimes shaped a snow-white cross against the sky; Don Miguel of Chili, who was marked like an old tortoise—all feared by experienced whalers: "Like some poor devils ashore that happen to know an irascible great man, they make distant unobtrusive salutations to him in the street, lest if they pursued the acquaintance further they might receive a summary thump for their presumption." But the Graecia or the whale was sluggish in movement, and the steamship "struck the monster with a terrific bump and cut it in half. The Graecia was stopped and her machinery examined. The sea for two ships' lengths was dyed red."

The time was when the whale would have sunk the steamship. The Essex of Nantucket, Pollard captain, in 1820 was sent to the bottom of the Pacific and there was not a surviving plank. Owen Chace, the chief mate, was in a boat at the time. He wrote a plain and faithful narrative, and in it he spoke of "the horrid aspect and revenge of the whale"—and again of "the mysterious and mortal attack." The ship Union, also of Nantucket, in 1807 was lost in like manner off the Azores. Was not the commodore of an American sloop-of-war on his way from Oahu to Valparaiso stopped by "a portly sperm whale that begged a few moments' confidential business with him," and dealt the sloop such a whack that pumps were set agoing and the vessel steered for the nearest port? See, also, strange tales in "Langsdorff's Voyages" in the voyage of Lionel Wafer, and long before them in the history of Procopius. Did not Moby Dick send the Pequod to the bottom? "Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow till men and timbers reeled."

Is Moby Dick still alive? We would fain believe it. Capt. McKenzie of the bark Platina of New Bedford, about May 10, 1902, captured a pure white whale, which made 100 barrels of oil. The Platina had been out about three or four days from Barbados. The captain, with all his twenty-five years of experience, had never seen a white whale before. But Moby would not have been caught so tamely, and he would have yielded up more oil. Furthermore, he was at home in the Pacific. By this time he possibly is acquainted with warships, torpedoes, mines and other ingenious devices for the destruction of man, and in his hatred of the race smiles grim approval.

A VOLCANO'S DOCTOR.

A thick book has been published on hazardous employments, and it is singularly unpleasant reading. Another might be written on peculiar employments. How many know, for instance, that Vesuvius has a guardian, a learned man appointed by the Italian government. Prof. Luigi Mateucci lives on the side of the burning mountain, and he is held responsible for its behavior. "He lives," to quote from a foreign newspaper, "in the Observatory, all among the deep ashes and cinders, about 1000 feet below the place where the reeking sulphur clouds sweep up from the dread depths." This suggests to the irreverent a variation of a familiar line: "How'd you like to be Vesuvius' ashman?"

Few tourists meet the eminent professor, for they go up to the crater by the funicular railway singing gaily, "Funiculi, Funicula!" He lives in the midst of confusion, which might be considered as symbolical of his calling. The observatory is in a dilapidated condition, and the f.20,000 granted by the government has not yet been paid; there are no shelves or cabinets to hold the volcanic specimens; his bedchamber is a corner of the biggest room, with a wooden partition between him and publicity. Nor is his life without personal danger. One of the photographs of eruptions represents him as leaning against a huge mass of rock, which was thrown nearly a thousand feet from a temporary crater and fell within seven feet of him. The mass weighs about thirty-seven tons.

The duties of Prof. Mateucci keep him busy. He gives warning of dangerous eruptions to towns and villages round about and to proprietors of farms and vineyards. He telegraphs to Rome, and also to the Association of Italian Hotel Keepers, which is supposed to look after the interests of tourists from Tuscany to Sicily, mitigate the severities of frontier custom houses, provide reasonable excursion rates, etc. When the professor announces a big eruption travellers rush to Naples from all directions. He also telephones to the mayor of Naples. He has reduced by his rules and regulations the number of accidents due to incompetent or reckless guides, though he has as yet found no way of preventing persons tired of life or acting like moths from throwing themselves into the crater. Furthermore, he is much interested in the international movement for excavating Herculaneum. He believes that more interesting bronzes, statues, mosaics, tools, will be found there than at Pompeii and in greater number, for the former was the more popular resort, and as it is buried deeper than Pompeii, he argues it will be found in almost perfect preservation.

He is not only the guardian of Vesuvius; he is its physician. His finger is on its pulse; he is constantly taking its temperature and examining its internal condition. He knows the meaning of its sighs, groans, rumblings. "He spends whole hours on the very brink of the various craters, listening and watching for signs." His instruments are the seismographic. He knows which way the lava streams will hurry and whether rocks will be thrown up. He is like unto the old family physicians whose lifelong knowledge of the patient enables him to find trouble where others would see only a flurry in health. Is the sick mountain dearer to him than when it is well? Is he bored when it behaves itself, when it sleeps regularly and has no signs of fever, no symptoms of intestinal complications and uneasiness? A volcano has no appendix to be removed successfully and with conviction of future safety.

ORESTE BIMBONI.

The death of Oreste Bimboni, the director of the opera school of the New England Conservatory, was not wholly unexpected by his more intimate friends, for he underwent a serious surgical operation before he sailed for Italy, and letters received afterward from Florence were not reassuring. The news, nevertheless, brought surprise to many, and the loss will be felt outside as well as inside the school with which he has been associated of late years. Born in a musical family—his father was a distinguished virtuoso on brass instruments—Mr. Bimboni's life was spent for the most part in the opera house. He was known in all the leading cities of Europe and the two Americas as a conductor of marked ability. He had the routine skill that comes from intelligent study and long experience, but he had much more than that; he had indisputable authority and magnetism, so that he never feared an emergency, and he could do wonders with singers and players of only mediocre ability; he had fire, and he had imagination. These qualities were shown in his conducting rather than in his operas, which had a success of a season and then disappeared from the repertory. "Santuzza" and excerpts from two other operas were performed in Boston at exhibitions of the opera school under his direction. They revealed a fluent, if somewhat conventional, melodic gift, an appreciation of modern orchestration, a thorough acquaintance with the stage, but the music was not of marked individuality or distinction, nor was the flight of imagination a high one. As a teacher in Boston he had a large and enthusiastic following, for his own enthusiasm was contagious. His death is a loss to the community as well as to the school with which he had been honorably connected of late years and where he was warmly appreciated.

GROWING OLDER.

The Herald spoke a night or two ago about Mr. Burbank's experiments in improving fruit and how he was turning his attention toward vegetables, beginning with a deodorized onion. With all due respect to his attainments,

t may be asked whether fruit is thus improved. Are seedless oranges, coreless apples necessarily the better for their departure from nature? Have they the same old familiar and distinctive taste? Will there soon be watermelons without water? What would the gooseberry be without its identifying skin?

There is complaint in England about the fruit and vegetables offered in the markets. It is said that it is impossible to get those of the best quality unless one pays a fancy price for them. The born protectionist growls at the opportunities given to the foreign grower which make it impossible for the native to compete. Listen to this wail from Mr. George R. Sims: "I have not this year tasted a stick of asparagus worth eating or a strawberry that was worth picking. Fruit has been losing consciousness for years—that is to say, the fruit that comes into the ordinary market. Where are the lovely fruits of my youth that were tied to walls? Where are the ripe, sweet cherries that I bought in a long bottle? Where are the glorious apricots cracked in the sun of a south wall? Where are the yellow gooseberries and the white raspberries? Where are the little black grapes, sweet as sugar, that I picked in a Peckham garden? Where are the luscious green figs that grew over the porch of my Eastbourne home? Where are the cool cabbage leaves of red and white currants that old Philadelphia Holloben used to sell me from her donkey cart?"

This lament is poetic and touching, but what one of us might not run on "whereing" in like manner? Mr. Sims has gone back to his earlier years. One of us might exclaim in like manner: Where are the quince preserves, pound cake, seed cakes, johnny cake, gingerbread, paudowdy that were put on Aunt Thankful's table? Where are the Spitzenbergs, Northern Spies, Greenings, Baldwins that were once in the orchard? The table dishes are still provided by some aunt for an appreciative nephew, and the fruit in some one's orchard is now coveted by agile and arboreal schoolboy.

For just as there are men and women walking about with a complete clockwork in good running order, so there are still fruits and vegetables growing as nature intended they should grow, with the same outward and inward appearance to undimmed eyes, with the same old taste to the unjaded palate. Mr. Sims confessed not long ago to the people of England and the colonies, with an engaging frankness and without a touch of his constitutional melancholia, that he had suffered long and lately from indigestion. Our confessions are not so public; we reserve them for conversational display at home and at the club. A healthy youngster would listen to the jeremiads and shake his head. For him there are oranges with seeds that he can snap, pears in which he finds delight, watermelons with which to wash his face in the fury of eating. For him there are preserved quinces and hot biscuit and seed cakes—and many other things that Mr. Sims and we would not dare to eat. There is tobacco without nicotine, we are told; soon we may come to that, and then exclaim, "Where is the Lone Jack, where are the bravas of former years?"

QUIET MOUNT VERNON.

Ringing of bells and blowing of steam whistles are forbidden within the city of Mt. Vernon between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M., and this ordinance has also been made: "The maintenance of bellowing animals, crowing cocks, barking dogs, or other birds and animals which produce or are calculated to create and emit noises of a degree and kind to disturb the sleep and quiet of the neighbors within the same hours, is hereby prohibited." Any citizen who keeps a loquacious bird or beast will be subject to arrest and fine of from $5 to $50. There are citizens who say that this ordinance is unconstitutional.

No one surely will protest against the ordinance so far as bells and whistles are concerned, and if it be maintained we see visions of Prof. Morse of Salem hurrying with bag and baggage and household goods to Mt. Vernon. It is incredible that in districts of Boston where citizens are supposed to sleep so much shunting of trains with consequent noise should be allowed. But this attempt to choke off crowing cocks and barking dogs is also incredible. There are instances where a particularly and outrageously obstreperous cock or dog is condemned by all except the owner as a nuisance; some cock that is puffed up unduly with the pride of office and petty authority; some dog that is of too yellow parentage, some wretched ki-yoodler. Herbert Spencer tells in his autobiography how he was annoyed when in a highly nervous condition by a country cock, and he describes the efforts to quiet it by judicious bagging as seriously as though he were discussing a buttress of his pet theory. Yet what were cocks made for except to serve as alarm clocks, to announce the dawn, to cheer mankind occasionally through the day by a clarion call to duty? The poets have recognized this and paid tribute, from Milton with his

> While the cock, with lively din,
> Scatters the rear of darkness thin—

poor verse, by the way—to the latest kail-yard, hardlet. And whom pray can a cock annoy? The sound sleeper is not easily awakened, and if he hears the call he knows there are other hours for sleep before breakfast and smiles as he begins to lose consciousness. The sleepless, eager for the reassuring day, welcome the signal for the approach of dawn.

Noise is one of the great evils of modern towns, of modern life. Schopenhauer wrote a bitter essay on this subject, but if he were thrown into frenzy by the cracking of whips in a leisurely German town, what would he have said to trolley and elevated railways, and the roar, clamor and clangor of any "flourishing" American city? Arthur Helps represented Mr. Milverton as saying in the course of remarks on great cities that probably no form of human suffering meets with less sympathy or regard from those who do not suffer from it than the suffering caused by noise. A man of well strung nerves can hardly imagine the distress which men of sensitive nerves endure from ill-regulated noise. Now, what attempt has been made in Mt. Vernon to regulate the day noises—from the milkman's early whoop to the newsboys' evening screams?

In ancient days Sybaris and a neighboring city were governed wonderfully. No trade or employment that necessitated a noise was allowed within the gates, yet certain horses were trained to the sound of flutes, and one flute earnestly played has made some miserable. No doubt the nervous would have found cause for complaint even in Sybaris; no doubt there were letters of complaint posted publicly, in the absence of family newspapers.

What will become of the choked animals in Mt Vernon? A crowless rooster is not fit even for a charity soup. What will become of honest Jowler who once bayed deep-mouth'd welcome home or awakened his master against thieves? How will the nocturnal area cat be quieted, and how will ownership in this instance be proved? It's a wise man that knows all the cats in his back yard.

ON TAVERN STEPS.

A hotel guest in Springfield at least has the right to stand on the steps of his hotel. A policeman may arrest him for blocking the entrance—policemen are often solicitous for the public welfare—but the guest should not thus be inconvenienced. This is as it should be. One of the choicest privileges of a man stopping at a tavern in a small city or country town is this very standing near the front door to see the passing show. If he is from a larger town he usually assumes a rakish attitude, and, with hat cocked on one side, either picks his teeth or smokes a formidable cigar. Thus does he eye with the eye of a connoisseur—the man of the world—the man that cannot be taken in—a horse, the architecture of the building opposite, women of all ages—for he spares neither the cradle nor the grave. There are men who eat in a cheap restaurant or from a brown paper bag and then pick their teeth on the tavern steps; but they are easily detected and should be forced to move on. Whether it is in good taste for a guest to smoke publicly—in many instances defiantly—a cigar not purchased in the tavern is an interesting and nice question that might be debated at the next meeting of the Hotel Keepers' Association. In a small town this tavern outdoor display enlivens the street, provokes the curiosity of the inhabitants and advertises the landlord and his fare. A man would not pick his teeth after dinner in public unless he had eaten plentifully. As he picks, he ruminates cheerfully, and thus draws custom. No wonder the Springfield landlord was zealous in the defence of his guest.

SHOCKED SULLIVAN.

Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan, "The Pride of the Bowery," is back from Europe, which he visited for the first time. In the course of his adventures he received several and distinct shocks, strong hearted as he is, well strung as are his nerves. We hasten to add that the sight of His Majesty Edward VII. did not shock him. Mr. Sullivan did not meet him to speak with him—that honor was reserved for a mightier Sullivan, THE SULLIVAN, our own John L.—but he saw him on the race track, wandering around, "dressed in a stylish gray sack suit," with a cigar tilted at the angle dear to the late Gen. Grant. Mr. Sullivan is a close observer. The King is "a democratic sort of a fellow." Mr. Sullivan noticed that he was not guarded by regulars, militia, policemen or by special service men, "and there was mighty little bending the knee or court manners given him while he was at the track." Thus did King Edward pass successfully Mr. Sullivan's rigid examination.

Mr. Sullivan was shocked, however, by the condition of the poor man. "He is underpaid, and the difference in classes keeps him under cover all the time," nor is there an immediate prospect of any one taking the lid off to give him a fair chance. Mr. Sullivan was also shocked by the condition of the "Model Lodging Houses," the working hours of the cabby, the horrors of the transportation lines—"sawdust on the ground and in the cars"—Mr. Richard Croker's condition, although the old chief is this year a big winner at the races.

All these sights pained him, but it was Paris that shocked him beyond words, so that even the vocabulary of the Bowery failed him in the expression of his emotions. He did make an attempt: "Paris is the permanent address of the Old Nick. I would rather see New York at the bottom of the ocean than like Paris. Why, I saw a dance at the Jardin de Paris which, if it was given here, would land the whole outfit in the Tombs. New York is like a Sabbath school compared to Paris." But Mr. Sullivan's effort is too apparent. He flounders in speech. He is as one beating the air. There is not the old-time force or directness or graphic characterization. Mr. William Devery would have risen to the occasion.

But what did Mr. Sullivan go to Paris to see? Did he visit the museums and churches? Was he too late to hear a lecturer at the Sorbonne and for a call on Mr. Anatole France? What does he think of the mural decorations in the Pantheon? There is a Paris for all sorts and conditions of men, for Paris is the world's microcosm. There is a Paris for visiting Americans, Brazilians, Russians. It is a flaring quarter, not the huge city itself. Mr. Sullivan evidently visited it. The Parisians wished to show him every attention. They will be cut to the heart—for they are a courteous people—when they learn that their hospitality was misguided, that Mr. Sullivan was shocked inexpressibly by the very things which they were sure would give him pleasure.

BY THEIR HAIR.

The short article about character as revealed by the hair is again going the rounds. The statements are the same old and familiar ones, except in respect to red hair: the finer the hair, the finer bred the parents; the lighter the color, the more sensitive to criticism; straight black hair denotes a passionate, jealous disposition; red-haired women, though impulsive, are the most sunny and gentle of human beings. Here is a flying in the face of tradition. For centuries there has been a saying, "Beware the red-haired," and while some trace the saying to the old belief that Judas had red hair, it is said that there are hints at the superstition long before Judas was born to his fearful fate. "Red" is vague. An English woman, commenting on the paragraph, says: "Deep red hair, with dark blue eyes and dark lashes, is a rare type, and may go, I fancy, with a loyal, gentle nature, and with much talent. But red hair of the 'carroty' kind, with greenish eyes and white eyelashes, belongs usually to a somewhat sly woman with a good deal of intelligence and a quick temper." The writer in this last sentence hints at Becky Sharp, but what was the precise shade of Becky's hair? As for Titianesque beauties, they have long been in favor. Veronese, the painter, never saw a brunette in Venice, where art surpassed nature, for nature gave up competing with the old Italian recipes for blonde tresses.

Black-haired women passionate? For years this quality, desirable or undesirable, has been attributed to the red-haired. Is not the ideal summer girl a tall, thin, cool brunette? It is the fashion in London, we are told by a contributor to Madame, for women to be "divinely tall." "The immense height of the girls to be met at every social gathering is amazing. It is out of date to be petite, and no successful debutante cares to own less than her five feet seven inches." Are these candidates for social triumphs stretched, as boys ambitious for West Point or Annapolis? Short men, in spite of Schopenhauer's theory, are not always happy with huge women—witness the case of the physician in western Massachusetts who sued for divorce on account of cruel and abusive treatment. She ordered him out of the house, he said, and he went; she called him names, "and once," he testified, "she threw a cup of hot coffee in my face and then swatted me with the cup." A woman in the early Victorian years was more within the reach of man, for her coiffure was flat with the line of the head and her slippers were heelless and square-toed. Ah, these fashions! At one time a low forehead is the thing; at another the appearance of intellectuality is sought by artificial broadening of the brow, and the hair is shaved off slightly in front and piled up high behind—a forehead that looks like a porcelain door knob. And now blue-eyed, golden-haired women are considered the more desirable. One hundred and four babies were offered for adoption last May by the Guild of the Infant Saviour in New York. More than half of them were spoken for on May 12. Less than five of the applicants desired boys, and the brunette was a drug in the market. Nevertheless, blondes and red-haired blondes are sought in marriage every day, for however man may theorize about the appearance of his future wife, he is like Mr. Tolson in "Sir Charles Grandison." Mr. Tolson was determined, wrote Miss Byron, never to marry a widow. "If he did, it should be one who had a vast fortune, and who never had a child. And he had still a more particular exception, and that was to a woman who had red hair." Mr. Tolson was true to his convictions until he was 40 years

old. Then he married the laughing Mrs. Turner, a widow with no fortune, who had an idiot daughter, "and to complete the perverseness of his fate, her hair not only red, but the most disagreeable of reds." And why? Because he had grown splenetic and disregardful of himself and hoped for a cure of his gloominess.

"Curly hair is a sign of a poetical, artistic and lively disposition, with great power of expression." True. There was one curly haired boy in the intermediate school. We remember him well. The hair clung to his head in little curls. When he left school he became an apprentice to a plumber. No doubt his great power of expression made him rich, although he flourished before the period of sanitary plumbers.

HOT OR COLD.

Mr. Frank Trouts of Cincinnati was charged with slapping his wife Gussie, the past junior vice-chancellor of a lodge of Daughters of America. It would seem as though the dignity of the office demanded an Augusta rather than a Gussie, and that the husband of any such official would not dare to slap her face, but Mr. Trouts was desperate, and his slap was against a system rather than an individual. "It's all the fault of that lodge, judge. My wife stays out nights attending its meetings, and when I get home there's nothing but cold meals for me." And then Judge Lueders remarked, in his judicial capacity: "When a man works hard all day he is entitled to some supper when he comes home at night, and he is entitled to warm supper, too."

We hear the advocates of low living and much talking about it groan dismally at this decision. Hot food for supper? Perish the thought! Cold food and little of it makes for sound sleep and renewed vigor. There are texts to prove this in the Apocrypha, and we should like to quote them—but the hook is not at hand, and a misquotation is the meanest kind of a lie.

There are clouds of witnesses waiting to be summoned. Mr. Johnson told us last spring that he had eaten light suppers throughout the winter, and that he wrote one of the most erudite as well as brilliant chapters in his magnum opus with a running pen and without the slightest trace of brain fag while supping for a week on two slices of bread and butter, a saucer of unsweetened apple sauce and two cookies, served each evening at 6:30. Judge Lueders lives in Cincinnati, where a few links or a couple of pork chops are necessary for even the humblest at the evening meal. He should study domestic life in the East. Above all, he should talk with Mr. Johnson.

NEW FIRST 'CELLIST

Heinrich Warnke of Munich for Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Heinrich Warnke has been engaged as first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, to fill the place made vacant by the withdrawal of Mr. Rudolf Krasselt, who intends to devote himself to conducting.

Various names of 'cellists in this country and in Europe have been mentioned without authority in connection with the coveted position.

Mr. Warnke comes from Munich, where he has been first 'cellist of the celebrated Kaim orchestra.

Vacation of 2 weeks.

ON THE ROSTRUM.

Charges have been filed against Associate Justice Tucker of the territorial court of appeals. He is a Nebraskan, and when permission was given him to name his official residence he chose Globe, Ari., and told the inhabitants that he liked the town and he liked them, and he thought they'd better give him a house so that he could summer and winter with them. This they did. It is said that they now regret their generosity. At least they say distressing things about his conduct, "especially as to his morality and his general conduct, both on and off the bench." That he is a moral monster is clearly shown by the fact that "he sat with his feet upon the rostrum of the court while business was being transacted."

The rostrum was once the orator's platform in the Roman forum; it was embellished with beaks of captured ships, hence the word is used today as generally meaning a pulpit or platform for public speaking or for a presiding officer. Just how did Justice Eugene A. Tucker offend? Should he have let his legs hang over the platform; should he have swung them in a solemn, judicial way? Is it possible that in Arizona the rostrum has a local and restricted meaning? Ah—we see it all now as from a tower. Justice Tucker sat in his chair—the bench—and put his feet, on a level or possibly higher than his head, on the rail, desk, bar in front of him. This attitude is supposed by some to be unjudicial. To say that it is "immoral" is going far. We have seen in police courts of New York city and in the supreme court sitting at Albany, N. Y., judges with feet thus cocked up. At the time—a good many years ago—lawyers against whom the justice had decided commented severely on such indecorum, such an outrage against the dignity of Themis. They were all wrong. In accordance with the latest medical thought these justices were renewing their strength and clearing their minds by the stretching and elevation. Every one should as often as possible assume a reclining position, or at least put feet on table, railing or mantelpiece. It rests the heart; it keeps clots from the brain. Justice Tucker immoral? Go to! Not certainly "on the rostrum."

TALK ABOUT TALK.

From Indianapolis, the home of epoch-making novelists, the young Napoleons of literature, we learn the true intellectual behavior at dinner. "Never, never," says the News, "sit down to a family meal in dull silence, but tell of your day's doings, however simple they may have been, in an interested fashion. * * * As you go about your pleasure and your business learn to notice little things, quaint, touching or ridiculous, and tell them at the dinner table."

A cynic might say that nothing is more boresome than talk, except talk about talk. At the risk of offending him, we may say that both agreeable and stupid conversation have provoked delightful essays on conversation as an art. "We had good talk," said Dr. Johnson in one of his rare moments when he was pleased with both himself and the world. Saint-Evremond drew a distinction between speaking and talking: Men assemble to speak either about public affairs or in behalf of their private interests; they converse to discuss news, matters of social and sometimes scientific interest, or that which happens in the daily pursuit of business. He found conversation with inferiors the easiest, because he could change the subject at will; conversation with equals less easy, for courtesy obliged him to listen to subjects of little interest to him, or to thoughts lamely expressed; but there is nothing more difficult than to maintain a conversation with a superior, for the inferior is handicapped by want of knowledge, and, listening in ignorance, he is not permitted to choose a subject that might display his own ability.

At the family meal the parents are supposed to be the superior ones, unless there be in the household an Uncle Amos or Aunt Thankful, from whom a heritage or bequest is expected. It is true that in some families the daughter who has just been launched in society or the son with a fresh degree assumes airs of superiority, but either one is more inclined to observe a contemptuous silence than to talk on subjects that would probably be beyond parental comprehension. What is the duty of a parent at meals? Should the father be constantly didactic? Should he play the part of Mr. Barlow or Dr. Blimber? Thus with the appearance of the potato he might give dates as to its first appearance in European countries, refer airily to Cobbett's contempt for the vegetable as a food for laborers, inquire into the accuracy of Victor Hugo's statement that in the time of Queen Anne potatoes were fed only to hogs and convicts, and quote the conflicting opinions of contemporaneous physicians about its use or abuse as an article of diet in cases of obesity or kidney complaints. He might in this manner monopolize the conversation and plume himself on his educative force. Then there is the playful parent, who is a good deal of a bore. He always refers to breakfast as a movable feast or an informal meal; he tells at length the amusing or incredible dream of the night before; he makes humorous remarks about the callers on his eldest daughter and asks why they did not stay to breakfast. He chatters. He chirps. At dinner he tells some of the stories he has heard during the day; fortunately he does not tell all of them.

How many men would really entertain wife and children if they were to narrate in detail all that they saw, heard, did between breakfast and the arrival home? Suppose they were to forget the petty and serious annoyances—yet there are some husbands who remember only these and dwell on them—would they describe all the pleasures? We know a woman who regularly asks her husband at dinner, "Well, whom did you see at the club?" for the club is as a life saving station between the office and the flat, and it is frequented at the cocktail hour. If he says, "I didn't stop, I had too much to do," she is incredulous. If he did stop, and he usually does stop, he answers with a suspicion of alcoholic irritability: "The same old crowd. The club has changed; it isn't what it used to be. Ferguson and I spoke of it this afternoon. I think I shall get out of it." He has made this speech at home at least 150 times a year during the last dozen years. Yet at the Porphyry that very afternoon he was in high spirits—until he found it was time for him to go home. And what have the wives to contribute to the dinner conversational fund? Is the story of household cares or that of the musicale, afternoon tea, luncheon with bridge whist the one that entertains the family?

Some think highly of the "intellectual value" of dinner. De Quincey eulogized the modern meal as one "associated with social and humanizing feelings, with manners, with graces moral and intellectual," but he insisted that the display of intellectual power in these arenas should be easy. The parents should encourage the children to talk freely at dinner. For children shift topics without too apparent effort; they are shrewd observers and frank and fearless in criticism, unless they have been bullied by parents; above all, fathers and mothers in listening to them without interruption can acquaint themselves with the views and opinions of a younger and more enlightened generation. The children are the superiors, and, according to Saint-Evremond, they should guide the conversation.

AN OLD CHARGE.

European journals reported recently a horrible incident in Bohemia. A number of children had disappeared in a certain village; a gypsy band was arrested, and it was ascertained that the gypsies had stolen the children, killed them and eaten them. Stories like this have come in former years, as tales of vampires from Hungary. Mr. George R. Sims says that, whether the charge against the gypsies is true or not, the discovery of civilized people addicted to cannibalism is not a new one. "The practice is a form of that blood gluttony which is called werewolfism, or lycanthropy." Werewolves, according to Mr. Sims, who has an inclination to be melodramatic outside the theatre, still prowl about by day and by night in large cities and in country lanes. Jack the Ripper suffered from a form of lycanthropy. Neil Cream was another sufferer. Mr. Sims might have added the names of Americans, as Jesse Pomeroy, Jane Toppan.

One of the cruellest charges brought against Israel by professional Jew baiters in Europe, and the charge is as old as the legend of Hugh of Lincoln, is that of stealing little children for the purpose of sacrificing them, and this charge has at times included cannibalism. Sir Richard F. Burton collected curious notes on this subject for a work on "The Jew, the Gypsy and El Islam," but when that book was published after his death and in a mutilated condition, a stumbling apology was made for suppressing some of these notes. Mr. Maurice Hewlett bases one of the most striking of his "New Canterbury Tales" on the mediaeval belief, but in his story little Gervaise, the choir boy, is chosen for death by crucifixion in the hope that he may rise from the dead and show himself the true Messiah.

To go back to Mr. Sims. He recommends to any one who wishes to acquaint himself thoroughly with the habits of werewolves to read the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's book on them, published in 1865, but he cautions him not to read it just before going to bed. We advise this same inquisitive person to read the old treatise on vampires and all sorts of apparitions by Fr. Calmet, edited by the Rev. Henry Christmas (London, 1850). There will he find interesting information about the striga and the lamiae, the early forerunner of vampires and werewolves. He should also consult the early chapters of Apuleius' "Golden Ass" and a wild story in Marcel Schwob's "Coeur Double." Then there is Marschner's opera "The Vampire," which has a fat baritone part and is still performed in Germany, where it was once a widely spread belief that some dead persons chew in their graves, devour whatever may be close to them, and while eating grunt and growl and make peculiar cries.

Personally, we should prefer to read the famous treatise on mascottes that is read with wonder by Lorenzo and his chief cook and bottle washer in Andran's operetta; yet the fascination exerted by treatises on gypsy kidnappers, werewolves, vampires and other strange cattle is indisputable. It was the fashion for years to accuse gypsies of stealing children for unholy and horrid purposes. The intimate history of past centuries has much to say about the cruelties practised against little children, whose blood and heart were supposed to be peculiarly efficacious in deeds of sorcery, whose bodies were sometimes sacrificed in the celebration of the infamous Black Mass.

TABLE SWORD-PLAY.

Mr. Leveson-Gower, an honorable old English gentleman who has played well—that is, lazily—his part of a younger son, has published his memoirs. He has spent his life in seeing people and hearing and telling stories, and as he is content to be entertaining and does not endeavor to be didactic in print, he, too, may be remembered as a philanthropist. One story that he tells us is surprising in that the narrator himself was surprised: "I was an enthusiastic admirer of Mme. Grisi, and I was delighted at being invited, after a concert given in Paris, to remain for supper, at which she was present. But I was rather disenchanted when I saw with what dexterity the divine Norma contrived to eat her food with her knife instead of her fork."

Why disenchanted? What else did he

A PARISIAN PROPOSITION FOR A REFORMED ORCHESTRA

TAMAGNO.

GERALDINE FARRAR (Her Latest Picture).

ORESTE BIMBONI.

expect? Had he not dined before with artistic men and women of foreign birth and manners? Had he not watched members of the German nobility at table? "The Sword Swallower of Berlin" might refer to any prince, count, baron, freiherr, as well as to a mountebank. Once at Bayreuth—it was the first season of "Parsifal"—we at at table d'hote in the frequented inn, and Miss Malten, the celebrated dramatic singer, the star of the Dresden Opera House, was at the head of the table. A woman of a heroic build, she was famous in heroic parts—Isolde, Elisabeth, the Queen of Sheba, goddesses, demi-goddesses and noble dames of pagan or mediaeval days. German housekeepers of high and low degree exclaimed "Ach, Herr J!" when she appeared as Elsa, and English misses in pensions were moved to tears by her misfortunes in operatic and private life. We watched her, as did all in the room, in a frenzy of rubber-necking. She swallowed her soup forcibly and audibly, as Bruennhilde herself would have put it down in her mountain cavern where she lived happily till Siegfried, bored, insisted on his little excursion. Then came the traditional slab of beef from which the soup had been made. She smeared it thickly with mustard sauce. The fork was used solely as a holder-down, and it was held upright in a clenched fist. But the knife-play with the right—ah, the knife-play! The weapon served as knife, fork and spoon. It lifted, it conveyed, it flashed, it cut all manner of figures in the air, it disappeared to the hilt in her throat, down, down, far down Faustine! Siegfried should have forged the knife for Malten's table use. And when the beef had disappeared, the knife carried every drop of mustard sauce to the prima donna's mouth. She scraped the plate till the glazing shrieked. No famished cat would have licked it so smoothly. Was any one surprised or disenchanted? No. Every one that had lived only for a week in the Germany of the early eighties knew she would use her knife. The interest was in the precise manner of the employment. Much was expected of a lyric tragedian, one used to knives, swords, daggers, miscellaneous cutlery. As Mrs. Siddons at a quiet dinner would stab a potato as though it were a tyrant's heart, so the dignity of her calling and her good German bringing up required sword-play from Miss Malten at dinner—furthermore, she had a large audience.

The Hon. Mr. Leveson-Gower was disenchanted by the sight of a knife in the mouth of the superb Grisi. He must have been fresh from England. Never to the true connoisseur was Grisi more heroic than at that moment. She was Medea, she was Norma at table.

HOW UNPLEASANT SOUNDS MAY BE REMOVED

Pierre Veber's Grotesque Attack on a 'Cellist—Supreme Egoism in Music—Wagner's Adventures in the Elysian Fields.

READERS of The Herald will perhaps remember that the discussions in Germany a year or more ago concerning reforms in concert halls and in the character of concerts themselves were given in substance and commented upon in these columns. Experiments have been made in certain German cities, as at Heidelberg. Halls have been darkened during a performance, orchestra and solo singers and chorus have been hidden from the sight of the public. In Paris there has been an attempt to drive the concerto for violin or piano or 'cello from the programme, and distinguished players have been savagely hissed when they appeared in orchestral concerts, not because there was any prejudice against them, but for the sake of the principle that such concerts should be purified, that there should be in them no opportunity for incongruous and disturbing individual display. This stand in Paris, which, by the way, has not been successful, is in line with the theories of purists in Germany who do not believe in concerts of a miscellaneous nature, but recommend symphony concerts without any soloist and concerts with orchestra for players of concertos.

There have also been more or less fantastical suggestions, made chiefly by painters and aesthetes. Some have demanded that when a symphony by Haydn or Mozart is played, the orchestra should be dressed in the costume of the composer's period. Some would like to see any costume worn by the players save the modern and conventional dress of musical ceremony. Others have proposed in all seriousness that the audience should sit with backs toward the players or singers, in order that there may be no distracting influence; that the music may be heard for itself alone; and they, too, would prefer an unlighted, or at least a dimly lighted, hall.

Attack on the 'Cello.

Armande de Polignac, a Parisian composer, of noble family and some reputation, goes still farther. She would change the character of the orchestra itself. Some have longed for the re-introduction of old-fashioned and almost or wholly obsolete instruments, stringed or of wood or of brass, as Mr. Loeffler introduced a viola d'amore in his symphonic poem, "The Death of Tintagiles," which is now in press. In his original version there were two of these instruments to voice the lamentations of the doomed boy and his devoted sister, Ygraine. There are composers who have experimented with unusual instruments, as Mr. Weingartner with an alto flute. Others have tried the effect of new stringed instruments that are between the violin and the viola and between the viola and the 'cello. Berlioz dreamed dreams of gigantic combinations, of an army of violas d'amore playing against an army of harps. But this French woman would make more radical changes.

She begins with a tirade against the 'cello, the instrument likened by Walt Whitman unto the young man's complaint. Many have protested against the 'cello as a solo instrument. Its sustained song, they have said, soon cloys, and then there is nothing left for the virtuoso to do but to try to catch flies up and down the strings. Mr. Pierre Veber, hearing a long 'cello solo, was moved to write a little prose poem, which was published in the Revue du Bien and may thus be paraphrased:

The Cruel Savage.

The cruel savage sits down in the middle of the salon. He takes out his prisoner from the box where it lies, tightly bound, and holds it upright between his legs. He already smiles gently on the attentive tribe, as though he would say in confidence: "You are going to see now what a performer I am!"

He seizes a sabre so finely sharpened that it would cut in two a cigarette paper in the air.

And while with his left hand grasped around the thin neck of his victim he half strangles it, his right hand guides gently—O so gently!—the sharp blade close to the belly of the unfortunate captive, until it feels the cutting pain enter gradually into its flesh.

The prisoner howls sonorously, howls as though there would be no end to the howling.

Thus bending down from the height of the captive's neck, the 'cellist spies under his fingers the deep groans and seems to be, above his instrument, a cruel savage martyring his missionary.

Unmusical Music.

Armande de Polignac has no pity for the sufferer. "Of all instruments that are painful to the ear, the ugliest is probably the 'cello. Its crushed sound gives the dolorous impression of coming from one in a press. One feels that a weight is on its chest, and would fain relieve the instrument from the oppression." The 'cello might be pardoned if it had only the two lower strings played by a true virtuoso; but the upper ones! They produce a noise so grinding that the squeak of chair legs on an uncarpeted floor is only a little less musical—and it is of the same quality.

Who, pray, had the grievous idea of inventing gaily an art that is called music? Years ago an unemployed shepherd cut from a reed a pipe with a few determined notes. There sprang up immediately a composer who wished to make various combinations of these notes. Nor was this the end. Then came the theorist who arrogated to himself the right of dictating laws for the combination of these little formulas. And thus the scale of five notes has developed into the innumerable scales throughout the world; the simple tune of the shepherd has grown to counterpoint in 96 parts.

Since this is as it is, why should not some one endeavor to soften the tones of instruments, and avoid the use of the bad ones, and even deprive the instruments of the latter? Think of a reformed orchestra with chosen sonorities, an orchestra from which all tones that are not as perfect as possible have been eliminated! If such an orchestra were not beautiful, it would at least be always less painful. One might preserve the first octave of the flute, the first octave of the clarinet, a little more of the oboe and the English horn, only the pure and true tones of the brass, the lower octaves of the harp, no violins and no violas, but double basses, whose sound is not disagreeable, though it is a buzzing or a murmuring.

Does any one reproach me, says the writer, for omitting any sonorities of high pitch? Are these not strident? Furthermore, height in pitch is relative, for our perceptions are in every way quickly limited. Let us sacrifice a few octaves.

Concert Disturbances.

Like things may be said about a chorus. The voices should be examined with the utmost care. Only one should be chosen out of a thousand. You now hear raucous blowing. (Was it Ruskin who spoke of the singing of a huge chorus as "the roar of mutitudinous mediocrity"?) If choruses were composed only of voices with quality, pure and trained voices, there might, perhaps, be a certain pleasure in hearing them sing.

But there is no pleasure in hearing the clicking of organ pedals that covers the sound of the note, the breath that escapes continually from the flutist, the frightful scraping of stringed instruments. Then there are all the little noises of the orchestra, the turning of pages, the clearing of embouchures, the trying of reeds, so that the ear of the hearer is forced to stretch itself to distinguish a little pure music in the midst of all this. (Some readers may remember the paradoxical articles by Mr. John F. Runciman, in which he maintained that a certain orchestral blur, a certain roughness arising in consequence of all these noises, was indispensable to a fine performance, and that the playing of Lamoureaux's orchestra was too fine, too pure, too strictly musical.)

Then there is still another thin[g] ... should be abolished: music for ... instrument or for an instrume[nt] ... companied by the piano. When ... instrument recites it is necess[ary] ... use all its resources, and these a... from being agreeable. Each instru

as some pretty sonorities that may be made of worth by alternating them with those of another family in a manner to avoid the monotony which quickly comes from the continuous play of the same instrument. But in solo pieces composers and players think themselves obliged to visit every region of an instrument, especially since the combinations would be few in number if only a portion of the compass were used. Let us, then, avoid solo pieces so as not to be miserable from hearing for a quarter of an hour the purling of harps with upper notes like gimlets, or a false and anguished song of the 'cello in the key of G major.

Such, in substance, is the radical proposition of Armande de Polignac, which was published in a late number of the Mercure Musical of Paris.

The Supreme Egoist.

In connection with this singular article, in which there is some truth and much paradox—and paradox is often truth in a grotesque or unexpected form—it may be well to listen to the opinion of a Belgian music critic who has been studying and comparing the egoism of the singer and that of a fiddler, pianist, 'cellist or any virtuoso with an instrument. Hector Berlioz's sketch of the tenor is familiar and inimitable, but according to this Belgian, a tenor is a shrinking violet by the side of the fiddler. A composer said to the critic: "The virtuoso is the most complete personification of the egoistic cult—the religion of Me." "I asked him," said the Belgian, "if he aimed at virtuosos of song and especially the tenor, who passes for the ideal type of Did-you-see-me?"

"Not at all," answered the composer. "The tenor is a slandered individual. He is modesty itself in comparison with the instrumental virtuoso. The latter is the centre of the world. The universe was created for him. When he arises in the morning and opens the journals and his letters, it is to read his praises; he is, furthermore, persuaded that the most extravagant puffs do not come up to his deserts; he is filled with compassion for the wretches who have not had the opportunity of hearing him, for the most enormous halls are not big enough to hold the troops of his admirers. He! Always he! Nothing elsewhere! If he dared, he would take for a motto: 'I only—and that is enough!'"

Furious in Death.

Mr. Jean Marnold, in the second of his "Dialogues of the Dead," represents Liszt as endeavoring to assuage the noble rage of Wagner in the Elysian Fields. Wagner complains first of all of Cerberus, who is forever at his heels. Liszt explains the dog's behavior: "Your impetuosity disconcerts him. The poor beast cannot imagine that a dead man has preserved the exuberance you have brought here, the indelible mark — glowing residuum of the indomitable will which sustained you in earthly trials to create your immortal masterpieces in the face of all opposition." Cerberus was also surprised to find Wagner occupying alone an amount of room that formerly sufficed for a half-dozen illustrious shades in common, among them Palestrina, Schubert and Francois Couperin. Wagner apparently drove them out. He could not talk with them. Not one of them had read even Schopenhauer. He needed all the room for the baggage he brought with him—richly upholstered sofas and armchairs, three wardrobes with looking glasses, two grand pianos, a bookcase in carved oak, not to mention a lot of trunks. Not a shade had ever dared to bring a quarter of the amount. Charon, according to Wagner himself, was obliged to make five trips, and he made him pay for them all. "I am convinced that he stole one of my gold snuff boxes, a present from Cosima. Fortunately, it was only plated." Liszt defends Charon stoutly: "A good fellow though he may be a little greedy. The box could easily have been lost. It was probably the first time he had to carry so many packages." Wagner is at once angry. He brought with him only that which was absolutely necessary.

Wagner—Even in this eternal dwelling I should not know how to separate my thought from that which constitutes its divine nourishment from these profound books which I formerly devoured and over which I pored, now spread on these shelves or thrown in piles in the corners and on the carpet. You know that my genius has its accustomed ways. I cannot abandon myself to its imperious ecstacy unless I am surrounded with an atmosphere of luxury and beauty, enveloped in fine linen and silken stuffs of changing colors, enlaced in the moist gentleness of the beloved one's arms. Alas! Cosima, that you are not with me!

Liszt—Calm yourself, Richard. You forget that she is nearly 70. You ought not to talk like that, and it is possible that she does not wish to die at present.

Thwarted Calls.

Wagner is also disconsolate because he cannot find his dressing-gown of mauve taffeta, wadded and lined with cherry satin. He suspects Meyerbeer of having taken it. The composer of "The Huguenots" wanted it, inasmuch as he brought only money with him, only money and a dress coat and his decorations. He offered Wagner seven Prussian dollars and a half. "Think of it! A dressing-gown worth 30 louis d'or!" Wagner finds it and rejoices, for he wants to wear it to call on Aeschylus and Sophocles. Liszt has promised at least a dozen times to take him. "I ... their joyful emotion, the pride ... e ... h[illegible] in having inspired me to carry out their dream in the orchestral apotheosis of powerful or subtle timbre, to transfigure their 'in-los' in the radiant and polyphonic arabesque of my infinite melody, to extend the mythical horizons of their Ouranos to the most secret arcanas of Symbolism, to the metaphysical depths and the unfathomable syntheses of the Idea! They were, indeed, two great thinkers, especially for persons born so long before Kant and Schopenhauer. Well! Do I look all right?"

Liszt hems and haws. He would be delighted to introduce Richard to them, but the gods have put Euripides in charge of the quarter where the tragedians live. "He's a charming man, of marked distinction, very courteous," but when Liszt mentioned to him the proposed call, he seemed somewhat embarrassed. Aeschylus and Sophocles, it appears had flatly refused to be at home to any unknown persons.

Wagner—What? Unknown? The impertinent fellow! Didn't you tell him my name?

Liszt—Certainly I did. He repeated it twice. I was as much amazed as you that he seemed to be ignorant of it.

Wagner—The fool! How does he, then, spend his time? As soon as I arrived I sent to his section—as to all the others—six copies of my complete works. If he knew nothing about music he should at least have been struck by the substantial and innumerable multiplicity of texts, the quintessence of lyricism, aesthetics, philosophy, the encyclopaedia without precedent of the soul, science, human intelligence. As an idiot, he is the limit!

Liszt—Calm yourself; you'll make yourself sick. He is too busied in petty duties to fully grasp the extent and purport of your works. I have heard since that he reads only French novels.

Wagner—Ah! ah! ah! what I expected of the pomaded dude! Papa Dumas, without doubt, or that fat Mme. Sand—George for the gentlemen.

Liszt—I beg of you, Richard, be more careful in your remarks about a lady. Remember also to whom you are talking.

Wagner attributes Euripedes' behavior to anger at what he had written about him. Liszt assures him that it is not so. Sophocles arrived in the Elysian Fields when he was about 90 years old; his sight was poor, and by bathing obstinately in the icy waters of Lethe he lost his hearing, and having swallowed accidentally a few drops his memory is impaired. Aeschylus is seldom at home. He spends most of his time with Prometheus on his rock, having obtained special permission to visit him.

But with whom can Wagner talk? Napoleon is isolated in a hospital. Hippocrates sent him there, for he had scratched his bloody hands so much that he contracted an itch. Orpheus is always looking for his lyre or jumping on a dolphin's back to imitate Arion. Plato prefers the company of youths with frizzled hair. Shakespeare knits his brows, is cranky and as dumb as the carp for which he fishes, mistaking them for trout. Geothe was borne away by Pan. Dante, thinking to embrace Beatrix, was petrified by the Gorgon. Alexander the Great throws javelins at the curious, and Frederick the Great canes those who would accost him. Of all the men praised by Wagner no one of them is eager to see him, although he "commentated and luminously elucidated their works." There is Michael Angelo, but if it had not been for Liszt he would have poignarded Wagner for writing as he did about "The Last Judgment."

Wagner—I should be enchanted to know Darwin's opinion of my original exegesis concerning the mystery of our simian descent, realized by nature, "rather than to have us descended from the elephant or the dog, who have intellectual dispositions indisputably more developed than are those of apes."

Liszt—Yes, the phrase comes back to me. I have read it somewhere in your writings, Richard. It is very interesting, and the good Cerberus would be flattered by the hypothesis if he could hear it. As for Darwin—unfortunately—we do not know what has become of him." Darwin had either run away, or, examining seaweed, had been swallowed up in the mud.

Richard's Library.

Richard breaks out in curses against a fate that thwarts all his wishes, nor will he accept Liszt's invitation to Walhalla, where a monster keg of incomparable Hofbrau has been freshly tapped, for he would then be obliged to rub against jealous and ignorant composers, as "that madman of a Berlioz, who fancies he invented Shakespeare, Vigil and the English horn." Nor will he smoke a cigar from the box that the princess gave Liszt: "They are too strong, and, besides, there's nothing so good as a pinch of snuff." No, he prefers to stay at home and arrange his books. "Willingly," answers Liszt, "they need it." To which Wagner replies: "It is the disorder of genius." He wishes to classify them: Myth, Legend, etc. Liszt hands him the volumes.

Liszt—"The Mysteries of Paris."

Wagner—Eh? That's the easy chair where Auber gossips or reads. Take one off the pile near my reclining chair.

Liszt—Good. "St. Cloud and Its Environs in 1841."

Wagner—That was a long time back. Alas! Meudon! My "Flying Dutchman," written with gusto in seven weeks! O, youth! Put it on my table.

Liszt—"The Three Musketeers," "The Master of the Forge."

Wagner—What's that? It's inconceivable. Doubtless—Ah, it's that infernal Berlioz who introduced those stupid French things down here and put them in my house.

Liszt—Calm yourself, Richard, I beg of you. You are too ready to accuse him. Besides, he was not a contemporary of M. Ohnet.

Wagner—Listen, papa. You can't do anything with this chaos, and you will tire yourself out stooping down. Let us put the books on science and metaphysics together. They are all in this trunk, except this one right here—the first volume of Schopenhauer.

Liszt—Here are the other five. What! They are not cut.

Wagner—Still unbound? The linnet-headed Cosima must have forgotten to send them to the bindery. You ought to find Kant and Feuerbach there.

Liszt—Yes, and Spinoza. They are bound—brand new, and they are not a bit injured by the journey. Lord, what a gigantic work! It fills the whole bottom of the trunk. And what an imposing edition! That's not new, it's been well used. What is it, anyway? Larousse's Encyclopedia!

Wagner—It belongs to Siegfried. He bought it second hand. That will do for today, papa.

At Last, a Bargain.

There is one more disappointment for Richard; he would like to meet Spinoza.

Liszt—Hum! That will not be easy, especially for you, who wrote "Judaism in Music."

Wagner—What difference does that make? He left the synagogue of his own choice and for that was persecuted by Israel. He was an atheist——

Liszt—Yes, formerly, but according to Euripides, who is well informed, he now shows a sincere repentence for his apostasy. He constantly says prayers in Hebrew and lives in the ghetto. He will not be glad to see you.

But Meyerbeer enters and addresses the two in villainous French with a strong Hebrew accent. He pays fulsome compliments to Liszt and to Wagner. The latter addresses him as "Beer" and asks him if he knows Spinoza. "Spinotza—Spinotza—Che—ni, ni, che ie gonnals." But will Meyerbeer present Wagner to the philosopher? That will not be an easy matter, for Spinoza turns his back when any one approaches. He is living with the Greek and spends his time talking with Aeschylus, Sophocles and Plato. Wagner cannot believe his ears.

Wagner—You hear him, papa! Now, what do you say about your Euripdes?

Liszt—My dear Meyerbeer, I do not doubt your word, but you have been misinformed. Believe me, my dear friend——

Meyerbeer—I swear it on the heritage of my grandfather, Liepmann Meyer Wulf!

Wagner—Beer, listen to me. If you will arrange a meeting with those four persons, I'll make you a present of my dressing gown.

Meyer—For nothing?

Wagner—Of course, for nothing. And I'll give you, besides, a fancy cap embroidered and festooned by Cosima. Is it a go?

Meyerbeer—It's as though it were done. I'll run over there.

Wagner—Hurry up!

Meyerbeer—I'll be back in 10 minutes.

Liszt—No, no. Come back, Richard. I assume you he is mistaken. He doesn't know anything about it. Lord, what a scandal! He is going to make trouble! Jacob! Giacomo!

Wagner—O, you can run, papa; you'll never catch him!

PERSONAL.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Geraldine Farrar, soprano, taken from the latest Berlin photograph. Miss Farrar's engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House under a contract of three years has been announced. The Herald also publishes a portrait of the late and lamented Oreste Bimboni, whose career has already been described at length in these columns. The photograph, taken at Milan, represents him as he appeared at the height of his fame as a conductor. The Herald also publishes a portrait of the hero-tenor, Tamagno, whose fatal sickness has already been announced. He will be long remembered for his powerful impersonation of Othello in Verdi's opera.

Mr. Heinrich Warnke has been engaged as first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony orchestra to fill the position left vacant by Mr. Krasselt's withdrawal. Mr. Warnke was the first 'cellist of Kaim's orchestra, Munich.

Mr. Jan Kubelick, violinist, will begin his American tour—100 concerts—at New York on Dec. 1.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, will begin her third American tour early in January.

Mr. Frank Van der Stucken's symphonic prologue, "Pax Triumphans," was played at a summer symphony concert at Cologne July 25.

Emma Eames will begin her concert tour at Bangor, Me., Oct. 4.

Mr. Campanari will again have his own concert company and he will visit this season California and the Northwest.

Mr. Raoul Pugno, pianist, will begin his third American tour Nov. 10 with the Philadelphia orchestra at Philadelphia.

Miss Bessie Abbot, soprano, will begin her concert tour in this country in December.

Hortense Schneider, the famous opera-bouffe singer, the actress who created the parts of the Grand Duchess, Helen and other roles in Offenbach's operettas, caught a burglar lately. This led the Paris correspondent of the Referee to write: "The most beautiful woman of the century, to whom our grandfathers have sent bouquets—the dogs!—is now a white-haired old lady living on the road out to Versailles, and called La Marquise de Bionne. She probably felt very much annoyed that burglars should disturb her sweet monotony of life, but we cannot be angry with them for bringing her back out of the past, for they have made us feel 25 years younger by so doing." But was she so beautiful? She had dash, subtlety, esprit—but we have a photograph of her in costume, and, alas, she is there represented as fat and coarse.

Mr. Hubert Bath, a Goring Thomas scholar of the Royal Academy of Music, composed "Psyche's Departure" for female voices and orchestra, and "Ulla," a scene for voice, recitation and orchestra, which were produced at school concerts in London with success. Mr. Bath played the kettledrums in the orchestra.

The daughter of Josef Lanner, the once celebrated composer of waltzes, has just retired from theatrical life, which she has enjoyed for 60 years. She is now about 76 years old. Kathi Lanner began her career as a dancer at Vienna in a company that included Taglioni and Fanny Elssler. For the last 17 years she has prepared ballets in London, where, with her three daughters, she expects to end her days. Her husband, the dancer, Alfred Geraldini, died last year.

Mme. Bauermeister spoke as follows at her farewell matinee in London at Covent Garden: "My dear friends—for surely I may call you so after your great kindness to me today—I have been told for the past week that I ought to say a few words, but I have never been able to get beyond 'my dear friends' because of my tears, which stop me now, at the thought of bidding you good-by, but the time has come that I should make room for younger ones. Now I had better not say more in case I say too much, but I do thank you all whom I have tried to do my duty to in my little way. I could not have had this tribute had it not been for my generous friend, Mme. Melba. I (after looking round the stage) wish you would call her." How long has Mme. Bauermeister been on the stage? Nearly 40 years at least, for she took a small part in "Dinorah" at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, June 18, 1866. She was a native of Hamburg, but she went to London at an early age, and, studying at the Royal Academy of Music, won there the "King's scholarship."

TENTH ENGLISH GRAND.

Mr. Henry W. Savage this year is preparing for the most important season in the history of his English grand opera company. His "Parsifal" company that gave Wagner's masterpiece last year has been combined with the English grand opera company that was most successful on a transcontinental tour. His corps of principals will include the best English singing artists on the American stage, while the chorus and instrumental forces will be largely augmented. An orchestra of 40 musicians will be an added feature and these will be under the musical direction of Messrs. N. B. Emanuel and Elliott Schenck.

The chief new work in the repertory this year will be an elaborate production of "The Valkyrie." This will be the first of the "Ring" operas to have a production in this country in English. It will be followed later on with "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried" and "Goetterdaemerung." The repertory will include "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Rigoletto," "Aida," Puccini's "La Boheme" and "Faust."

The 10th season of the organization will open with a week at the New Montauk in Brooklyn, on Oct. 2, after which there will be a week in Newark and a short New England tour of two weeks before the annual engagement in Boston for two weeks at the Tremont. The company will then visit Montreal and Toronto. The itinerary will include a second tour of the South and Western states as far as the Pacific coast.

BOSTON OPERATIC SOCIETY.

A new musical organization has been established to be known as the Boston Operatic Society, the principal object of which is the study and production of operatic works, and it is probable that the new society will produce two operas each season, and the members are at present considering for production the coming season operas by Milloecker, Offenbach, Suppe, Audran, DeKoven and others. The society is composed of singers skilled in chorus work, and includes many who have sung leading solo parts in amateur operatic performances, some of them being also members of the Handel and Haydn and other large societies. The membership is limited to fifty, and is nearly full. Rehearsals will be held weekly, beginning in September, in the New England Conservatory Building and the public performances will be given in Jordan Hall. Mr. Herbert Forrest Odell is musical director, Miss Mabel L. S[illegible] the pianist, and the officers are: [illegible] Brice, treasurer; V. C. Anderson, [illegible]retary; advisory board, C. E. Pa[illegible]son, chairman; Annie Laurie Heisc[illegible] D. E. Bowen.

AT RANDOM.

Paris has started the idea of a [illegible] for "musical exhibitions," to be conducted on the same lines as those devoted to the pictorial and plastic

JAN 2 1 1936